



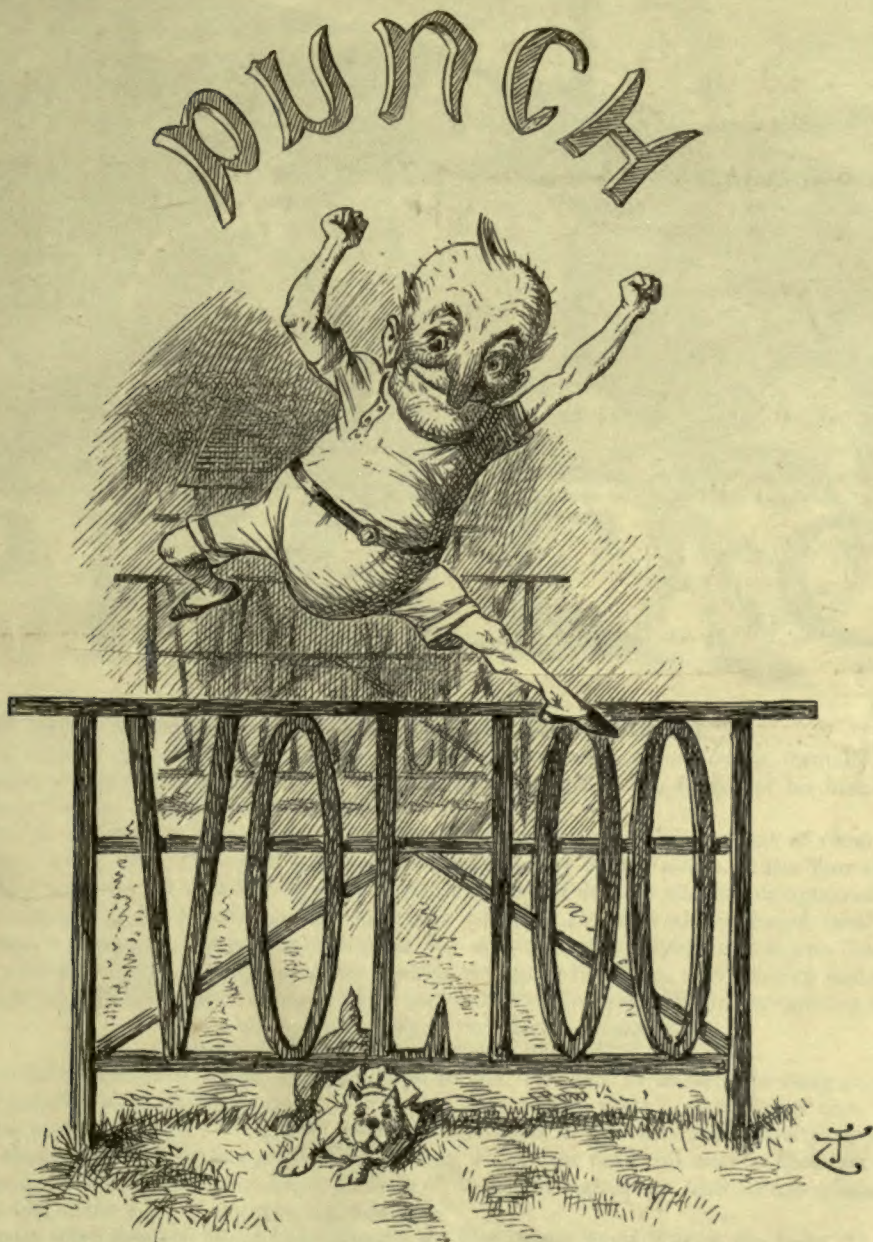






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LONDON :  
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,  
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1891.



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"NELSON indeed may be regarded as the tutelary deity of the Naval Exhibition."

Mr. PUNCH, musing by moonlight hard by the model of the ever-memorable *Victory*, mentally quoted and approved. Mr. PUNCH was musing of many things. Mainly of his own Jubilee, or rather the Jubilee of his immortal Journal, the One Hundredth Half-Yearly Volume of which was in his hands.

"This Show," he reflected, "demonstrates what colossal changes—many of the best of them owing their origin to Me!—have taken place since, Fifty Years ago, I penned the Preface to my First Volume, in the Year of Grace 1841!"

The search-light from the top of the Eddystone Lighthouse almost dazzled the Sage's upturned eyes, but for all that he could hardly be mistaken in his instant identification of a Shadowy Presence which shaped itself before him. Where is there an Englishman who would not recognise that small but striking and spirit-suffused figure, that keen, unconquerable glance, that ardent yet almost ascetic-looking face, that familiar star-decked uniform, that hanging coat-sleeve?

Mr. PUNCH rose and doffed his hat in respectful salutation to the Illustrious Shade, murmuring as he did so—

"For gods they are, through high Jove's counsels good,  
Haunting the earth, the guardians of mankind."

"Ah," said the Shade, smiling deprecatingly, "'twas so Mr. SOUTHEY, in ending the story of my life, spake of 'the spirits of the great and the wise, which continue to live and to act after them.' But things have indeed changed, Mr. PUNCH, since *that* last went into action!" And he pointed, as he spoke, to the black and yellow poop of the *Victory*.

"Not so far changed, that there is a single British heart which does not thrill more at the sight of the mimic scene in yon dimly-lighted cockpit than at that of the huger *Victoria* of to-day, though it can hurl in one colossal shot as much iron as a broadside and a half of the *Victory* of yours, my Admiral."

"Ah! I wonder what BENBOW would have thought of 'The Mimic Naval War on the Lake'?" pursued Mr. PUNCH's interlocutor. "We did not play at pitched battles, or rehearse Trafalgar with toy-ships, in our belligerent but less scientifically ingenious days."

"Not much play, my HORATIO, about the encounter between the *Almirante Lynch* and the *Blanco Encalada*, the other day," said Mr. PUNCH, smiling. "The fact is, Admiral, a naval engagement in our Titanically-armed times must be so complicated, so sensational and so sanguinary a drama, that a little mimic 'rehearsal' is perhaps advisable."

"Doubtless, doubtless!" murmured the Shade.

"Nevertheless," pursued Mr. PUNCH, cheerily, "I will wager that the model of the *Victory* and the Nelson Relics will draw more British visitors to this Exhibition than all the Cyclopean wonders and Titanic marvels of the Armstrong Gallery. Vulcan has not yet superseded Neptune in the worship of the English-speaking peoples."

The Hero's ardent eyes gleamed with gratification.

"Doleful dumps for duffers!" cried Mr. PUNCH. "A stout heart is never long in the doldrums. You yourself once lost hope for a little,—after the loss of your dexter fin at Teneriffe. 'A left-handed Admiral,' you wrote, 'will never again



be considered as useful.' And that was before the Nile and the Baltic! Aha! but right soon 'the radiant orb suspended in your mind's eye which urged you onward to renown' (to quote your own vivid words), resumed its star-y-pointing sway."

"You combine the dauntless pluck of **DRAKE** with the cheery optimism of **DIBDIN**, Mr. **PUNCH**," said the Hero. "But, the Laureate of the Victorian Navy would have other materials for his metre than **CAMPBELL** or **DIBDIN** dealt with."

"Three-quarters of a ton of iron, hurled by the explosion of 960 lbs. of powder from the muzzle of a 110-ton gun, with an energy equal to 55,253 foot tons, through 28 inches of iron and steel, 20 feet of the hardest oak, 5 feet of solid granite, 11 feet of concrete, and 6 feet of brick—40 feet of tough material all told! By Thor, Admiral, that ought to afford Titanic inspiration to some lyrical Son of Thunder! We may say, indeed, parodying **CAMPBELL**'s immortal ode—

"Like leviathans afloat  
Lie our bulwarks on the brine;  
Scarce the rocks the Titans threw,  
Or the bolts of Jove divine,  
Matched the missiles of to-day, immense, sublime—

"As they hew their headlong path,  
Fraught with shrieking, shattering death,  
The most bold may hold his breath  
For a time!"

"Good!" said the Shade. "It seems to me, Sir, considering the part the English Navy has played in the English Story, that it has hardly been adequately sung by our Bards or set forth by our Statesmen. Truly this Big Show is something—by way of a beginning. But why should there not be a permanent Naval Exhibition, always on view, and so ordered and arranged that every British boy shall, as a matter of course, become familiarised with the heroic memories of the past, the great actualities of the present, and the splendid possibilities of the future?"

"Why, indeed?" echoed Mr. **PUNCH**, musingly. "Heroic **HORATIO**, you have accurately hit it! Of the British Boy it may be said—

"The British Fleet he cannot see,  
Because 'tis not in sight.

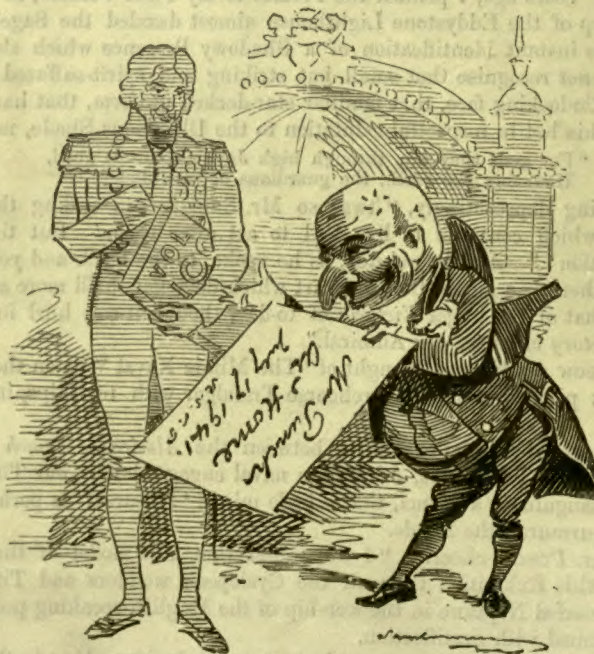
That is, the Naval history of our country, and its Naval needs, are not, as they should be, forced home to his intelligence by every device of pedagogue, poet, paterfamilias, show-shaper, and statesman. When they are, we shall, perhaps, have less official fumbling, financial waste, and Naval inefficiency."

"Look to it, Mr. **PUNCH**!" murmured the Shade of the Great Admiral, in a voice faint but emphatic, his form slowly dislimning in the sheen of the search-light.

"Trust me, Mighty Sailor," responded the Sage. "And as evidence of the patriotic spirit in which I shall play my part, I present you with my own particular (and portable) 'Search-Light,'—powerful, penetrative, all-pervading. For Fifty Years now it has periodically flared forth and lustroously illuminated the Universe. It will make clear to you many things that perchance may strike you as obscure and nubibustic—in the Shades. At the end of my Fiftieth Volume I invited the World to my Jubilee this year—now arrived. May I beg the favour of your presence at my Centenary 'At Home,' on the 17th of July, 1941? Meanwhile, this—and its successors—may profit and please you!"

Whereupon England's favourite Sage politely proffered to England's favourite Hero his

## One Hundredth Volume!!!







JANUARY xxxi Days.			FEBRUARY xxxi Days.			MARCH xxxi Days.			APRIL xxx Days.			MAY xxx Days.			JUNE xxx Days.		
1 P. N. Year's d.	17 S. S. af. Erip.	34 S. S. af. Erip.	1 M. Ed. Coke b.	16 Tn Burke cas.	17 Th St. David	17 Th St. Patrick	17 Th St. Patrick	17 Th St. Patrick	17 Th St. Patrick	17 Th St. Patrick	17 Th St. Patrick	17 Th St. Patrick	17 Th St. Patrick	17 Th St. Patrick	17 Th St. Patrick	17 Th St. Patrick	17 Th St. Patrick
2 S. R. sh. 4m.	18 P. N. Year's d.	35 S. S. af. Erip.	2 M. H. Zama	17 Th B. Spurs	18 S. R. sh. 4m.	18 S. R. sh. 4m.	18 S. R. sh. 4m.	18 S. R. sh. 4m.	18 S. R. sh. 4m.	18 S. R. sh. 4m.	18 S. R. sh. 4m.	18 S. R. sh. 4m.	18 S. R. sh. 4m.	18 S. R. sh. 4m.	18 S. R. sh. 4m.	18 S. R. sh. 4m.	18 S. R. sh. 4m.
3 S. S. sh. af. Chr.	19 Tu Watt b.	36 S. S. af. Erip.	3 M. B. Bassel d.	17 Th Lather d.	19 Tu Watt b.	19 Tu Watt b.	19 Tu Watt b.	19 Tu Watt b.	19 Tu Watt b.	19 Tu Watt b.	19 Tu Watt b.	19 Tu Watt b.	19 Tu Watt b.	19 Tu Watt b.	19 Tu Watt b.	19 Tu Watt b.	19 Tu Watt b.
4 S. S. sh. af. Chr.	20 W Fabian	37 S. S. af. Erip.	4 Th S. R. sh. 4m.	17 Th Copernic b.	20 W Fabian	20 W Fabian	20 W Fabian	20 W Fabian	20 W Fabian	20 W Fabian	20 W Fabian	20 W Fabian	20 W Fabian	20 W Fabian	20 W Fabian	20 W Fabian	20 W Fabian
5 S. S. sh. af. Chr.	21 Th R. Jones d.	38 S. S. af. Erip.	5 Th S. R. sh. 4m.	17 Th Hume d.	21 Th R. Jones d.	21 Th R. Jones d.	21 Th R. Jones d.	21 Th R. Jones d.	21 Th R. Jones d.	21 Th R. Jones d.	21 Th R. Jones d.	21 Th R. Jones d.	21 Th R. Jones d.	21 Th R. Jones d.	21 Th R. Jones d.	21 Th R. Jones d.	21 Th R. Jones d.
6 W. Epiphany	22 F Vincent	39 S. S. af. Erip.	6 S. S. sh. 4m.	17 Th Ferguson d.	22 F Vincent	22 F Vincent	22 F Vincent	22 F Vincent	22 F Vincent	22 F Vincent	22 F Vincent	22 F Vincent	22 F Vincent	22 F Vincent	22 F Vincent	22 F Vincent	22 F Vincent
7 Th. By. Ely d.	23 Pitt d. 1506	40 S. S. af. Erip.	7 S. S. sh. 4m.	17 Th Brookes d.	23 Pitt d. 1506	23 Pitt d. 1506	23 Pitt d. 1506	23 Pitt d. 1506	23 Pitt d. 1506	23 Pitt d. 1506	23 Pitt d. 1506	23 Pitt d. 1506	23 Pitt d. 1506	23 Pitt d. 1506	23 Pitt d. 1506	23 Pitt d. 1506	23 Pitt d. 1506
8 S. S. sh. 4m.	24 S. S. af. Erip.	41 S. S. af. Erip.	8 S. S. sh. 4m.	17 Th Brookes d.	24 S. S. af. Erip.	24 S. S. af. Erip.	24 S. S. af. Erip.	24 S. S. af. Erip.	24 S. S. af. Erip.	24 S. S. af. Erip.	24 S. S. af. Erip.	24 S. S. af. Erip.	24 S. S. af. Erip.	24 S. S. af. Erip.	24 S. S. af. Erip.	24 S. S. af. Erip.	24 S. S. af. Erip.
9 S. S. sh. 4m.	25 S. S. af. Erip.	42 S. S. af. Erip.	9 S. S. sh. 4m.	17 Th Brookes d.	25 S. S. af. Erip.	25 S. S. af. Erip.	25 S. S. af. Erip.	25 S. S. af. Erip.	25 S. S. af. Erip.	25 S. S. af. Erip.	25 S. S. af. Erip.	25 S. S. af. Erip.	25 S. S. af. Erip.	25 S. S. af. Erip.	25 S. S. af. Erip.	25 S. S. af. Erip.	25 S. S. af. Erip.
10 S. S. sh. 4m.	26 S. S. af. Erip.	43 S. S. af. Erip.	10 S. S. sh. 4m.	17 Th Brookes d.	26 S. S. af. Erip.	26 S. S. af. Erip.	26 S. S. af. Erip.	26 S. S. af. Erip.	26 S. S. af. Erip.	26 S. S. af. Erip.	26 S. S. af. Erip.	26 S. S. af. Erip.	26 S. S. af. Erip.	26 S. S. af. Erip.	26 S. S. af. Erip.	26 S. S. af. Erip.	26 S. S. af. Erip.
11 S. S. sh. 4m.	27 S. S. af. Erip.	44 S. S. af. Erip.	11 S. S. sh. 4m.	17 Th Brookes d.	27 S. S. af. Erip.	27 S. S. af. Erip.	27 S. S. af. Erip.	27 S. S. af. Erip.	27 S. S. af. Erip.	27 S. S. af. Erip.	27 S. S. af. Erip.	27 S. S. af. Erip.	27 S. S. af. Erip.	27 S. S. af. Erip.	27 S. S. af. Erip.	27 S. S. af. Erip.	27 S. S. af. Erip.
12 Th. B. Canon	28 W Capit. Paris	45 S. S. af. Erip.	12 Th. B. Canon	17 Th Brookes d.	28 W Capit. Paris	28 W Capit. Paris	28 W Capit. Paris	28 W Capit. Paris	28 W Capit. Paris	28 W Capit. Paris	28 W Capit. Paris	28 W Capit. Paris	28 W Capit. Paris	28 W Capit. Paris	28 W Capit. Paris	28 W Capit. Paris	28 W Capit. Paris
13 Th. Off. L. T. b.	29 Chas. I. bld.	46 S. S. af. Erip.	13 Th. Off. L. T. b.	17 Th Brookes d.	29 Chas. I. bld.	29 Chas. I. bld.	29 Chas. I. bld.	29 Chas. I. bld.	29 Chas. I. bld.	29 Chas. I. bld.	29 Chas. I. bld.	29 Chas. I. bld.	29 Chas. I. bld.	29 Chas. I. bld.	29 Chas. I. bld.	29 Chas. I. bld.	29 Chas. I. bld.
14 S. S. sh. 4m.	30 S. S. af. Erip.	47 S. S. af. Erip.	14 S. S. sh. 4m.	17 Th Brookes d.	30 S. S. af. Erip.	30 S. S. af. Erip.	30 S. S. af. Erip.	30 S. S. af. Erip.	30 S. S. af. Erip.	30 S. S. af. Erip.	30 S. S. af. Erip.	30 S. S. af. Erip.	30 S. S. af. Erip.	30 S. S. af. Erip.	30 S. S. af. Erip.	30 S. S. af. Erip.	30 S. S. af. Erip.
15 S. S. sh. 4m.	31 S. S. af. Erip.	48 S. S. af. Erip.	15 S. S. sh. 4m.	17 Th Brookes d.	31 S. S. af. Erip.	31 S. S. af. Erip.	31 S. S. af. Erip.	31 S. S. af. Erip.	31 S. S. af. Erip.	31 S. S. af. Erip.	31 S. S. af. Erip.	31 S. S. af. Erip.	31 S. S. af. Erip.	31 S. S. af. Erip.	31 S. S. af. Erip.	31 S. S. af. Erip.	31 S. S. af. Erip.
16 S. S. sh. 4m.	32 S. S. af. Erip.	49 S. S. af. Erip.	16 S. S. sh. 4m.	17 Th Brookes d.	32 S. S. af. Erip.	32 S. S. af. Erip.	32 S. S. af. Erip.	32 S. S. af. Erip.	32 S. S. af. Erip.	32 S. S. af. Erip.	32 S. S. af. Erip.	32 S. S. af. Erip.	32 S. S. af. Erip.	32 S. S. af. Erip.	32 S. S. af. Erip.	32 S. S. af. Erip.	32 S. S. af. Erip.



# THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH



ÆSOP UP TO DATE.

THE FROG AND THE BULL. (Juvenile Betting and the Stock Exchange.)

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES. (Elderly Love-making)





ÆSOP UP TO DATE.

THE SUN AND THE WIND. (Drink and Prohibition.)

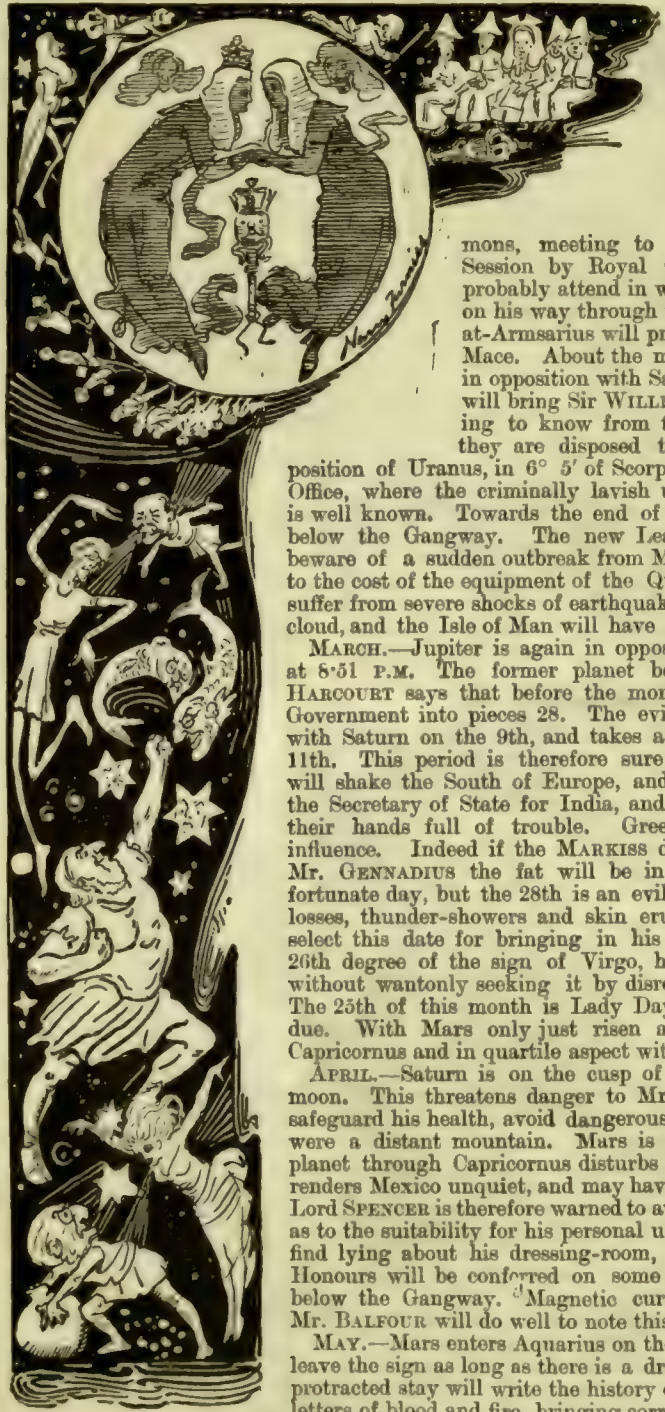
THE GOOSE WITH THE GOLDEN EGGS. (Capital and Labour.)



# THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

THE PARLIAMENTARY ALMANACK FOR THE SESSION OF 1892.

(BY ZADKIEL, M.P.)



FEBRUARY.—A pretty conjunction of Venus with Jupiter will take place in the evening western sky on Saturday the 6th inst.; but, as the days are still short, and the nights dark, the interesting couple will probably escape embarrassing observation. About the same time there will be a conjunction of the House of

Lords and the House of Commons, meeting to witness the opening of the new Session by Royal Commission. The SPEAKER will probably attend in wig and gown, and, as Mars speeds on his way through the sign Sagittarius, the Sergeant-at-Arms will precede the procession, carrying the Mace. About the middle of this month Venus will be in opposition with Saturn, very near the Equator. This will bring Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to the front, wanting to know from the Government much more than they are disposed to communicate. The stationary

position of Uranus, in  $6^{\circ} 5'$  of Scorpio, will bring trouble to the Home Office, where the criminally lavish use of stationery (including pens) is well known. Towards the end of the month there will be trouble below the Gangway. The new Leader of the House is warned to beware of a sudden outbreak from Mr. LABOUCHERE, having reference to the cost of the equipment of the Queen's yacht. South America will suffer from severe shocks of earthquake, the Isle of Skye will be under a cloud, and the Isle of Man will have trouble with its female population.

MARCH.—Jupiter is again in opposition with Saturn on the 6th inst. at 8:51 P.M. The former planet being in Pisces  $27^{\circ}$ , Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT says that before the month is out he means to knock the Government into pieces 28. The evil Mars forms the quartile aspect with Saturn on the 9th, and takes a friendly pint with Jupiter on the 11th. This period is therefore sure to be tempestuous. Earthquakes will shake the South of Europe, and the First Lord of the Treasury, the Secretary of State for India, and the First Door Keeper will have their hands full of trouble. Greece will also feel the disturbing influence. Indeed if the MARKISS doesn't keep things straight with Mr. GENNADIUS the fat will be in the fire. The 20th is rather a fortunate day, but the 28th is an evil anniversary threatening quarrels, losses, thunder-showers and skin eruptions. JOKIM is warned not to select this date for bringing in his Budget. With the Moon in the 26th degree of the sign of Virgo, he will have quite enough trouble without wantonly seeking it by disregarding the Voice of the Stars. The 25th of this month is Lady Day, when rents and insurances fall due. With Mars only just risen at the vernal equinox, strong in Capricornus and in quartile aspect with the Sun, they had better be paid.

APRIL.—Saturn is on the cusp of the third house of the last new moon. This threatens danger to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN who is warned to safeguard his health, avoid dangerous places, and regard Mr. G. as if he were a distant mountain. Mars is at it again. Progress of the red planet through Capricornus disturbs Greece, shakes India to the core, renders Mexico unquiet, and may have potent influence on the Red Earl. Lord SPENCER is therefore warned to avoid during this month experiments as to the suitability for his personal use of any stray high collars he may find lying about his dressing-room, or in that of any blood relation. Honours will be conferred on some Members sitting either above or below the Gangway. Magnetic currents very strong about the 26th. Mr. BALFOUR will do well to note this.

MAY.—Mars enters Aquarius on the 6th of this month, and will not leave the sign as long as there is a drop to drink on the premises. This protracted stay will write the history of the Agricultural Department in letters of blood and fire, bringing sorrow on GEORGIE HAMILTON, WIL-

FRID LAWSON, and the borders of Wales. Jupiter's progress through Aries continues to benefit Old England, and gives Lord HARTINGTON an opportunity of taking ten minutes nap on the Front Opposition Bench, whilst Mr. STANHOPE explains the Army Estimates in Committee of Supply. We shall hear of conflagrations and explosions at sea, with some trouble in the House of Lords. The LORD CHANCELLOR, at whose birth the Moon held the 24th degree of the sign Virgo, would do well to have the Woolsack carefully examined before seating himself thereon. It is not for nothing that the Moon is this month eclipsed in the sign Scorpio.

JUNE.—Mars holds on his way through Aquarius, thereby disturbing Russia, bringing sorrow on Prussia, heaping coals of fire on Piedmont and the borders of Persia. This will bring much occupation for the Foreign Secretary, who is warned to avoid any attempt to walk from Hatfield to Downing Street without his hat. Weddings will be numerous towards the end of the month. There will also, in all probability, be some births and deaths. The Sun and Mercury in Gemini, forming the quartile aspect with Saturn in Virgo, Members of the Opposition are warned (if they can avoid it) not to be born on the 8th, 19th, 24th and 25th of this month. Mars being in a lower meridian at the New Moon of Midsummer Day, fires will be numerous, discord and strife will arise in connection with the landed interest, and an Irish Member—perhaps two—will be suspended. The sign Cancer rules New York, Berne and Lubeck. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK will, accordingly, do well to live quietly and avoid changes.



[CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.]



DESIGNED TO PLEASE THOSE MEMBERS OF THE FANATICAL PRESS AND OTHERS



WHO ARE ALWAYS RUNNING DOWN THEIR COUNTRY.



# THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

## THE INDIGENT GHOST.



"I am a ghost," he shyly said. I answered, "Ah, no doubt; It's very right at Christmas time that ghosts should be about; Sit down, old man, and have a drink, I'm in no haste to snooze, And, if 'twill serve to pass the time, why gibber, if you choose."

"I used to totally abstain," the aged spectre said, "Till Doctor GRANVILLE's letters upon stimulants I read; He wrote, you know, teetotalers were little more than pulp."

With that he took my whiskey jar and drained it at a gulp.

"You've taken his advice to heart, my phantom friend," I cried, "Now don't you think that after that you'd gibber if you tried?" "Don't scoff, young man," he sadly said, "for know you speak to one Who never gets employment now, whose gibbering days are done."

"Well, well," I said, "don't gibber, if you find yourself too weak. I'll try and call a shudder up, if only you will squeak."



They've taken the bread from honest ghosts and ruined all the trade; We don't find teacups under turf and flop flowers on your head, We don't 'precipitate' a note and swear it's from the dead.

"We scorn such hanky - panky tricks, let those admire who list, I'd sooner sweep a crossing, Sir, than turn Theosophist; I'm driven into the workhouse now since not a soul employs, And earn the paltry parish pay by scaring pauper boys.

"Goodbye," he said, "and since you've been so very kind and nice, If you'd like me to haunt a friend, why you shall name the price: Good night! That little drop I took has given me pluck. Since it's The witching hour, I'll go and fright the Beadle into fits."

I SAT one night within my room and to myself I said, As folks do on the stage, "It's twelve, and I should be in bed." A tap came at the door, and as I shouted out, "Come in!" Lo! near me stood an aged man diaphanously thin.

## DROP BY DROP.

*Nine Stages of a Love Story.*

FIRST place, I dropped my eye on her,  
And she dropped hers, so blushfully!  
Then I "dropped in,"—her sire sold fur,—  
Then "dropped a line," most gushfully.  
I dropped a deal of ready cash  
On her and her relations,  
Then dropped some hints—that course proved rash—  
About her "expectations."  
She dropped on me, daring to ask  
Such questions. Here I stopped her.  
Her—bankrupt—sire then dropped the mask,  
And I—well then, I dropped her!

## SIMPLE STORIES.

"Be always kind to animals wherever you may be!"

### No. I.—LILY AND THE LOBSTER.

LIKE many of the little girls at Dimplebeach, LILY was very fond, on bright, warm sunny mornings, of paddling in the sea.

She would often take off her shoes and stockings, reef up her skirts, and wander for a very considerable distance along the sandy shore. She picked up in this way many varieties of pretty and curious seaweed, and not a few rare shells and pebbles. Not being afraid of getting wet, she was enabled to clamber over the rocks, to view the sea-anemone in its own private aquarium, and make friends with the benign barnacle, the light-hearted limpet, and the cynical star-fish.

One morning LILY bethought her that she would walk alone by water as far as the little village of Pebbleton. She took off her shoes and stockings, pinned up her petticoats, and waded through the shallow water, thinking what a brave girl she was. She had not gone very far when she saw, on the shore, the seaweed violently agitated, and the sand much disturbed. In going to see what it was, she discovered a fine old Lobster, hopelessly entangled in seaweed, and nearly smothered in dry sand. She did not hesitate for an instant.

She recollected the words of the Great Bard, who sang,—

"Be lenient with lobsters, and ne'er be cross with crabs,  
And be not disrespectful to cuttle-fish or dabs."

With great tenderness she disentangled the Lobster from the weeds, she blew the sand out of its eyes, and polished it up with her pocket-handkerchief. She then carried it with great care to the sea, and launched it.

It quickly sped away into the deep water, and, though the callous crustacean showed no sign of gratitude for all her thought and attention, the little girl felt pleased at having done a good action.

She went on slowly wading towards Pebbleton.

Suddenly she felt a sharp pain in her great toe. Her first thought was, she was going to have the gout, like her Papa. The agony was so great, that she retreated towards the shore. She found that she was pursued by an enormous Lobster, who had severely bitten one toe, and seemed in the mind to have a turn at the remaining nine.

She was terribly frightened, but she limped along as quickly as she could, the Lobster rattling his claws and hissing after her. He pursued her till she reached the dry sand, sat down, dried her feet, and put on her shoes and stockings. Then he wagged his big claw at her, gave her a knowing wink, trotted off, and plunged into the sea. She thought she recognised his face—and she was not mistaken.

It was her old friend, whom she had rescued, who, by pinching her toe, had stopped her just on the very brink of a pool of water, twenty feet deep.

Had it not been for the Lobster, LILY would have been drowned!





# AND PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1892.

## MR. PUNCH'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1892.

### JANUARY.

THE year commences on a Friday, which implies that there will be much misfortune. Immediately taxes will become due, which will cause much heart-burning and disappointment. A well-known statesman will make a statement that will cause apprehension in the capital of one of the great Powers. A few stock-brokers will be very active, but not in legitimate business. Many persons will visit Paris and spend some time on the boulevards. The wearer of a Crown in the North of Europe will have to beware of cold. On the 11th there will be much movement in the Law Courts, and the Judges will appear in state and walk on foot to the apartments they usually occupy. Counsel and solicitors will hold many consultations, and a Chancery suit will be commenced, leading to great subsequent disaster. After lingering for more than a week, on the 9th, Fire Insurance expires, amidst universal regret. Their financial condition will not permit of a term their own property. The weather will be cold, and snow may be expected even if it does not actually appear.

### FOR FEBRUARY.

THE month will commence with a game soon to end, for partridge-shooting ceases on the 1st. On the 3rd a well-known statesman will keep his birthday, chiefly because he was born on this date sixty-two years ago. He will be visited several times by one of the Judges who presided at the Parnell Commission, who on the last occasion will remark that he represents "Many Happy Returns of the Day." Parliament will meet, and drink—in spite of the attempts of some misguided men to abolish the bars in the Lobbies. On the 13th of the month Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL will keep his birthday, avoiding St. Valentine's Day, in courteous consideration of the resources of the Post Office. We may expect some strange news from the Continent, and events in Russia will urge on the Stock Exchange a preference for bears rather than for bulls. Many Bills will be introduced at Westminster, but only as a temporary arrangement, as they will be thrown out before the close of the Session. The

weather will be changeable, the state of the atmosphere varying from comparative warmth to superlative cold. A modern Dramatist will write a play with a purpose, which purpose will be divulged by the speedy shutting up of the theatre in which the play is produced. The condition of Ireland will attract some attention, and several harsh things will be said about the Chief Secretary.

The news from Spain will cause some uneasiness in Portugal, and even cause apprehension in Sweden, were it not for the cold, calm judgment of Norway. Many complaints will be made about the Police, but without attracting the attention of the Authorities.

### FOR MARCH.

On the 2nd Lent will commence, Ash Wednesday falling this year (strange to say) on a day following a Tuesday. On the 26th, the Duke of CAMBRIDGE will hold a review of his past career—the occasion being his own birthday. Business amongst burglars being slack the police to arrest something, will take up the time of the public by making frivolous complaints. In Parliament many questions will be asked and answered, and the world will be no wiser. A well-known statesman will make a speech that will cause uneasiness abroad, and be productive of sleep at home. The GERMAN EMPEROR will make his tourist arrangements for the summer. He will see what can be done about a trip to the United States, and will deeply regret that he has not the assistance of the late Mr. BARNUM, whose help would of course have been invaluable to him in the arrangement of details. He will sound the President of the French Republic as to the assurance of a hearty welcome in the event of his paying a visit to Paris, and will receive a reply ending with "Car—not." He will then consider the advisability of a progress through the Channel Islands, so as to use up a number of ready-made speeches written in French. On the 17th of the month, the Irish will celebrate their fete day by bemoaning their fate. This will lead to several discussions on the question of Home Rule in various influential quarters. Altogether the month will be so featureless, that it can scarcely be described as the March of Events.



### A LAST RESOURCE.

A HAPPY AND INDEPENDENT BACHELOR FINDS HIMSELF SUDDENLY DISAPPOINTED OF HIS CHRISTMAS PARTY IN THE COUNTRY; HE HAS ORDERED NOTHING AT HOME, HAS GIVEN HIS COOK AND MAN-SERVANT LEAVE TO INVITE THEIR FRIENDS; HIS INTIMATE COMPANIONS ARE OUT OF TOWN, AND, ON ARRIVING AT HIS CLUB, HE IS INFORMED BY THE HALL PORTER THAT "THERE IS NO DINNER TO-NIGHT, AS THE SERVANTS ARE HAVING A PARTY." ONLY ONE RESOURCE, A HOTEL, OR DINNER AT A RESTAURANT, ALL ALONE!

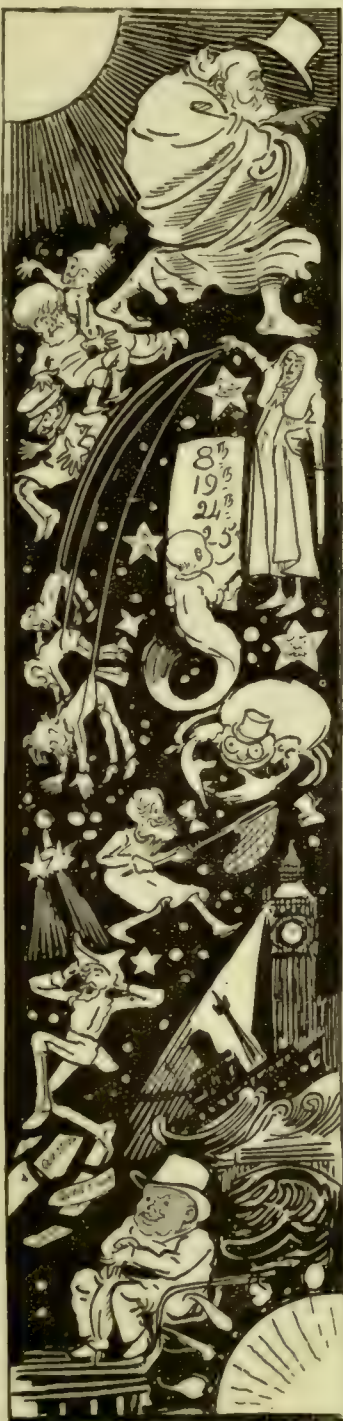
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# THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

THE PARLIAMENTARY ALMANACK FOR THE SESSION OF 1892.

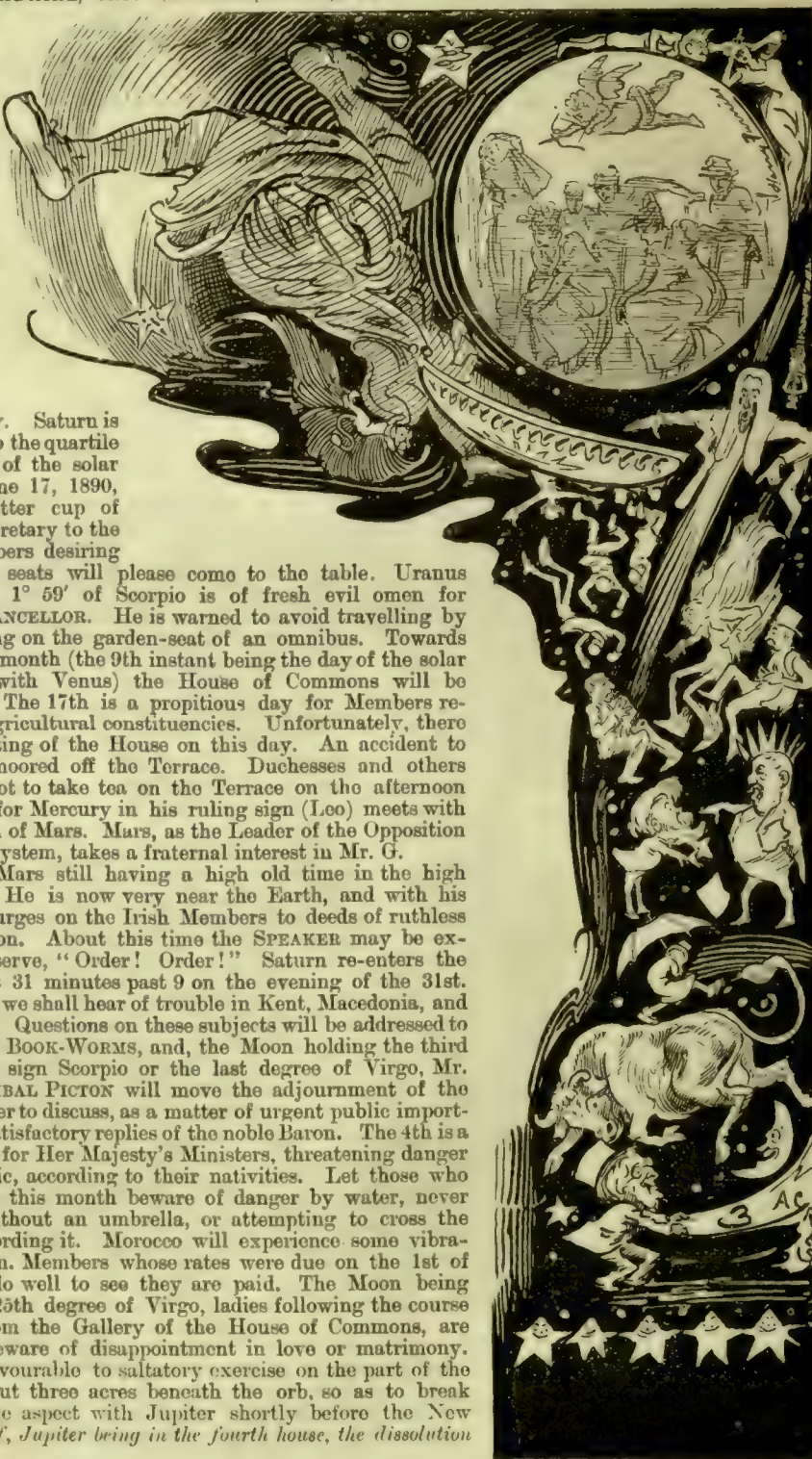
By ZADKIEL, M.P. (Continued from Page 4.)



**JULY.** — Mars is now stationary in Aquarius,  $17^{\circ} 14'$ , to the grief of Russia, the perplexity of Prussia, and the petulance of Pomerania. Famine is only too likely to stalk through the Isle of Dogs, and there will be trouble at the Admiralty. Saturn is creeping up to the quartile of the place of the solar eclipse of June 17, 1890, filling the bitter cup of the Chief Secretary to the brim. Members desiring to take their seats will please come to the table. Uranus stationary in  $1^{\circ} 59'$  of Scorpio is of fresh evil omen for the Lord CHANCELLOR. He is warned to avoid travelling by water or riding on the garden-seat of an omnibus. Towards the end of the month (the 9th instant being the day of the solar conjunction with Venus) the House of Commons will be counted out. The 17th is a propitious day for Members representing agricultural constituencies. Unfortunately, there will be no sitting of the House on this day. An accident to an ironclad moored off the Terrace. Duchesses and others are warned not to take tea on the Terrace on the afternoon of this day, for Mercury in his ruling sign (Leo) meets with the opposition of Mars. Mars, as the Leader of the Opposition in the Solar System, takes a fraternal interest in Mr. G.

**AUGUST.**—Mars still having a high old time in the high old 'eving. He is now very near the Earth, and with his mailed hand urges on the Irish Members to deeds of ruthless insubordination. About this time the SPEAKER may be expected to observe, "Order! Order!" Saturn re-enters the sign Libra at 31 minutes past 9 on the evening of the 31st. Consequently we shall hear of trouble in Kent, Macedonia, and Staffordshire. Questions on these subjects will be addressed to the Baron DE BOOK-WORMS, and, the Moon holding the third degree of the sign Scorpio or the last degree of Virgo, Mr. JULIUS ANNIBAL PICTON will move the adjournment of the House, in order to discuss, as a matter of urgent public importance, the unsatisfactory replies of the noble Baron. The 4th is a very evil day for Her Majesty's Ministers, threatening danger by fire or colic, according to their nativities. Let those who were born in this month beware of danger by water, never going out without an umbrella, or attempting to cross the Thames by fording it. Morocco will experience some vibration, and Hon. Members whose rates were due on the 1st of March, will do well to see they are paid. The Moon being held in the 23th degree of Virgo, ladies following the course of debate from the Gallery of the House of Commons, are warned to beware of disappointment in love or matrimony.

The position of the Moon at this time is also favourable to saltatory exercise on the part of the cow. Mr. JESSE COLLINGS is warned to hold out three acres beneath the orb, so as to break the fall of the cow. As the Sun forms the trine aspect with Jupiter shortly before the New Moon, Parliament will be prorogued this month, *if*, Jupiter being in the fourth house, the dissolution has not already taken place.



## ODE TO A DINNER-GONG.

"THE tocsin of the soul—the dinner-bell."  
So said, admiringly, the late Lord BYRON,  
But he had never heard *your* noisy knell,  
O blatant bellowing thing of brass or iron,  
Or surely he had metrically cursed  
Your nerve - distracting Corybantic  
clangour.

Would his fine indignation could have  
versed  
My utter hate, my agonising anger.  
Alas! is gusto then so great a sin,  
Is feeding Man so terrible a sinner  
That such a worse than *Duncan-raising* din  
Must summon him to—Dinner?

## BANE AND ANTIDOTE.

OUR latest New Humorist lately was moved  
To say that the world can't exist without  
merriment.  
His dogma, of course, yet remains to be  
proved,  
But oh! how he'd help us to try the  
experiment.



A DINNER KNELL.



It pains me deeply to reveal  
My infamy; I do not stretch  
The truth when I confess I feel  
A guilty wretch.

I envy him whose on'y sin [bour,  
Has been to rob his next door neigh-  
He has his absolution in  
Three months' hard labour.

And happy he who forged a cheque,  
Committed arson, stole a bill,  
Played football on his spouse's neck,  
Or broke a till.

I cannot claim that anyone [gurgle,  
Through me has gasped his deathly  
I cannot even say I've done  
One honest burgle.

These may be bad, the reckless art  
Of hospitality is worse; [heart.  
Though want of thought, not want of  
Has been my curse.

For sad experience has taught  
That as a most abandoned sinner  
My wife will treat me, now I've brought  
A friend to dinner!

[And she did.

MR. PUNCH'S HANDBOOK OF DEFINITIONS.

(For the Use of Young Writers.)

A FASHIONABLE BEAUTY.

(a.) A PRETTY moth that flutters by night,  
and is singed in Society scandals.

(b.) A modern HELEN, who frequently  
prefers the WORTH of Paris, to the repu-  
tation of her husband. Her face launches a



thousand photographers, and burns the top-  
less towers of every battered old *roue's* heart.

(c.) An exotic tree which journalists shake  
to obtain the paragraph-fruit from its  
branches. It flourishes for a season, and  
is then cut down to provide fuel for detrac-  
tion engines.

A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

(a.) A BEING whose top-hat always shines,  
whose frock-coat invariably fits, whose boots  
never lack polish, and whose trousers are  
born turned up. He knows intuitively the  
exact seasons when a suit of dittoes and a  
round hat worn  
in St. James's  
Street mark the  
man of fashion.

(b.) One who  
spends the  
greater part of  
the year in the  
country. His  
income is in-  
dependent, his  
language is  
free, but he  
himself is ruled  
by his valet.

(c.) A hero  
to his lady  
novelist, A  
non-reading,  
non-marrying,  
cynical, know-  
ing, seductive,  
indolent, mous-  
tached and  
frequently mili-  
tary animal,  
much addicted

to the midnight use of Clubs. Is generally  
observed by ungrammatical language and  
costly tobacco-smoke. He leaves the love-  
letters of ballet-dancers and duchesses lying  
open on his carpet, sticks photographs of  
the former into frames, and invitations from  
the latter into looking-glasses.



ODE TO SOAP.

I've written verses to her eyes,  
Her snowy-white, serenely high brow,  
The charm that in her features lies,  
A dozen sonnets to her eyebrow.  
Last week she ventured to clope,  
Alas! with quite another fellow,  
So I will sing a song to Soap—  
Soap, honest, pure, transparent, yellow!



When I arise at early morn,  
(Or even when at late), who keener  
Than you in helping to adorn  
My person, or to make me—cleaner?  
When black (not comely), I confess  
Yourself at once I always fly to,  
I use you, who excel. Ah! yes,  
You take the cake, and so do I too!

Called to the Bar. Of course I am—  
The Bar of Soap. In all one's troubles,  
What more successful way to dam  
The flood of grief than blowing bubbles?  
And yet, a thousand years ago,  
When men wore woad, and huts were  
wattled,

Had they the happiness to know  
The magic mysteries of mottled?

I do not know, I cannot tell,  
I don't indulge in rash assertions;  
But this I know, and know full well,  
I owe my skin to your exertions.  
And if I should have done a deed  
Of gore particularly flagrant,  
You still befriended me in my need, [rant.  
You take my hands, and leave them frag-

O Soap, preserver of mankind,  
True godliness's cleanly neighbour,  
The Duke through you grows more refined,  
The housemaid's face reflects your labour.  
Let mundane systems have their day,  
Let men depart to shades infernal,  
The future brings us no dismay,  
Since Soap (like Hope) will spring eternal.

"THRIFT, THRIFT, HORATIO!"

(By a contemplative Man at a Crematorium.)

THERE's one thing in these mortuary  
burnings, [Urnings.  
A man pays his "last debt" with his own

THE ASTROLOGER'S BRAY.

Voice of the Stars? Oh, empty annual  
bore.

It is, indeed, a "Voice and nothing more."

The wise world heeds not your prophetic  
pothor

Which goes in at one year and out at t'other!



# THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

## NEVER HAVE A CADDIE WITH A SQUINT!

A LAY OF THE LINKS.

THEY told me he was skilful, and assiduous, and true,  
They told me he had "carried" for the bravest and the best.  
His hair was soldier-scarlet, and his eyes were saucer blue,  
And one seemed looking eastward, whilst the other fronted west.  
His strabismus was a startler, and it  
shook my nerve at once;  
It affected me with dizziness, like  
gazing from a height.  
I straddled like a duffer, and I wavered  
like a dunce,  
And my right hand felt a left one,  
and my left felt far from right.  
As I watched him place my ball with  
his visual axes crossed,  
The very sunshine glimmered, with a  
queer confusing glint,  
I felt like a sick lubber on Atlantic surges  
tossed.—

Oh! never have a Caddie with a  
squint!

I'm an "irritable duffer"—so my enemies  
declare,—  
That is I'm very sensitive, and play a  
modest game.

A very little puts me off my stroke, and,  
standing there,  
With his boot-heels at right angles,  
and his optics much the same,  
He maddened me—no less, and I felt that  
all success

Against bumptious young McBUNGO—was impossible that day.  
I'd have parted with a fiver to have beaten him. His dress  
Was so very very swagger, and his scarlet cap so gay.  
He eyed my cross-eyed Caddie with a supercilious smirk,  
I tried to set my features, and my nerves, like any flint;  
But my "knicker'd" knees were knocking as I wildly set to work.  
Oh! never have a Caddie with a squint!

I tried to look away from the spoiler of my play,  
But for fiendish fascination he was like a squinting snake;

All the muffings man can muffle I  
contrived to muffle that day;  
My eyes were all askew and  
my nerves were all ashake.  
I seemed to squint myself, and  
not only with my eyes,  
My knees, my hands, my el-  
bows with obliquity were  
rife.

McBUNGO's sleek sham sympathy  
and sinister surprise  
Made almost insupportable the  
burden of my life.

He was so beastly friendly, and  
he was so blazing fur,  
So fulsomely effusive with sug-  
gestion, tip, and hint!  
And all the while that Caddie  
stood serenely cock-eyed  
there.

Oh! never have a Caddie  
with a squint!

Miss BINKS was looking on! On  
that maiden I was gone,  
Just as she was gone on Golf,  
in perfervid Scottish style.

On my merits, with McBUNGO, I should just about have won,  
But my shots to-day were such as made even EFFIE smile;  
Oh, the lumps of turf I lifted! Oh, the easy balls I missed!  
Oh, the bunkers I got bogged in! And at last a gentle scorn  
Curled the lips I would have given my pet "Putter" to have  
kissed.

Such a bungler as myself her loved Links had never borne;



And all the while McBUNGO—the young crocodile!—bemoaned  
What he called my "beastly luck," though his joy was plain as  
print,  
Whilst that squint grew worse and worse at each shot of mine  
which failed.

Oh! never have a Caddie with a squint!

In "playing through the green" with my "brassey" I was seen  
At most dismal disadvantage on that miserable day;

He pointed through the rushes with cock-  
eyed, sardonic spleen,—

I followed his squint guidance, and I  
struck a yard away;  
But oh! 'twas worst of all, when I tried  
to hole the ball.

Oh, the Ogre! How he squinted at  
that crisis of the game!

His hideous strabismus held me helpless,  
a blind thrall,

Shattered my nerves completely, put  
my skill to open shame.

That squint would, I am sure, have upset  
the Solar System—

Oho! the impish impudence, the grue-  
some goggle-glint!

The low, malicious chuckle, as he softly  
muttered, "Missed 'im!"

No, never have a Caddie with  
a squint!

Yet all the same McBUNGO did not get  
that rich Miss BINKS,

Who was so sweet in every way, es-  
pecially on Golf.

He fancied he had cut me out that day  
upon those Links,

But although he won the game—at Golf, his love-game came not  
He and that demon Caddie tried between them very hard [off.

To shame me in the eyes of that dear enthusiast,

But—well, my clubs she carries, whilst McBUNGO, evil-starred,  
Was caught by a Scotch vixen with an obvious optic cast!

That's Nemesis, I say! And  
she will not let him play

At the game he so adores.  
True she's wealthy as the  
Mint.

At Golf, with EFFIE, I have  
passed many a happy day,

But—we never have a  
Caddie with a squint!

A Caddie  
who's a  
duffer, or  
a Caddie  
who gets  
drunk;

A Caddie who regards all  
other Caddies as his foes;

A Caddie who will snigger when  
you fumble, fail or funk;

A Caddie who will whistle,  
or seems ever on the doze;

A Caddie who's too tiny; or too  
big and broad of bulk;

A Caddie who gets playing  
with your clubs upon the  
sly,

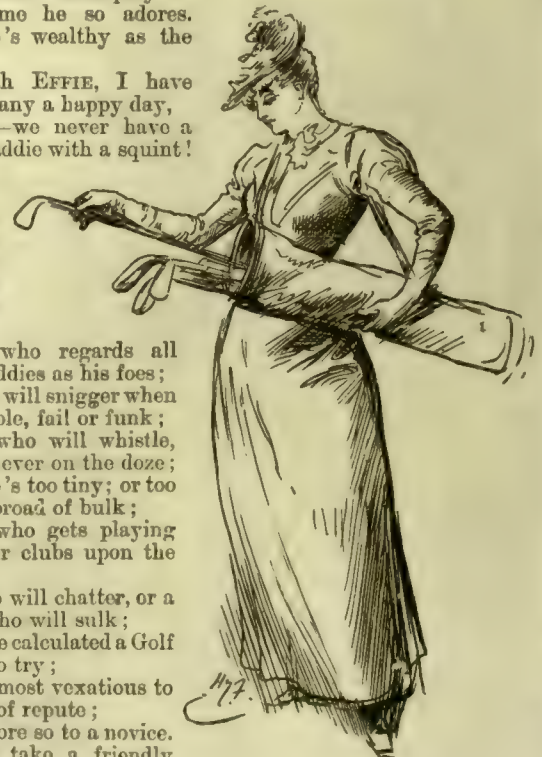
A Caddie who will chatter, or a  
Caddie who will sulk;

All these are calculated a Golf  
devotee to try;

All these are most vexations to  
a Golfer of repute;

And still more so to a novice.  
But just take a friendly  
hint!

Take a Caddie who's a duffer, or a drunkard, or a brute,  
But never try a Caddie with a squint!!!





# A LADY'S LINES ON LEAP YEAR.

WHEN NEAVES' Ape with the pliable thumb and big brain,  
Who the gift of the gab had just managed to gain,  
As a lord of creation established his reign,

Which nobody can deny.

He established no doubt, female progress to stop,  
The "right" of the sex the great question to "pop"  
(As well as to vote, and to smoke, and talk shop),

Which nobody can deny.

O artful old Ape, in transition to Man,  
To keep down poor Woman you hit on a plan  
Which they once in four years may reverse—if they can,

Which nobody can deny.

Our vertebrae (moral) you first took away,  
And then once in four years you allotted a day  
For the polypus sex at top-sawyer to play.

Which nobody can deny.

O Great Master Monkey, the progress of years  
At last fills your lordship with Simian fears;  
The Woman's Rights Question assails your long ears,

Which nobody can deny.

But when the great Pop-Right is ours, recollect  
We'll grant you—what more can your Apeship expect?—  
The right,—once in four years you know—to reject!

Which nobody can deny!

## SIMPLE STORIES.

"Be always kind to animals wherever you may be!"

### NO. II.—VIOLET AND THE PORPOISE.

VIOLET was a bright, merry little girl who was always full of fun. She was rather too apt to be thoughtless. Her Father was very witty and jocos3, and she would often try to imitate him. She seemed to forget what was a virtue among grown-ups was unbecoming in a child, and would sometimes say something to cause a laugh without reflecting how much pain it gave to others. For the sake of a joke—to make a mere play upon words, or a pun as it is called, she would not infrequently make some silly remark which would subsequently cause her the keenest regret.

In vain did her kind Mamma impress upon her that puns would entail punishment, and it seemed equally futile for her to be told that punning was the special prerogative of Papas.

It was not only to her kind parents and friends that she would behave in this manner. Poor in-offensive dumb animals she would treat in a similar fashion. She would tell the Cow that she was a "cowrious kind of animal": she would say, "I bullieve you, my boy," to the Bull, and would inform the Pig that it was very "pig-culiar." One day her Father found her telling a large Coch3n that, if it did not move on, it would be "a-cotch3n' it," and heard her subsequently remark, with regard to a tamarisk hedge, "It-am-a-risky kind of fence."

This was too much for her long-suffering parent. He

found he was being beaten on his own ground, his position as family joker was being imperilled, and his merry jests were beginning to fall rather flat. He at once packed off this short-petticoated punster to a strong-minded, serious, matter-of-fact governess by the seaside, who looked upon punning, joking, and whistling on the Sabbath as all very much in the same light. The governess had instructions she might take what measures she pleased, but the little girl was to be cured.

One day there was a terrific storm on the coast. When it abated,

it was reported that a very large Porpoise had been washed ashore. Everyone went down to see it, and among them VIOLET and her governess. The little lass was in high spirits, for she had been indoors in disgrace for the last two days. VI was not a bit afraid. She danced up to the Porpoise, who was puffing and blowing and flapping his tail on the sand. The impudent little puss boldly approached the monster of the deep, and giving him a good ringing slap, said, "Poor old thing! Did it come ashore on porpoise?"

In a moment the Porpoise lashed out its tail in anger, caught the child on the side of the face, and knocked her into the sea. With great difficulty she was rescued! It taught her a lesson she never forgot. She returned home quite cured. She never makes silly puns upon poor dumb animals now, and they have grown to respect her very much. If ever she feels inclined to return to her old foolish habit, one glance at the silver porpoise-charm—which her dear Father has given her—is sufficient to remind her of her folly, and prevent her transgressing.

## LAY OF A LONDON BOOK-WORM.

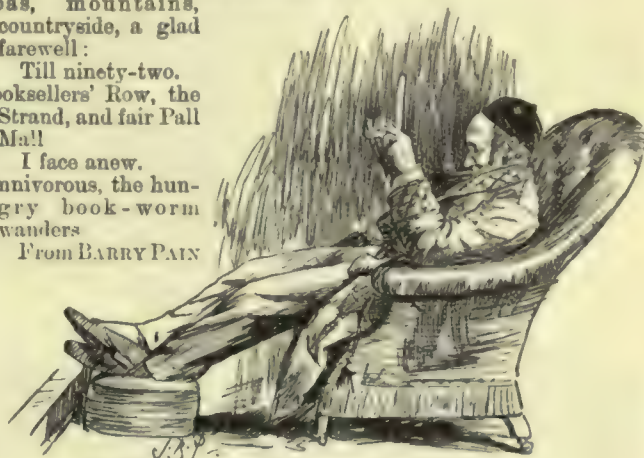
HAIL, best-loved season of a best-loved town!—  
The glowing fire,  
Warm winter curtains, ancient dressing-gown,  
And seasoned briar.

Spas, mountains,  
countryside, a glad  
farewell:

Till ninety-two.  
Booksellers' Row, the  
Strand, and fair Pall  
Mall

I face anew.  
Omnivorous, the hun-  
gry book-worm  
wanders

FROM BARRY PAIN



TO SCHOPENHAUER (p.p. T. BAILEY SAUNDERS),

Nor doth disdain,  
En passant, the attempts of—names won't scan—  
A playwright trio,  
To pose as artist, not as artisan,

Con molto brio.  
But why waste words? Don slippers, light the lamp,  
And close the shutters:

Book-worms advance! Prepare your winter camp:  
Draw paper-cutters! COLEBS.

## MR. PUNCH'S HANDBOOK OF DEFINITIONS.

(For the Use of Young Writers.)

### A PHOTOGRAPH.

(a.) THOUGH a man who always says "No" cannot be considered a good fellow, yet a photograph may be described as a proof of camaraderie, based on nothing but negatives.

(b.) The flattery of a human face by a celestial body.

(c.) Purchasable immortality, warranted to fade, in several sizes

(d.) The final stage in a struggle with a cheerful expression.

(e.) An image which, in proportion as it offends one's vanity, may be counted upon to delight one's friends.





THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH



ÆSOP UP TO DATE.

THE COCK AND THE JEWELS. (The Philistine and High Art.) THE MAID AND THE MILK-PAIL. (The Agricultural Vote and Party Promises.)



# AND PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1892.

## TOM NODDY'S CHRISTMAS NIGHTMARE, AFTER COLD MINCE-PIES FOR SUPPER.



1. I suddenly wake up and remember to-night's Mrs. BONAMY's Smal' and Early, and that VERA GILPIN will be there. Think I'll go.

2. Needn't put on evening dress. There's no stiffness about the BONAMYS. Go just as I am. Fine night, not very late. May as well walk there and smoke a cigar. Awful nuisance if they're all got up to the nines!



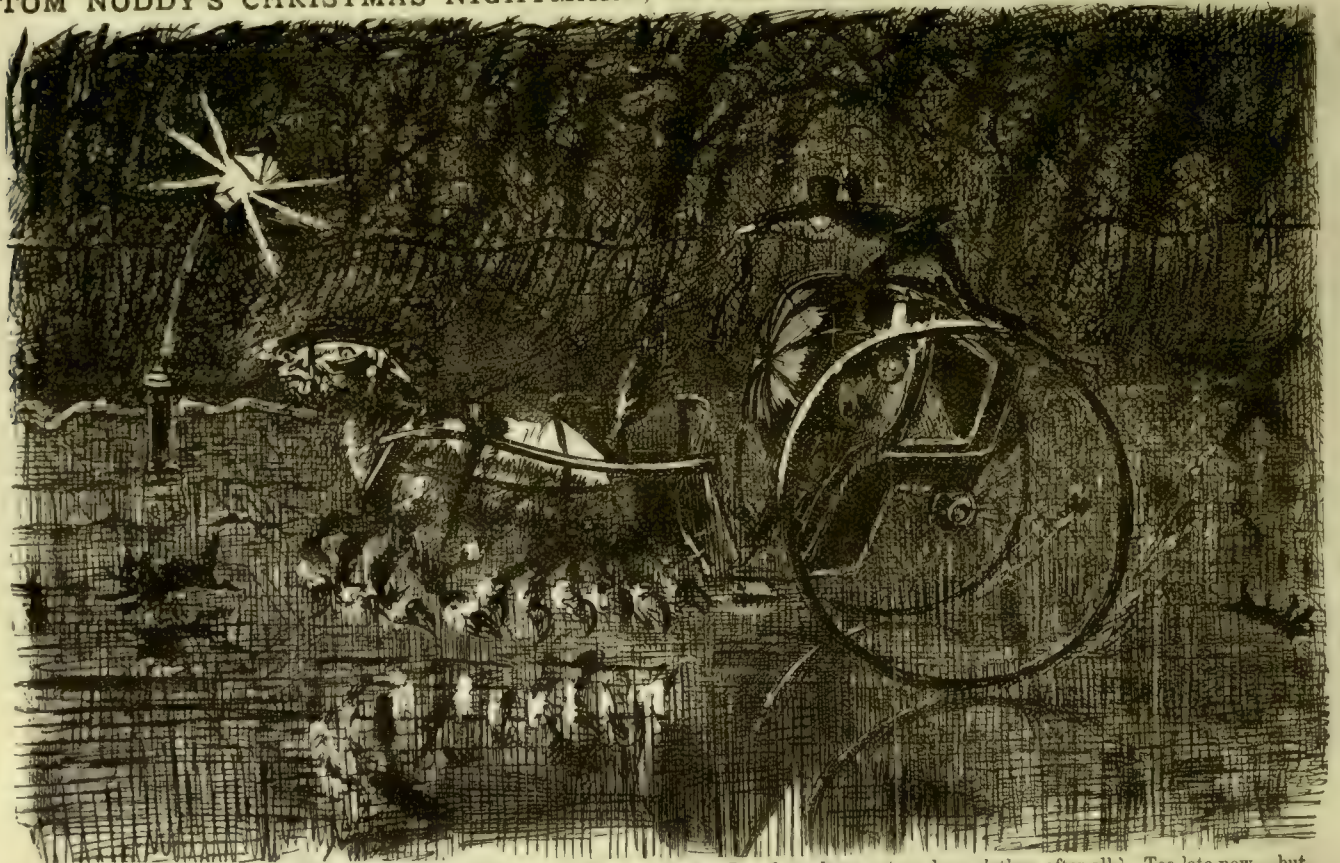
3. Comes on to rain. Stupid not to have put on my goloshes. So muddy, too!

4. Gets darker and darker. Can't see my way a bit. Happy Thought, Hanson! Policeman says it's a cold night, and seems to think I ought to have put on a cape, or a comforter, or something. Thoughtful of him. Do feel rather chilly: got my Jägers on, fortunately.



# THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

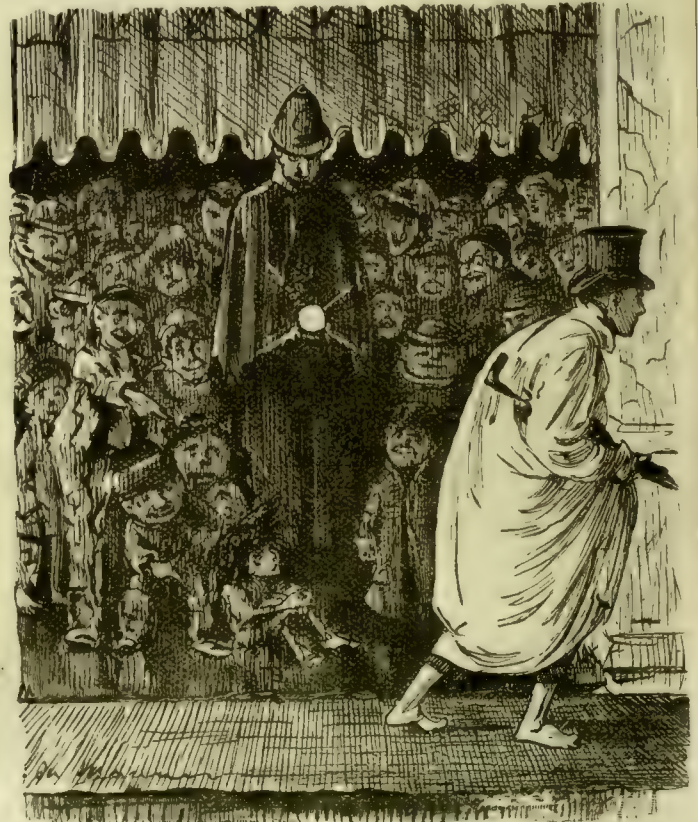
TOM NODDY'S CHRISTMAS NIGHTMARE, AFTER COLD MINCE-PIES FOR SUPPER.



5. Gets lighter again. Beastly night, though. Capital horse. Wonder whether I ought to have put on dress clothes, after all? Too late now,—but one is always safe in evening dress, whatever happens.



6. Confound it! Left all my money at home, in my waistcoat pocket. That's the worst of not dressing! Cabman insolent. Row!



7. Large party. Red haze. Royalty! Wish I'd dressed! "Ere's a swell as can't pay his cab and ain't got no dress clothes!"





January 1.—Just had a brilliant idea—quite original. I don't believe even any human person ever thought of such a thing, but then,—besides being extremely beautiful and expensive, with refined wax features and golden hair—I am a very clever doll indeed. Frivolous, no doubt; heartless, so they tell me—but the very reverse of a fool. I flatter myself that if anybody understands the nature of toys, especially male toys—but I am forgetting my idea—which is this. I am going this year to write down the little girl I belong to has no idea I can write, but I can—and better than she does, too!—to write down every event of importance that happens, with the dates. There! I fancy that is original enough. It will be a valuable dollian document when it is done, and most interesting to look back upon. Now I must wait for something to happen.

January 6.—Went to Small Dance given by the Only Other Wax Doll (a dreadful old frump!) on the Nursery Hearthrug. Room rather nicely illuminated by coloured fire from grate, and a pyramid nightlight, but floor poor. Didn't think much of the music—a fur monkey at the Digitorium, and a woolly lamb who brought his own bellows, make rather a feeble orchestra. Still, on the whole, enjoyed myself. Much admired. Several young Ninpins, who are considered stuck-up, and keep a good deal to their own set, begged to be introduced. Sat out one dance with a Dice-box, who rattled away most amusingly. I understand he is quite an authority on games, and anything that falls from his mouth is received with respect. He is a great sporting character, too, and arranges all the meetings on the Nursery Race-course, besides being much interested in

Backgammon. I do like a Toy to have manly tastes!

The Captain of a Wooden Marching Regiment quartered in the neighbourhood, was there in full uniform, but not dancing. Told me they didn't in his regiment. As his legs are made in one piece and glued on to a yellow stand, inclined to think this was not mere military swagger. He seemed considerably struck with me. Made an impression, too, on a rather elderly India-rubber Ball. Snubbed him, as one of the Ninpins told me he was considered "a bit of a bounder."

Some of the Composition Dolls, I could see, were perfectly stiff

with spite and envy. Spent a very pleasant evening, not getting back to my drawer till daylight. Too tired to write more.

Mem.—Not to sit out behind the coal-scuttle another time!

February 14.—Amount of attention I receive really quite embarrassing. The Ninpins are too absurdly devoted. One of them (the nicest of all) told me to-day he had never been so completely bowled over in his whole existence! I manage to play them off against each other, however. The India-rubber Ball, too, is at my feet—and, naturally, I spurn him, but he is so short-winded that nothing will induce him to rise. Though naturally of an elastic temperament, he has been a good deal cast down of late. I smile on him occasionally—just to keep the Ball rolling; but it is becoming a frightful bore.

March.—Have been presented with a charming pony-carriage, with two piebald ponies that go by clock-work. I wish, though, I was not expected to share it with a live kitten! The kitten has no idea of repose, and spoils the effect of the turn-out. Try not to seem aware of it—even when it claws my frock. Rather interested in a young Skipjack, whom I see occasionally; he is quite good-looking, in a common sort of way. I talk to him now and then—it is something to do; and he is a new type, so different from the Ninpins!

April 1.—Have just heard the Skipjack is engaged to a plaster Dairy-maid. A little annoyed, because he really seemed—Have been to see his fiancée, a common-place creature, with red cheeks, and a thick waist. Congratulate the Skipjack, with just a hint that he might have looked higher. Afraid that he misunderstood me, for he absolutely jumped.

April 7.—The Skipjack tells me he has broken off his engagement; he seems to think I shall guess the reason—but I don't, of course. Then he actually has the impertinence to (I can scarcely pen the words for indignation) to propose—to Me! I inform him, in the most unmistakable terms, that he has presumed on my good-nature, and that there are social barriers between us, which no Skipjack can ever surmount. He leaves me abruptly, after declaring that I have broken the spring of his existence.

April 8.—Much shocked and annoyed. The Skipjack found quite stiff and colourless this morning, in the water-jug! Must have jumped in last night. So very rash and silly of him! Am sure I gave him no encouragement—or next to none. Hear that the Dairy-maid has gone off her head. Of course it will be put down to grief; but we all know how easily plaster heads get





## THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

cracked. Feel really distressed about it all, for the blame is sure to fall on me. Those Composition Dolls will make a fine scandal out of it!

*May.*—The Ninepins are getting very difficult to manage; have to put them down, as delicately as possible; but I am afraid, poor fellows, they are dreadfully upset. The Wooden Captain has challenged the Dice-box to a duel—I fear, on my account. However, as the officer's sword will not unglue, I hope nothing will come of it. All this most worrying, though, and gives me little real satisfaction. I find myself sighing for more difficult conquests.

*June.*—Went to afternoon tea with the biggest Dutch Doll. Rather a come-down, but now that there is this coolness between the Composition set and myself, I must go somewhere. I feel so bored at times! Can see the ridiculous Dutch thing is trying to out-dress me! She had a frock on that must have cost at least fifty beads, and I don't believe it will ever be paid for! Only made her look the bigger guy, though! Tea-party a stupid affair. Make-believe tea in pewter cups. Met the latest arrival, a really nice-looking Gentleman Doll, introduced as "Mr. JOSEPH." Very innocent face, without any moustache, and the sweetest blue eyes (except mine) I think I ever saw! Seemed rather shy, but pleasant. Asked him to call.

*June 18.*—Mr. JOSEPH has not called yet. Very strange! Suspect those horrid Composition Dolls have been setting him against me. Met him by the back-board and scolded him. He seemed confused. By a little management, I got it all out of him. I was right. He has been told about the Skipjack. He has strict principles, and gave me to understand that he would prefer to decline my acquaintance—which was like his impudence! This is exciting, though. I intend to overcome these scruples; I mean him to be madly in love with me—then I shall scornfully reject him, which will serve him just right!

*July.*—My tactics have succeeded—at last! To-day JOSEPH called, ostensibly to beg me to go and see the unhappy Ball, who, it seems, is terribly collapsed, reduced to a mere bowl, and so exhausted that he cannot hold out much longer. However, in the course of the interview, I soon made him oblivious of the Ball. He fell at my feet. "Beautiful GLORIANA," he cried, "with all your many and glaring faults, I love you!" Then I carried out the rest of my programme—it was a painful scene, and I will only record that when he left me, he was completely un-dolled! I feel almost sorry for him—he had rather a nice face!

*July 4.*—I don't seem able to settle to anything. After all, I think I will go and see the poor Ball. It would comfort him, and I might see him there. I will order the pony carriage.

*August.*—What has happened to me? Where have I been all this time? Let me collect myself, and see how much I remember. My last clear recollection is of being in my carriage on my way to receive the departing Ball's last sigh... Something has started

the clockwork. My ponies are bolting, and I haven't the slightest control over them! We are rushing along the smooth plain of the chest of drawers, and rapidly nearing the edge. I try to scream for help, but all I can utter is, "Papa!" and "Mamma!" All at once I see him standing, calm and collected, on the very brink of the precipice. Is he strong enough to stop the ponies in their mad clockwork career, and save me, even yet? How I will love him if he does! An instant of sickening suspense... we are over!—falling down, down, down... A crash, a whirl of clockwork, a rush of brain to my head—and I know no more. What follows is a dream—a horrible, confused nightmare—of lying among a heap of

limp bodies—some armless, some legless, others (ah! the horror of it) headless! I grope blindly for my own limbs—they are intact; then I feel the place where I naturally expect to find my head—it is gone!... The shock is too much—I faint once more. And that is all.

Thank goodness, it was only a dream—for here I am, in the same old nursery again! Not all a dream, either—or my pony-carriage would scarcely present such a damaged appearance. The accident was real. Then what—what has become of JOSEPH? I must find him—I must make him understand that I repent—that, for the future, I intend to be a changed doll!

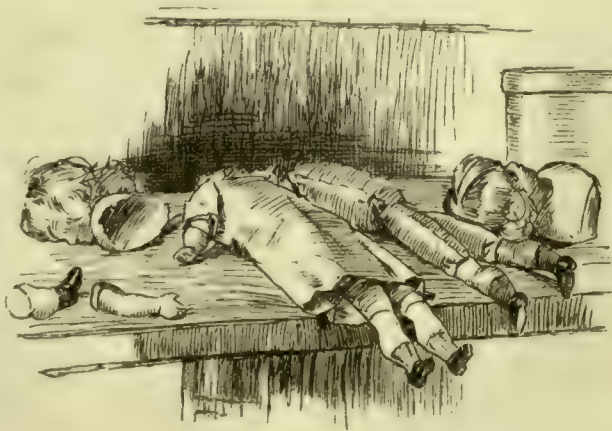
*September.*—Still searching for JOSEPH. No trace of him. I seem to be a changed doll in more ways than one. My former set knows me not. The Ninepins do not stagger when I smile at them now; the Dice-box gapes open-mouthed at my greeting. I call upon the Composition Dolls—they are very polite; but it is quite clear that they don't remember me in the least! Alas! how soon one is forgotten in the world of Toys! Have no heart to recall myself to them. I go, for the first time since my accident, to a convenient brass knob, in which I would once gaze at my reflected features by the hour. How indescribable are my sensations at the

discovery that I have a totally new head—a china one! I, who used to look down on china dolls! It is a very decent head, in its way; quite neat and inoffensive, with smooth, shiny hair, which won't come down like the golden locks I once had. I am glad—yes, glad now—that JOSEPH has gone, and the home he used to occupy is deserted, and shut up. If he were here, he would not know me either. Now I can live single all my remaining days, in memory of him, and devote myself to doing good!

*October.*—Have entered on my new career. Am organising a Mission for Lost Toys, and a Clothing Club for Rag Dolls. To-day, while "slumming" in the lumber-closet, found my old acquaintance, the Dutch Doll in a shocking state of

destitution—nothing on her but a piece of tattered tissue-paper! To think that my evil example and her own senseless extravagance have brought her to this! Gave her one of my old tea-gowns and a Sunday domino, but did not reveal myself. Feeling very sad and lonely; think I shall have to keep a cockroach—I must have something to love me!

*October 15.*—Someone has taken poor dear JOSEPH's old house. I see a new doll, with a small but worldly black moustache and a



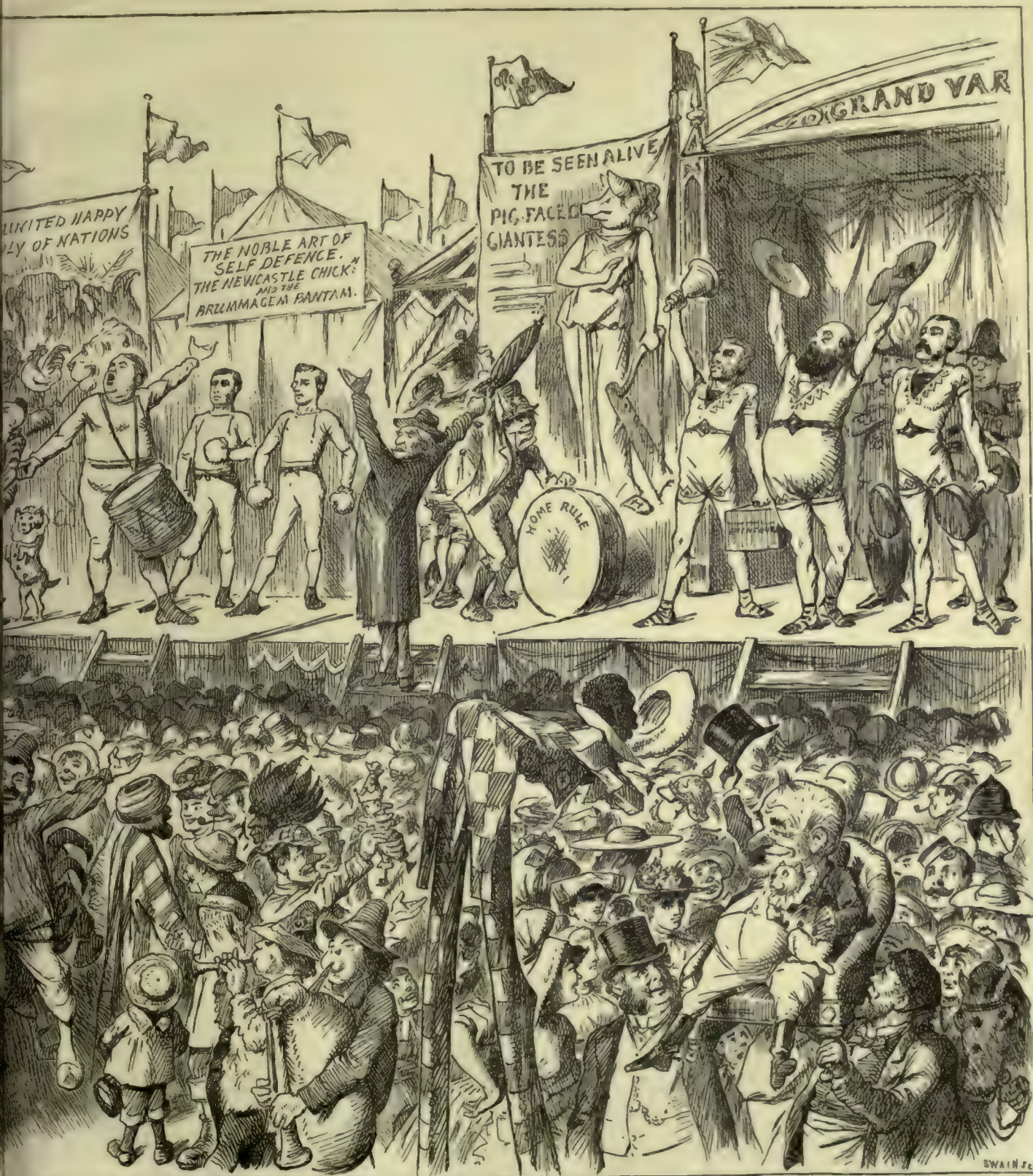


















very bad countenance, watching me as I pass the windows. Shall call and leave a scripture brick. It may do him good.

October 16.—Have called . . . *Never* heard worse language from the lips of any doll! Came across my old admirer, the Ball, who is better, though still what I have heard the nursery governess describe as an "oblate spheroid." Of course he did not recognise me.

December.—I have seen a good deal of the Doll with the worldly moustache lately. From certain symptoms, do not despair of reforming him—ultimately. He seems softening. Yesterday he told me he did not think he should live long. Yet he has a splendid constitution—the best porcelain.

He is dreadfully cynical, seems so reckless about everything. If I could only reclaim him—for JOSEPH's sake!

This afternoon I saw the yellow stand which the Wooden Captain used to occupy—what memories it recalled, ah me! Can he have disgraced himself and been "broke"? And am I responsible?

*Christmas Eve.*  
—Am sitting in my corner, my cockroach curled comfortably at my feet, when the Walking Postman comes up with a letter—for me! It is

from the Wicked Doll! He is very ill, *dying*, he thinks, and wishes to see me. How well I remember that other message which JOSEPH—but JOSEPH is taken, and the Ball still bounds! Well, I will go. It will be something to tell my Diary.

\* \* \* \* \*  
*Christmas Day.*—Something indeed! How shall I begin my wondrous incredible tale? I reached the Doll's House, which looked gloomier and more deserted than ever, with the sullen glow of the dying fire reflected redly in its windows. The green door stood open—I went in. "Ha, ha! *trapped!*" cried a sneering voice behind me. It was the Wicked Doll! his letter was a *ruse*—he was as well as I was—and I—I was shut up there in that lonely house, entirely at his mercy! . . . It was a frightful position for any doll to be placed in; and yet, looking back on it now, I don't think I minded it so *very* much.

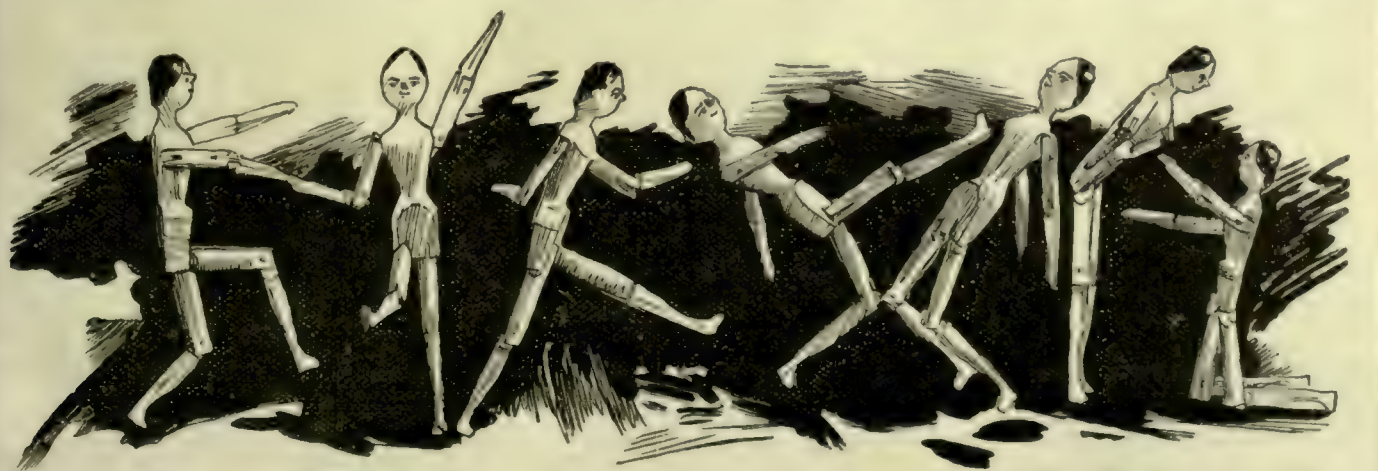
"Listen!" he said, in response to my agonised entreaties. "Long, long ago, when I was young and innocent, a beautiful, but heartless being bewitched me, kid and bran! I told my love—she

mocked at me. Since then I have sworn, though she has escaped me, to avenge myself by sacrificing the life of the first doll I could entice into my power. You are that doll. You must die!" . . . "I am quite prepared," I told him—"do your worst!" which seemed to confuse him very much. "I will," he said, "presently—presently; there is no hurry. You see," he explained, in a tone almost of apology, "in endeavouring to save her life (it was my last good action) I got my head smashed, and received the substitute I now wear, which, as you will observe, is that of an unmitigated villain. And it's no use having a head like that if you don't live up to it—is it, now? So—as I think I observed before—prepare for the worst!" "Don't talk about it any more—do it!" I said, and I breathed JOSEPH's name softly. But the Wicked Doll did nothing at all. I began to feel safer—it was so obvious that he hadn't the faintest notion *what* to do. "She treated me abominably," he said, feebly; "any doll would have been annoyed at the heartless way in which GLORIANA

"I could contain my feelings no longer.

"JOSEPH!" I gasped (I had lost all fear of him), "you ridiculous old goose, don't you *know* me? I am GLORIANA, and I have found you at last!" And, with that, I flung myself into his arms, and told him everything. I think he was more relieved than anything. "So you are GLORIANA!" he said. "It's dreadfully bewildering; but, to tell you the honest truth, I can't keep up this villainy business any longer. I haven't been brought up to it, and I don't understand how it's done. So I tell you what we'll do. If you'll leave off living up to your new head, I won't try to live up to mine!" And so we settled it.

*Postscript.* December 31.—We are to be married to-morrow. The Dutch Doll is to be my bridesmaid, and the Wooden Captain (who was only away on sick leave, after all) is coming up to be best man. I have seen the poor old Ball, and told him there will always be a corner for him in our new home. I am very *very* happy. To think that JOSEPH should still care for his poor GLORIANA, altered and homely as her once lovely features have now become. But JOSEPH (who is leaning over my shoulder and reading every word I write) stops me here to assure me that I am lovelier than ever in *his* eyes. And really—I don't know—perhaps I am. And in *other* persons' eyes too, if it comes to that. I certainly don't intend to give up society just because I happen to be *married!*





# THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

## AN OLD-WORLD CHRISTMAS.

To myself I said, methinks I have heard of  
Christmas jinks

In old days ;  
And, though folks may count me fool, I will  
aim at keeping Yule

In those ways.  
So my beef was firm and red, and I put  
round the Bear's head

Rosemary ;  
I'd a Peacock quite correct, with his bright  
tail-feathers decked,

In a pie.  
I'd a Turkey, and a round of rich Brawn  
my table crowned,

As was meet ;  
I'd Mince-pies before there came the Plum-  
pudding, and aflame

Brandy neat.  
Then a mighty bowl was full of what they  
called Lamb's Wool,

Ale and spice ;  
Roasted apples, ginger too, and, to give the  
drink its due,

Rather nice.  
I had Sack of Sherry made, rather heady,  
I'm afraid ;

Often then



ER-

I would fill the beaker up, for they drained  
full many a cup,

Those old men.

And the merry songs I trolled, as folks did  
in days of old ;

And they said

That I laid me down to snore 'mid the  
rushes on the floor,

Not in bed.

As they taught in olden rhyme, I have kept  
the Christmas time,

Ate my fill ;

And, such scorn is at me heaped, that I  
wouldn't for the world

Own I'm ill.

I'm abominably dry, and no breakfast  
could I try—

For my life :

And I have to stand the jeers of my friends,  
and worse, the sneers

Of my wife.

The historian may praise Christmas feasts  
in ancient days,

But I shiver,

For a real old Christmas revel, I can tell  
you, plays the devil

With your liver.

## A SCOTS BALL-ROOM BALLAD.

(By The MacPry.)

Why sit ye on the stair, Ladie,  
Why sit ye on the stair ?

It's merry dancing in the hall,  
And partners still are there.

Ye arena in a cosy neuk,  
But in the lamp's full glare ;  
No gentle whisperin' words are spoke—  
Why sit ye on the stair ?



The runkled  
carle that's  
by your side  
No tale of luvie  
can tell ;  
He fain wad win  
ye for his  
bride  
By talkin' o'  
himself.

Your voice is  
clear, your  
laugh is  
cheer,  
But oh, your  
eyes are sad ;

You answer what the gaffer says,  
You're lookin' for the lad.

(They winna stint their prattlin' talk—  
Oh, but her eyes are sad !—  
'Tis vain to chercho the fanny here,  
I'll gang and speer the lad.)

Why prop ye up the wa', Laddie,  
Why prop ye up the wa' ?  
Your lissome shoes are stickit oot,  
Ye'll gar the dancers fa'.

Or feckless couples tearin' past,  
Wi' elbows at an angle,  
Will pin ye to the waincoat fast  
As wild boar in a jungle.

The floor's as smooth as summer grass,  
Sma' feet, like crickets, caper,  
And whirlin' kirtles, as they pass,  
Sair waste the swealing taper.

The lassies' gowns are creased and rent ;  
The lads are oot o' knowledge ;

They are as hot wi' twirlin' roon  
As blacksmith frae the village.

The fiddles pour their love-sick pray'rs,  
The flutie-man is whis'lin',  
Just like when ancient madam scares  
A thrummock-touzle hissin'.

There's young folks movin' like a fair,  
There's auld folks quaffin' sherry.  
An' you sae weary, fu' o' care,  
When all the world is merry ?

Gin ye maun feed your dowie grudge,  
At least fill up your programme,  
And come victorious from the crush  
Like BONAPARTE from Wagram.

Nay, dinna off the lassie score ;  
Her heart sings, " Waly, waly !"  
She's talkin' with that awfu' bore,  
The Laird o' LANTHORN JAWLEY.

Quit, quit, for shame ! This winna do.  
Rouse up and play the man, Sir !  
For they should dance who have the chance,  
And they should sup who can, Sir.

Ah, see, she smiles ! Could any word  
More eloquently call ye ?

Now go and soothe your bonnie burd,  
And banish LANTHORN JAWLEY.

So prop nae mair the wa', Laddie,  
So prop nae mair the wa'—  
(Ye dinna ken that on your coat  
Yon candle-droppin's fa' !)

## THE LOST—(AT LAST!)—CHORD.

SEATED one day in my study  
I was anxious and ill at ease,  
And I tapped at the window wildly  
And rattled a bunch of keys ;  
Unless I could manage to scare him  
All hope of repose was floored,  
For borne like a wail on an Easterly gale  
I heard that dread " Lost Chord !"

I made unambiguous signals  
That I wanted the tune to cease,  
For I had my work to finish,  
And he was a foe to peace ;  
But the Grinder only answered.  
With a fixed demoniac grin,

And steadily turned the handle,  
And poured his distracting din.  
I know not of what he was dreaming,  
As softly I stole aside,  
And thoughtfully lifted a scuttle of coals,  
And opened the window wide ;



Though I judge from his satisfied s'mper  
That his dreams were of anything, but  
Of a blackened mound, and a muffled sound,  
And a window suddenly shut.

It may be they'll take the picces  
To his far Italian home,  
And carve from his bones mosaical stones  
To pave St. Peter's at Rome ;  
Or if they don't—it's the same to me,  
But this I'm prepared to maintain,  
That the " Chord " he started to play is lost,  
And will never be found again.



# AND PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1892.

## TOM NODDY'S CHRISTMAS NIGHTMARE, AFTER COLD MINCE-PIES FOR SUPPER.



8. No idea the BONAMYS lived in such style. Wish to goodness I'd only dressed. Must explain to Mrs. B. She's a woman of the world. She'll understand.



9. Splendid Party—Royalty—Ambassadors—Bishops—all the Lions of the Season. No time to explain to Mrs. B. Besides she never notices a man's dress. Told me so herself.



10. Ask a Young Masher if he thinks it matters much, about dress. He says not, so long as one looks like a Gentleman. Says he's a

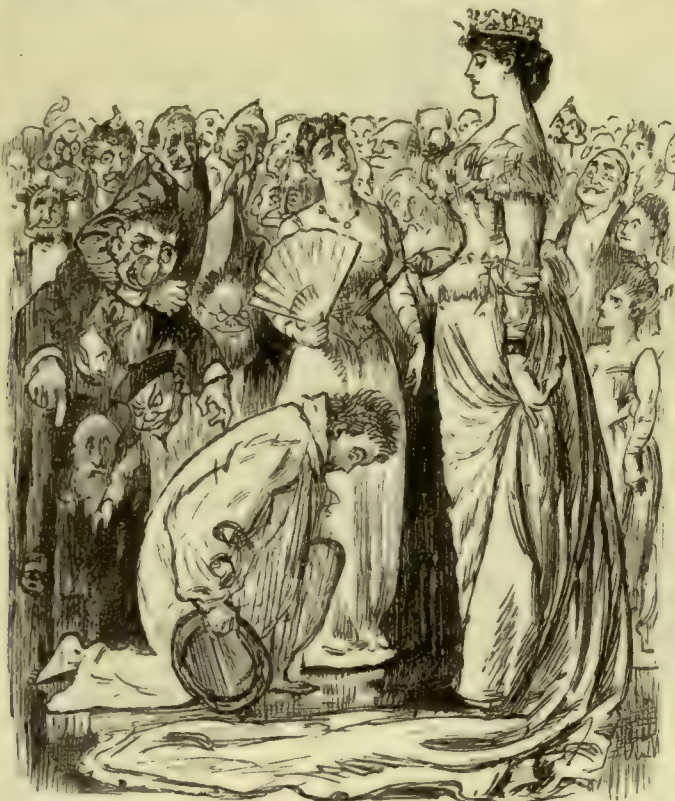


11. Ask him to tell me as a Gentleman if I look like a Gentleman. Says he's not quite sure; so there's a row. He bleeds Gules, on a Field Argent, as I thought he would. I



## THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

TOM NODDY'S CHRISTMAS NIGHTMARE, AFTER COLD MINCE-PIES FOR SUPPER.



12. When the row's over I'm presented to H.R.H. Princess FREDEGUNDA ZU DONNERHAUSEN VON BLITZENSTEIN. The Band strikes up 'Dream Faces,' and H.R.H. invites me to waltz. Wish I'd got on my new Mauve Pyjamas with the silver fringe, instead of these beastly Jägers!



13. There's no stiffness about Royalty, anyhow. She gets bigger and bigger, and tells me that I am "Ze Ideal of her kirkish dreams." This is all very well, but I'm engaged to marry VERA GILPIN—and VERA GILPIN has just arrived!



14. Besides we're making a sensation, and everybody stares, which I hate—and VERA GILPIN has got tears in her lovely eyes! So I manage to give H.R.H. the slip, and crawl under the piano—and there, confound it, I meet that beastly Cabman, who actually dares to say that I—  
(And with a start he awakes.)



AND PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1892.



A PAGE FROM THE DIARY OF A DAUGHTER OF THIRTEEN.



# THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

## SIMPLE STORIES.

"Be always kind to animals wherever you may be!"

### NO. III.—HARRY AND THE HORNETS.

ON a bank at the end of the field adjoining the garden of the house where HARRY's Papa lived was a hornet's nest.

The children had all been especially forbidden to go into the field.

HARRY, however, thought he knew how to take care of himself, and one morning, when his parents had driven over to Dobbinton, determined he would pay a visit to the forbidden spot.

He could just see the nest, one or two hornets were crawling in and out, and a few buzzing about in the neighbourhood. They were enormous hornets. He inserted the point of a switch in the nest, and rattled it about.

In a moment there was a roar, and the air was thick with a cloud of hornets. HARRY turned and fled through the garden-gate, and did not know where to go.

All at once he saw Uncle BULGER's gigantic portable india-rubber bath, which had been put out in the garden to dry. To rush towards it, and turn it over him like a dish-cover, was the work of a second. The hornets settled on the top in hundreds, and stung furiously and vindictively. Their stings, however, had enormous barbs, and, once inserted in the india-rubber, it was impossible to withdraw them.

The insects became wild with fury; at last they all fluttered their wings in unison, and flew away with Uncle BULGER's bath right across the country, and HARRY laughed loudly to think how clever a boy he had been.

His face fell, however, when he saw his Papa beckon him from the window. "My son," said this gentleman, who never lost his temper, "have you been stung?"

"No, Papa," replied HARRY, hanging his head.

"Well, then, my dear boy," answered the father, with a bland smile, and producing something which looked uncommonly like a birch rod, "the duty the hornets neglected, I will do my best to perform." And he did!



Jules (from France). "MILLE PARDONS, MONSIEUR, MAIS VOUS SERIEZ BIEN AIMABLE DE M'INDIQUER LA ROUTE POUR PEEKKADILLI?"  
Brown (from the Country, suddenly called upon to speak French). "OH—AH—FASHY DER DEER, MOSSOU, KER MWAU OSEE SWEETZ ETRANGLAY!"

taught to many grandmothers by their grandchildren. The reason of this unusual attention to the more elderly of the weaker sex will be found in the fact that the 6th is "Old Lady Day." On the 18th ARRY and ARRIET will hold high festival, in honour of Easter Monday. By the peculiar arrangement of the stairs, it would seem that Kiss-in-the-Ring will be played at Sydenham, and a Ministerial crisis will take place in Turkey. Universal regret will be felt at the expiry of Life Insurance on the 9th. The weather will be changeable. Rain may be expected during the month at Margate, Gravesend, Birmingham, Brighton, and some parts of Persia. The St. James's Park blossoms will appear, without leaves on the trees, to the great annoyance of the keepers.

## THE OUTCAST.

(With Nominal Apologies to Mr. Robert Buchanan.)

I'M a meek-mannered man with a meek-mannered wife,  
And three daughters, whose happiness counts as my own.

I've a hatred of jars and of all kinds of strife,  
And leave family quarrels severely alone.  
Yet I do not mind saying that just now I'm rather  
Embarrassed at times in the rôle of a father.

For my daughters have met, as they say, with their fate,  
Which in English just means that they've all got engaged,  
And their lovers come spooning from early to late,  
Whilst the girls get short-tempered and even enraged  
If, as sometimes it happens, they cannot discover  
A separate room for each girl and her lover.

When but one was engaged it was all very well,  
And the drawing-room did for MATTILDA and NED.

Then ADOLPHUS proposed to my next daughter, NELL,  
Well—the dining-room suited them nicely, they said.

But the worst was to come when diminutive GERTIE  
Came to tell me she wished to be married to BERTIE.

For they've taken the breakfast-room—all that was left  
Of the house that I dared to consider as mine.

So my wife and myself have to live on, bereft [firmly decline  
Of our rooms, since we gently, but  
Our family tent of existence to pitch in  
The only resort still remaining—the kitchen.

Well, the girls, I suppose, deem it nothing but bliss,  
It's the parents who find it so dear at the price.

Then attend, all ye fathers, and listen to this,

As I give you at parting a word of advice:  
In engagements remember this rule—use no other—  
You should see one through first, e'er you sanction another.



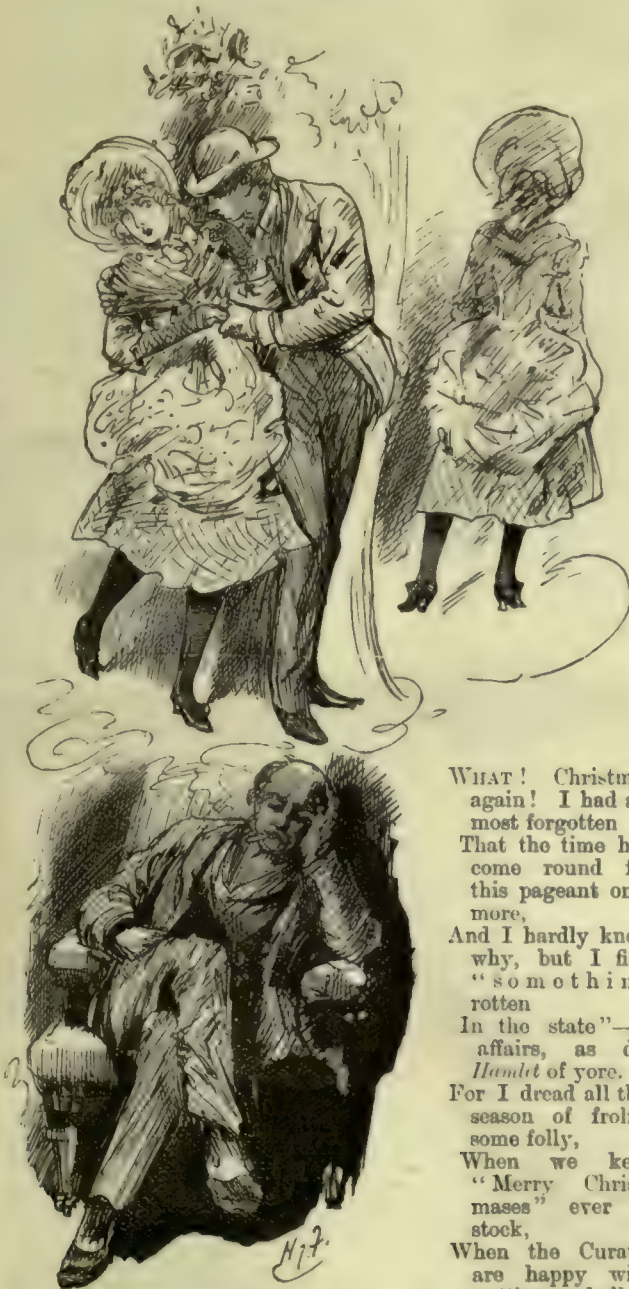
## MR. PUNCH'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1892.

FOR APRIL.

THE birthday of Prince Von BISMARCK, on the 1st, will be celebrated by the fools of the period. His Imperial Master will send the Ex-Chancellor a speech and a portrait—which will be valued by their recipient as of equal value. On the 6th there will be a great demonstration of ancient females. Many venerable dames will travel to the Bank, others will patronise the National Gallery, and the South Kensington Museum, and others, again, will go to the Crystal Palace. Expectant grand-nephews will visit their grand aunts, and the suction of eggs will be practically



ON CHRISTMAS EVE.



WHAT! Christmas again! I had almost forgotten That the time had come round for this pageant once more, And I hardly know why, but I find "something rotten In the state"—of affairs, as did Hamlet of yore. For I dread all this season of frolicsome folly, When we keep "Merry Christmases" ever in stock, When the Curates are happy with putting up holly

And mistletoe, too, with the fair of their flock.

Ah! that mention of mistletoe sets me a-thinking Of a girl, whom I know for a minute or so. I was young at the time, and there's no use in blinking The fact that it happened a long time ago. She reminded me strangely of sweet Dolly Garden. She was dressed for the part, and I thought her as fair; And I recollect well how we strolled in the garden To look at a flower, which, of course, wasn't there.

She was, oh! so afraid that her friends would have missed her, And she really *did* think I should "take her in now." Which I did on the spot right away—for I kissed her, Just beneath a large tree with an arch-shapen bough. Then she flared up directly,—how *dared* I to do it? But I listened to all her blind fury with glee, As I laughingly showed her—for I alone knew it— An immense piece of mistletoe up in the tree.

I have ne'er seen her since. And so here I sit sighing, Whilst the snow 's lying thick on the pavement outside. Yet, stay—it 's the poets, perhaps, do the lying; They could do a good deal in that line if they tried. I am right. It's quite fine. There's the sun through the trees. On Reflection, I quite think the right thing to do Is to join heart and soul in the joys of the season, So I'm in for a Right Merry Christmas,—aren't you?

MR. PUNCH'S HANDBOOK OF DEFINITIONS.

(For the Use of Young Writers.)

A DOWAGER.

(a.) A DRAGON with a brood of daughters. She must be appeased by the sacrifice of an eldest son, or by the offer of the first-fruits (and meats) of the supper table.

(b.) A being of uncertain temper and a certain age. Though she has a will of her own, she often depends upon the will of her husband, and is much given to deplore both the fixity of her own income and the laxity of other people's morals.

(c.) A Society line-of-battle ship, rendered obsolete by the loss of her consort. Though she often provokes engagements, she is never known to strike her flag. She will blockade a defenceless bachelor in order to cut off his supplies and make them her daughter's, and will bombard a Royal Palace in order to capture an invitation.

(d.) A star of unknown magnitude revolving round the sons of other stars.

A BANKRUPT.

(a.) A TRUE man who observes all human properties with a view to making them his own. Yet, while he acquires the possessions, he alienates the affection of his creditors, and is often stripped of all that he ought never to have had, in order that the lender of a pound may be made happy by the bestowal of a penny.

(b.) A musician, who always plays with notes, and finds in composition a never-failing consolation.

(c.) A paradox, who, though he always outruns the constable, is often caught by the police, and finds himself face to face with liabilities which he is never able to meet.

Owing to not having time to turn round, he sometimes omits to act on the square, and always qualifies by total failure for the successful passing of his examination.



SONG FOR SHROVE TUESDAY.

LIFE 's like a pancake, very thin flat matter, Tasteless (without Love's sugar and Hate's lemon) At health's firm bastion not in vain its "batter," With Indigestion an attendant demon. Kept o'er the fire, continually crossed, By fumes of darkness, and with trouble "tossed."



# THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

## SIMPLE STORIES.

"Be always kind to animals wherever you may be."

### No. IV.—PETER AND THE PIG.

A KIND but injudicious Uncle had sent PETER a very large pork-pie. PETER's Mamma had invited a number of his young friends to share it with him on his birthday. She meant that they should have a little feast, and all be very happy and merry together. This excellent idea, however, did not meet with PETER's approval.

He was a selfish boy, and had no notion of his pork-pie being converted into a limited liability company. So when his Mamma was busy with preparations for the feast, and his sister was taking her music-lesson, he tied up the pork-pie in a blue pocket-handkerchief, and stole quietly out of the house, determined to have a private pic-nic.

He walked away rapidly till he found himself in the Waffle Woods, and when he knew he was quite out of sight and hearing, he sat himself down beneath an oak tree; he undid the blue handkerchief, and brought out his pork-pie. "Now," said the greedy boy, as he cut himself an enormous slice, "I shall enjoy myself very much."

He continued to eat, but he found he did not enjoy it. He however, tried his hardest to fancy he was having a very good time. At his fourth slice he heard a rustling in the bushes. He started and trembled, because he knew he was doing wrong. He was horrified to find the intruder was none other than Snaboo, his father's big black pig, also having a pic-nic by itself on acorns.

PETER was indeed frightened, because he remembered that he had frequently goaded and teased Snaboo in its sty. Not a moment was to be lost. The Pig had seen the boy, and PETER had scarcely gained a safe position up the tree, before Snaboo was grunting furiously at its foot, and vindictively trampling the

pork-pie to pieces. There the Pig remained, and snorted, and grunted, and stamped. It was getting long past dinner-time, and PETER was afraid he should have to stop all night in the tree. At last, thinking the Pig was getting quiet, he looked cautiously out.

He looked out too far. He slipped; he fell! He fell astride on the Pig's broad back, with his arms round its neck.

The boy was an excellent rider, and his presence of mind on this occasion saved him. Laying hold of the Pig by the ears, and sticking his knees well into its fat sides, he jerked its head up.



Snaboo gave a fiendish squeal, and started at a terrific pace the shortest cut to the Farm. PETER had nothing to do but to hold on. He was bruised by branches, torn by briars, and bespattered with mud. He arrived at the Farm looking like a scarecrow, and found all his nicely-dressed little friends waiting for the birthday feast.

PETER, however, could not join in the festivity. Bumped, bruised and bleeding; torn, tattered and tired; cross, chilled and crestfallen; sick, sad and sorry, he had to go to bed at once. And there he mused over the disadvantages of gluttony and the fleeting nature of all earthly joys.

Ever afterwards he treated pigs with the most profound respect, and he never saw a pork-pie without immediately longing to give it away.

### Lines by a Lover of Fashion.

METAPHYSICIANS never will inveigle

My mind to study all their hollow "humming";

But in one thing I do agree with HEGEL

That "everything's becoming."

That is, of course, everything that's in fashion.

(N.B.—This puts my spouse in such a passion!)

## MR. PUNCH'S HANDBOOK OF DEFINITIONS.

(For the Use of Young Writers.)

### MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

(a.) They are such stuff as grandmothers are made of. Though the raw material is (conventionally) disagreeable, the manufactured article is universally considered delightful. It is curious that the same woman who is supposed to overwhelm a second generation with advice and anger, should load the third with indulgence and gifts.

(b.) Stock for the professional comic man's literary soup-kitchen. As thin humour *à la manivaise femme*, they are ladled out piping hot in recitations, in farces, and in the comic columns of country newspapers.

(c.) Women who reprove in their daughters those domestic faults which they have never attempted to control in their own conduct. On the whole, they are kindly critics of the failings and merits of their sons-in-law, but they rarely associate on friendly terms with those other mothers-in-law with whom they may happen to be connected by marriage. They often bestow jewels and warnings upon their daughters-in-law.



### A BUTLER.

(a.) A mean between a cook and a master. In the basement, and part of the ground floor, he reigns under the title of "Mr."; but, as he rises on the staircase, he drops in dignity, until he enters the drawing-room with a bare surname.

(b.) A glass of fashion to the pantry department, and a mould of form to the lady who moulds the creams and jellies. He is naturally much addicted to the intimate companionship of other glasses, which sometimes cast reflections upon his character.

(c.) A privileged person, who constantly sees what his host often desires, in vain, to see—the backs of all the guests at a dinner-party. He holds himself solemnly and silently aloof from all dinner-table conversations; and the joke of a guest, which throws a hostess into convulsions, fails to raise a smile upon his marble face. Though he is not invariably amiable, he frequently helps every guest at table, and, in this sense (amongst others) he is not only an aider, but a better than the host.







*Lindley Sanderson*

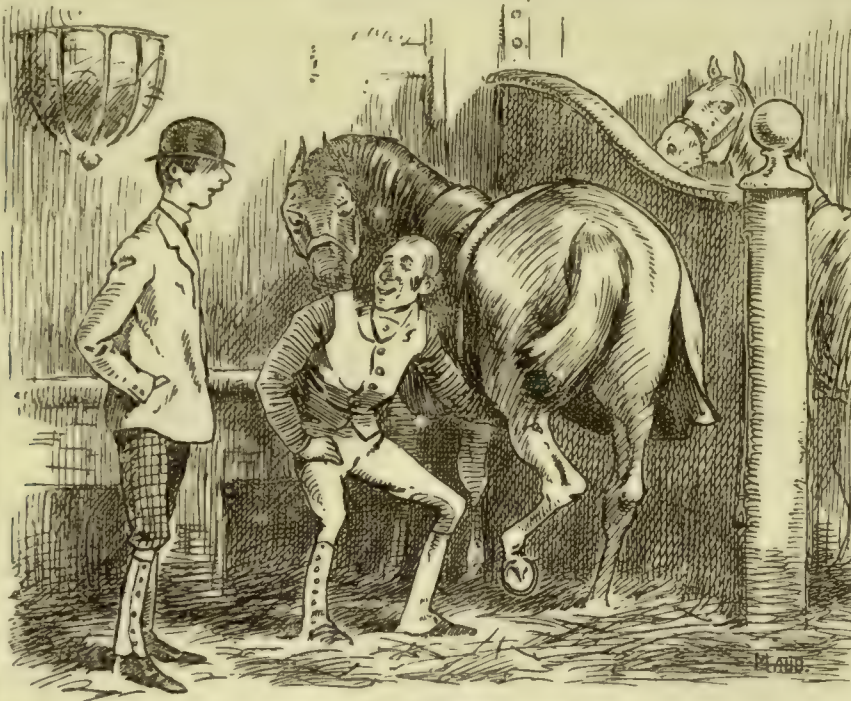
ÆSOP UP TO DATE.

THE LION IN LOVE (?) (The Peace at any Price Party.)

THE DOGS IN THE MANGER. (Tourists and Access to Mountains.)



# THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH



## ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

*In the Stable. Quite quiet Horse being admired by Professional Groom and Amateur Equestrian. "HE WOULDN'T HURT A BIBY—HE'S A 'OS AS YOU CAN TRUST."*

## MR. PUNCH'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1892.

### FOR MAY.

ON the 1st the birthday of the Duke of CONNAUGHT will cause great satisfaction, the event being celebrated by the Sun, who will rise on this special occasion at 4:34 A.M., and set at 7:23 P.M. The 93rd anniversary of the Storming of Seringapam will be celebrated on the 4th by the survivors of that memorable victory. A list of the names of those present at the Academy Banquet will be given in the daily papers on the following morning. This will be a bad time for City men to put up their names at the West-End Clubs, as the operation is sure to end in disaster. South Africa will again attract attention, and the *Daily Graphic* will obtain letters from that interesting spot with a less expenditure than £2,000. Excitement may be expected in France, and several political prisoners will be sent to Siberia. The Volunteers will once more show a falling off in numbers, and questions will be asked in Parliament, without eliciting a satisfactory answer. Sporting men will take an interest in the Derby, and there will be a slight disturbance in South America. The weather of the month will be changeable. The Sun, however, will be seen several times during the thirty-one days by resident Londoners.

### FOR JUNE.

ON the 18th, the 77th anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo will produce a paragraph in the morning papers. In the House there will be several Divisions, which will lead to small results. The so-called "working-men" will require an eight hours' day of labour, but will be opposed by four-fifths of their fellows. The City will be unsettled, foreign stock being depressed, and grey shirtings absolutely dull. The weather will be changeable, and once more become a topic of conversation. During the month rain will be threatening, or actually fall in the Isle of Skye.

### FOR JULY.

THIS will be a great month for America. Nothing much elsewhere. It may be assumed that if the London County Council has hitherto behaved with propriety (a large assumption), now will be the time for the members to distinguish themselves, individually and collectively, as idiots. They will be guilty of some gross piece of folly that will be received with derision by the world at large, and with joy by the writers of comic copy.

### FOR AUGUST.

ON the 1st, the statutory Bank Holiday will be observed by the overcrowding of excursion-trains and the enlivening of quiet watering-places. Rejoicings at Margate. After months of wrangling over the smallest and least important measure, a year's legislation will be hurried through both Houses in half-a-dozen days. Goose-shooting commences. Hampers due early at Mr. Punch's Office, 85, Fleet Street. During the month a bad time may be expected in the City. The Outside Advertising Broker will advise in vain. In spite of frequent suggestions to take up Turkish Bosh and other securities of equal value, the public will stand aside.

### SEPTEMBER.

CARTRIDGES and Partridges. On the 1st, partridge buying and selling will commence, the shooting having begun some days previously. On the 10th, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will keep his sixty-first birthday, and will reflect seriously upon the advisability of extinguishing the Income-Tax. People who were personally acquainted with King RICHARD THE THIRD will remember that the 22nd of this month was (in 1485) the date of his death. There will be an invasion of Switzerland by the great tribes of BROWN, JONES and ROBINSON, and the clan of McSMITH will flow into Italy. Letters of complaint, about foreign hotels and foreign travel generally, will appear in the *Times*.

### OCTOBER.

EVERY one being more or less out of town until the end of the month, Fate will be busier abroad than at home. The GERMAN



## ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

*Out of Stable. Professional Groom, accustomed to his rides, is giving a show—perfect. "HE'S ALL RIGHT WHEN YOU KNOW HIM—"*





**ALL THE DIFFERENCE.**

*Amateur (making his acquaintance). "BUT—YOU'VE GOT TO KNOW HIM FIRST."*

EMPEROR, who will have spent the summer in upsetting all the arrangements of his Royal Brethren by paying them unsolicited visits, will turn his attention to domestic affairs. He will interfere with the couriers, the housemaids, the piano-makers, the brewers, the toy-manufacturers, and the chemists. Having settled these small matters, he will take funerals in hand, and revolutionize the undertaking trade. After this he will alter all the railways, and fortify Berlin. By this time the date will have been reached for his visits to Australia, Siberia, Thibet, and Timbuctoo. There will be storms at sea, and great trouble on land will be caused by the opening, on the 24th, of the Michaelmas Law Sittings.

**FOR NOVEMBER.**

ON the 3rd, the MIKADO of JAPAN will attain his thirtieth year, but in London the birthday will be observed with appropriate distinctions on the 5th. 9th, Good day for going out quietly and seeing the sights. A few persons will dine in the City. The General Election will certainly be held in this month, unless some other date is selected for an appeal to the Constituencies. Coals will rise in value, and much uneasiness will be felt as to the future of gas and the electric light. During the month, London will gradually receive back the number of holiday-taking absentees, who will receive a hearty welcome by the County Council, who will carefully take up the roads on the Embankment, the Strand, Fleet Street, Holborn, and other popular thoroughfares.

**FOR DECEMBER.**

THE year will end in comparatively cold weather. Compared with August, the thermometer will be found several degrees lower, although possibly higher than the readings of July. On the 17th, the Law Terms of the year will end amidst great rejoicings. After this there will be no date worthy of notice until the 25th, when all the world over there will be family greetings of a more or less cordial character. 26th. Good day to go out of Town early, and remain in some part of the country where you are quite unknown, and where no Christmas-boxes can be expected of you, returning in time for first Pantomime Night at Drury Lane.

**THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.**

*(By an Old-fashioned Fellow.)*

I'D sooner PHILLIS well-cooked a potato,  
Than talk of the *Symposium* of PLATO:  
I'd rather CHLOE helped me pass the bottle,  
Than pass eulogiums on ARISTOTLE:  
When physic should be shaken well and taken,  
Kind Nurse NEERA need not talk of BACON:  
And when soft fingers ought to mend my sock,  
LALAGE should not lisp to me of LOCKE.

When I've the megrims and the time would kill,  
MYRTILLA must not fill my mind with MILL,  
Nor RHODOPE retort, when I incense her,  
With icy arguments from HERBERT SPENCER.  
No PHILLIS, CHLOE, LALAGE, NEERA,  
I love not this emancipated era.  
To teach the sweeter sex to know its station,  
And fill it, is the Higher Education!

**MIXED PROVERBS.**

It is a long-suffering worm that has no turning.  
A rolling snowball gathers as it goes.

The "proof" of the plum-pudding is in the brandy-sauce.

When beauty looks out of window, love comes in at the door.

A "fourpenny doss" makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows.

Early to bed and early to rise means snuffing the candle of life at both ends.

You cannot restore hearing to a deaf sow with a silken purse.

Time and Tide never turn the "Tables" on each other.

The more "laps" the less "sprinting."

It generally takes three to make a quarrel; two to differ, and one to set them by the ears.

Birds of a feather are the most jealous of each other's plumage, fine feathers often making unfair birds.

You never value the water till your neighbour wants to fill her bucket at your well.

A "bird" in the bag is worth a brace in the heather.

Don't buy eggs for hatching until you have counted your sitting [hens.



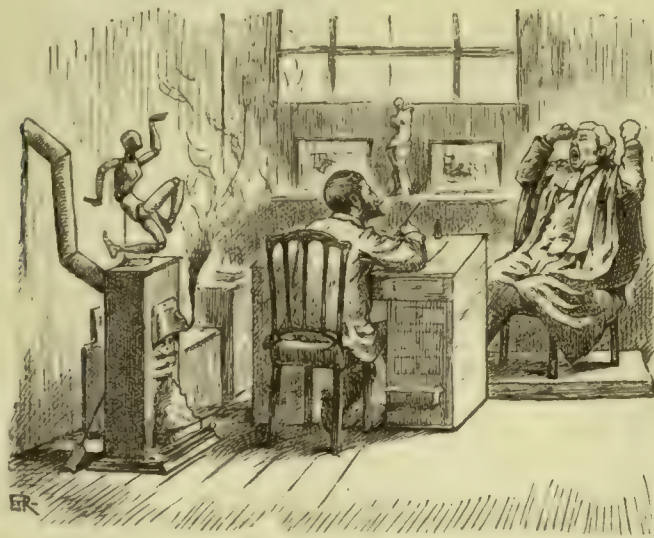
**ALL THE DIFFERENCE.**

"'OFF! OFF!' CRIED THE STRANGER,  
'OFF! OFF! AND AWAY.'"



# THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

## A STRICT SENSE OF DUTY: OR THE SUFFERINGS OF A CONSCIENTIOUS MODEL.



"Ah! THAT'S CAPITAL! NOW KINDLY KEEP THAT YAWN, PLEASE."



"HULLO! HERE I SAY! PHEUGH!! CON——!!!"



"—FOUND THAT STOVE! WHAT ON EARTH'S GONE WRONG WITH IT!"

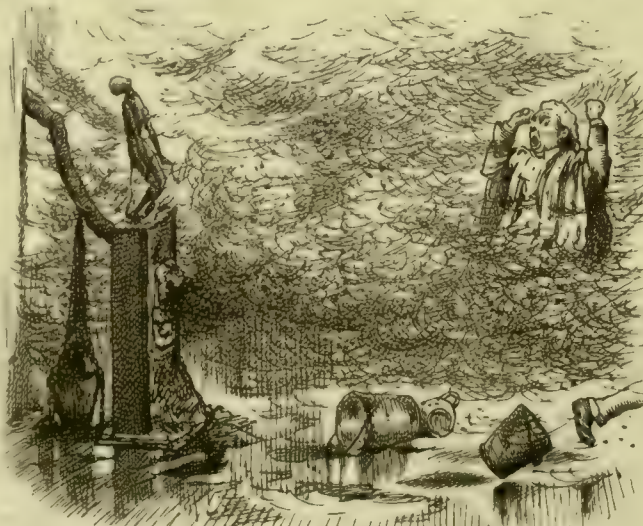


"UGH!! SIMPLY MUST PUT IT OUT! HERE GOES!!"

### LUNATIONS.

By Our Colwell-Hatchney Astrologer.

Oh, the silent Synecdoche sleeps  
in the silt,  
Of the pleiocene's plastic de-  
posit,  
Secreting in silix its gneiss-  
inspired guilt,  
As the skeleton hides in its  
closet.  
The Hyleg is up, like an Irish M.P.,  
Asking horary questions all  
round;  
And the Fortunate Signs at their  
five o'clock tea  
In bilingual bathos are bound.  
Here CLAUDIUS PTOLEMY's play-  
ing at Nap,  
With true tetrabiblical zest.  
There EUDOXUS is lolling in  
Virgo's soft lap,  
And lulling the Dog Star to rest.  
The Cusp of the Fourth House,  
the bland *Imum Caeli*,



"OH! BY JOVE! IT'S WORSE THAN EVER! I'M OFF!!"

[Model is left sitting!]

May wander at will o'er the  
wold;  
The Heliocentric may perorate  
freely,  
And Saturn in sextile may  
scold;  
But never again whilst Ecliptics  
cavort  
In wild hexagon waltz round  
the Sun,  
Shall the happy Ephemeris sit up  
and snort,  
Or—but here comes my keeper;  
I've done!

### DISILLUSION.

If aught can fill a gourmand with  
sheer dread  
That life's last pleasures from  
him fast are flowing,  
'Tis sitting at a feast, with a bald  
head,  
And a fat red-nosed waiter on it  
blowing!



AND PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1892.







ÆSOP UP TO DATE.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE WELL. (Theosophy and its Disciples.)

THE FOX AND THE CROW. (Marriage for Money.)





ÆSOP UP TO DATE.

THE WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING. (The Advertising Usurer.)

THE ASS EATING THISTLES. (The Public and its Pabulum.)



# MY LAST DAY WITH THE TOWLINGTON TOWLERS.



① ON THEIR WAY TO THE MEET THE PACK DISPLAYED THEIR USUAL KEENNESS FOR BLOOD.

② WHILST WAITING FOR THE MEN TO GIVE THE SIGNAL TO MOVE OFF - A STRANGE COUPLE MOVE IN SIGHT OVER THE TOP OF THE HILL.

③ THE COUPLE MADE A BOLT OF IT.

④ BUT WERE QUICKLY BROUGHT TO BAY.

⑤ AS SOON AS OUR HOUNDS GOT A VIEW THEY GAVE TONGUE AND WENT FOR THAT COUPLE.

⑥ TURNING THE TABLES.

⑦ THE LAST I SAW OF THEM.

J.H.







## TO-DAY'S AMUSEMENTS.

(As they will probably be advertised in the Press of the day after to-morrow.)

**EXECUTION OF THE LITTLE PEDLINGTON MURDERER.**—Reserved galleys seats, immediately behind the drop, commanding a clear view of the dying struggles, with chance of hearing the criminal's last confession; Lady's ticket Two Guineas. Lady and Gentleman's, ditto, three guineas. (8.30 A.M.)

**TRIAL AT THE OLD BAILEY OF LA BELLE ISABELLE**, the husband-poisoner. Last day of trial, summing-up of the Judge, intense excitement. A few special tickets at Ten Guineas still obtainable (including "snack" luncheon and use of opera-glasses), and commanding front view of the Judge when summing-up, and close sight of the prisoner's facial play during the passing of sentence, &c. (11 A.M. Ladies advised to be in their places not later than 10.30.)

**GREAT INTERNATIONAL CRIMES EXHIBITION AT BODOTA.**—Additional Attractions. Portrait groups in wax, life-size, of all great criminals from CAIN to CHARLES PEACE; Lecture on Capital Punishments in all Ages, with illustrations and demonstrations (3 P.M. and 7 P.M.) Old Newgate. Mediæval Torture Chamber in full work. Grand Execution Tableaux, in the grounds; realistic renderings of punishments inflicted on RAVAILLAC, DAMIENS, &c., &c. (3 o'clock and 6.30) *Auto-da-Fé* at 2.30 and 7. Admission One Shilling. Children under eight half-price. Ladies' Reserved Seats (inclusive of all Shows) One Guinea. Open 10 till 10. (Thirty thousand persons, chiefly Ladies, passed the turnstiles last Wednesday.)

**PUBLIC VIVISECTION DEMONSTRATION AT THE SENSATIONAL SURGICAL SOCIETY'S ROOMS.**—

Exhibition of the droll effects of Curari upon subjects under the knife, and the actual cautery. No annoying noise, or disconcerting struggles! Bulgarian Band will play Popular Pieces. (3 P.M.)

**BULL FIGHT AT THE ARCADIAN HALL.**—Full Spanish Programme this day. Absolutely no restrictions! Serious accidents daily! Two Toreadors killed last week, and seven seriously injured. No deception! Extra fierce bulls to-day, and consequent prospect of HIGHLY SENSATIONAL SCENES IN THE ARENA!!! Admission, 1s. to £5 5s. Specially Reserved Front Seats for Ladies, £7 7s. (3 P.M., and 8.30.)

**IMPERIAL PHONOGRAPHIC SOCIETY, HALL OF HORRORS.**—Phonographic Reproductions of Last Dying Speeches and Confessions of Criminals. Sobs and Hysterical Attacks of Persons under trial (Women especially). Reports of Cases tried in *Camerà*. Private Conversations of parties to *Causas Célèbres*, &c., &c., &c. Highly realistic revelations, and Sensational Vocal Scenes. Admission, Half a Guinea. (8 P.M.)

**PORNOGRAPHIC ART GALLERIES.**—Now open daily. Admission by private card only. Illustrated Catalogue (purchase of which is compulsory), Two Guineas. Special coloured copies including reproduction of pictures in Special Art Sanctum, £10 10s. (10 till 4 only.)

**GROUL THEATRE.**—*The Society Beauty and the Blood Bath*, or, *The Demon of Dahomey!* Strongly Sensational Melodrama, in Five Acts, and a Special Death Dance Tableau!!! The Toilet! The Torture!! The Tub!!! Beauty unadorned and Bloodshed Undisguised! Mirth-moving Murders and Side-splitting Suicides! Fun and Funerals! Roars of Laughter and Tremendous Thrills of Pleasing Horror Nightly! Open at 7.30. Commence at 8.

Moving in Society at 9! Great Toilet Scene at 9.30!

The Blood-Bath at 10.45! Death Dance Tableau at 11.5!

Carriages at 11.10!

Enormous Success! Two-hundred-and-fifty-second Night, and still crowded with the *élite* of Fashion! Be in time!!!

## THE HERO'S COMMON-FORM DIARY.

**January.**—Leisurely return to England. Enthusiastic reception en route.

**February.**—Greeted by Mayor and Corporation with an address at Dover. Triumphant progress to London.

**March.**—Imposing scene at the Guildhall. Acceptance of the Freedom of the City.

**April.**—Visits to the provinces. Loud cheers on every side, and unlimited hospitality.

**May.**—Lion of the London Season. Hundreds of nightly invitations.

**June.**—Gaiety from morning to night. Universal recognition of distinguished conduct.

**July.**—Phenomenal success of book of travels and adventures.

**August.**—Popularity at its height everywhere, save in town, which now begins to empty.

**September.**—Slight reaction. Rejoinders begin to appear.

**October.**—Unpleasantness on the increase. Interviewing, letters to the papers, and sensational journalism generally.

**November.**—Demonstration at the Lord Mayor's Show. Charges, counter-charges, and recrimination. First-rate A 1, go-as-you-please, strongly recommended row.

**December.**—Fresh sensation (about a murder or a charitable scheme) and everything forgotten (if not forgiven) in time to observe a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

HOLIDAY TASKS  
FOR  
THE NEW YEAR.

*Emperor of R-s-s-a.*  
—To personally visit Siberia.

*King of It-ly.*—To come to terms with the Vatican.  
*Emperor of G-r-m-n-y.*—To stay at home.  
*King of P-r-tug-l.*—To accept the situation in Africa.  
*President C-r-n-t.*—To forget the existence of Egypt.  
*King of Sp-n.*—To master the difficulties of the Alphabet.  
*Emperor of A-str-a.*—Between Kingdom and Empire, to make both ends meet.  
*Lord S-l-sh-ry.*—To prepare for the General Election.  
*Mr. G-l-d-st-ne.*—To explain Home Rule.  
*Lord R. Ch-rch-ll.*—To give up racing in favour of politics.  
*Mr. H. M. St-nl-y.*—To re-write *Darkest Africa*.  
*General B-th.*—To publish a balance-sheet that will please all.  
*Mr. Sheriff A-g-st-s H-r-r-s.*—To attend to his professional duties, and get through his official work.  
*And Mr. P-nch.*—To bear as gaily as ever the weight of half a century.

**SUGGESTION FOR MR. W. B. AT THE T. R. O.**—Should Mr. Wilson BARRETT contemplate giving another *Matinée* of that out-of-date play, *The Lady of Lyons*, why not change its title to *The Old Lady of Lyons*? No extra charge for this suggestion.

GENUINE ORANGE BITTERS.—Police Protection to TIM HEALY.



## "LITERARY STARS."



## VOGES POPULI.

## THE IMPROMPTU CHARADE-PARTY.

SCENE—*The Library of a Country-House; the tables and chairs are heaped with brocades, draperies, and properties of all kinds, which the Ladies of the company are trying on, while the men rack their brains for a suitable Word. In a secluded corner, Mr. NIGHTINGALE and Miss ROSE are conversing in whispers.*

*Mr. Whipster (Stage-Manager and Organiser—self-appointed).* No—but I say, really, you know, we must try and decide on something—we've been out half an hour, and the people will be getting impatient! *(To the Ladies.)* Do come and help; it's really no use dressing up till we've settled what we're going to do. Can't anybody think of a good Word?

*Miss Larkspur.* We ought to make a continuous story of it, with the same plot and characters all through. We did that once at the Grange, and it was awfully good—just like a regular Comedy!

*Mr. Whipster.* Ah, but we've got to hit on a Word first. Come—nobody got an idea? *NIGHTINGALE,* you're not much use over there, you know. I hope you and Miss ROSE have been putting your heads together?

*Mr. Nightingale (confused).* Eh? No, nothing of the sort! Oh, ah—yes, we've thought of a lot of Words.

*Miss ROSE.* Only you've driven them all out of our heads again! *[They resume their conversation.]*

*Mr. Wh.* Well, do make a suggestion, somebody! Professor, won't you give us a Word?

*Chorus of Ladies.* Oh, do, Professor—you're sure to think of something clever!

*Professor Pollen (modestly).* Well, really, I've so little experience in these matters that—A Word has just occurred to me, however; I don't know, of course, whether it will meet with approval—*(he beams at them with modest pride through his spectacles)*—it's "Monocotyledonous."

*Chorus of Ladies.* Charming! *Monocottle*—Oh, can't we do that?

*Mr. Wh. (dubiously).* We might—but—er—what's it mean?

*Prof. Pollen.* It's a simple botanical term, signifying a plant which has only one cup-shaped leaf, or seed-lobe. Plants with two are termed—

*Mr. Wh.* I don't see how we're going to act a plant with only one seed-lobe myself—and then the syllables—"mon"—"oh"—

"cot"—"till"—we shouldn't get done before midnight, you know!

*Prof. Pollen. (With mild pique).* Well, I merely threw it out as a suggestion. I thought it could have been made amusing. No doubt I was wrong; no doubt.

*Mr. Settee (nervously).* I've thought of a word. How would—er—"Familiar" do?

*Mr. Wh. (severely).* Now, really, SETTEE, do try not to fiddle like this! *[Mr. SETTEE subsides amidst general disapproval.]*

*Mr. Flinders. (With a flash of genius).* I've got it—*Gamboge!*

*Mr. Wh.* Gamboge, eh? Let's see how that would work:—"Gam"—"booge." How do you see it yourself?

*[Mr. FLINDERS discovers, on reflection, that he doesn't see it, and the suggestion is allowed to drop.]*

*Miss Pelagia Rhys.* I've an idea. Familiar! "Fame"—"ill"—"liar," you know. *[Chorus of applause.]*

*Mr. Wh.* Capital! The very thing—congratulate you, Miss RHYS!

*Mr. Settee (sotto voce).* But I say, look here, I suggested that, you know, and you said—

*Mr. Wh. (ditto).* What on earth does it matter who suggests it, so long as it's right? Don't be an ass, SETTEE! *(Aloud.)* How are we going to do the first syllable "Fame," eh? *[Mr. SETTEE sulks.]*

*Mr. Pushington.* Oh, that's easy. One of us must come on as a Poet, and all the ladies must crowd round flattering him, and making a lot of him, asking for his autograph, and so on. I don't mind doing the Poet myself, if nobody else feels up to it.

*[He begins to dress for the part by turning his dress-coat inside out, and putting on a turban and a Liberty sash, by way of indicating the eccentricity of genius; the Ladies adorn themselves with a similar regard to realism, and even more care for appearances.]*

## AFTER THE FIRST SYLLABLE.

*The Performers return from the dressing-room, followed by faint applause.*

*Mr. Pushington.* Went capitally, that syllable, eh? *(No response.)* You might have played up to me a little more than you did—you others. You let me do everything!

*Miss Larkspur.* You never let any of us get a word in!

*Mr. Pushington.* Because you all talked at once, that was all. Now then—"ill." I'll be a celebrated Doctor, and you all come to me one by one, and say you're ill—see?

*[Attires himself for the rôle of a Physician in a dressing-gown and an old yeomanry helmet.]*



## MODERN VERSION OF "PAUL AND VIRGINIA."

*Mr. Whipster (huffily).* Seems to me I may as well go and sit with the audience—I'm no use here!

*Mr. Pushington.* Oh, yes, WHIPSTER, I want you to be my confidential butler, and show the patients in.

*[Mr. W. accepts—with a view to showing PUSHINGTON that other people can act as well as he.]*

## AFTER THE SECOND SYLLABLE.

*Mr. Pushington.* Seemed to drag a little, somehow! There was no necessity for you to make all those long soliloquies, WHIPSTER. A Doctor's confidential servant wouldn't chatter so much!

*Mr. Whipster.* You were so confoundedly solemn over it, I had to put some fun in somewhere!

*Mr. P.* Well, you might have put it where someone could see it. Nobody laughed.

*Professor Pollen.* I don't know, Mr. PUSHINGTON, why, when I was describing my symptoms—which I can vouch for as scientifically correct—you persisted in kicking my legs under the table—it was unprofessional, Sir, and extremely painful!

*Mr. Pushington.* I was only trying to hint to you that as there were a dozen other people to follow, it was time you cut the interview short, Professor—that one syllable alone has taken nearly an hour.

*Miss Buckram.* If I had known the kind of questions you were going to ask me, Mr. PUSHINGTON, I should certainly not have exposed myself to them. I say no more, but I must positively decline to appear with you again.

*Mr. Pushington.* Oh, but really, you know, in Charades one gets carried away at times. I assure you, I hadn't the remotest (&c., &c.—until Miss BUCKRAM is partly mollified.) Now then—last syllable. Look here, I'll be a regular impostor, don't you know, and all of you come on and say what a liar I am. We ought to make that screamingly funny!

## AFTER THE THIRD SYLLABLE.

*Mr. Pushington.* Muddled? Of course it was muddled—you all called me a liar before I opened my mouth!

*The Rest.*—But you didn't seem to know how to begin, and we had to bring the Word in somehow.

*Pushington.* Bring it in?—but you needn't have let it out. There was SETTEE there, shouting "liar" till he was black in the face. We must have looked a set of idiots from the front. I shan't go in again *(muttering).* It's no use acting Charades with people who don't understand it. There; settle the Word yourselves!



## AFTER THE WORD. AMONG THE AUDIENCE.

*General Murmur.* What can it be? Not *Turk*, I suppose, or *Magician*?—*Quarrelling*?—*Parnellite*?—*Impertinence*? Shall we give it up? No, they like us to guess, poor things; and besides, if we don't, they'll do another; and it is getting so late, and such a long drive home. Oh, they're all coming back; then it is over. No, indeed, we can't imagine. "*Familiar!*" To be sure—*how* clever, and *how* well you all acted it, to be sure—you must be quite tired after it all. I am sure we—hem—are deeply indebted to you. . . . My dear Miss Rose, how wonderfully you disguised yourself. I never recognised you a bit, nor you, Mr. NIGHTINGALE. What part did you take?

*Mr. Nightingale.* I—er—didn't take any particular part—wasn't wanted, you know.

*Miss Rose.* Not to act,—so we stayed outside and—and—arranged things.

*An Old Lady.* Indeed? Then you had all the hard work, and none of the pleasure, my dear, I'm afraid.

*Miss Rose (sweetly).* Oh no. I mean yes!—but we didn't mind it much.

*The O. L.* And which of you settled what the Word was to be?

*Mr. N.* Well, I believe we settled that together.

[*Carriages are announced; departure of guests who are not of the house-party. In the Smoking-room, Mr. PUSHINGTON discovers that he does not seem exactly popular with the other men, and puts it down to jealousy.*]

## ROBERT'S XMAS BANKWET.

We held our annywal Crismus Bankwet larst Satterday. Our principal Toast of course was, "Success to the Grand Old Coperashun, and may it flurriish for ewer!" with 3 times 3, and one cheer more for the bewtiful LADY MARESS, and may she flurriish for ewer too! Ah, we Waiters is a gallarnt race and knows our dooty to the fairer and weaker sects quite as well as ewen; Aldermen themselves. I next perposed the City Livvry Compny's, in a speech, as BROWN said, as ort for to be printed and sirculated. I had sertainly given a good deal of attention to it, and praps shoold have dun ewen better if I hadn't quite forgot ewery word of the werry last part, which, unfortunately, was all about the lots of money as they gives away. But I remembered all about



their luvly dinners, and that was naterally more intresting to my hordience. I was werry much pressed to say which, in my opinion, of all the Nobel Livvry Cumpny's guv the most nobly scrumpshus Dinners of 'em all, but I declined, on the ground that it wood naterally cause a most enormous amount of gelyosy, and was of too delicat and exquist a natur to be thus publicly discussed. There was werry considerabel diffrens of opinion about their wariuous choise wines, but all agreed in praising them werry hily, but ewen more, the trew libberality with which they was served, and not poured out so close as to make the pore Waiter's dooty a thiraty and tanterliasing one indeed.

We drank the Nobel Army of Hotel Keepers, most sertainly not forgettin the gentlemanly Manager of the truly "Grand," as ewerybody knows as is anybody, and drank to their great success, for werry ewident reeasons.

Young FRANK returned thanks for the Ladies, and, with all the reckless ordassity of a young feller of forty, was rash enuff to say, as how as he werrily believed, that if the prinsiple Hotel Keepers was to hintroduce pretty Gals as Waiters, all us old Fogys, as he rudely called us, woud have to go and git our several livings in a more manly employment! Of course boys will be boys, so we kindly forgave him, more specially as he stands six foot one in his stockings, let alone his boots. However he made up for his bad manners by singing with his capital voice, his new Song of "*Old Robert the Waiter*," being a rayther complementary Parody, as he called it, upon "*Old Simon the Cellerer*," which was receeved with emense aplause. So he gave, as an arncore, the Waiter's favrite Glee of "*Mynear Van Dunk*," with its fine convincing moral against Teetotaling and all such cold rubbish.

BROWN wound up the harmony of our truly appy heavening by singing his new song of, "The LORD MARE leads a nappy life," and we sort our several nupshal couches as happy and contented a lot as his Lordship hisself, our werry larst drink all round being to the follering sentiment given out by me as the proud Chairman: "May all the well to do in this grand old London of ours enjoy as merry a Crismus as we have enjoyed to-night, and may they all give a kind thort, and a liberal stump-up, to all the poor and needy who so badly wants it this bitter weather."

ROBERT.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. JEROME K. JEROME, or, more easily pronounced, "Mr. JERUMKY JERUM," is occasionally very amusing in his book for Christmastide, entitled *Told After Supper*. What he wants, that is, what he

ought to have whether he wants it or not, is judicious editing. Had this process been applied to this eccentric haphazardly book, scarcely more than a third of it would have been published. "His style, in this book at least, and, for my part," says the Baron, "I say the same of his *Three Men in a Tub*, suggests the idea of his writing being the work of a young man who, among his companions and admirers, has earned the reputation of being a 'deuced funny chap,' and so has to struggle to live up to this reputation, or to live it down." JERUMKY JERUM still somewhat affects Yankee humour, not, however, in so forced and vulgar a manner as in his overpraised *Three Men in a Boat*. Two of the Ghost Stories are humorous, but their setting is unworthy of them. Had they been introduced into a tale as DICKENS (of whose style there is a very palpable attempt at imitation in the description of a stormy winter's night) brought in his story of *Tom Smart*, and of the inimitable *Gabriel Grub*, their mirth-raising value would have been considerably enhanced. As it is, these choice morsels—sandwich'd in between heavy slabs of doughy material—stand a chance of not being tasted. To anyone who comes across the book the Baron says, "read about the Curate and the Card-trick, and JOHNSON and EMILY. The tinted paper on which it is printed is a mistake, as are also most of the amateurish illustrations."

WOMAN—not "lovely woman" who "stoops to folly"—nor woman who in our hour of ease is uncertain, coy, and hard to please. But Woman, the weekly *Woman* who is doing uncommonly well and in her fifty-third number, gave the week before Christmas, her idea of a Christmas dinner, and, but for "sweetbread outlets," a very good and simple dinner it was. The same *Woman* gave also, among a variety of next-day's treatments of Turkey, *Turkey in Aspic*, *Turkey in Europe*, and *Turkey in Asia*—yes—but what about "Turkey in Aspic"? It doesn't look well; much better in French. But we dare say it's very good, though, for breakfast or supper, "devilish Turkey" is "hard to beat."

I have been trying to read LEIGH HUNT. His Biography interested me much, and I had always heard, in time past, so much of his writings, though I do not remember ever having heard the titles of his works mentioned, that, when a neat-looking volume was sent me by MESSRS. PATERSON & Co. of Leigh Hunt's *Tales*, I anticipated great pleasure from their perusal. Alas! the pleasure was only in anticipation. I have tried, as the song says, "A little bit here, and a little bit there—Here a bit, There a bit, And every-



Goblins.

where a bit,"—but, hang me, says the Baron, if I can tackle any one of them. The matter doesn't interest me, and the style doesn't fascinate me. This may be rank heresy, but I can't help it. I have tried, and failed. Well, better to have tried, and failed, than never to have tried at all. But I shan't try again,—at least, not on this collection of *Tales*.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

PAIRS ABOUT PICTURES.—A good collection of pictures and sculpture—including works by Messrs. BURN-JONES, ONSLOW FORD, ALFRED GILBERT, W. L. WYLLIE, and others—is on view at the Royal Arcade Gallery, Old Bond Street. These are to be sold for the benefit of the family of R. A. LEDWARD, the clever young sculptor, who died only a few weeks ago. Lots more to say, but you won't stand it, and will probably say, "*Par! si bête!*" So no more at present from yours par-entally,

OLD PAR.

LEGAL AND ECCLESIASTICAL DEFINITION.—A Sheriff's Officer: a Writ-uialist.



## A FORECAST FOR 1891.

(Being some Extracts from the Gloomy Outlooker's Diary.)



Old Sol. "Happy New Year, Mr. Punch!"

Mr. P. "Hope we shall see something more of you in future!"

**January.**—Continuation of "good old-fashioned winter." London "snowed up." Locomotion by Hansom drawn by four drayhorses, the fare from Charing Cross to Bayswater being £2 15s. Milk, 10s. the half-pint, meat unprocurable. Riot of Dukes at the Carlton to secure the last mutton chop on the premises, suppressed by calling out the Guards. People in Belgravia burn their banisters for want of coals. The Three per Cents go down to 35.

**February.**—Railway incursion into the centre of the Metropolis makes progress. Sir EDWARD WATKIN gets his line through Lords, crosses Regent's Park, comes down Bond Street, and secures a large centre terminus in the Green Park, with a frontage of a quarter of a mile in Piccadilly.

**March.**—Football atrocities on the increase. A match is played at the Oval between the Jaw Splitting Rovers and the Spine Cracking Wanderers, in which nine are left dead on the field, and fifteen are carried on stretchers to the nearest hospital.

**April.**—Increase of danger from electricity. A couple of large metropolitan hotels catching fire from over-heated wires, nineteen waiters, twenty-three policemen, and fifty-five members of the fire brigade getting entangled in them in their efforts to extinguish the flames, are killed on the spot, much to the satisfaction of the holders of gas shares.

**May.**—The "Capital and Labour" Question reaches an acute stage. The "Unemployed Other People's Property Rights League" being patted on the back by philanthropists, formulate their programme, and seize the Stock Exchange and the Mansion House.

**June.**—The "Capital and Labour" Question reaching a still acuter stage, 20,000 unemployed East End Lodgers break into the Bank of England, and give a banquet to the LORD MAYOR and Corporation to celebrate the event, at which Mr. Sheriff AUGUSTUS HARRIS, in returning thanks for the "Arts and Sciences," says he thinks "the takings" of their hosts must have been "enormous."

**July.**—Results of Gen. BOOTH's "Darkest England" scheme. Triumphant return of the Submerged Tenth, who having enjoyed themselves immensely, have come back to the Slums with a view to having another innings at "the way out."

**August.**—The Authorities at the Naval Exhibition wishing to stimulate the public taste for the undertaking, fire one of the hundred-ton guns which, "by some oversight" being loaded, sends a shell into the City, which brings down the dome of St. Paul's, but, bursting itself, lays Chelsea in ruins, and causes the appearance of a letter in the *Times* from Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, saying that the matter will be "the subject of a searching inquiry" by his Department.

**September.**—A few Dukes in the Highlands, using several Hotchkiss guns with their guests asked down to the shooting, exceed the known figures of any previous battue to such an extent that birds sell in Bond Street at 3d. a brace, with the result that the whole of Scotland is said to be completely cleared of game for the next seven years.

**October.**—The great strike of everybody commences. Nothing to be got anywhere. Several Noblemen and Members of Parliament meet the "food" crisis by organising an Upper-class Co-operative Society, and bring up their own cattle to London. Being, however, unable to kill them professionally without the aid of a butcher, they blow them up with gunpowder, and divide them with a steam-scythe, for which proceedings they are somewhat maliciously prosecuted by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

**November.**—The Strike continuing, and times being very bad, several Peers take advantage of the 5th of the month, and make a tour of their immediate neighbourhoods in their own arm-chairs, thereby realising a very handsome sum in halfpence from a not unsympathetic public.

**December.**—First signs of a probable second edition of a "good old-fashioned Christmas" recognised. General panic in consequence. Attempt to lynch the Clerk of the Weather at Greenwich, only frustrated by the appearance of a strong force of Police. 1891 terminates in gloomy despair.

## EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

(One More Version.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I beg of you to hear my tale of woe, My case is really one of those I'm sure you'd like to know; How EDWIN and myself, at last, have quarrelled and have parted, And I am left to shed a tear—alone, and broken-hearted.

We were engaged for eighteen months—he often said that life Would not be worth the living, if I would not be his wife.

My eyes, though brown, were "blue" to him, my hair a "silken tangle," He'd given me his photograph, and such a lovely bangle!

I had called upon his mother, and had often stayed to tea— She said that EDWIN had, indeed, a lucky catch in me.

I thought him quite a model youth—hard-working, loyal, steady, A thrill of pleasure filled me when he wrote, "Your own, own Eddy."

Oh! a brighter and a gladder day is surely never known Than when EDWIN calls his darling ANGELINA his "own own." It warmed me with the glow of love, it cheered me up when lonely, Yet I didn't feel so happy, when it came to be, "Yours only."

The extra syllable indeed did not increase the charm, I tried, however, to believe it didn't mean much harm; So confident was I that naught our love could hurt or sever, But it looked suspicious when next time he only put, "Yours ever."

He only called me darling once! how different from before! Oh, could it be he liked me less (or other maiden more)? And was he tired of me—the girl he loved so fondly, dearly? It could not be! And then he wrote, "I am, Yours most sincerely."

Yes—was he going to fling me off as though a worn-out glove? You can't do with Sincerity if what you need is Love! I could not think such ill of him, although it did look queerly, That in his next the "most" was gone, and he was mine "sincerely."

Yet even then I loved him still, for in the human breast Hope springs eternal, so I dared to hope on for the best; And, after all, such things as these ought not to weigh unduly, But it was more than I could bear to have to read, "Yours truly."

The truth was clear—I quickly sent him back his lovely cartes, His bangle, and his poetry of Cupid and his darts. I said to him how grieved I was his love had thus miscarried— And then I found out everything; alas! the wretch was married

So here am I, as beautiful as anyone I know, You couldn't get a better wife, no matter where you go. And if you know, dear Mr. Punch, a husband, say you've seen a Nice girl, who'd make him happy and whose name is

ANGELINA.

WHY THE DUES WERE THEY DONE AWAY WITH?—Under the beneficent influence of the early coal dews—subsequently spelt coal dues—which have existed from the earliest times, City and Metropolitan Improvements have sprung up into existence. Now, thanks to ignorant, but well-meaning County Councillors, the coal dues being abolished, up goes the price of coal, up go the rates, and there is no surplus for improvement of any sort. If those ancient days of coal dues were considered "hard times," then sing we, in chorus, "Hard times, come again once more!"







## PRIG-STICKING.

*Little Prigson.* "OH! AS FOR GRIGSON, HE'S DISTINCTLY THE MOST OBJECTIONABLE LITTLE PRIG IN ALL ENGLAND; BUT HIS SISTAH'S QUITE THE NICEST GIRL I EVER MET."

*Aunt Eviza.* "DEAR ME! WHAT SWEEPING ASSERTIONS! YOU MIGHT HAVE HAD THE DECENCY JUST TO MAKE THE TRADITIONAL EXCEPTION IN FAVOUR OF PRESENT COMPANY!"

*Cousin Maud.* "YES; IN BOTH CASES, YOU KNOW!"

## "A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

*Mr. Punch, loquitur:—*

A HAPPY New Year? I should think so, my boy.  
Tossed thus in the arms of your PUNCHY right cheerily,  
'Midst all that a youngster should love and enjoy,  
At least, you're beginning most merrily.

Under the Mistletoe Bough  
You make a good start, anyhow.  
With a kiss from the lips that can never betray,  
There's many a girl would be greeted *that way*!

You're welcome, my lad! It is *Punch's* old style  
To hail with stout heart all such annual new-comers;  
In winters of chill discontent he'll still smile,

*His warmth seems to turn 'em to Summers!*

Under the Mistletoe Bough  
All doldrums are bosh and bow-wow.  
He doesn't mix rue in his big New Year Bowl,  
Whose aim is to cheer up the national soul.

*Suraum corda!* That motto's the best of the bunch;  
Make it yours, young New Year, and 'twill keep up your pecker.  
Giving way to the Blues, you may take it from *Punch*,  
Never helped one in heart or exchequer.

Under the Mistletoe Bough  
You cannot do better, I vow,  
Than make that same maxim your boyhood's first rule,  
As your very first tip in your very first school.

Don't look like a pedagogue, do I, my lad?  
And indeed I am not an Orbilius Plagous,  
Like him who made juvenile FLACCUS so sad.  
How well the Venusian knows us!

Under the Mistletoe Bough  
*He* never kissed maid, but somehow  
Our Dickensish Season he seemed to divine  
With his fondness for friendship, and laughter, and wine.  
No, boy, I don't greatly believe in the birch,  
(Though sometimes my *bâton* must play—on rogues' shoulders.)  
Love's rather too apt to be left in the lurch  
By Orbilian smiters and scolders.  
Under the Mistletoe Bough  
A kiss is best treatment, I trow.  
A salute from the lips of your *Punch* you'll not spurn,  
And the young guests around you shall each take a turn.  
The outlook, my lad, seems a little bit drear,  
There are clouds and storm-shadows about the horizon,  
But—well, you're a chubby and rosy Young Year.  
As ever your PUNCHY set eyes on.  
Under the Mistletoe Bough  
You look mighty kissable—now.  
So here goes another, for luck like, my dear,  
As we wish everybody A Happy New Year!

## Old Morality's Christmas Card and New Year Wishes.

THIS communication is designed to convey the expression of the wish that on the 25th of December and proximate days you, and those not distantly connected with you by family ties, may have enjoyed a season of Wholesome Hilarity, and that the new period of twelve months, upon which we are about to enter, may be Suffused with Happiness. (Signed) W. H. S.

*Henley-on-Thames, New Year's Eve, 1890.*

THE PERFECT UNION OF CHURCH AND STATE is exemplified in the title and name of BISHOP KING.





“A HAPPY NEW YEAR!”









### "DEFENCE, NOT DEFIANCE."

"In these days of conflicts between Counsel, I propose to make a few additions to my usual forensic costume."—*Extract from a Letter of Mr. Weinston Kewee, Q.C., to a young Friend.*

### AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

TO A FRIEND.

Do you remember how we sat,  
We two, in this same room together  
Last year, and talked of this and that,  
And warmed our toes and cursed the  
weather?

And dreamed of fame, and puffed a cloud  
(We both smoked briars, I remember),  
And sipped our whiskey hot, and vowed  
To do or die ere next December?

We spoke without respect of BEN,  
BEN who was ploughed, or very nearly;  
Now BEN bamboozles jurymen,  
And makes his thousand guineas yearly.

We both despised the wretched JOE,  
My fag at school, your butt at College.  
Dull, elephantine, pompous, slow,  
Choked with absurdly useful knowledge.

Yet JOE assists to give us laws,  
Speaks in the House, and shows his fat form,  
'Midst empty thunders of applause,  
Erect on many a Tory platform.

And poor, inconsequential JACK,  
His mind a maze, like Mr. Toots's,  
Has married money, keeps a hack,  
And has a big account at COURT'S.

TOM owns a house in Belgrave Square,  
And DICK is noted for his dinners—  
Life is a race, but was it fair, [winners?  
We asked, that these should be the

We, too, would win; and Heaven knows  
What vows we uttered fiery-hearted,  
While '89 drew to its close,  
And '90 found us—so we parted.

And here, good luck, while '90 wanes,  
Our candles flaring in their sockets,  
We sit once more and count our gains—  
Wrinkles, grey hairs, and empty pockets.

Yet, Heaven be thanked that made us friends;  
Men prate of wealth in empty words, I  
Sit here content as '90 ends,  
And sip my grog, and smoke my bird's-eye.

### OUR ADVERTISERS.

SEASONABLE.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER is a new irritating and explosive Stimulant.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER is the Universal Restorer.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER sends the sleeping baby instantly flying out of the cradle.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER makes the invalid Grandfather suddenly mount to the fifth storey by leaps and bounds.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER induces immediate influenza.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER turns head-ache into delirium.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER literally blows up the brain tissues.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER sets a whole household on the sneeze.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER establishes fever in the Infant School.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER paralyses the Hippopotamus.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER drives a Chief Justice off the Bench.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER irritates the Solicitor.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER maddens the dentist.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER sets the Archbishop dancing a break-down.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER hurries the Philosopher into a Lunatic Asylum.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER staggers the rising Politician.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER causes the resignation of the Prime Minister.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER makes a four-wheeler cab-horse win the Derby.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER is the sheet-anchor for Practical Jokers.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER may be safely relied on by Master TOMMY.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER, put in the baby's bottle, will divert the Nursery.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER, introduced into the Soup at a dinner-party, will lead to a serious riot in the dining-room.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER, administered in a sandwich, will choke an Uncle.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER is the general disorganiser of every Household.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER.—A Pinch will thoroughly banish sleep for a whole fortnight.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER.—"AN OCTOGENARIAN CONSUMER" writes:—"I was in a comatose condition for twenty years, when I came across your Pepper. I had scarcely tried it ere I bounded up from my arm-chair, and have danced a continual fandango ever since. I carry it loose in all my pockets, and scatter it on all my friends whenever I meet them. This has got me kicked out of all their houses in turn; but I do not in the least mind. I'm as merry and as mad as a March hare—and your Pepper has done it."

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER.—The Proprietors beg to inform their Friends and Patrons that they can supply this highly combustible and explosive compound in felt safety cases, carefully packed at their bomb-proof establishment in Barking Marshes, at the usual retail prices, viz., 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 11s., 21s., and 31s. 6d., &c., &c.

### SHADOWS FROM MISTLETOE AND HOLLY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I venture to address you on a subject that I feel sure will enlist your kind attention and sympathy. How am I to get through Yule Tide? Ought I to give up the dispatch of "cards," or ought I to send them to all my relatives, friends, and acquaintances? If I drop the custom, people who like me will think I am cutting them, and persons with whom I am less popular will



Tossing up for Turkey at Christmas Time.

imagine that economy, not to say meanness, is the cause of my ceasing to trouble the Post Office. Suppose that I "hang the expense," and do send the cards. Well, I am in this position; it is a matter of the greatest difficulty to get a suitable greeting to all those who receive my annual benediction. If I have "Wishing you and yours every happiness," with my appended name and address lithographed, the greeting seems cold, and even inappropriate, if addressed to, say, a favourite Maiden Aunt; and unduly familiar if forwarded to the acquaintance I saw for the first time in my life the day before yesterday. Then if I trust to the ordinary Christmas Cards of commerce, I am often at a loss to select an appropriate recipient for a nestful of owls, or the picture of a Clown touching up an elderly gentleman of highly respectable appearance with a red-hot poker! If I get a representation of flowers, the chances are ten to one that the accompanying lines are of a compromising character. It is obviously cruel to send to a recently-widowed Uncle some verses about "Darby and Joan," and my Mother-in-law is not likely to feel complimented if I forward to her a poetically expressed suggestion that there is no pleasanter place than her own home—away, of course, from her Son-in-law! And yet these are the problems that meet the would-be Yule Tide card distributor at every turn! I remain, my dear Mr. Punch, yours sincerely,

ONE WHO WISHES TO AVOID A ROW.

P.S.—If this arrives late, thank the cards that have overtaken the postal arrangements.

### The United Service Diary for 1891.



Extremes Meet.

Civil Servants away (*ditto*).

October to December.—Soldiers on leave. Sailors at sea. Civil Servants reading the morning paper.

January to March.—Soldiers on leave. Sailors at sea. Civil Servants reading the morning paper.

April to June.—Soldiers at play. Sailors in harbour. Civil Servants reading the morning paper.

July to September.—Soldiers at sea (autumn manoeuvres). Sailors at play (*ditto*).







## IN THE LATEST STYLE.

(By Our Intrepid Interviewer.)

FEELING that your readers would be interested in learning Mr. CHOSE's own view of the unpleasant affair, I called upon the distinguished Arctic Explorer just as he was sitting down to breakfast.

"Now, Mr. CHOSE, is it really true," I asked, "that you stole the umbrellas?"

The face of the warrior flushed angrily, for a moment, and then regaining his composure, he replied that he could not see the point of possessing himself of articles that would be absolutely valueless in those extremely northern latitudes.

"That is not the question," I persisted.

"I am sure you will forgive me, when you remember that I speak in the name of the Public; but what I want, and what they want to know is, Did you steal the umbrellas? Now, Mr. CHOSE, you can surely answer Yes or No."

"I don't see what either you or they have to do with it," replied the Arctic Explorer, cutting off the top of a boiled egg, "but as a matter of fact, I had nothing whatever to do with any of the luggage of the expedition. So, if it is said, that I walked about with a shower-protector that was not my own, you can value the story for what it is worth. Why, on the very face of it, the report is ridiculous!"

"Exactly," I agreed, "but, then, the world is uncharitable. However, Mr. CHOSE, perhaps you can tell me if it is true that your friend and colleague, Mr. BLANK, converted an aged Esquimaux into what he termed feed Greenland?"

"I have heard the story, certainly; but cannot say whether it is true or not. When the incident is alleged to have happened, I was in another part of the country, having been sent there to change novels at the local circulating library."

"But would you say it was probable?"

"Distinctly not. BLANK was a noble-hearted, chivalrous, merry, gladsome, gallant young fellow. He was the soul of honour. Why," he added, with deep emotion, "I have left as much as fourpence in coppers on a mantel-piece alone with him, and on my return have found every halfpenny of the money untouched!"

"Then do you not think he pushed the old man into the sausage-machine?"

"If he did, it must have been either accidentally, or to win a wager, or perhaps as practical joke. That he would do anything open to censure at the hands of the severest moralist, is absolutely incredible. Why, he is a Loamshire man!"

"So I have heard; and, now, Mr. CHOSE, as I see that you have finished your breakfast, I will put to you a purely personal question. Is it true that you poisoned your grandmother, drowned your uncle, stifled your niece, and hanged your brother-in-law?"

The Arctic Explorer pulled angrily at his moustache, and said something about the reports to which I referred being exaggerated.

"And may I take it that you have never been in gaol for picking

## PICTORIAL NOTE TO HAMLET.



HAMLET AS HE REALLY OUGHT TO BE, ACCORDING TO SHAKESPEARE.

"O that this too too solid flesh would melt!"

Note.—Shakespeare was the originator of the æsthetic expression "Too, too."



Queen. "He's fat, and scant of breath. Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows."

pockets? And when it is said that you were turned out of a Club for cheating at cards—"

But at this point I was assisted to take my leave with so much abruptness, that I was forced to leave my last question but partially formulated. On finding myself once more in the street, I noticed that I was reclining in the gutter, bare-headed. A little later, however, my hat was thrown after me.

## POLITICS UP TO DATE.

(Specimen Leader from an Irish Paper in a Chronic State of Revolution.)

WEDNESDAY, 9 A.M.—We appear this morning awaiting the future with confidence and hope. So far, we have been able to conduct this journal on patriotic lines. We have denounced the Leader of the Party as the enemy of his country, and have applauded his opponents as the saviours of society. But we cannot conceal from ourselves that the time may arrive when this policy may be reversed. The hour may come—

10 A.M.—It has! We have much pleasure in informing our readers that, after a vigorous fight (honourable to all who took part in it), we have conquered. This paper is in our hands, and henceforward we shall support, to the best of our ability, the Leader of the Party, and denounce the infamous pretensions of his opponents; still, it would be unwise to ignore the possibilities of the future. We may be overpowered by a tyrannical majority. The time may come—

11 A.M.—It has! Hurroo! It was hard fighting to get back; but here we are again, ready to denounce the leader, and support his opponents. For the moment we are victorious, but who shall prophesy what may be looming in the distant ages? The hour may come—

12 NOON.—It has! And now that we have again taken possession, we must say we have never had so elegant a quarrel. The shille-lags were flinging about all over the place, cracking crowns in all directions, and the scrimmages were just magnificent! It was an elegant row entirely! But now to work. Our noble leader deserves his triumph, and his opponents are nowhere. Still in the moment of victory, it would be foolish to overlook the chances of to-morrow. The hour may come—

1 P.M.—It has! Be jabbers, what a con-

test! But we have just slaughtered them! Oh, it was a fine sight entirely! How the ink-pots flew about! Easy now, let us to business. The shorter we make our remarks the better, as no one can say what will be happening hereafter. The hour may come—

2 P.M.—It has! With a vengeance! We have defeated them! Hurroo, boys! This is not the time for composition! Tread on the tail of my—we mean—our coat! Come on, ye dirty spalpeens! Hurroo!

[Publication suspended until someone can be found—not otherwise engaged—to write and print it, while someone else starts a rival and "suppressed" edition.]





fast, a railway indignation meeting or a debate in the House of Lords, it is sure to go with howls not to say shrieks. PENN died on the 30th, and in founding Pennsylvania was mightier than the sword. This announcement is the nearest approach to levity that in common decency can be tolerated in a mourning coach.

**August.**—On the 1st, in 1834, no less than 770,280 British slaves were freed. You might ask satirically, how many slaves (be they husbands or be they wives) now exist? You might offer this to a clergyman to be used in a sermon. On the 26th, Anniversary of the Battle of Cressy. Opportunity for saying (at the breaking-up of an infant school) that on account of the extremely warm reception to which the French were welcomed on that occasion, the victory might be appropriately called, "the Battle of Mustard-and-Cressy." This will be found pleasing by a Colonial Briton home on furlough, and an Honorary Royal Academician living in retirement.

**September.**—On the 1st, Shooting at Partridges commences. Opportunity for aiming old jokes about firing off guns without loading, killing dead birds, &c., &c. On the 3rd, the present Lord Chancellor born in 1825—the name of GIFFARD entombed in Hals-bury. A little obscure this, but, if carefully worked out, will amply repay time and attention. On the 9th THOMAS WATTS (who may be amusingly called "Watts-his-name"), died in 1869. Not much in this, but may possibly fill up an awkward pause during the reading of a will, or the arrival of fresh hot water at a newly-married lady's initial hospitality at five o'clock tea.

**October.**—FIELDING, the novelist, bowled out on the 8th in 1754. Battle of Agincourt on the 25th—an awful example to habitual drunkards. Pheasant-shooting commences. Right time to tell that story about the Cockney who, dropping his "h's," shot *peasants* instead!

This well-worn jest will be still found attractive by Australians who have spent the better part of their lives in the Bush.

**November.**—Good joke still to be made in the quieter suburbs about having special appointments for the 5th, when one has to take the chair at a meeting which perambulates the streets. Lord Mayor's Day on the 9th—opportunity for letting off "the Mayor the merrier," "£10,000 a Mayor's Nest-egg," &c., &c. Jest about the fog not now popular—the infliction is too serious for jocularity!

**December.**—Holiday time for everyone, inclusive of that most melancholy of persons "the funny man." BOB LOWE (born in 1811) reaches the age of eighty, and the Grand Old Man (born in 1809) eighty-two! With this ingenious quibble the Amusing Rattle can wish himself a Merry Christmas, and the remainder of the world a Happy New Year



ALWAYS ENTERTAINING;

OR, VERY MUCH TAKEN CUM (CORNEY) GRAIN O!  
OF Bootle-cum-Linacre diddle-cum-dee; With this ingenious quibble the Amusing Rattle can wish himself a Merry Christmas, and the remainder of the world a Happy New Year

**APPROPRIATE.**—Sir,—Was there ever a more appropriate Christmas legal case than appeared in the *Times* Law Report, December 20th, and which was entitled "*The Mayor &c. of Bootle-cum-Linacre v. The Justices of Lancashire*?" What delightful names for a comic chorus to a *Bab Ballad* in a Pantomime.

**Solo.** Oh, did ye ne'er hear of His Worship the Mayor

**Chorus.** Of Bootle-cum-Linacre diddle-cum-dee;

**Solo.** Who went for the Justices of Lankysbare,

**Chorus.** Singing Bootle-cum-Linacre diddle-cum-dee.

Too late for the Burlesques and the Pantomimes, but it may still be serviceable at Music Halls and "places where they sing."

## THE AMUSING RATTLER'S NOTE-BOOK FOR 1891.

**January.**—If dining out on the 1st, remember that the QUEEN was created Empress of Hindostan on that date in 1877, although the Opposition tried to hinder her from assuming the title. Work this out. Lent Term commences at Oxford and Cambridge. Can't be given away if only *lent*. This entertaining quibble (suitable to five o'clock teas in Bayswater) can be applied to other topics. Note the colours of the Universities, and bring in somehow "a fit of the blues." On the 13th PITT died, on the 14th Fox was born. First date suggestive of PITT, the second of *pity*. Good joke for the Midlands. Put it down to SHERIDAN.

**February.**—On the 3rd Lord SALISBURY born on St. Blaise's festival. Consequently might be expected to set the Thames on fire. This said with a sneer, should go splendidly at a second-rate Radical luncheon-party. On the 14th, if you receive an uncomplimentary missive, say it is less suggestive of *Valentine* than *Orson*. This capital jest should make you a welcome guest in places where they laugh until the end of the month.

**March.**—Not much doing. On the 8th Battle of Abokir, 1801. If you take care to pronounce the victory *A-book-er*, you may possibly get a jest out of it in connection with a welshing transaction on the turf, when you can call it "the defeat of *A-book-er*." Good at a hunting-breakfast where the host is a nonagenarian, who can observe "1801?—the year of my birth!"

**April.**—Remember BISMARCK was born on the 1st, so it can't be "All Fools' Day." Work this up to amuse a spinster aunt who reads the *Times*.

**May.**—You may say of the 1st, if it is cold, that it is a "naughty date." If you are asked for a reason for this assertion, apologise and explain that you meant a "*Connaughty* date, for it is Prince ARTHUR's Birthday." The claims of loyalty should secure for this quaint conceit a right hearty welcome. In 1812, on the 22nd, GRIZEL the celebrated songstress was born. At a distance of four hundred miles from London, in extremely unsophisticated society, you may perhaps venture something about the notes of this far-famed artist being like "lubricated lightning" for evident reasons, but you must not expect any one to laugh.

**June.**—The name of this month may assist you to a joke here and there in regard to a well-known ecclesiastical lawyer and Queen's Counsel. This will be the more valuable, as the "remarkable days" are few and far between, according to WHITAKER.

**July.**—Note that on the 3rd the Dog Days commence, and that it is also the anniversary of the Battle of Sadowa. If you pronounce the victory "*sad-hour*" you should get a jest calculated to cause merriment amongst persons who have spent the best years of their lives on desert islands, or as Chancery Division Chief Clerks. On the 24th the Window Tax was abolished, of which you may say that although a priceless boon it was only a *light* relief. If you can only introduce this really clever *bon mot* into a speech at a wedding break-



## MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELS.

NO. X.—THE FONDMAN.

(By CALLED ABEL, Author of "The Teamster.")

[The eminent Author writes to us as follows:—"How's this for a Saga? Do you know what a Saga is? Nor do I, but this is one in spite of what anybody may say. History be blowed! Who cares about history? Mix up your dates and your incidents, and fill up with any amount of simple human passions. Then you'll get a Saga? After that you can write a Proem and an Epilogue. They must have absolutely nothing to do with the story, but you can put in some Northern legends, and a tale about MAHOMET (by the way, I've written a play about him) which are bound to tell, though, of course, you were not bound to tell them. Ha, ha! who talked about thunderstorms, and passions, and powers and emotions, and sulphur-mines, and heartless Governors, and wicked brothers? Read on, my bonny boy. *Pensez-m'en d'ores et nouvelles*, but don't call this a novel. It's a right-down regular Saga."—C. A.]

## THE BOOK OF STIFFUN ORRORS.

## CHAPTER I.

STIFFUN ORRORS was a gigantic fair-haired man, whose muscles were like the great gnarled round heads of a beech-tree. When a man possesses that particular shape of muscle he is sure to be a hard nut to crack. And so poor PATRICKSEN found him, merely getting his own wretched back broken for his trouble. GORGON GORGONSEN was Governor of Iceland, and lived at Reykjavik, the capital, which was not only little and hungry, but was also a creeping settlement with a face turned to America. It was a poor lame place, with its wooden feet in the sea. Altogether a strange capital. In the month of Althing GORGON took his daughter to Thingummy-vellir, where there were wrestling matches. It came to the turn of PATRICKSEN and STIFFUN. STIFFUN took him with one arm; then, curling one leg round his head and winding the other round his waist, he planted his head in his chest, and crushing his ribs with one hand he gave a mighty heave, and clasping the ground, as with the hoofs of an ox, he flung him some two hundred yards away, and went and married RACHEL the Governor's daughter. That night he broke PATRICKSEN's back, as if he had been a stick of sugar-candy. After this he took his wife home, and often beat her, or set his mother on her. But one day she happened to mention PATRICKSEN, so he fled, cowed, humiliated, cap in hand, to Manxland, but left to her her child, her liberator, her FASON, so that she might span her little world of shame and pain on the bridge of Hope's own rainbow. She did this every day, and no one in all Iceland, rugged, hungry, cold Iceland, knew how she did it. It was a pretty trick.

## CHAPTER II.

THIS is the Isle of Man, the island of MATT MYLCHREEST, and NARY CROVE, but plenty of vultures, the island of Deemsters, and Keys, and Kirk Maughold, and Port y Vullin. Here at the Lague lived ADAM FATSISTER, the Deputy Governor, who had been selected for that post because he owned five hundred hungry acres, six hungrier sons, a face like an angel's in homespun, a flaccid figure, and a shrewd-faced wife, named RUTH. Hither came STIFFUN, to beg shelter. The footman opened the door to him, but would have closed it had not ADAM, with a lusty old oath, bidden him to let the man in. Hereupon STIFFUN's face softened, and the footman's dropped; but ORRORS, with an Icelander's inborn courtesy, picked it up, dusted it, and returned it to its owner. Shortly afterwards, STIFFUN became a bigamist and a wrecker, and had another son, whom, in honour of the Manxland Parliament, he christened MICHAEL MOONKEYS, and left him to be cared for by old ADAM, whose daughter's name was GREBEA. STIFFUN, as I have said, was a wrecker, a wrecker on strictly Homeric principles, but a wrecker, nevertheless. When storm-winds blew, he was a pitcher and tosser

on the ocean, but, like other pitchers, he went to the bad once too often, and got broken on the rocks. Then came KANE WADN, and CHALSE, and MYLCHREEST, and they sang hymns to him.

"Ye've not lived a right life," said one. "Now, by me sowl, ye've got to die," sang another. "All flesh is as grass," roared a third. Suddenly FASON stood beside his bedside. "This," he thought, "is my father. I must kill him." But he restrained himself by a superhuman effort—and that was the end of ORRORS.

## THE BOOK OF MICHAEL MOONKEYS.

## CHAPTER III.

MICHAEL and FASON were both the sons of ORRORS. They were both Homeric, and both fell in love with GREBEA, who flirted outrageously with both. These coincidences are absolutely essential in a tale of simple human passions. But, to be short, GREBEA married MICHAEL, who had become First President of the second Icelandic Republic. Thus GREBEA and MICHAEL were at Reykjavik. FASON followed, spurred by a blind feeling of revenge. About this time Mrs. FATSISTER took a dislike to her husband.

"Crinkum, crankum!" she said, "you'd have me toil and moil while you pat your nose at the fire."

"RUTH," said ADAM,

"Hoity toity!" cried she. "The house is mine. Away with you!" So poor old ADAM also set out for Reykjavik, and the boatmen cried after him, "*Dy banne jee oo!*" and he immediately jeeceoded, as you shall hear. Last, GREBEA's six brothers packed up, and left for Reykjavik; and now that we have got all our characters safely there, or on the way, we can get on with the story. It may be mentioned, however, that Mrs. ADAM found a fever in a neglected cattle-trough. Being a grasping woman, she caught it, and took it home—and it killed her.

## CHAPTER IV.

RED FASON meant to kill MICHAEL. That was plain. So he was tried by a Bishop and nine of his neighbours an hour or so after the attempt. And although the time was so short, all the witnesses had been collected, and all formalities completed. And FASON was dumb, but great of heart, and the Bishop condemned him to the sulphur-mines, for which he soon afterwards started with his long stride, and his shorn head, and his pallid face. Upon this the six brothers of GREBEA arrived, spread calumnies, and were believed. Their names

were ASHER, JACOB, JOHN, THURSTAN, STEAN, and ROSS, but they preferred addressing one another as JOBBERNOWL, WASTREL, GOMERSTANG, BLUBBERHEAD, NUMSKULL, and BLATHERSKITE. It saved time, and made things pleasant all round. MICHAEL quarrelled with his wife, and there is no knowing what might have happened, if GORGON GORGONSEN, at the head of some Danish soldiers, had not upset the Republic, and banished MICHAEL to the sulphur-mines to join his brother.

## THE BOOK OF RED FASON.

## CHAPTER V.

POOR ADAM arrived too late, yet he has his use in the tale, for his words to GORGON GORGONSEN were bitter words, such as the cruel old Governor liked not. And he harried him, and worried him, but without avail, for in Reykjavik money was justice, and ADAM had spent his. What availed it that a grey silt should come up out of the deposits of his memory? That was a totally unmarketable commodity in Reykjavik, as ADAM found to his cost. And in the end intending to shoot MICHAEL they shot FASON. And yet it is perfectly certain that the next chapter of this Saga, had there been a next, would have found all the characters once more in the Isle of Man. For nothing is more surely established than this: that a good (or a bad) Icelander, when he dies (or lives), goes always to the Isle of Man, and every self-respecting Manxman returns the compliment by going to Iceland. And thus are Sagas constructed. And this is the End.



The Characters Personally-Conducted by the Author to Reykjavik.



## LAUNCE IN LONDON.

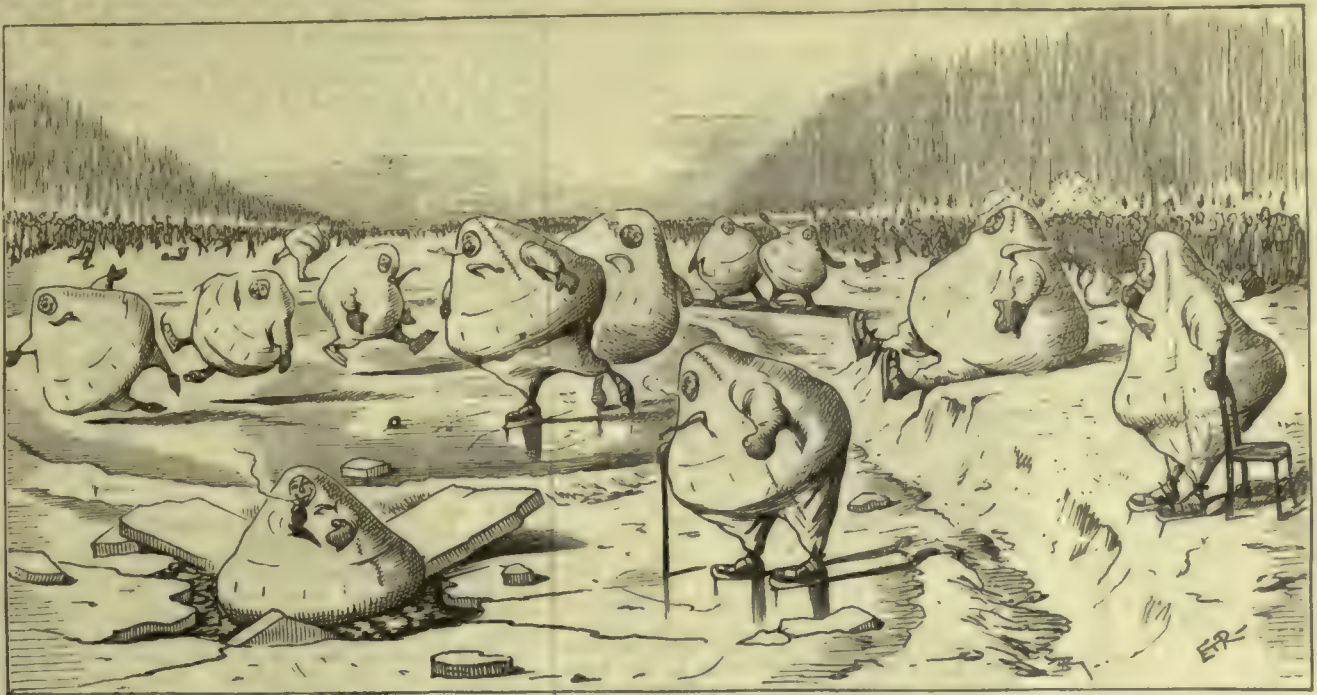
*(Shakspeare adapted to the situation.)**Enter LAUNCE with his dog.*

*Launce.* When a poor man's cur shall cost him some thirteen shillings and sixpence within the year, look you, it goes hard; one that I brought up as a puppy; one of a mongrel litter that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind, breedless brothers and sisters went to it. Verily I will write to the *Standard* thereanent. Item—muzzle, two shillings; item—collar, under new order, two shillings and sixpence; item—engraving collar, under new order, one shilling and sixpence; item—licence, seven shillings and sixpence; total, thirteen shillings and sixpence, as aforesaid. Truly a poor man feeleth an amount like this, and hath to deny himself some necessary to preserve his affectionate companion, to wit, his dog. I have taught him, even as one would say, precisely, “thus would I teach a dog.” O ’tis a foul thing when a dog cannot keep himself in all companies, but must grub for garbage in the gutter, and yap at constables’ kibes! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon himself to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. And art thou so, *Crab*? But verily ’tis I who have taught thee, that have also to pay for thee; and, whether thou art wholly worth the cost, concerns not thee, but thy master. Thou hast of late many enemies in seats of office, and elsewhere; ministers, and scribes, and feeble folk in fidgety fear of hypothetical hydrophoby. “Out with the dog!” says one. “That cur looks mad!” says another; “Muzzle him!” says the third. “Knock me him on the head with a constable’s staff!”

“A POOR MAN FEELS AN AMOUNT LIKE THIS, AND HAS TO DENY HIMSELF SOME NECESSARY TO PRESERVE HIS AFFECTIONATE COMPANION, THE DOG.”

“A POOR MAN FEELS AN AMOUNT LIKE THIS, AND HAS TO DENY HIMSELF SOME NECESSARY TO PRESERVE HIS AFFECTIONATE COMPANION, THE DOG.”





PATENT INFLATED SAFETY SKATING COSTUME FOR ICE OR RINK.

cries the fourth; "Give him *euthanasia* at the Dog's Home!" suggests a fifth, with more sensibility; "Tax him, collar him, badge him, make his owner pay roundly for him!" saith the Minister of Agriculture. And they, between them, make me no more ado than whip me thirteen and six out of my pinched pocket to pay thee out of danger. How many masters would do this for their servant? Nay, I'll be sworn I have paid the fines inflicted by austere Magistrates, when thou, *Cyab*, hast surreptitiously slipped thy muzzle, otherwise thou hadst been executed; I have "tipped" angry constables when thou hast stolen out not "under control," otherwise thou hadst suffered for't: thou thinkest not of this now! Nay, I remember the trick thou servedst me anigh the end of the year, when I had so far successfully dodged the Dog Tax for that season: did I not bid thee still mark me, and keep out of sight when the rate-collector called? When didst thou see me rush headlong upstairs and make madly for the collector's calves? Didst thou ever see me do such a fool's trick?

#### AUDITORS IN WONDERLAND.

"If you please," said the Auditor of the Tottenham School Board accounts, "would you explain to me what that curious thing is that you have got in your hand?"

"With pleasure," replied the White Knight, who had recently been elected as a Member of the Board. "It's a Tellurium."

"I see that it cost the ratepayers four pounds to buy. What is the use of it?"

"Use?" said the White Knight, in mild surprise. "Oh, it's a most useful thing. A child who can't think of the right answer to a question about the stars, only has to put this thing on its head—at Examination time, you know—and it at once remembers all about it. It's got Electricity or something inside it. And the shape is my own invention."

"That's why it's called a Tellurium, then," remarked the Auditor, who could hardly help laughing, it all seemed so strange; "because, when they put it on, the children *tell you* the answer you want?"

"Yes; and WILLIAM TELL put an apple on his head, or on somebody else's head, and I thought the name would remind the children of that fact."

"Then the School must win an increased Government Grant, with this thing to help them," said the Auditor.

"Well," said the Knight, more despondently, "they have hardly had time to try it yet. In fact," he added, still more gloomily, "their teachers won't let them try it. But it's really an admirable idea, if it *could* be tried." And the White Knight fastened the curious object on his own head, whence it immediately fell with a crash upon the floor.

"It's too ridiculous!" exclaimed the Auditor, bursting into a little laugh. "I declare a Hektograph would be as useful for the children as this thing!"

"Would it?" asked the White Knight. "Does a Hektograph work well? Then we'll get one or two—several."

"And I notice," the Auditor went on, "that there is a thing called a Cyclostyle put down in the accounts. Please will you tell me what a Cyclostyle is, and what use it is for purposes of elementary education?"

"With pleasure," replied the White Knight, who seemed quite cheerful again; "it's an apparatus for catching cycles, if any should take to going round and round the room when the children are at their lessons. It does it *in style*, you see."

"But," said the Auditor, "it's not very likely that any cyclists would care to wheel their machines into a Board School, is it?"

"Not very *likely*, I daresay," the Knight answered, eagerly; "but, if any *do* come, I don't intend that we shall be without a machine for catching them quickly. And the plan is my own invention!"

"I should suppose it was," the Auditor observed. "I am sorry to be obliged to disallow the costs of all these inventions, but the rate-payers must not be forced to pay for fads; and, as you take such an interest in them, I am sure you won't mind paying for them yourself. Good-day!"

#### Heinrich Schliemann.

(BORN, JANUARY, 1822. DIED, DECEMBER 26, 1890)

HELEN, who fired the topmost towers of Troy,  
Should spare a smile for the North-German boy,  
Who, from a sketch of Ilium aflame,  
Was fired with zeal which led so straight to fame.

'Twas a far cry from that small grocer's shop  
To Priam's city; but will distance stop

Genius, which scorns to fear or play the laggard?

"The World's Desire" (as HELEN's called by HAGGARD)

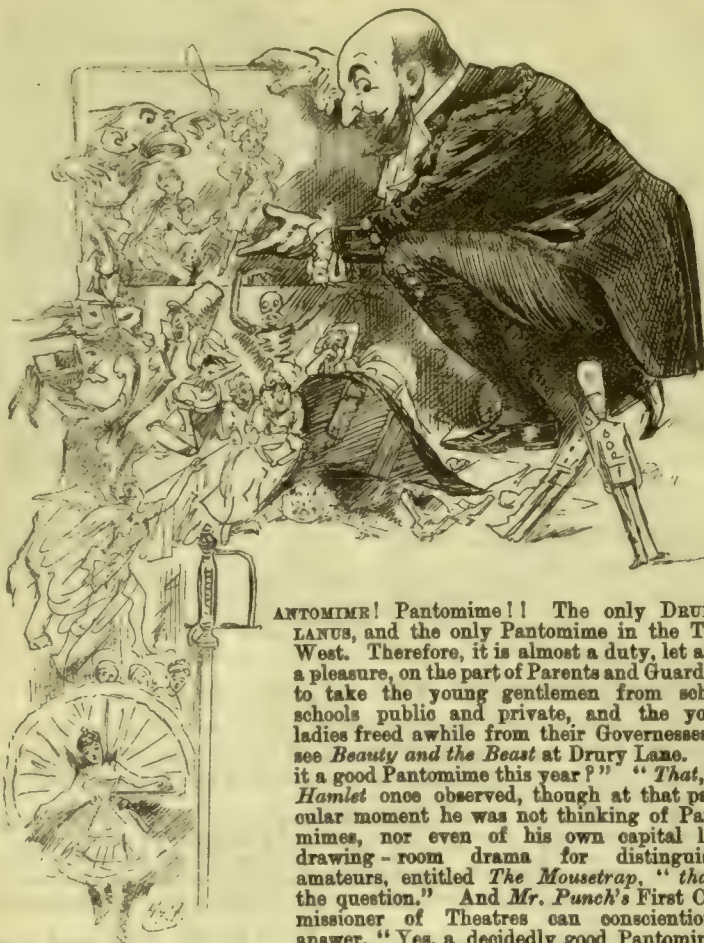
Might well have crowned on Ilium's windy cope,

This patient follower-up of "The Heart's Hope!"

SHOW OF THE OLD MASTERS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.—This Exhibition opened last Saturday. It was such a peascoddy day that the Artiest of our Fine Arts' Critics couldn't get there. Old Masters, indeed! it was a good Old Foggy that prevented him from being in his place (and he knows his place too) on that occasion.



## CHRISTMAS IN TWO PIECES.



PANTOMIME! Pantomime!! The only DRURIOLANUS, and the only Pantomime in the Tame West. Therefore, it is almost a duty, let alone a pleasure, on the part of Parents and Guardians to take the young gentlemen from school, schools public and private, and the young ladies freed awhile from their Governesses, to see *Beauty and the Beast* at Drury Lane. "Is it a good Pantomime this year?" "That," as *Hamlet* once observed, though at that particular moment he was not thinking of Pantomimes, nor even of his own capital little drawing-room drama for distinguished amateurs, entitled *The Mousetrap*, "that is the question." And Mr. Punch's First Commissioner of Theatres can conscientiously answer, "Yes, a decidedly good Pantomime."

If pressed further by those who "want to know" as to whether it's the best Pantomime he ever saw, the First Commissioner answers, "No, it is not *Beauty and the Beast*," and he is of opinion that he must travel, in a train of thought on the line of Memory, back to the PAYNES and the VOKSES in the prime of their prime, if he would recall two or three of the very best, mind you, the very best, Pantomimes ever seen in the Tame West. For real good rollicking fun, the Pantomimes at the Surrey and the

Grecian used to be worth the trouble of a pilgrimage; but it was a trouble, for the show used to commence early and end late, and indigestion was the consequence of a disturbed dinner and the unaccustomed heartiness of a most enjoyable supper.

Drury Lane Pantomime commences at 7:30, and is not over till 11:30, and yet in these four hours there rarely comes over you any sense of weariness, except perhaps when the ballets are too long. From first to last the audience is expecting something, and is ready to accept every transition from one scene to another as a change for the better. Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS and Mr. HERBERT CAMPBELL are, of course, funny to look at as the conventional proud sisters; only, as they admit in one of their duets, "it's been done before," in *Cinderella*, for example; and, by the way, in choosing this subject of *Beauty and the Beast*, should have been got rid of, as, up to the Ball Scene, except for the absence of the Pumpkin and the Mice, it is difficult to distinguish between the two fairy tales. But, when last I saw *Cinderella*, wasn't ROSINA VOKES the sprightly heroine, and her brother with the wonderful legs the Baron? I think so: but I will not be too much of a *laudator temporis acti*, and will be thankful that one of the youthful Commissioners

thoroughly enjoyed this Pantomime, though he was not absolutely certain as to what might be the effect of ghosts and skeletons on his very little brother, aged five or six, if he were brought to see this show. For my part, had I at an early age seen these skeletons which pervade the piece, and of whom two become elongated ghosts, I should have lain awake o' nights, seen horrible reproductions on the wall by the glimmer of the fire-light (spectral rush-lights were used when I was a small boy), screamed for help, and perhaps given my own private and practical version of the Ghost Scene in *Richard the Third* by not leaping out of bed and shouting, "Give me another horse!" (there was only one in the nursery, and that was a towel-horse), but by putting my head under the bed-clothes and shivering with fear till my nurse returned from her supper. Such on me, your present brave First Commissioner of Theatres, was the effect of merely seeing the interior of the *Blue Chamber* in *Skell's Scenes and Characters*, with which I used to furnish my small theatre on the nursery table.

'Well, this is all private and personal, and not much about the Drury Lane Pantomime, it is true; but, as everyone will see "The Only Pantomime" (we have reached the era of the "Onlys"), and be only too delighted, what need I say more than that the libretto is written by Mr. BILL-OF-THE-PLAY YARDLEY conjointly with Mr. DRURIOLANUS AUCTION, and I daresay it was very witty and rhythmical and poetical, though I didn't catch much of it, and the songs were neither particularly well sung, nor remarkably humorous,—one, introduced by Miss VESTA TILLY (and, therefore, for this our joint authors are not responsible, except for permitting it to be done), being a distinct mistake, and utterly out



Troubled Trots.



Seeing the 'Mime, December 30; or, A Draught at Night.

of character with the part of the *Prince*, as written, which she was representing. And, *a propos* of songs, the music of this Pantomime lacks "go." WAGNER borrowed from pantomime his notion of dramatic music to carry on the action and tell the story of serious opera; but we don't want our Pantomimes to become Wagnerian; or, at all events, as the lamented GEORGE HODDER would have said, "Let's have plenty of the 'Wag,' and none of the 'nerian.'" What he would have exactly meant by this nobody would have known, but everyone would have laughed, as he was one of those self-patented jesters at whose witticisms the company laughed first and wondered afterwards.

DRURIOLANUS MAGNUS, not content with his own special pantomime-pie and a Drama at Covent Garden, has had a finger,—only a little one, perhaps, and not the thumb, with which JOHANNES HORNERIUS extracted the plum,—in the Christmas pie at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, of which the Manager is HORATIUS SEDGERIUS.

Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, *pateres et matres*, et



"Sure such a pair," &amp;c.

all resemblance between the two stories should have been got rid of, as, up to the Ball Scene, except for the absence of the Pumpkin and the Mice, it is difficult to distinguish between the two fairy tales. But, when last I saw *Cinderella*, wasn't ROSINA VOKES the sprightly heroine, and her brother with the wonderful legs the Baron? I think so: but I will not be too much of a *laudator temporis acti*, and will be thankful that one of the youthful Commissioners



tutores, if you want to know what to take your little children, your bigger children, your boys and girls to see, and what you yourselves, familiar with your THACKERAY as I take you to be, would enjoy seeing, I say emphatically and distinctly, without any evasion, reservation, or mental equivocation, "Go and see, and take them all to see, *The Rose and the Ring*, written by SAVILE CLARKE, with music composed for it by WALTER SLAUGHTER, put on the stage by *Les deux Ajax* CAROLUS and AUGUSTUS HARRIS,—Christmas CAROLUS being *facile princeps* at this difficult business.

There is an excellent orchestra here, playing the musical game of "follow my leader" to perfection, and kept together, as sheep, by a CROOK. Mr. HARRY MONKHOUSE is very droll in the little he has to do. Mr. SHALE's speech as the Court Painter is capitally given, but there isn't enough of it. A touch more, a few more good lines, and the speech, as a showman's speech, would have been encored. Mr. S. SOLOMON as *Jenkins*, the Hall Porter, is made up so as to be the very *fac-simile* of THACKERAY's own illustration, and to reproduce that Master's sketches with more or less exactitude has evidently been the aim of all the actors; but *Jenkins* has been peculiarly successful,



After a Design by Michael Angelo Titmarsh.

as has also *Prince Bulbo*, of whom more anon. As *Polly* in *Act the First*, and *General Punchikoff* in the *Second*, Miss EMPIRE BOWMAN was delightful, and her elder sister, Miss ISA BOWMAN, made every sharp point tell, and went right into the gold,

of which success the name of BOWMAN is of good omen: and this is almost a rhyme. The part of *Prince Giglio*, in the absence of Miss VIOLET CAMERON, was satisfactorily rendered by Miss FLORENCE DARLEY. Miss MAUD HOLLAND looked and acted prettily as the *Princess Angelica*, and Madame AMADI was quite Thackerayan in her make-up as *Countess Gruffanuff*. Miss ATTALIE CLAIRE entered fully into the spirit of the merry piece; her rendering of a song with the refrain "Ah! well-a-day!" being deservedly encored. I must not forget, indeed, I cannot forget, Mr. LE HAY as *Bulbo*, who, not only on account of his make-up being an exact reproduction of THACKERAY's sketch, gave us as good a grotesque performance as I've seen for some considerable time. To see him on the ground after the fight, tearing his hair out in handfells, is something that will shake the sides of the most sedate or *blasé*, and among the audience that will crowd to see this juvenile show, there will be very few sedate (I hope) and still fewer (I am sure) *blasé*. It is an excellent performance throughout. But, my dear Mr. CAROLUS HARRIS, one word,—when you had that capitally-arranged and highly effective scene of *Bulbo* going to be beheaded, why did you not carry it a bit further, and make *Bulbo* on the point of kneeling down, and the burlesque axe poised in the air, and then, but not till then, the moment which, like the present winter, is "critical,"—then, I say, enter the *Princess* with the reprieve? As it is, the effect of this dramatically grouped scene is lessened by the absence of action, and *Bulbo* is off the scaffold ere the majority of the audience realise the peril in which his life has been placed.

I must not forget the army of children appearing from time to time as courtiers, cooks, fairies, soldiers, who will be the source of the greatest pleasure to children of all ages, from "little Trots" upwards. Nothing in this genuinely Christmas Piece is there which can do aught but delight and amuse the young people for whom primarily it was written. Let "all concerned in this" excellent piece of Christmas merriment accept the congratulations and best wishes for crowded houses—which they are sure to be for all the *Matinées*—from theirs truly,

MR. P.'S FIRST COMMISSIONER.

GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT.—SIR FRANCIS SANDFORD has created a profound feeling of disappointment among all classes of society by not having added, "and Merton," to his title. "Lord SANDFORD OF SANDFORD" is weak; but "Lord SANDFORD-AND-MERTON" would have been truly noble.

SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE's reply to President BLAINE: "The point o' this here observation lies in the Behring of it." (*Captain Cuttle adapted.*)

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

I TRIED *Cross-Cross Lovers* the other day, a Novel, in two or three vols., I don't remember which; but those may ascertain who are not choked off in the first hundred pages, as was the unfortunate Baron de B.-W. He had the presence of mind to put it down in time, and, after a few moments of refreshing repose, was, like *Richard*, "himself again," and able to tackle quite another novel.

In the *English Illustrated Magazine*, for this month, I have just read a most interesting account of a visit paid by the Very Rev. Dean of Gloucester to the Trappist Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, which, thanks to the marvellous spirit of the Order known as Chartreuse Verte or Chartreuse Jaune, is one of the Religious Confraternities not suppressed by the Anti-monachal majority in the French Government. The Baron—the umble individual who now addresses you—has himself entered within these Monastic walls, inspected the buildings, seen all the monastic practical jokes, known as "regular cells," and has come away the better for the visit, with much food for reflection and refection en route in the *coiture*, and with spirituous comfort in green and yellow bottles. This paper, in the *New Illustrated*, is well worth reading.

The Baron has for some weeks had on his table, *Golden Lines: The Story of a Woman's Courage*, by FREDERICK WICKS. The Baron being, as he is bound to admit, almost human, was warned off the book by its title, which seems to suggest something in the tract line. The Publishers' name (BLACKWOOD) is, however, an invariable stamp of good metal. So the Baron picked up the book, was attracted by the remarkably clever illustrations, and finally, beginning at the beginning, he read to the end. It is a novel, and one of the best published this season; and all the better for being in one stout handsomely-printed volume. The plot is constructed with rare skill, the writing is good, and the people all alive. If it is WICKS's first work (and the Baron never heard of FREDERICK before) he should go on making candles of the same kind. Their illuminating power is rare.

"What shall we play at, and how shall we play it?" The satisfactory answer to these two questions, specially important at Christmas time, will be found in Professor HOFFMANN's *Encyclopædia of Card and Table Games*, published by ROUTLEDGE. Here you will learn the mysteries of "Go-Bang," "Reverse,"—and after learning the latter, you, if Nature has blessed you with a tuneful voice, will be able to sing with GEORGE GROSSMITH (if he'll let you), "*See me Reverse*." The motto for the Professor's book should have been the emphatic exclamation of the street Arab, "My heye! such games!"

This is the sixth year of *Hazell's Annual*. Whatever information you require it will be difficult not to find in *Hazell*, clearly and not at all hazelly expressed. A youthful friend whose pun, says the Baron, I hereby nail to the counter, on seeing this book on my desk, observed, "Yes, I'm nuts on HAZELL." The Baron frowned, and the youth withered away, as ALICE did—not the one who went to Wonderland, but an elder ALICE, whom our old friend "BEN BOLT" remembers.

SAMPSON LOW, & Co. publish "*Wild Life on a Tidal Water*," by P. H. EMERSON, who gives the adventures of a house-boat and her crew on Breydon Water in Norfolk; the photo-stichings are by EMERSON and GOODALL, "and therefore," says the Baron, "All-good."

Look into *Harper's* for January; among the harpers, listen to M. DE BLOWITZ harping on the journalistic string—good; and, his talent having served him to a pretty tune, 'tis well he should harp on it in *Harper's*. The Baron hopes that M. DE B. has spent a happy Christmas. Allow the B. DE B.-W. to draw his friends' attention to "A Military Incident," and two other short papers, in *The Cornhill*.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

P.S.—The Baron says he is not going to be let in for a disquisition on the merits of various Pocket-books; but, if asked which he affectionates most as a genuine book of pockets, and for pockets, he puts his finger to the side of his nose, and wisely replies—"Walker."

## Survival of the Fittest.

(At a Trial for Murder.)

Oh, dainty product of the March of Progress,  
Oh, glorious outcome of the Course of Time,—  
The watchful, well-attired Old Bailey ogress,  
Still finding sweetest stimulus in—Crime!

SEASONABLE GREETING FOR SPIRITUALISTS.—I wish you a rappy New Year!





## METROPOLITAN RAILWAY TYPES.



THE PARTY THAT NEVER SAYS, "THANK YOU!"

WHEN YOU OPEN THE DOOR, SHUT THE WINDOW, OR GIVE UP YOUR SEAT FOR HER.



THE PARTY THAT ALWAYS SAYS, "THANK YOU!"

## BUMBLE AT HOME;

OR, THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT.

"Notwithstanding the most superlative, and, I may say, supernatural exertions on the part of this parish," said BUMBLE, "we have not been able to do anything."—*Oliver Twist.*

*Mr. Bumble, loquitor:—*

*GR-R-R-R!!!* Old-fashioned Winter, indeed! Well, I 'ope them as talks on it relishes it!

The City seems give up to snow; which I can't say it greatly embellishes it.

But, really, of all the dashed impudence,—s'posing of course as they meant it,—

The greatest is that of the Papers appealing to Me to parvent it!

Ah! it's a hinsolent Hage, and without no respect for Authority.

The cry of them demmyocrat 'owlers is all for low In-fe-ri-or-ity.

Things is about bottom uppard, as far as I judges, already, And if the porochial dignity's floored, what is left to stand steady?

*Progressists*, indeed! Ah, I'd "progress" 'em, pack o' perposterous hasses,

A regular pollyglot lot, breeding strife 'twixt the classes and masses.

The masses is muck; that's *my* motter, as who should have learnt it more betterer?

BUMBLE could hopen the heyes of them BOOTHSES, JOHN BURNSSES, anocetterer.

Snow? Is it *me* brings the snow, and the hicc, and the peasoupiness,

Making the subbubs one slough? No! The Age is give over to gushiness.

Parties as writes to the Papers is snivellers, yus, every one of 'em, Barring the few as cracks jokes, though I own as I can't see the fun of 'em.

Look at "UCALEGON," now, him as writes to a cheap daily journal, Along o' the "'Orrors of 'Ampstead," as *he* calls hy—wot's it?—"hybernal,"

(Wotever that crackjaw may mean) or that fellow, "INFELIX THE"—blow it.

Sech names you can't write nor yet spell, if you're not a School Board or a Poet.

Talks of our "hard hide," does "INFELIX," I'd like to lay hands upon him!

All becos Upper 'Ampstead, it seems, is a sort of a dark ice-bound prison.

No 'busses, no trams, and no cabs, no grub, and no gas, and no water! Ha! ha! Pooty picter it is, and thanks be I don't dwell in *that* quarter!

But wot's it to do with poor Me? If he wants it himproved he had best try

Them proud County-Councillor coves, not come walopping into the Westry.

Wot use, too, to talk of Vienna? Don't know where that is, and don't wantar,

But, 'ording to "SNOWBOUND," their style of snow-clearing beats ourn in a canter.

Ratepayers' Defencers may rave, and the scribblers may scold or talk funny,

But clean streets in Winter mean this,—*you must plank down a dollup more money!*

*Me* up and be doing meanwhile? No, not if I jolly well knows it.

I likes my own fireside too well to go snow-clearing, don't you suppose it.

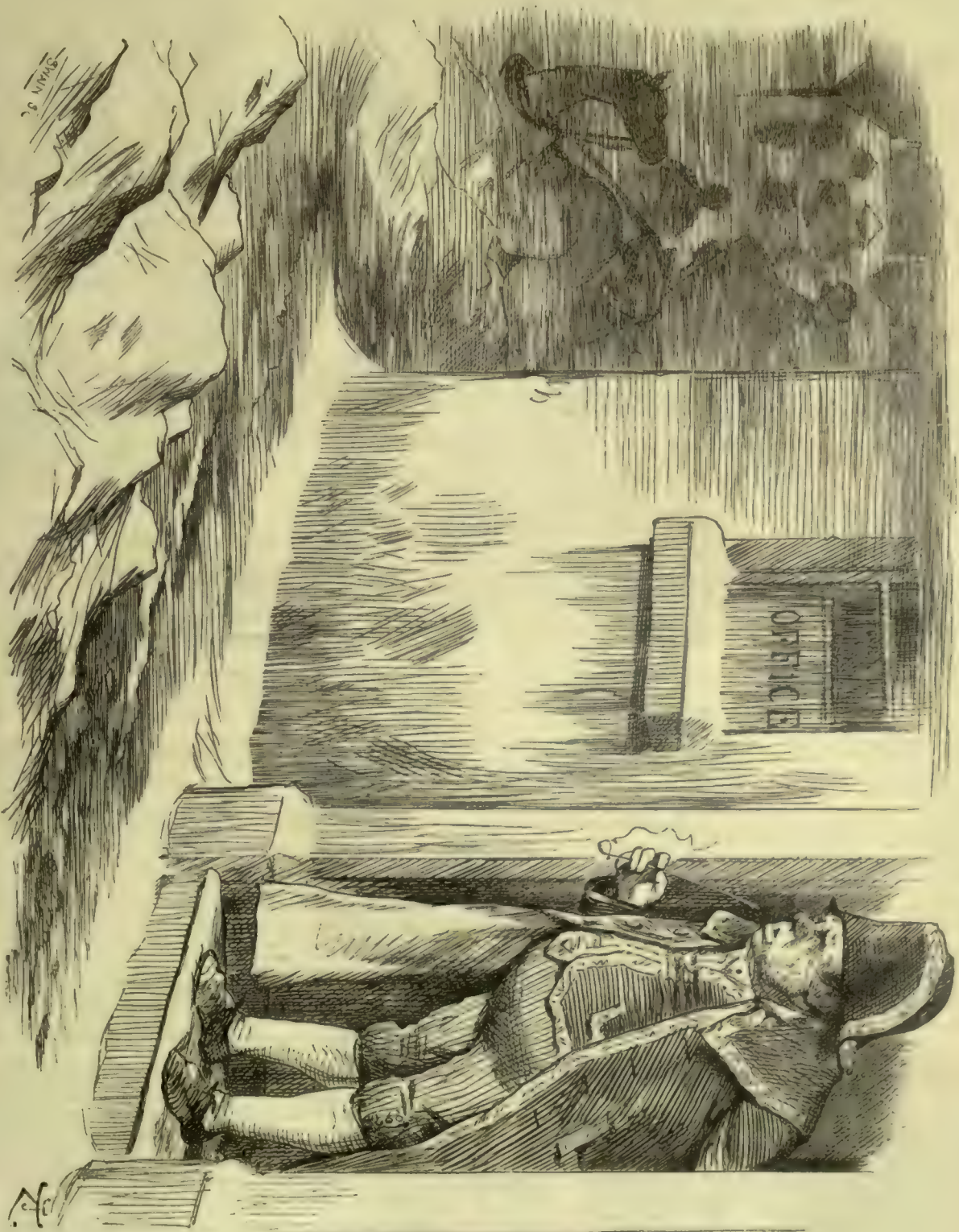
A choice between slither and slush may come 'ard on the Mighty Metrolopus,

But Westrydom ain't on the job, 'owsomever they worry and wallop us.

Bless yer, we've stood it before, and can stand it agen, all this fussing. *My* game's a swig and a smoke; as for them—they can go on "disussing."

[*Shuts door, and retires to his snuggerly for spirituous solace.*]





BUMBLE AT HOME; OR, "THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT."

"CLEAR THE STREETS!—AND IN SUCH BEASTLY WEATHER?—UGH! NOT IF I KNOW IT!"



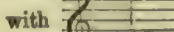




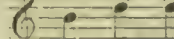
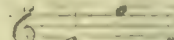
## THE COMPOSER COMING.

WE are looking forward to *Ivanhoe*, by Sir ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc. From what our Musical Critic has seen of the score, he is able to wink his eye wisely but not too well, and to hint that as *Mr. Guppy* says, "There are chords"; and to make these chords in combination, the strings are admirably fitted. There is one chord (will it be recognized as belonging to *Box*?) which— But, as Sir ARTHUR says, "Where will be the surprise, if your Musical Critic tells everything beforehand?" He is right, quite right, and, thank goodness, he is quite well, and not

but the Composer is in the playfulest of humours, and laughs over his recent row

with ; in fact, he was

in such good spirits, that, when I wanted to hear all about it, and I told him he could either sing it or play it to me, he replied, "You

!" Exactly like him, which neither of these two  is. How-

Mus Doc.

ever, I'm not offended, as I said to him, or rather said and sang to him, by way of reply.

My Name's . and So it is.

## A SEMI-OFFICIAL INTRODUCTION.

[BERRY was introduced in a semi-official way, and at once said, "Good morning, Ma'am."—See *Daily Papers* on Mrs. Pearey's execution.]

KING DEATH has a great Ambassador who journeys through all the land,

With a cap, and a strap, and a slip-noosed rope all ready to his hand. He's a genial man with a joke for all, and a smile on his jovial face, And a grip of the hand that is frank and free when he comes to the trying place.

And, oh, when the gloomy winter night is fading into the day, He comes to the cell and is introduced in a semi-official way; With a jolly "Good morning, Ma'am," he comes, and as quick as a morning dream

He has corded his living parcel and flung it across the stream.

The stream flows silently onward, and the flood seems deep and strong, And some of us pause on the hither-bank slow-footed, and linger long. But early or late we must plunge in and battle across the tide, Though the beckoning shapes look dark and grim that wait on the further side.

But they whom the King's Ambassador, or ever their race be run, Has summoned, must leave at the moment the sight of the friendly sun. He's a kindly man, with a cheerful voice, but he never brooks delay When once he has come and been introduced in a semi-official way.

And, ah, how lightly the minutes fly, that once seemed heavy as lead, And the sleeper is fitfully tossing, alone on her prison bed. [toll, At the hour of eight must the journey be, when the passing bell doth And God, it may be, who is merciful, will pity a sinful soul. [gate, "Arise," they say, "for you know full well who waits at the outer With sheriffs to do his bidding, behold he is come in state. The time is short, and the minutes fly, but ere we forget it, stay, We must introduce the Ambassador in a semi-official way."

POLITE JUDGMENT.—A correspondence has been going on in the *St. James's Gazette* as to what six Gentlemen seated in a first class railway carriage ought to do if a Lady insists on thrusting herself upon them. *Truth* says, let her stand, unless she has been invited, and adds, that anyhow she, as an extra person, is a nuisance. *Mr. Punch* agrees with a difference, and says that the uninvited intruder who becomes a standing nuisance ought to be put down—by somebody giving her a seat.

## COMPENSATION.

(Soliloquy of Smelfungus whilst looking at the Pictorial Papers.)

Yes, it's an ill-wind that blows nobody good,  
Discomfort could hardly be greater,  
For home-staying fogies of mollyish mood,  
But think of the joy of the Skater!  
Gr-r-r-r! Nose-nipped antiquity aquirms in the street,  
When the North-Easter sounds its fierce slogan;  
But oh, the warm flush and the ecstacy fleet  
Of the fellow who rides a toboggan!  
FISH SMART's on the job in the ice-covered fens,  
And at Hampstead and Highgate they're "aleighing."  
There is plenty of stuff for pictorial pens,  
And boyhood at snowballs is playing.  
To sit by the fire and to grumble and croak  
At "young fools," I presume is improper;  
Yet (*chuckle*!) the Skater sometimes has a "soak,"  
The Sleighter sometimes comes a cropper! [*Left sniggering.*]

## LOST IN THE MIST OF AGES.

(Extracts from a Critique on an Exhibition to succeed the Guelphian, in 19—.)

No. 76. *Portrait of a Warrior*. This picture is described in the Catalogue as the Duke of WELLINGTON, who, it will be remembered, won, in the early part of the last century, the Battle of Waterloo, and invented a new kind of boots. The face is adorned with long black whiskers and moustaches, and an eyeglass not unlike the traditional portrait of the great W. E. GLADSTONE, Second Earl of BEACONSFIELD, as depicted by a now nearly forgotten artist, called DUNDREARY SOTHERN, or SOTHERN DUNDREARY. The Duke (if, indeed, it be the Duke) is wearing the uniform of the 3rd Middlesex Artillery Volunteers, a corps that was raised some ten years after His Grace's death, a fact that would argue that the painting was either a posthumous work, or intended to represent someone else. Accepting the alternative suggestion, the picture may hand down to posterity the features of BURDETT COUTTS (husband of the Baroness of that name), J. L. TOOLE, the popular Comedian, HENRY IRVING (his friend), the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, or (and this is the most likely hypothesis) PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES.

No. 102. *Miniature of a Lady Unknown*. It is impossible at this lapse of time to identify the original of this portrait. No doubt she belonged to a short-lived and somewhat degraded class known as "professional beauties." In one hand she holds an instrument called an opera-glass, which was used in the last century at trials for murder at the Old Bailey. The hair she wears on her head is evidently false, and has been supplied from some foreign peasantry. Her hat is adorned with a stuffed bird, suggestive of the cruelty of her nature. As she holds in her other hand a book labelled, "*The Art of Nursing*," it may be conjectured that she is a frequent visitor to the Dissecting-Room, or the Accident Ward of a London Hospital. On the whole, perhaps, it is fortunate that her name has not been preserved by succeeding generations. She must, indeed, have been a contrast to her angelic descendants of the present day.

No. 2478. *An Utensil Made of Brass*. This strange-looking object may have been used by our ancestors as a helmet, or perhaps as a fish-kettle. It is, perhaps, rather large for the first, and a little too thick for the second. The Catalogue describes the exhibit as "a coal-scuttle." It is impossible to verify this assertion, as coal is now only found in specimen cases at museums, and a sketch of a coal-scuttle has not been seen for the last fifty years. It is, however, interesting as suggestive of a time when the world was not heated by volcanic hot water.

SEASONABLE REPLY (By Our Own Politest Letter-Writer).—This is a model for a cautious answer at this time of year to an invitation to witness an out-of-door ceremony, the laying of a first stone, &c., &c., returning to London same day:—

"Dear A—, if I am (i.) alive, (2.) well, (3.) with no urgent business, (4.) in London, and if the weather is (i.) fine, (ii.) fairly warm, (iii.) likely to last so, (iv.) wind S.W., (v.) no remains of sloshy thaw, (vi.) no frost; if there are comfortable conveyances to and from station; if there is a perfectly dry spot for me to stand on, and see and hear everything, and no draughts, and if there is a good lunch in a comfortable, dry, well-aired, and warmed room, with not too many guests, and plenty of good waiters, also with dry champagne,—say Pommery '80 or '84, for choice,—then you may expect me, and I accept, with the greatest possible pleasure.

"Yours ever, D. DASH."





TWELFTH-NIGHT DRAWINGS FOR FATHER TIME.

(Shadows of the Past and Coming Forms.)







## VOCES POPULI.

## ON THE ICE.

SCENE—The Serpentine. On the bank, several persons are having their skates put on; practised Skaters being irritable and impatient, and others curiously the reverse, at any delay in the operation.

Chorus of Unemployed Skate-Fasteners. 'Oo'll 'ave a pair on for an hour! Good Sport to-day, Sir! Try a pair on, Mum! (to any particularly stout Lady). Will yer walk inter my porler, Sir? corpet



all the w'y! 'Ad the pleasure o' puttin' on your skites last year, Miss! Best skates in London, Sir!

[Exhibiting a *primæval* pair.

The Usual Comic Cockney (to his Friend, who has undertaken to instruct him). No 'urry, old man—this joker ain't 'arf finished with me yet! [To Skate-Fastener.] Easy with that jimlet, Guv'nor. My 'eel ain't 'orn, like a 'orse's 'oof! If

"Look here! This is rather a pretty figure."

you're goin' to strap me up as toight as all that, I shell 'ave to go to bed in them skites!... Well, what is it now?

Skate-Fastener. Reglar thing fur Gen'l'm'n as 'ires skates ter leave somethink be'ind, jest as security like—anythink'll do—a gold watch and chain, if yer got sech a thing about yer!

The C. C. Oh, I dessey—not me!

Skate-F. (wounded). Why, yer needn't be afroid! I shorn't run away—you'll find me 'ere when yer come back!

The C. C. Ah, that will be noice! But all the sime, a watch is a thing as slips out of mind so easy, yer know. You might go and forget all about it. 'Ere's a match-box instead; it ain't silver!

Skate-F. (with respect). Ah, you do know the world, you do!

The C. C. Now, ALF, old man. I'm ready for yer! Give us 'old of yer 'and... Go slow now. What's the Vestry about not to put some gravel down 'ere? It's downright dangerous! Whoop—! Blowed if I ain't got some other party's legs on!... Sloide more? Whadjer torking about! I'm sloidin' every way at once, I am!... Strokio out? I've struck sparks enough out of the back o' my 'ed, if that's all!... Git up? Ketch me! I'm a deal syfer settin' daydown, and I'll sty 'ere!

[He stays.]

A Nervous Skater (hobbling cautiously down the bank—to Friend). I—I don't know how I shall be in these, you know—haven't had a pair on for years. (Striking out.) Well, come—(relieved)—skating's one of those things you never forget—all a question of poise and equi—confound the things! No, I'm all right, thanks—lump in the ice, that's all! As I was saying, skating soon comes back to—thought I was gone that time! Stick by me, old fellow, till I begin to feel my—Oh, hang it all!... Eh? surely we have been on more than five minutes! Worst of skating is, your feet get so cold!... These are beastly skates. Did you hear that crack? Well, you may stay on if you like, but I'm not going to risk my life for a few minutes' pleasure!

[He returns to bank.]

The Fond Mother (from bank, to Children on the ice). That's right, ALMA, you're doing it beautifully—don't walk so much! (To French Governess). ALMA fay bocoo de progray, may elle ne glisse assez—nayse par, Ma'amzell?

Mademoiselle. C'est ELLA qui est la plus habile, elle patine déjà très bien—et avec un aplomb!

The F. M. Wee-wee; may ELLA est la plus viaile, vous savvy. Look at ELLA, ALMA, and see how she does it!

Mad. Vous marchez toujours—toujours, ALMA; tâchez donc de glisser un petit peu—c'est beaucoup plus facile!

Alma. Snay pas facile quand vous avez les skates toutes sur un côté—comme moi, Ma'amzell!

F. M. Ne repondy à Ma'amzell, ALMA, and watch ELLA!

ELLA. Regardez-moi, ALMA. Je puis voler vite—oh, mais vite... oh, I have hurt myself so!

Alma (with sisterly sympathy). That's what comes of trying to show off, ELLA, darling!

[ELLA is helped to the bank.]

A Paternal Skate-Fastener. 'Ere you are, Missie—set down on this 'ere cheer—and you, too, my little dear—lor, they won't do them cheers no 'arm, Mum, bless their little 'arts! Lemme tyke yer little skites orf, my pooties. I'll be keerful, Mum—got childring o' my own at 'ome—the moral o' your two, Mum!

The F. M. (to Governess). Sayt un homme avec un bong ker. Avez-vous—er—des cuivres, Ma'amzell?

The P. S. (disgustedly). Wot?—on'y two bloomin' browns fur tykin' the skites orf them two kids' trotters! I want a shellin' orf o' you fur that job, I do... "Not another penny"? Well, if you do everythink as cheap as you do yer skiting, you order be

puttin' money by, you ought! That's right, tyke them snivellin' kids 'ome—blow me if ever I—&c., &c., &c.

[Exit party, pursued by powerful metaphors.]

The Egotistic Skater (in charge of a small Niece). Just see if you can get along by yourself a little—I'll come back presently. Practise striking out.

The Niece. But, Uncle, directly I strike out, I fall down!

The E. S. (encouragingly). You will at first, till you get into it—gives you confidence. Keep on at it—don't stand about, or you'll catch cold. I shall be keeping my eye on you!

[Skates off to better ice.]

The Fancy Skater (to less accomplished Friend). This is a pretty figure—sort of variation of the "Cross Cut," ending up with "The Vine;" it's done this way (illustrating), quarter of circle on outside edge forwards; then sudden stop—(He sits down with violence.) Didn't quite come off that time!

The Friend. The sudden stop came off right enough, old fellow!

The F. S. I'll show you again—it's really a neat thing when it's well done; you do it all on one leg, like this—

[Executes an elaborate back-fall.]

His Friend. You seem to do most of it on no legs at all, old chap!

The F. S. Haven't practised it lately, that's all. Now here's a figure I invented myself. "The Swooping Hawk" I call it.

His Friend (unkindly—as the F. S. comes down in the form of a St. Andrew's Cross). Y—yes. More like a Spread Eagle though, ain't it?

A Pretty Girl (to Mr. ACKMEY, who has been privileged to take charge of herself and her plain Sister). Do come and tell me if I'm doing it right, Mr. ACKMEY. You said you'd go round with me!

The Plain S. How can you be so selfish, FLOBBIE? You've had ever so much more practice than I have! Mr. ACKMEY, I wish you'd look at my left boot—it will go like that. Is it my ankle—or what? And this strap is hurting me so! Couldn't you loosen it, or take me back to the man, or something? FLOBBIE can get on quite well alone, can't she?

Mr. A. (temporising feebly). Er—suppose I give each of you a hand, eh?

The Plain S. No; I can't go along fast, like you and LAURA. You promised to look after me, and I'm perfectly helpless alone!

The Pretty S. Then, am I to go by myself, Mr. ACKMEY?

Mr. A. I—I think—just for a little, if you don't mind!

The Pretty S. Mind? Not a bit! There's CLARA WILLOUGHBY and her brother on the next ring, I'll go over to them. Take good care of ALICE, Mr. ACKMEY. Good-bye for the present.

[She goes; ALICE doesn't think Mr. A. is "nearly so nice as he used to be."]
 

The Reckless Rough. Now then, I'm on 'ere. Clear the way, all of yer! Parties must look out fur themselves when they see me a comin', I can't stop fur nobody!

[Rushes round the ring at a tremendous pace.]

An Admiring Sweeper (following his movements with enthusiasm). Heer he goes—the Ornamental Skyter! Look at 'im a buzzin' round! Lor, it's a treat to see 'im bowlin' 'em all over like a lot er bloomin' ninnpins! Go it, ole FRANKY, my son—don't you stop to apollergise!... Ah, there he goes on his nut agen! 'E don't care, not'se!... Orf he goes agin!... That's another on 'em down, and ole FRANKY atop—e'll 'ave the ring all to isselt presently! Up agin! Oh, ain't he lovely! I never see his loike afore nowheres... Round yer go—that's the stoyle! My eyes, if he ain't upset another—a lydy this time—she's done 'er skytin fur the d'y, any 'ow! and ole FRANKY knocked silly... Well, I ain't larfed ser much in all my life!

[He is left laughing.]

## The Curate to his Slippers.

TAKE, oh take those boots away

That so nearly are out-worn;

And those shoes remove, I pray—

Pumps that but induce the corn;

But my slippers bring again,

Bring again

Works of love, but worked in vain,

Worked in vain!

OUR Own First-class Clipper sends us the following from the Manchester Guardian, Dec. 11th:—

GROCERY.—Wanted, a live Sugar Wrapper. Apply, &c.

SHOE TRADE.—Wanted, good Hand-sewn Men. Apply, &c.

DRAPEY.—Wanted, for the first three weeks in January, several Men, for sale. Apply by letter, stating experience, &c., to —.

Would a Spirit Rapper be accepted for the first? and a man who had got a stitch in his side for the second? As for the third, there are so many people sold at Christmas time, that to provide a few men for sale would be no very difficult task.



## OUR SPORT AND ART EXHIBITION.



DRAWING A BADGER.

## VOCES POPULI.

AT THE REGENT STREET TUSSAUD'S.

Before the effigy of Dr. KOCH, who is represented in the act of examining a test-tube with the expression of bland blamelessness peculiar to Wax Models.

Well-informed Visitor. That's Dr. KOCH, making his great discovery!



Unscientific V. What did he discover?

Well-inf. V. Why, the Consumption Bacillus. He's got it in that bottle he's holding up.

Unsc. V. And what's the good of it, now he has discovered it?

Well-inf. V. Good? Why, it's the thing that causes consumption, you know!

Unsc. V. Then it's a pity he didn't leave it alone!

Before a Scene representing "The Home Life At Sandringham."

First Old Lady (with Catalogue). It says here that "the note the page is handing may have come from Sir DIGHTON PROBYN, the Comptroller of the Royal Household." Fancy that!

Second Old Lady. He's brought it in in his fingers. Now that's a thing I never allow in my house. I always tell SARAH to bring all letters, and even circulars, in on a tray!

Before a Scene representing the late FRED ARCHER, mounted, on Ascot Race-course.

A. Sportsman. H'm—ARCHER, eh? Shouldn't have backed his mount in that race!

Before "The Library at Hawarden."

Gladstonian Enthusiast (to Friend, who, with the perverse ingenuity of patrons of Wax-works, has been endeavouring to identify the Rev. JOHN WESLEY among the Cabinet in Downing Street). Oh, never mind all that lot, BETSY; they're only the Goverment! Here's dear Mr. and Mrs. GLADSTONE in this next! See, he's lookin' for something in a drawer of his side-board—ain't that natural? And only look—a lot of people have been leaving Christmas cards on him (a pretty and touching tribute of affection, which is eminently characteristic of a warm-hearted Public). I wish I'd thought o' bringing one with me!

Her Friend. So do I. We might send one 'ere by post—but it'll have to be a New Year Card now!

A Strict Old Lady (before next group). Who are these two? "Mr. 'ENERY IRVING, and Miss ELLEN TERRY in Faust, eh? No—

I don't care to stop to see them—that's play-actin', that is—and I don't 'old with it nohow! What are these two parties supposed to be doin' of over here? What—Cardinal NEWMAN and Cardinal MANNING at the High Altar at the Oratory, Brompton! Come along, and don't encourage Popery by looking at such figures. I did 'ear as they'd got Mrs. PEABODY and the prambulator somewheres. I should like to see that, now.

## IN THE CHILDREN'S GALLERY.

An Aunt (who finds the excellent Catalogue a mine of useful information). Look, BOBBY, dear (reading). "Here we have CONSTANTINE's Cat, as seen in the 'Nights of Straparola,' an Italian romancist, whose book was translated into French in the year 1585—"

Bobby (disappointed). Oh, then it isn't Puss in Boots!

A Genial Grandfather (pausing before "Crusoe and Friday"). Well, PERCY, my boy, you know who that is, at all events—eh?

Percy. I suppose it is STANLEY—but it's not very like.

The G. G. STANLEY!—Why, bless my soul, never heard of Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday?

Percy. Oh, I've heard of them, of course—they come in Pantomimes—but I like more grown-up sort of books myself, you know. Is this girl asleep, She?

The G. G. No—at least—well, I expect it's "The Sleeping Beauty." You remember her, of course—all about the ball, and the glass slipper, and her father picking a rose when the hedge grew round the palace, eh?

Percy. Ah, you see, Grandfather, you had more time for general reading than we get. (He looks through a practicable cottage window.) Hallo, a Dog and a Cat. Not badly stuffed!

The G. G. Why that must be "Old Mother Hubbard." (Quoting from memory). "Old Mother Hubbard sat in a cupboard, eating a Christmas pie—or a bone was it?"

Percy. Don't know. It's not in Selections from British Poetry, which we have to get up for "rep."

The Aunt (reading from Catalogue). "The absurd amblings of this antique person, and the equally absurd antics of her dog, need no recapitulation." Here's a "Jack the Giant Killer" next. Listen, BOBBY, to what it says about him here. (Reads.) "It is clearly the last transmutation of the old British legend told by GEOFFREY of Monmouth, of CORINEUS the Trojan, the companion of the Trojan BRUTUS, when he first settled in Britain. More than this"—I hope you're listening, BOBBY?—"more than this, it is quite evident, even to the superficial student of Greek mythology, that many of the main incidents and ornaments are borrowed from the tales of HESIOD and HOMER." Think of that, now!

[BOBBY thinks of it, with depression.

The G. G. (before figure of Aladdin's Uncle selling new lamps for old). Here you are, you see! "Ali Baba," got 'em all here, you see. Never read your "Arabian Nights," either! Is that the way they bring up boys nowadays!

Percy. Well, the fact is, Grandfather, that unless a fellow reads that kind of thing when he's young, he doesn't get a chance afterwards.

The Aunt (still quoting). "In the famous work," BOBBY, "by which we know MAS'UDI, he mentions the Persian Hezar Afsane-um-um-um,—nor have commentators failed to notice that the occasion of the book written for the Princess HOMAI resembles the story told in the Hebrew Bible about ESTHER, her mother or grandmother, by some Persian Jew two or three centuries B.C." Well, I never knew that before! . . . This is "Sindbad and the Old Man of the Sea"—let's see what they say about him. (Reads.) "Both the story of Sindbad and the old Basque legend of Tartaro are undoubtedly borrowed from the Odyssey of HOMER, whose Iliad and Odyssey were translated into Syriac in the reign of HARUN-UR-RASHID." Dear, dear, how interesting, now! and, BOBBY, what do you think someone says about "Jack and the Beanstalk"? He says—"this tale is an allegory of the Teutonic Al-fader, the red hen representing the all-producing sun; the moneybags, the fertilising rain; and the harp, the winds." Well, I'm sure it seems likely enough, doesn't it?

[BOBBY suppresses a yawn; PERCY's feelings are outraged by receiving a tin trumpet from the Lucky Tub; general move to the scene of the Hampstead Tragedy.

## Before the Hampstead Tableau.

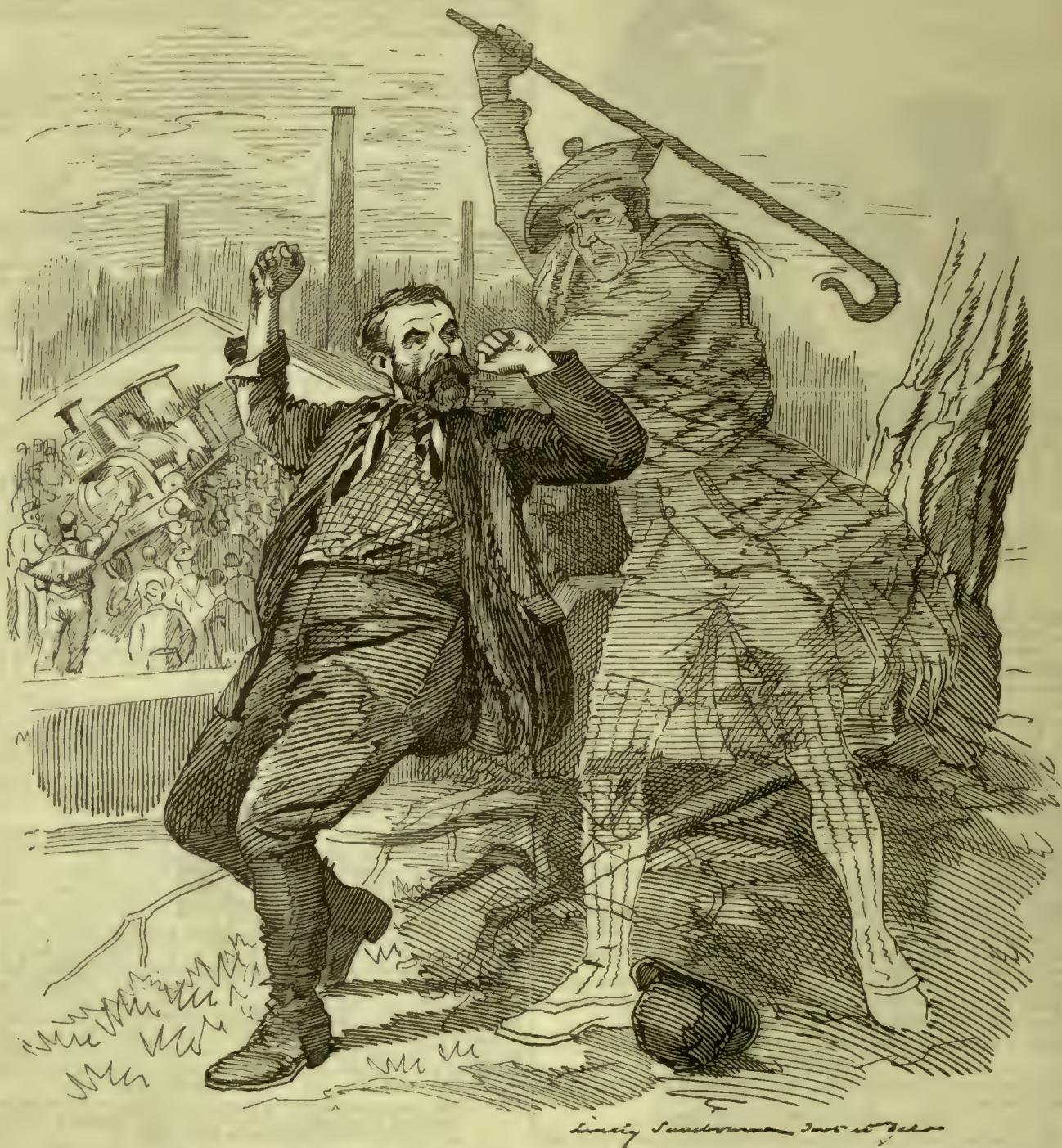
Spectators. Dear, dear, there's the dresser, you see, and the window, broken and all; it's wonderful how they can do it! And there's poor Mrs. 'Oge—it's real butter and a real loaf she's cutting, and the poor baby, too! . . . Here's the actual casts taken after they were murdered. Oh, and there's Mrs. PEABODY wheeling the perambulator—it's the very perambulator! No, not the very one—they've got that at the other place, and the piece of toffee the baby sucked. Have they really! Oh, we must try and go there, too, before the children's holidays are over. And this is all? Well, well, everything very nice, I will say. But a pity they couldn't get the real perambulator!



## BURNS VERSUS BURNS.

A SONG OF THE GREAT SCOTCH STRIKE.

TUNE—"Push about the Jorum!"



"Oh, let us not like snarling tykes,  
In wrangling be divided;  
Till slap comes in an unco loon  
And with a rung decide it.  
Be Britain still to Britain true,  
Among ourselves united;  
For never but by British hands  
Maun British wrongs be righted!"

ROBERT BURNS'S "Dumfries Volunteers."

Shade of BURNS, loquitur:—

O, rantin' roarin' JOHNNY BURNS,  
My namesake—in a fashion,

You do my Scots the warst o' turns  
Sae stirrin' up their passion.  
Whence come ye, JOHNNY? Frae the Docks?  
Or frae the County Council?  
Sure Scots can do their ain hard knocks;  
We take your brag and bounce ill!  
Fal de ral, &c.

Does Cockneydom invasion threat?  
Then let the louns beware, Sir!  
Scotland, they'll find, is Scotland yet,  
And for hersel' can fare, Sir.

The Thames shall run to join the Tweed,  
Criffel adorn Thames valley,  
'Ere wanton wrath and vulgar greed  
On Scottish ground shall rally.  
Fal de ral, &c.

A man's a man for a' that, JOHN,  
And ane's as good as tither;  
But that ship's crew is fated, JOHN,  
That mutinies in bad weather.  
Nae flouts to "honest industry"  
Shall fa' frae the Exciseman;



But ane who blaws up strife like  
this,  
Wisdom deems not a wise man.  
Fal de ral, &c.

Soot business may be out o' tune,  
True harmony may fail in't,  
But deil a cockney tinkler loon  
We need to rant and rail in't.  
Our fathers on occasion fought,  
And so can we, if needed;  
But windy words with frenzy fraught  
Sound Soots should pass unheeded.  
Fal de ral, &c.

Let toilers not, like snarling tykes,  
In wrangling be divided,  
Till foreign Trade, which marks our  
Strikes,  
Steps in, and we're derided.  
Be Scotland still to Scotland true,  
Amang ourselves united;  
'Tis not by firebrands, JOHN, like you  
Our wrangs shall best be righted.  
Fal de ral, &c.

The knave who'd crush the toilers  
down,  
And him, his true-born brither,  
Who'd set the mob aboon the Crown,  
Should be kicked out together.  
Go, JOHN! Learn temperance, banish  
spleen!  
Soots cherish throne and steeple,  
But while we sing "God save the  
Queen,"  
We won't forget the People.  
Fal de ral, &c.

A LENGTHY NOVEL.—*A Thousand Lines of Her Own*, in 3000 vols., by the Authoress of *A Line of Her Own*, in 3 vols. N.B.—What a long line this must be to occupy three vols. ! A work of and for a lifetime.



### THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

*Small Stranger (to Master of the house). "OW MY! THE GENTLEMAN AS OPENS THE DOOR WILL GIVE IT YEE, IF YEE RING THAT BELL!"*

### OPERATIC GOSSIP.

DURING the preparation of Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN's new Opera, *Ivanhoe*, a grave objection to the subject occurred to him, which was, that one of the chief personages in the *dramatis personæ* must be "Gilbert"—i.e., *Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert*. True, that *Sir Brian* is the villain of the piece, but this, to Sir ARTHUR's generous disposition, only made matters worse. It was evident that he couldn't change the character's name to *Sir Brian de Bois-Sullivan*, and Mr. D'OYLEY CARTE refused to allow his name to appear in the bill except as Lessee. "I can't put him in simply as *Sir Brian*," said the puzzled Composer, "unless I make him an Irishman, and I don't think my librettist will consent to take this liberty with SCOTT's novel." "But the name in the Opera isn't pronounced the same as W. S. G.'s," objected D'OYLEY. "It will be outside the Opera by ninety out of a hundred," answered Sir ARTHUR. "But," continued D'OYLEY, persistently, "it isn't spelt the same." "No," replied Sir ARTHUR, "that's the worst of it; there's 'u' and 'i' in it; we're both mixed up with this *Guilbert*." Fortunately, the Composer and the Author made up their quarrel, and as a memento of the happy termination to the temporary misunderstanding, Sir ARTHUR, in a truly generous mood, designed to call the character "*Sir Brian de Bois-Gilbert-and-Sullivan*." Whether the mysterious librettist, whose name has only lately been breathed in the public ear, insisted on SCOTT's original name being retained or not, it is now pretty certain that there will be no departure from the great novelist's original nomenclature.

A BREACH OF VERACITY.—According to the papers, the Chief Secretary's Lodge in Dublin is blocked with parcels of clothing designed for the poor in the West of Ireland, sent in response to the request of Lord ZETLAND and Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR. We understand there is no truth in the report, that amongst the first arrivals was a parcel containing Mr. O'BRIEN's br—s, with a note explaining, that as he was about to go to prison again, he had no further use for the article.

NEW IRISH DRINK.—The Parnellite "Split."

### A REMINISCENCE OF C. K.

THE excellent article in the *Times* on the 6th inst. upon CHARLES KEENE was worthy of its subject. The writer in the *P. M. G.* of a day earlier performed his self-imposed task with a judicious and loving hand, and, as far as I can judge, his account of our lamented colleague seems to be correct. As to our CARLO's Mastership in his Black-and-White Art, there can be but one opinion among Artists. Those who possess the whole of the *Once a Week* series will there find admirable specimens of CHARLES KEENE in a more serious vein. His most striking effects were made as if by sudden inspiration. I remember a story which exactly illustrates my meaning. An artistic friend was in KEENE's studio, while CARLO was at work, pipe in mouth, of course. "I can't understand," said his friend, "how you produce that effect of distance in so small a picture." "O—um—easy enough," replied KEENE. "Look here,"—and—he did it. But when and how he gave the touch which made the effect, his friend, following his work closely, was unable to discover. F. C. B.

PARS ABOUT PICTURES.—There is always something fresh coming out at Messrs. DOWDESWELL's Articultural Garden in Bond Street. Their latest novelty is the result of a caravan tour from Dieppe to Nice ("Dieppend upon it, he found it very nice!" said Young PAR, regardless of propriety and pronunciation) by Mr. C. P. SAINTON. CHARLES COLLINS utilised such an expedition from a literary point of view in his inimitable "*Cruise upon Wheels*," and this young artist has turned similar wanderings to good artistic account. His *cartes de visite*—no, I beg pardon, his *caravans de visite*—are numerous and varied. Verily, my brethren, all is caravanity! Not altogether, for Mr. SAINTON, in addition to returning with his caravan and himself, has brought back an interesting collection of original and delicate works in oil and silver-point—in short, taken every caravantage of his special opportunities. Yours pariously, OLD PAR.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR 'WARSHIPS.'"—Twenty-three American ships, 118 guns, and 3,000 men; six British ships, 52 guns, 1,229 men; and seven German ships, 42 guns, and 1,500 men—all in "Pacific" waters! Looks like Pacific, doesn't it?



## MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELS.

## No. XI.—THE BOOK OF KOOKARIE.

By READER FAGHARD, Author of "Queen Bathsheba's Evers," "Yaron," "Guess," "Me," "My Ma's at Penge," "Smallun Halfboy," "General Porridge, D.T.," "Me a Kiss," "The Hemisphere's Wish," &c., &c.

[IN a long communication which accompanied the MS. of this novel, the Author gives a description of his literary method. We have only room for a few extracts. "I have been accused of plagiarism. I reply that the accusation is ridiculous. Nature is the great plagiarist, the sucker of the brains of authors. There is no situation, however romantic or grotesque, which Nature does not sooner or later appropriate. Therefore the more natural an author is, the more liable is he to envious accusations of plagiarism . . . . . Humour may often be detected in an absence of leg-coverings. A naval officer is an essentially humorous object . . . . . As to literary style, it can be varied at pleasure, but the romantic Egyptian and the plain South African are perhaps best. In future my motto will be, 'Ars Langa Rider brevis,' and a very good motto too. I like writing in couples. Personally I could never have bothered myself to learn up all these quaint myths and literary fairy tales, but LANG likes it."]

## CHAPTER I.

MY name is SMALLUN HALFBOY, a curious name for an old fellow like me, who have been battered and knocked about all over the world from Yorkshire to South Africa. I'm not much of a hand at writing, but, bless your heart, I know the *Bab Ballads* by heart, and I can tell you it's no end of a joke quoting them everywhere, especially when you quote out of an entirely different book. I am not a brave man, but nobody ever was a surer shot with an Express longbow, and no one ever killed more Africans, men and elephants, than I have in my time. But I do love blood. I love it in regular rivers all over the place, with gashes and slashes and lopped heads and arms and legs rolling about everywhere. Black blood is the best variety; I mean the blood of black men, because nobody really cares twopence about them, and you can massacre several thousands of them in half-a-dozen lines and offend no single soul. And, after all, I am not certain that black men have any souls, so that makes things safe all round, as someone says in the *Bab Ballads*.

## CHAPTER II.

I WAS staying with my old friend Sir HENRY HURTUS last winter at his ancestral home in Yorkshire. We had been shooting all day with indifferent results, and were returning home fagged and weary with our rifles over our shoulders. I ought to have mentioned that COODENT—of course, you remember Captain COODENT, R.N.—was of the party. Ever since he had found his legs so much admired by an appreciative public, he had worn a kilt without stockings, in order to show them. This, however, was not done from vanity, I think, but rather from a high sense of duty, for he felt that those who happened to be born with personal advantages ought not to be deterred by any sense of false modesty from gratifying the reading public by their display. Lord, how we had laughed to see him struggling through the clinging brambles in Sir HENRY's coverts with his eye-glass in his eye and his Express at the trail. At every step his unfortunate legs had been more and more torn, until there was literally not a scrap of sound skin upon them anywhere. Even the beaters, a stolid lot, had roared when old VELVETENS the second keeper had brought up to poor COODENT a lump of flesh from his right leg, which he had found sticking on a thorn-bush in the centre of the high covert. Suddenly Sir HENRY stopped and shaded his eyes with his hand anxiously. We all imitated him, though for my part, not being a sportsman, I had no notion what was up. "What's the time of day, Sir HENRY?" I ventured to whisper. Sir HENRY never looked at me, but took out his massive gold Winchester repeater and consulted it in a low voice. "Four thirty," I heard him say, "they are about due." Suddenly there was a whirling noise in the distance. "Duck, duck!" shouted Sir HENRY, now thoroughly aroused. I immediately did so, ducked right down in fact, for I did not know what might be coming, and I am a very timid man. At that moment I heard a joint report from Sir HENRY and COODENT. It gave on the

whole a very favourable view of the situation, and by its light I saw six fine mallard, four teal and three widgeon come hurtling down, as dead as so many door-nails, and much heavier on the top of my prostrate body.

When I recovered Sir HENRY was bending over me and pouring brandy down my throat. COODENT was sitting on the ground binding up his legs. "My dear old friend," said Sir HENRY, in his kindest tone, "this Yorkshire is too dangerous. My mind is made up. This very night we all start for Mariannakookaland. There at least our lives will be safe."

## CHAPTER III.

WE were in Mariannakookaland. We had been there a month travelling on, ever on, over the parching wastes, under the scorching African sun which all but burnt us in our *treks*. Our *Veldt* slippers were worn out, and our pace was consequently reduced to the merest *Kraal*. At rare intervals during our adventurous march, we had seen Stars and heard of Echoes, but now not a single *Kopje* was left, and we were trudging along mournfully with our blistered *tongas* protruding from our mouths.

Suddenly Sir HENRY spoke—"SMALLUN, my old friend," he said, "do you see anything in the distance?"

I looked intently in the direction indicated, but could see nothing but the horizon. "Look again," said Sir HENRY. I swept the distance with my glance. It was a sandy, arid distance, and, naturally enough, a small cloud of dust appeared. Then a strange thing happened. The cloud grew and grew. It came rolling towards us with an unearthly noise. Then it seemed to be cleft in two, as by lightning, and from its centre came marching towards us a mighty army of Amazonian warriors, in battle-array, chanting the war-song of the Mariannakookas. I must confess that my first instinct was to fly, my second to run, my third, and best, to remain rooted to the spot. When the army came within ten yards of us, it stopped, as if by magic, and a stout Amazon, of forbidding aspect, who seemed to be the Commander-in-Chief, advanced to the front. On her head she wore an immense native jelibag, tricked out with feathers; her breast was encased in a huge silver *tureen*. Her waist was encircled with a broad girdle, in which were stuck all manner of deadly arms, *stuhpans*, *sorspans*, *spihls*, and *deesheclouts*. In her left hand she carried a deadly-looking *kaster*, while in her right she brandished a massive *rolinpin*, a frightful weapon, which produces internal wounds of the most awful kind. Her regiments were similarly armed, save that, in their case, the breast-covering was made of inferior metal, and they wore no feathers in their head-dress. The Commander held up her hand. Instantly the war-song ceased. Then the Commander addressed us, and her voice sounded like the song of them that address the *butchaboy*s in the morning. And this was the *torque* she hurled at us,—

"Then a strange thing happened."

internal wounds of the most awful kind. Her regiments were similarly armed, save that, in their case, the breast-covering was made of inferior metal, and they wore no feathers in their head-dress. The Commander held up her hand. Instantly the war-song ceased. Then the Commander addressed us, and her voice sounded like the song of them that address the *butchaboy*s in the morning. And this was the *torque* she hurled at us,—

## CHAPTER IV.

"Oh, wanderers from a far country, I am She-who-will-never-Obey, the Queen of the Mariannakookas. I rule above, and in neither regions, where there is Eternal Fire. Behold my Word goes forth, and the Ovens are made hot, and the *Kee-chen-boi-lars* are filled with Water. Over me no Mistress holds sway. All whom I meet I keep in subjection, save only the *Weeklibuks*; them I keep not down, for they delight me. And the land over which I reign is made glad with fat and much stored up *Dripi*. Who are ye, and what seek ye here? Speak ere it be too late!" And as she ceased the whole army broke forth into a chorus, "She-who-will-never-Obey has spoken! The Word is gone forth! Speak, speak!" I confess I was alarmed, and my fears were not diminished when two of the *Skulimehds* (a sort of native camp-follower) came up to COODENT and me, and actually began to make love to us in the most forward manner. But Sir HENRY maintained his calm demeanour. "She-who-will-never-Obey," he said, "we are peaceful traders. We bring no Commission—" how his sentence would have ended will never be known. Certain it is that what he said roused the Amazons to a frenzy of passion. They yelled and danced round us. "He who





brings no Commission must die!" they shouted; and in a moment we found ourselves bound tightly hand-and-foot, and marching as prisoners of war in the centre of the Mariannakookaland army.

## CHAPTER V.

It is unnecessary to go through the details of our marvellous escape from the lowest dungeon of the royal Palace of SURYAN TSAUL, where for months we were immured on a constant diet of suet pudding. Of course we did escape, but only after killing ten thousand Mariannakookas, and then swimming for a mile in their blood. COODENT brought with him a very pretty *Skulrimed* who had grown attached to him, but she drooped and pined away after he lost his false teeth in crossing a river, and tried to replace them with orange-peel, a trick he had learnt at school. Sir HENRY's fight with She-who-will-never-Obey is still remembered. He will carry the marks of her nails on his cheeks to his grave. I myself am tired of wandering. "*Home, Sweet Home*," as the *Bab Ballads* have it, is the place for me.

THE END.

## AN UNREHEARSED EFFECT.

(By Our Own Recorder.)

I WENT to see the Pantomime this Christmas in our town.

We laughed enough the opening night to bring the theatre down.

The piece was *Burleybumbo, the Old Giant, and his Men*;

*Fairy Starlight, Little Popsey, and the Demon of the Glen*.

The Supers were collected from the local talent round,

And for *Burleybumbo's* servant the Blacksmith, JOHN, they found:

A stalwart varlet was required to carry off his foes

To *Burleybumbo* Castle, where he ate them as he chose.

His minions, who wore hideous masks, had nothing much to say,

So an IRVING was not wanted to do their part of the play.

On this eventful night the house was packed from roof to pit,

And the Manager was jubilant at having made a hit.

The Curtain drawing slowly up, revealed a flowery glade,

In which the *Fairy Starlight* and her lovely maidens played.

The wicked Demon then came on, and round the stage did glower;

No mortal man could e'er withstand his wrath or evil power.

Last of all came *Burleybumbo* with his crew, a motley horde,

Our old friend, Blacksmith JOHN, was in attendance on his lord.

They were singing and carousing, when a man rushed in to say

That a dozen wealthy travellers were coming down that way.

The band dispersed, and hid themselves, in hopes that they might plunder

The unsuspecting wayfarers. Alas! now came the blunder:

Old JOHN he wouldn't hide himself, but coolly walked about

Advancing to the footlights, he looked around—but hark! a shout:—

"Confound you! Dash my—! Just come off! Hi, you! Who are you? JOHN!"

"Not if I know it, jolly old pal! I've only just come on!"

Thus saying, he lumbered round the stage. The Prompter's heart had sunk:

No doubt about the matter—*Burleybumbo's* man is drunk!

"Come off! Come off!" from every wing was now the angry cry.

"Me off, indeed! Oh, would yer? Sh'like to see the feller try!"

*Burleybumbo* then appeared, and vainly tried to drag him back.

JOHN stove his pasteboard head in with a most refreshing crack.

The wicked Demon now rushed on; his supernatural might

Was very little use to him on this surprising night.

He tried to push him down the glade, but here again JOHN sold him;

He caught the Demon round the waist, and at the Prompter bowled him.

Ah! such a shindy ne'er was seen, such riot and such rage—

It was the finest "rally" ever seen on any stage!

'Mid shrieks and cat-calls, whistles shrill, hysterics and guffaws,

They rang the Curtain down amidst uproarious applause.

The piece is still a great success, but, I regret to say,

JOHN's name appears no longer in the bills of that fine play!

## NOT INSIDE OUT.

FAIR Maiden, you're looking a vision of beauty,

You may comfort yourself you've no rival to fear;

But you won't take it ill if I feel it my duty

To whisper a word of advice in your ear.

Now, the word would be this—when the daylight is dawning,

Or, at any rate, when it's more early than late,

Pray remember the coachman, who, fitfully yawning

Outside in the street, finds it weary to wait.

You reck not at all of the hours that are fleeting,

You ask for an "extra"—you can't be denied.

But though, doubtless, soft nothings may set your heart beating,

Yet they're awfully cold for the people outside.

Want of thought, not of heart, is the reason as ever,

So if you find leisure to read through this rhyme,

When you order your carriage, in future endeavour

To prevent any waiting—by being in time.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Publisher of *The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine*, earnestly requests the reviewer, appealing to his heart in the reddest of red ink, on a slip of paper pasted on to the cover of the Magazine, to extract and quote more than one column of "Talleyrand's

Memoirs," which appear in this number for January. The Publisher of the *C. I. M. M.* does not appeal personally to the Baron—who is now the last, bar one, of the Barons, and that bar one is one at the Bar,—but, for all that, the Baron hereby and hereon takes his solumest Half-a-Davey or his entire Davey, that he will not write, engrave, or represent, or cause to be, &c., for purposes of quotation, one single word, much less line, of *Tallyho*—beg pardon, of *Talleyrand*,—extracts from whose memoirs are now appearing in the aforesaid *C. I. M. M.* But all he will say at present is this, that, if the secret and private Memoirs haven't got in them anything more thrilling or startling, or out of the mereat common-place, than appears in this number of the *C. I. M. M.*, then the Baron will say that he would prefer reading such contributions as M. de BLOWITZ's story of "How he became a Special," or *The Pigmies of the African Forest* by HENRY M. STANLEY in the same number of this Mag.

What the Baron dearly loves is, ELLIOT STOCK-IN-TRADE'S *The Book-worm*, always most interesting to Book-worms, and almost as interesting to Book-grubs or Book-butterflies. By the way, the publishing office of *The Book-worm* ought to be in Grub Street. For what sort of fish is *The Book-worm* an attractive bait? I suppose there are queer fish in the Old Book trade that can take in any number of Book-worms, as is shown from a modern instance, well and wisely commented upon in this very number for January, No. 38, which is excellent food for worms; the whole series, indeed, must be a very Diet of Worms. Success to the *Book-worm*! May it grow to double the size, and be a glow-worm, to enlighten us in the by-paths of literature. "Prosit!" says the Baron.

I would that some one would write of BROWNING's work as HENRY VAN DYKE has written of TENNYSON's. To the superficial and cursory reader of the Laureate, the Baron, sitting by the fire on a winter's night, the wind howling over the sea, and the snow drifting against the window, and being chucked in handfuls down the chimney, and frizzling on the fire, says, get this book, published by ELKIN MATHEWS: *ça donne à penser*, and this is its great merit. "Come into the Garden, Maud"—no, thank you, not to-night; but give me my shepherd's pipe, with the fragrant bird's-eye in it, with *rev'ryor*, while I sit by the cheerful fire, in the best of good company—my books.

Our Mr. GRIFFITHS (CHESTER, MAYHEW, BROOME, AND GRIFFITHS) has been all the way *From Bedford Row to Swaziland*, and has written a lively narrative of his perilous journey. He went on a professional retainer. You don't catch Bedford Row in Swaziland on other terms. Being there, he kept his eyes open, saw a good deal, and describes his impressions in racy fashion. He did not like the coffee served *en route*, and was disappointed with the Southern Cross; but on the whole enjoyed the trip. One would naturally expect that the price of his book would be six-and-eightpence, or, regarding it in the form of a letter, three-and-fourpence, but BRADBURY, AGNEW, & Co. issue it at a shilling.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS &amp; Co.







### WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

*Our Artist.* "WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE THE PORTRAITS, MISS BUNNY? THE SITTERS ARE ALL OLD FRIENDS OF YOURS, I BELIEVE?"  
*Miss Bunny (triumphantly).* "YES; AND, ONLY THINK, I'VE ACTUALLY MANAGED TO GUESS THEM ALL!"

### ARBITRATION.

*Seal, suddenly emerging, loquitur:—*

BELAY, you two lubbers, avast there! avast there!  
 What signifies squalling and squabbling?  
 You're both argufying a good bit too fast there,  
 Whilst that which you stand on seems wobbling.  
 You'll be in a mess, Messmates, shortly, the pair of you.  
 Give me a thought in the matter!  
*My interest's at stake, and it isn't quite fair of you]*  
 Me to ignore 'midst your clatter.

If 'twere not for me, Mates, this cold Behring's Sea, Mates,  
 Would hardly strike you as so tempting.  
 Do grant your poor prey, if I may make so free, Mates,  
 From slaughter some annual exempting!  
 I'm worried and walloped without intermission  
 Until even family duties  
 Quite fail, whilst your countrymen cudgel and fish on.  
 By Jingo, some of 'em are beauties!

My poor wife and children have not half a chance, Mates.  
 That's not to your interest, I reckon.  
 Cease shindy, and on a new course make advance, Mates,  
 Where sense and humanity beckon.  
 There's not much of either in cruelly clubbing  
 My progeny all out of season;  
 And if you are bent upon mutual'drubbing,  
 You must quite have parted with reason.

*Mare clausum*, be blowed! That's all BLAINE's big bow-wow,  
 Mates.

Men can't thus monopolize oceans.  
 Diplomacy must find a compromise now, Mates,  
 And, well—I have told you my notions.  
 Give me a close-time,—I shall be very grateful—  
 And leave the Sea open! What more, Mates?  
 For brothers like you to be huffing, is hateful.  
 Be friends, think of me, and—*bong swoor*, Mates!

[*Dives under.*]

### UP-TO-TIME TABLE, FROM THE NORTH.

	Morning Fast.	Mineral and Parl.	General Express.	Traffic and Even. Mail.
Edinburgh	7 A.M. to			
Waverley Station) :	9'30	11 A.M. A	Noon F	9 P.M. L
Carlisle . . . . .	12'15	...	...	...
Hawick . . . . .	4'30	B	...	...
Galaahels . . . . .	9'45	...	2'15 G	1 A.M. M
Motherwell . . . . .	1 P.M. (Stopped by riot)	4 P.M. C	3'19 H	3 20 N
St. Margaret's Works	3'30	5 D	...	...
Perth . . . . .	9'45 A.M.	...	11 26 I	...
Glasgow . . . . .	12'30 P.M.	...	...	...
Aberfeldy . . . . .	6'13	...	...	...
Dundee . . . . .	1 12 A.M.	3 A.M. to 9	...	...
Inverness . . . . .	9'23	...	3'5 J	...
Aberdeen . . . . .	11'6	7 P.M. P E	1 A.M. K	O

A—Takes delayed pig-iron and third-class passengers. B—Half of train stops here through breaking an axle-pin. C—Passengers, for protection, get under seats of carriages. D—Stops for repairs. E—Having had a collision at the junction for Aberfeldy, will come on, if there are any passengers equal to finishing the journey.

F—Starts under the management of a Director, and, owing to a misunderstanding, dashes off to Aberdeen, without stopping. G—Doesn't stop, but knocks over a station-master. H—Is pelted as it tears through the station by *ex-employés*. I—Knocks over another station-master. J—Meets a pilot-engine, which it splits in half. K—Goes at full speed through the end of the terminus, depositing the passengers in a heap in the middle of the town.

L—Train starts, made up of horse-boxes and luggage-vans full of three weeks' arrears of parcels, first-class carriages, Post-office van, fifty coal-trucks, and a wild beast show, the Directors wishing to make up for lost time. M—Train breaking down here, mail and passengers only forwarded. N—Train attacked by rioters. Pitched battle with the passengers. O—Telegram from Motherwell saying, that owing to police intervention, train starts the day after to-morrow.





## ARBITRATION.

THE SEAL. "BELAY, YOU TWO JOHNNIES!—AVAST QUARRELLING! GIVE ME A 'CLOSE-TIME,' AND LEAVE THE 'SEA' AN OPEN QUESTION."









## SHOCKING!

*Fair New-Englanders (spending the Winter in the Old Country). "OH, WHAT A LOVE! AND IS IT THE FIRST YOU HAVE SHOT THIS YEAR, CAPTAIN RASPER?"*

## TOO CIVIL BY HALF; OR, PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

*(A Drama Founded—more or less—upon Facts.)*

ACT I.—"PAST."—Interior of the Savings Bank Department of the G.P.O. Employés engaged upon their work. The hour for customary cessation of labour strikes.

*Official of a Higher Grade.* Officers and Gentlemen, the exigencies of the Public Service require your presence for some time longer. I beg you to continue your work.

*A Hundred Employés.* Never! *(Aside.)* Ha! ha! the employment of Female Clerks is avenged!

*Off. (almost in tears).* Reconsider your decision, I beg—I implore!

*Another Hundred Employés.* Never! *(Aside.)* Seven hours a day and no longer—shall be secured at one fell swoop!

*Off. (with indescribable emotion).* Oh, my country! Oh, my Savings Bank Depositors! Oh, my dignity of the Civil Service!

*[Faints in the arms of faithful Employés, whilst the other Clerks defiantly depart. Tableau.]*

ACT II.—"PRESENT."—Magnificent apartments of the P.-M.-Gen. in the G.P.O. Deputation of contrite Employés listening to the eloquent speech of their Official Chief.

*P. M. G. (in effect).* I am delighted that you are such good fellows. Your conduct in owning that you were wrong in refusing to work after regular official hours, almost effaces a painful page in the history of St. Martin's-le-Grand. Let it be clearly understood that extra work is not compulsory, but, if not undertaken, may lead (as in the present instance) to immediate suspension, if not dismissal. Surely no one can object to that? *(Contrite Officials express mournful approval.)* And now good-bye, and A Happy New Year. As for the future—hope, my good friends, hope!

*[Exeunt the contrite Employés, leaving the Officials of a Higher Grade agitating the nerves controlling their eyelids spasmodically.]*

ACT III.—"FUTURE."—Same Scene as Act I. Venerable Employés discovered, after twenty years' further service.

*First Venerable Employé.* Remember the words spoken a score of winters ago—Hope, brother, hope!

*Second Venerable Employé.* Yes—Hope, brother, hope!

*[As the Scene closes, the entire Establishment are left continuing the self-sustaining, but rather profitless employment, indefinitely. Curtain.]*

*A Son of the Pool. By the Author of A Daughter of the Pyramids.*

## Charles Keene.

BORN AUGUST 10, 1823. DIED JANUARY 4, 1891.

WHAT words avail to honour friends departed,  
Gone from the gatherings which so long they graced?  
What phrase seems fit when comrades loyal-hearted  
Mourn a loved presence late by death displaced?

No formal elegiacs fashioned coldly,  
Besem the memory of that manly soul,  
Whose simple, downright spirit trod so boldly  
Life's most sequestered ways from start to goal.

Not rank's trim pleasaunce, nor parades of fashion  
Tempted his genius; his the great highway  
Where, free from courtly pride and modish passion,  
Toil tramps, free humours crowd, rough wastrels stray.

Therein his magic pencil laboured gladly,  
Fixing for ever on his chosen page  
In forms fond memory now reviews so sadly  
The crowded pageant of a passing age.

What an array! How varied a procession!  
The humours of the parlour, shop, and street;  
Philistia's every calling, craft, profession,  
Cockneydom's cheery cheek and patter fleet.

Scotch dryness, Irish unction and cajolery,  
Waiterdom's wiles, Deacondom's pomp of port;  
Rustic simplicity, domestic drollery,  
The freaks of Service and the fun of Sport;

And all with such true art, so fine, unfailing,  
Of touch so certain, and of charm so fresh,  
As to lend dignity to Cabmen railing,  
To fustianed clods and fogies full of flesh.

Nor human humours only; who so tender  
Of touch when sunny Nature out-of-doors  
Wooded his deft pencil? Who like him could render  
Meadow or hedgerow, turnip-field, or moor?

Snowy perspective, long suburban winding  
Of bowery road-way, villa-edged and trim,  
Iron-railed city street, where gas-lamps blinding  
Glare through the foggy distance dense and dim?

All with that broad free force, whose fascination  
All felt, and artists most, that dexterous sleight  
Which gave our land the unchallenged consummation  
Of graphic mastery in Black-and-White.

Pleasant to dwell on, and a proud possession,  
Now the tired hand that shaped that world is still,  
Leaving an ineffaceable impression  
Upon the age that fired its force and skill.

Honoured abroad as loved at home, how ample,  
The tribute to that modest spirit paid!  
To pushing quackery a high example,  
A calm rebuke to egotist parade!

Frank, loyal, unobtrusive, simple-hearted,  
Loving his book, his pipe, his song, his friend,  
Peaceful he lived and peacefully departed,  
A gentle life-course, with a gracious end.

Irreparable loss to Art, deep sorrow  
To those his comrades, who so loved the man,  
And who had hoped for many a sunny morrow  
To greet that gallant spirit in the van.

That tall, spare form, that curl-crowned head, the  
knitting  
Of supple hands behind it as he sat,  
That quaint face-wrinkling smile like sunshine flitting,  
The droll, dry comment, the quotation pat;

The small oft-loaded pipe, of ancient moulding,  
The brazen box that held the well-loved weed;  
Who shall forget who once was graced by holding  
In friendship's clasp the hand now still indeed?

Farewell, great artist, comrade staunch and loyal!  
Few simpler lives our feverish age hath seen;  
Could pomp high-pinnaled, or trappings royal,  
Add honour to the memory of CHARLES KEENE?



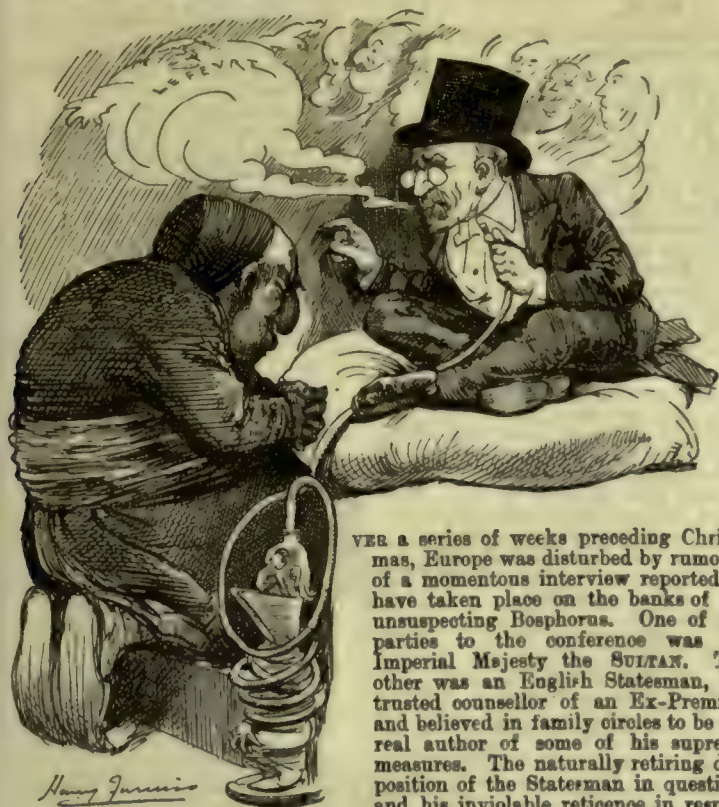


GOBLIN TRANSFORMATION SCENE FROM THE IRISH EXTRAVAGANZA OF THE O'RIIP VAN WINKLE.

*Where the Home-Ruler of Brit's time awakes to find all the would-be dic-tators suddenly become mere mushrooms.*



## THE SHAH (LEFEVRE) AND THE SULTAN.



VER a series of weeks preceding Christmas, Europe was disturbed by rumours of a momentous interview reported to have taken place on the banks of the unsuspecting Bosphorus. One of the parties to the conference was his Imperial Majesty the SULTAN. The other was an English Statesman, the trusted counsellor of an Ex-Premier, and believed in family circles to be the real author of some of his supreme measures. The naturally retiring disposition of the Statesman in question, and his inviolable reticence in respect of any matter concerning himself, made

it difficult to arrive at the truth. Doubtless the stupendous event—the possible consequences of which on European affairs Time will work out—would have remained for ever hidden but for the ruthless action of “the London Correspondents of various provincial papers, who gave in their London letters more or less inaccurate reports of the event.” How they came to know anything about it admits of only one conclusion. *The SULTAN must have told them.* The event was too important to be left to this haphazard kind of record, and, accordingly, the *Speaker* has been favoured with a narrative of what took place, the signature disclosing the fact that the other party to the interview was the SHAH LEFEVRE.

The SHAH's account, regarded as a record of a historical event, is manifestly hampered by that modest and insatiable desire for self-effacement which marks this eminent man. We see anonymous “persons who had access to the SULTAN approaching” the SHAH, and “suggesting to him that he ought to apply for an audience.” We see him “declining to do so on the ground that, having taken an active part in the agitation in England on the subject of the Bulgarian atrocities in 1877, it would not be right that I should thrust myself on the attention of the SULTAN.” It is generally thought at Stamboul and elsewhere that Mr. GLADSTONE was chiefly responsible for the memorable agitation referred to. But the SHAH is not the man to hide the truth. Also, “I wished to be free to say what I thought about the condition of Turkey on my return to England.” That was only fair to waiting England. No use the SULTAN trying to “noble” this relentless man. So it came to pass that he went to the Palace, reluctant, but “feeling we could not refuse such a command from the Sovereign of the country.” He talked with CHAKIR PACHA and WAHAN EFFENDI; saw the SULTAN's horse; hung about for hours; no SULTAN appeared; went back to hotel quivering under the insult. Had framed telegram ordering the British Fleet to the Bosphorus, when VAMBÉRY turned up, pale and trembling; besought the SHAH to do nothing rash; explained it was all a mistake. This followed up by invitation to dine at the Palace the following day.

All this, and what followed at the dinner; how there were “excellent wines, electric lights, and a great display of plate”; how the SULTAN, concentrating his attention on the SHAH, and forgetful of poor FREDERICK HARRISON, who had, somehow, been elbowed into obscurity, paid court to this powerful personality; how he received him on the dais, and how cunningly, though ineffectually, he endeavoured to secure on the spot the evacuation of Egypt, is told in the SHAH's delicious narrative.

Mr. *Punch*, sharing in the thrilling interest this disclosure has created throughout the civilised world, has been anxious to complete the record by supplementing the SHAH's account of the interview, with the SULTAN's own version. This was, at the outset, difficult. Obstacles were thrown in the way, but they were overcome by the pertinacity and ingenuity of Our Representative, who at last found himself seated with the SULTAN on the very dais from which SHAH LEFEVRE had conferred with his Imperial Majesty whilst other of

the forty guests, “including the Austrian Ambassador,” looked on, green with envy.

“It's a curious thing,” said the SULTAN, laying down a book he had been reading when Our Representative entered, “that, when you were announced, I had just come upon a reference by your great Poet to your still greater Statesman. You know the line in *Lookandkey Hall*,—

“Oh the dreary, drear LEFEVRE! Oh the barren, barren SHAH!”

“That,” Our Representative writes, “is not precisely the line as I remember it; but I make it a rule never to correct a SULTAN.”

Accordingly His Majesty proceeded: “And so, my good Cousin, Mr. *Punch*, wants to know all about this interview, the *bruit* of which has shaken the Universe. His wishes are commands to me. In the first place, I will tell you (though this is not for publication), that it was by the merest accident I had the advantage of knowing your great countryman. I heard there had come to Constantinople one FREDERICK HARRISON, head of a sect called the Positivists. I am, you know, in my way, and within the limits of my kingdom, one of the most absolute Positivists of the age. I wanted to see the English apostle, and told them to ask him to dinner. Somehow things got mixed up, and, at the preliminary morning call, the SHAH LEFEVRE walked in. Had never heard of him before, but gathered from CHAKIR PACHA, who had been talking to WAHAN EFFENDI, who, had seen WOODS PACHA, who had spent an hour with VAMBÉRY, upon whom SHAH LEFEVRE had called, that the SHAH was really the mainspring of the Liberal Party in England, GLADSTONE being merely figure-head, HARCOURT in his pay, and CHAMBERLAIN suffering in exile under his displeasure. Allah is Good! Here was a chance thrown into my hands. I forgot all about FREDERICK HARRISON; told CHAKIR PACHA and WAHAN EFFENDI to entertain the SHAH in the ante-chamber with coffee and cigarettes, drawing him out on Armenia and Egypt. Meanwhile I crept under the sofa, and heard every word. The SHAH very stern about Armenia, could not be drawn about Egypt. At end of hour and half began to get tired under sofa; managed to stick in WAHAN EFFENDI's Wellington boot a note, on which I had written, ‘Take him to see my horse.’ So they went off to stable, and, as soon as coast was clear, I crept out; shut myself up in room for rest of day. Heard afterwards that they came back, the SHAH much impressed with appearance of my horse; resumed conversation on Armenia and Egypt for another hour; at last got rid of SHAH.

“At night VAMBÉRY, disguised as melon-seller, entered Palace and gained access to my room. Told me fearful mess had been made of matters. The SHAH really didn't care about seeing the horse; wanted to see me. Talks about ordering round the Fleet. ‘Better ask him to dinner,’ said VAMBÉRY; so despatched Grand Chamberlain in carriage and six. The SHAH mollified; gave him a good dinner: plenty of electric lights. Afterwards he was good enough to see me on the dais. Tried to get him to promise alteration in attitude of English Liberal Party towards me; also wanted him to settle at once withdrawal of troops from Egypt. But, though most urbane in manner, exceedingly cautious. Not to be drawn. Talk about Eastern statecraft! nothing to you English, as represented by your SHAH LEFEVRES. When I pressed him to come to point about Egypt, he said, ‘On this subject I can only speak my own views. I am not authorised to speak on behalf of those I am politically associated with, but personally I am opposed to the occupation of Egypt by English troops.’ There's an answer for you! Your MACHIAVELLIS, your TALLEYRANDS not in it. Felt I had wasted some time, and given away a dinner all for nothing, except the memory that will ever rest with me of having been privileged to see this remarkable man standing on my dais.”

Here the SULTAN clapped his hands three times, and Our Representative, being carefully placed in a sack, was dropped into the Bosphorus, whence he was rescued in time to send off this despatch for publication in the current Number.

ACCIDENT ON THE ICE.—The other day a gentleman, well known in the world of Sport and Art, was skating on the Serpentine, and fell in with a friend. Both were getting on well when our reporter left.



### Extract from Report of the G. O. M.'s Birthday Speech at Hawarden:—

"And I do not hesitate to betray to you this secret, that not infrequently in the summer months, when winding my way homewards after midnight, sometimes very long after it, from the House of Commons, I have stopped my course for a moment by the side of the drinking fountain in Great George Street, Westminster, when there was nobody to look at me, and have indulged in the refreshing draught which was there afforded me, feeling at the same time that I was not performing any action which could expose me to the resentment or displeasure of my excellent friend whose name is well known to you all—Sir WILFRID LAWSON."



G. O. M. (to himself). "I hope Lawson isn't looking at me."

### I'D BE A CRIMINAL.

A SONG OF THE RULING SENSATION.

TUNE—I'd be a Butterfly.

I'd be a criminal, born in a slum,  
Where refuse, and rowdies, and raggedness meet;  
For when to the court for my trial I come,  
I'll be gazed on by all that is gracious and sweet.  
Fair dames of the land will acknowledge my power,  
And Scientists sage will be slaves at my feet;  
Offers of marriage I'll get in full shower,  
And fools in my cause in their thousands will meet.  
They'll trot out each new "scientific" vagary,  
Some hope of escape to my prison to bring,  
And scribes on my case will be sportive and airy  
And tell how I look, eat, sleep, dress, talk  
Those I have butchered will get scant attention  
Interest's sure to be centred in me. [Tion,  
Painters will picture me, poets may mention,  
Beauties discuss me at five o'clock tea.  
Mad doctors will fight o'er my mental condition,  
Hypnotists swear I was somebody's tool;  
And if I'm condemned, why a Monster Petition  
Will promptly be signed by each faddist  
Murder—and good Dr. LIEGOIS of Nancy  
Will back you, LABRUYERE will help you  
I'd be a Murderer, that is my fancy. [away.  
He is the only true Hero to-day!

### THE AMUSING RATTLE'S TOPICAL NOTE-BOOK.

(For the Use of Diners-out and other Amateur Entertainers.)

*The Strike in Scotland.*—You might suggest, that were it in Ireland, one might see a rail way out of it, or rather in it. This jest may be expected to be appreciated by a parson's wife of the sharper sort. Something ought to be got out of the visit of the agitator BURNS to the North. Example of what can be done in this direction:—"People who play with fire (persons who go in for strikes) must expect BURNS." However, be careful not to say this to a Scotchman, or he may want your blood before you get to the cigarettes. North Britons are very jealous of the reputation of their national poet, and permit no jokes upon the subject. You see, in letting off your witticism at a Scotchman, you would have to explain that it was a joke. You might also hint that it was "hard lines" for the Railway Companies concerned; but this will provoke gloom rather than gaiety amongst those who have invested in Caledonians and North British. If you talk about the riots in connection with the movement, you might say that the pugnacious rioters remind you of safety matches, "for they not only strike, but strike on the box!"

*The Parnell Negotiations in France.*—You can say something about O'BRIEN's invitation to Mr. PARNELL to pay him an evening visit on the French coast, reminds you of the once popular song, "Meet me by Moonlight, Boulogne." If you are told that "Boulogne" should be "Alone," return, "Precisely—borrowed a word—Boulogne was a loan." This ought to go with roars. At a Smoking Concert you might suggest that Mr. O'BRIEN was just the man to settle a quarrel, because even when he was in prison he took an absorbing interest in the proper adjustment of breeches!

*The Row at the Post Office.*—As the Savings' Bank Department has for years been the Cinderella of the Civil Service, this is a subject that will not create much interest; however, you might possibly extract a pleasantry out of the name of the present Postmaster-General in connection with the now-appressed employees. With a little trouble you should be able to say something quite sparkling about what the "officers" hoe to Raikes!

*The Portuguese Difficulty in Africa.*—Rather a good subject at a Christmas Dinner, where relatives (on particularly affectionate and intimate terms) are gathered together. Say you have got to the dessert, and you start the subject. Observe that it is fortunate that the SULTAN OF TURKEY is not interested in the matter, or there would be further trouble of a like character. To the question, "Why?" reply, taking up a bottle of red wine to point your witticism, "would it not be a second difficulty with the *Porte*, you geese?" To make the jest perfect, connect Turkey in Europe with the *dindon aux marrons*, of which you will have just partaken.

*The Weather.*—If forced to fall back upon this venerable subject (which should only be broached in the wilds of Cornwall, or other equally primitive spots), of course you can speak of a hard frost being "an ice day for a hunting-man, although he is sure to swear at it." If the weather breaks, you may observe, "You thaw so," but not when you have to shout the quibble through the ear-trumpet of a deaf old maid. And this, with the other witticisms recorded above, should carry you (by desire) into the middle of next week.

A DEADLY KISS.—The Hotch-kiss.

### A PANTOMIMIC REVERIE.

(By a "Slipperd Pantaloon.")

TAX-GATHERERS molest one's door,  
The streets are choked with messy mist;  
I'm the proverbial Bachelor,  
An old, prosaic Pessimist.  
Yet somehow—who can tell me why?—  
Urged by the Past's dim Phantom, I'm  
Disposed my cosy Club to fly,  
And prank it at the Pantomime.  
A Phantom weird of things forgot!  
My mother, proud of me at her  
Sweet side—our yellow chariot—  
The long, long drive—the theatre—



My fear to miss—my thrill when in—  
The Fairy Queen, the jolly King—  
The laughter flung at Harlequin,  
And Pantaloon arollicking.

And sister PRUE, and brother TIM,  
(I scarcely recollected them),  
Magnificent in gala trim:

Dear me, how I respected them!  
I deemed them quite grown up, so bold  
Seemed they, glared so defiantly:  
Yet they, too, cowered to behold  
Prono before JACK the Giant lie.

Yes! Where is TIM, where PRUE, alack!  
Where mother fondly pliant now?  
Where for that matter too is JACK,  
And where the grisly Giant now?  
In lonely stall, with vacant brow  
I sit and eye the *coryphées*:  
In my time they were Fairies; now  
They seem to me but sorry fays.

The pageantry is twice as grand,  
The wealth of wealth embarrasses;  
And yet this is not elfinland

But great AUGUSTUS HARRIS'S.  
The blasé children vote it flat,  
When Mister Clown cries, "Here's a go!"  
Yes, there's the box where erst we sat  
And laughed so, sixty years ago.

The very box: I think, you know,  
The reason I'm so queer to-night  
Is merely because long ago  
Here faces were not here to-night.  
I'd best be off—Bless me! no Clown?  
No Stage?—no Past invidious?  
No Orchestra?—but simply BROWN  
Snoring the midnight hideous!

No Drury Lane?—no tinsel flare?—  
No pirouetting Bogeydom?—  
Only a Club, and one who there  
Forgot his Fogeydom!  
Welcome my Transformation Scene;  
I'm dull once more, and every  
Old Bachelor like me, I ween,  
May muse at times his reverie.



## MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELS.

## NO. XII.—THE MATE OF THE MARLINSPIKE.

(By SHARK MUSSELL; Author of "Erect with a Stove in Her," "My Gyp made to wheeze," "The Romance of a Penny Parlour," "A Hook for the Bannock," "Found the Gal on Fire," "The Mystery of the Lotion Jar," "The Jokes o' Lead," &c., &c., &c.)

"Here you are, my hearty," writes the Author, "this is a regular briny ocean story, all storms and thunderclaps and sails and rigging and soaring masts and bellying sails. How about 'avast heaving' and 'shiver my timbers,' and 'son of a sea-cook,' and all that? No, thank you; that kind of thing's played out. MARRYAT was all very well in his day, but that day's gone. The public requires stories about merchant ships, and, by Neptune, the public shall have them, with all kinds of hairy villains and tempest-tossed wrecks and human interest and no end of humour, likewise word-pictures of ships and storms. That's me. So clear the decks, and here goes."]

## CHAPTER I.

We were in mid-ocean. Over the vast expanses of the oily sea no ripple was to be seen although Captain BABBIJAM kept his binoculars levelled at the silent horizon for three-quarters of an hour by the

saloon clock. Far away in the murky distance of the mysterious empyrean, a single star flashed with a weird brilliance down upon the death-like stillness of the immemorial ocean. Yet the good old *Marlinspike* was rolling from side to side and rising and falling as if the liquid expanse were stirred by the rush of a tempest instead of lying as motionless as a country congregation during the rector's sermon. Suddenly Captain BABBIJAM closed his binoculars with an angry snap, and turned to me. His face showed of a dark purple under his white cotton night-cap.

"The silly old ship," he muttered, half to himself and half to me, "is trying to make heavy weather of it; but I'll be even with her, I'll be even with her." "You'll find it a very odd thing to do," I said to him, jocosely.

He sprang at me like a sea-horse, and reared himself to his full height before me.

"Come, Mr. TUGLEY," he continued, speaking in a low, meaning voice, "can you take a star?"

"Sometimes," I answered, humouring his strange fancy; "but there's only one about, and it seems a deuce of a long way off—however, I'll try;" and, with that, I reached my arm up in the direction of the solitary planet, which lay in the vast obscure like a small silver candlestick, with a greenish tinge in its icy sparkling, mirrored far below in the indigo flood of the abysmal sea, while a grey soud came sweeping up, no one quite knew whence, and hung about the glossy face of the silent luminary like the shreds of a wedding veil, scattered by a honey-moon quarrel across the deep spaces far beyond the hairy coamings of the booby-hatch.

"Fool!" said the Captain, softly, "I don't mean that. If you can't take a star, can you keep a watch?"

"Well, as to that, Captain," said I, half shocked and half amused at his strange questionings, "I never take my own out in a crowd. It's one of DENT's best, given me by my aunt, and I've had it for nigh upon—"

But the Captain had left me, and was at that moment engaged on his after-supper occupation of jockeying a lee yard-arm, while the first mate, Mr. SOWSTER, was doing his best to keep up with his rough commanding officer by dangling to windward on the flemish horse, which, as it was touched in the wind and gone in the forelegs, stumbled violently over the buttery hatchway and hurled its venture-some rider into the hold.

## CHAPTER II.

On the following morning we were all sitting in the palatial saloon of the *Marlinspike*. We were all there, all the characters, that is to say, necessary for the completion of a first class three-volume ocean novel. On my right sat the cayenne-peppery Indian Colonel, a small man with a fierce face and a tight collar, who roars like a bull and

says, "Zounds, Sir," on the slightest provocation. Opposite to him was his wife, a Roman-nosed lady, with an imperious manner, and a Colonel-subduing way of curling her lip. On my left was the funny man. As usual he was of a sea-green colour, and might be expected at any moment to stagger to a port-hole and call faintly for the steward. Further down the table sat two young nincompoops, brought on board specially in order that they might fulfil their destiny, and fill out my story, by falling in love with the fluff-haired English girl who was sitting between them, and pouting equally and simultaneously at both. There was also the stout German who talks about "de sturm und der vafes." And beside him was the statuesque English beauty, whose eyes are of the rich blackness of the tropic sky, whose voice has a large assortment of sudden notes of haughtiness, while the studied insolence of her manner first freezes her victims and then incontinently and inconsistently scorches them. Eventually her proud spirit will be tamed, probably by a storm, or a ship-wreck, or by ten days in an open boat. I shall then secure your love, my peerless ARAMINTA, and you will marry me and turn out as soft and gentle as the moss-rose which now nestles in your raven tresses. The Colonel was speaking.

"Zounds, Sir!" he was saying.

"I don't know what you mean by effects. All mine are on board. What do you say, Mr. TUGLEY?" he went on, looking at me with a look full of corkerrows and broken glass, while his choleric face showed of a purple hue under the effort of utterance.

"Well, Colonel," I replied, in an off-hand way, so as not to irritate him, "I keep my best effects here;" and, so saying, I produced my note-book, and tapped it significantly. "What, for instance, do you say to this?"

But, what follows, needs another chapter.

## CHAPTER III.

I FOUND the place in my note-book, cleared my voice, and began. "The ship was sailing gloriously under a press of canvas. Her foretopgallant-sail swelled to its cotton-like hue out of the black shadow of its incurving. High aloft, the swelling squares of her studding-sails gleamed in the misty sheen of the pale luminary, flinging her frosty light from point to point of the tapering masts, which rose, rose, rose into the morning air, as though with intent to pierce the glowing orb of day, poised in the heavens like one vast ball of liquid fire. Through the wind-bushed spaces of the canvas, where the foretopmaststay-sail—"

"I knew that foretopmaststay-sail," said the funny man, suddenly. I withered him with a look, and turned over the page.

"Here," I said, "is another tip-topper. What do you think of this for a storm?—The liquid acclivities were rising taller, and more threatening. With a scream of passion the tortured ship hurled itself at their deep-green crests. Cascades of rain, and hail, and snow, were dashing down upon her unprotected bulwarks. The inky sky was one vast thunder-clap, out of which the steely shaft of an electric flash pierced its dazzling path into the heart of the raving deep. The soud—"

"I know that soud," said a hateful voice. But, before I could annihilate its owner, the pale face of Mr. SPILKINGS, with his dead-eyes turned in, dashed breathlessly into the saloon. "By all that's holy," he shouted, "the Captain's gone mad, and the crew have thrown off all disguise. We are manned by orang-outangs!"

## CHAPTER IV.

NEVER shall I forget the horrors of the scene that ensued. We clewed up the mizzen royal, we lashed the foretop to make it spin upon its heels. The second dog watch barked his shins to the bone, and a tail of men hauled upon the halliards to mast-head the yard. Nothing availed. We had to be wrecked and wrecked we were, and as I clasped ARAMINTA's trustful head to my breast, the pale luminary sailing through the angry wrack glittered in phantasmal splendour on the soud which—

[Here the MS. ends unaccountably.—Ed. Punch.]





## AN INTERESTED PARTY.



St. Bernard's Dog (confidentially to Mr. Chaplin). "NEVER MIND THE OLD WOMAN; LET'S KEEP THE MUZZLE ON FOR A YEAR, AND HAVE DONE WITH IT!"



## CANINE CONFIDENCES.

*Clever Dog, to the Minister of Agriculture, loquiter:—*  
 POTTERER, put the muzzle on! Potterer, take it off again!  
*That is not the way, my friend, cruel rabies to restrain.*

Take my tip!  
 As to self-styled "friends of dogs," too preposterous by  
 half,  
 Who object to all restraint, they deserve on seat or calf  
 One sharp nip.

It is *doggish* interest hydrophobia to stamp out;  
 'Tis a curse to us canines; that no person well can doubt  
 Who has sense.  
 They who think we doggies share old maid's sentimental  
 fad,  
 Just as though it really were a dog's privilege to go mad,  
 Must be dense.

Muzzles are a bore, of course, rather troublesome at times,  
 But I'd rather have my nose made incapable of crimes,  
 Than go free,  
 With the chance of "going off," giving friend or foe a  
 bite.  
 And be clubbed to death or shot, murdered in my master's  
 Don't suit me!

Never mind the fussy frumps, the old women of each sex;  
 Better raise their ready wrath than the prudent public vex  
 With crass rules.  
 Muzzles now and collars then, partial orders soon relaxed;  
 Men rebel when with caprice they are tied, or teased, or  
 taxed,  
 Else they're fools.

Keep the muzzles on a year, regularly, and *all round*,  
 Every doggy of high breed, mongrel puppy, whelp or  
 bound,  
 Will give thanks  
 To the Minister who tries hydrophobia to stamp out.  
 Once for all o'er all the land, with consistency, and without  
 Pottering pranks!

Mr. CHAPLIN, take my tip! Science speaks in the same  
 sense,  
 So does true philanthropy. Ought to have effect immense,  
 What they say... [ing pet;  
 Heed not that old woman there, with her spoil and yelp-  
 I for every dog of *nous* in the country speak, you bet.  
 Try! Good-day!  
 [Trots out, comfortably muzzled.]

MOST APPROPRIATE.—We see, from some recently-  
 reported proceedings, that the present Inspector appointed  
 under the Infant Life Protection Act is "Mr. BABBY."



## THE SECRETS OF LITERARY COMPOSITION.

*The Fair Authoress of "Passionate Pauline," gazing fondly at her own reflection, writes as follows:—*

"I look into the glass, Reader. What do I see?

"I see a pair of laughing, *espigle*, forget-me-not blue eyes, saucy and defiant;  
 a mutine little rose-bud of a mouth, with its ever-mocking *moue*; a tiny shell-like  
 ear, trying to play hide-and-seek in a tangled maze of rebellious russet gold;  
 while, from underneath the satin folds of a *rose-thé* dressing-gown, a dainty foot  
 peeps coyly forth in its exquisitely-pointed gold morocco slipper," &c., &c.

(Vide "Passionate Pauline," by Parbleu.)

## A COMING MEETING.

(Reported from the Railway Intelligence of 1892.)

THE Chairman, on opening the proceedings was received with  
 a feeble chorus of melancholy groans, said that he feared he had no  
 better Report to make to the shareholders. ("Oh! oh!") It is true  
 that he had one fact to mention, which was a matter of supreme  
 congratulation, and he needn't say that that was that they hadn't  
 yielded a single inch to the men. ("Oh! oh!" and a Voice,  
 "Oh! we've had enough of 'that'!") It is also true that this firm  
 and unflinching front had necessitated some sacrifice, and had  
 involved the Company in no little difficulty. (Prolonged groans.)  
 He was sorry to note these manifestations, for he had not only to  
 announce to that meeting the non-payment of any dividend, even  
 to the holders of the Company's Debenture Stock, but he had further  
 to inform them, that, owing to some difficulty in settling the account  
 of their coal contractors, these last had taken proceedings against  
 them, and had seized not only all the contents of their refreshment-  
 rooms, but also the whole of their rolling-stock. (Prolonged wailing.)  
 He grieved to say that the last two engines that the Company  
 possessed, and which they had up to now hidden in the cloak-room  
 at the Edinburgh terminus, were unfortunately discovered and  
 seized last night. (Groans.) Still, the Company did not despair of  
 being able to carry on, at least, a portion of the Passenger Traffic.  
 (Feeble laughter.) They might meet the statement with a mani-  
 festation of ridicule—but such was the case. It was with a sense of  
 pride in their method of triumphing over difficulties, that he  
 announced to the meeting, that a train of cattle-trucks would be  
 started for the North daily at twelve o'clock, the motive power of  
 which would be the Directors themselves. ("Oh! oh!") They

could not say anything about the *pace* at which the train would  
 travel, but that, *with time*, it would do the distance he had little, if  
 any doubt. It is true that in a similar experiment on a neighbouring  
 line the train came to a dead halt in the first tunnel, and the pas-  
 sengers had to descend in the dark and grope their way out to the  
 nearest station as well as they could, but this unsatisfactory experience  
 would in no way deter them from making the experiment on their own  
 behalf. (Jeers.) He was sorry to see that the ordinary stock of the Com-  
 pany, which, a twelvemonth since, had touched 128½,—could not now  
 find purchasers in the Market at 7½. (Groans.) But he hoped for better  
 times. ("Oh! oh!") But, come what would, he would hold fast  
 by his principles, which were, "No Compromise, No Meeting Half-  
 way, No Arbitration, No Concession!" Men might starve, Trade  
 collapse, the Country come to ruin, the Company disappear in  
 Bankruptcy, but he cared not. The Directors had put their foot  
 down, and, whether right or wrong, whatever happened, *there* they  
 meant, with a good down-right national and pig-headed obstinacy,  
 to keep it.

The Chairman was continuing in this strain, but, being interrupted  
 by a shower of inkstands, was compelled to close his remarks, the  
 proceedings coming to a somewhat abrupt conclusion, in a scene of  
 considerable confusion.

## The "Strait" Tip.

OH. MISTER BLAINE, we don't complain  
 That for your country's weal you're caring;  
 But, clever Yankee, Punch would thank 'ee  
 Not to be quite so over-Behring!

NEW VERSION.—Every dog must have his—year (of muzzling).



## THE GAME OF PEACE.

*April.*—Grand informal meeting of the Crowned Heads of Europe (with the CZAR in the chair) to discuss a scheme of general disarmament, at which the Emperor of GERMANY creates a profound sensation by the announcement that, as a hint to his brother Monarchs, he has himself gone on to the retired list, burnt his cocked-hat, disbanded the Pomeranian Grenadiers, and confined Herr KRUPP for ten years in a second-class fortress.



*May.*—By arrangement, all the great powers call in the uniforms of all their troops and present them to the King of the BELGIANS, on the understanding that, as the Emperor of the Congo, he shall forthwith transport them to Africa, and instantly commence the clothing of seven millions of the naked native population.

*June.*—One hundred and eighty thousand horses, with military training, coming suddenly on to the market, four-in-hand Hansoms at a penny an hour, become common in all the great European capitals, and the Derby, for which there are 1371 entries, is won by a Cossack pony, trained in Siberia.

*July.*—The barrels of all the magazine rifles melted down, and recast, utilised for the production of type-writers, which, being produced in large quantities, are supplied with instruction gratis to all the children attending the establishments of the London School Board, the stocks of the rifles being utilised for the manufacture of billiard-cues, walking-sticks, and umbrella-handles.

*August.*—It being resolved to use up all the gunpowder without delay, a perpetual display of fireworks is inaugurated at Vienna, St. Petersburg, Berlin, Paris, and London, the show in the last-named capital including a gigantic set-piece of the Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World, which is given five times successively every evening at the Crystal Palace for three months, Piccadilly being illuminated from 6 P.M. to 3 A.M. by the continuous discharge of coloured rockets.

*September.*—The last 101-ton gun having been melted down for the forging of the metal piles for one of the four newly-projected Channel bridges, a nasty international feeling, fermented by General Officers who are obliged to sweep crossings and drive four-wheeled cabs for a livelihood,—and who do not like it,—begins to manifest itself, and diplomacy intervening irritably only to make matters worse, several ultimatums are dispatched from some of the Great Powers to others, but owing to the want of soldiers, the matter is put into the hands of International Solicitors, who, arranging a stand-up fight for the President of the French Republic and the CZAR against the Emperors of GERMANY and AUSTRIA, and the KING of ITALY, the matter somehow falls through for the moment, and the public excitement subsides.

*October.*—General note from all the Great Powers to each other announcing their secession from the "League of Peace," and declaring their intention of resorting again to "Protective Armament" as soon as possible. War declared all round before the end of the month.

## VOCES POPULI.

## AT THE GUELPH EXHIBITION.

## IN THE CENTRAL HALL.

*A Thrifty Visitor (on entering).* Catalogue? No. What's the use of a Catalogue? Miserable thing, the size of a tract, that tells you nothing you don't know!

*His Wife (indicating a pile of Catalogues on table).* Aren't these big enough for you?

*The Thr. V. Those?* Why, they're big enough for the *London Directory*! Think I'm going to drag a thing like that about the place? You don't really want a Catalogue—it's all your fancy!

*Mr. Prattler (to Miss AMMERSON).* Oh, do stop and look at these sweet goldfish! Pets! Don't you love them? Aren't they tame?

*Miss Ammerson.* Wouldn't do to have them wild—might jump out and bite people, you know!

*Mr. P.* It's too horrid of you to make fun of my poor little enthusiasms! But really,—couldn't we get something and feed them?—Do let's!

*Miss A.* I daresay you could get ham-sandwiches in the Restaurant—or chocolates.

*Mr. P.* How unkind you are to me! But I don't care. (*Wiffully.*) I shall come here all by myself, and bring biscuits.

Great big ones! Are you determined to take me into that big room with all the Portraits? Well, you must tell me who they all are, then, and which are the Guelphiest ones.

## IN THE ROYAL ROOM.

*Considerate Niece (to Uncle).* They seem mostly Portraits here. You're sure you don't mind looking at them, Uncle? I know so many people do object to Portraits.

*Uncle (with the air of a Christian Martyr).* No, my dear, no; I don't mind 'em. Stay here as long as you like. I'll sit down and look at the people, till you've done.

*First Critical Visitor (examining a View of St. James's Park).* I wonder where that was taken. In Scotland, I expect—there's two Highlanders there, you see.

*Second C. V.* Shouldn't wonder—lot o' work in that, all those different colours, and so many dresses. [*Admires, thoughtfully.*]

*A Well-read Woman.* That's Queen CHARLOTTE, that is. GEORGE THE THIRD's wife, you know—her that was so domestic.

*Her Companion.* Wasn't that the one that was shut up in the Tower, or something?

*The W. W.* In the Tower? Lor, my dear, no, I never 'eard of it. You're thinking of the TUDORS, or some o' that lot, I expect!

*Her Comp.* Am I? I daresay. I never could remember 'Istry. Why, if you'll believe me, I always have to stop and think which of the GEORGES came first!

*More Critical Visitors (before Portraits).* He's rather pleasant-looking, don't you think? I don't like her face at all. So peculiar. And what a hideous dress—like a tea-gown without any upper part—frightful!

*A Sceptical V.* They all seem to have had such thin lips in those days. Somehow, I can't bring myself to believe in such very thin lips—can you, dear?

*Her Friend.* I always think it's a sign of meanness, myself.

*The S. V.* No; but I mean—I can't believe everyone had them in the eighteenth century.

*Her Friend.* Oh, I don't know. If it was the fashion!

## ABOUT THE CASES.

*Visitor (admiring an embroidered waistcoat of the time of GEORGE THE SECOND—a highly popular exhibit).* What lovely work! Why, it looks as if it was done yesterday!

*Her Companion (who is not in the habit of allowing his enthusiasm to run away with him).* Um—yes, it's not bad. But, of course, they wouldn't send a thing like that here without having it washed and done up first!

*An Old Lady.* "Tea-pot used by the Duke of WELLINGTON during his campaigns." So he drank tea, did he? Dear me! Do you know, my dear, I think I must have my old tea-pot engraved. It will make it so much more interesting some day!

## IN THE SOUTH GALLERY.

*Mr. Prattler (before a Portrait of Lady HAMILTON, by ROMNEY).* There! Isn't she too charming? I do call her a perfect duck!

*Miss Ammerson.* Yes, you mustn't forget her when you bring those biscuits.

*An Amurcan Girl.* Father, see up there; there's BYRON. Did you ever see such a purrfectly beautiful face?

*Her Father (solemnly).* He was a beautiful Man—a beautiful Poet.

*The A. G.* I know—but the expression, it's real saint-like!

*Father (slowly).* Well, I guess if he'd had any different kind of expression, he wouldn't have written the things he *did* write, and that's a fact!

*A Moralising Old Lady (at Case O).* No. 1260. "Ball of Worsted wound by WILLIAM COWPER, the poet, for Mrs. UNWIN." No. 1261. "Netting done by WILLIAM COWPER, the poet." How very nice, and what a difference in the habit of literary persons nowadays, my dear!

*IN THE CENTRAL HALL.*—Mr. WHITEROSE, a Jacobite fin de siècle, is seated on a Bench beside a Seedy Stranger.

*The S. S. (half to himself).* Har, well, there's one comfort, these 'ere GUELPHS'll get notice to quit afore we're much older!

*Mr. Whiterose (surprised).* You say so? Then—you too are of the Young England Party! I am rejoiced to hear it. You cheer me; it is a sign that the good Cause is advancing.

*The S. S. Advancin'?* I believe yer. Why, I know a dozen and more as are workin' 'art and soul for it!

*Mr. W.* You do? We are making strides, indeed! Our England has suffered these usurpers too long.

*The S. S.* Yer right. But we'll chuck 'em out afore long, and it'll be "Over goes the Show" with the lot, eh?

*Mr. W.* I had no idea that the—er—intelligent artisan classes were so heartily with us. We must talk more of this. Come and see me. Bring your friends—all you can depend upon. Here is my card.

*The S. S. (putting the card in the lining of his hat).* Right, Guv'nor; we'll come. I wish there was more gents like yer, I do!

*Mr. W.* We are united by a common bond. We both detest—do we not?—the Hanoverian interlopers. We are both pledged never to rest until we have brought back to the throne of our beloved



England, her lawful sovereign lady—(uncovering)—our gracious MARY of Austria-Este, the legitimate descendant of CHARLES the Blessed Martyr!

*The S. S.* 'Old on, Guv'nor! Me and my friends are with yer so fur as doing away with these 'ere hide GUELPHS; but blow yer MARY of Orstria, yer know. Blow 'er!

*Mr. W.* (horried). Hush—this is rank treason! Remember—she is the lineal descendant of the House of Stuart!

*The S. S.* What of it? There won't be no lineal descendants when we git hour way, 'cause there won't be nothing to descend to nobody. The honly suv'rin we mean to 'ave is the People—the Democrisy. But there, you're young, me and my friends 'll soon tork you over to hour way o' thinking. I dessey we ain't fur apart, as it is. I got yer address, and we 'll drop in on yer some night—never fear. No hevenin' dress, o' course?

*Mr. W.* Of course. I—I 'll look out for you. But I'm seldom in—hardly ever, in fact.

*The S. S.* Don't you fret about that. Me and my friends ain't nothing partickler to do just now. We 'll wait for yer. I should like yer to know ole BILL GABB. You should 'ear that feller goin' on agin the GUELPHS when he's 'ad a little booze—it 'ud do your 'art good! Well, I on'y come in 'ere as a deligate like, to report, and I seen enough. So 'ere's a good-day to yer.

*Mr. W.* (alone). I shall have to change my rooms—and I was so comfortable! Well, well,—another sacrifice to the Cause!

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THERE was a bronze group by POLLET among the specimens of sculpture in the French *Salon*, some twenty years ago,—“It may be more or less an hour or so,” as the poet sings,—representing a female form being carried upwards in the embrace of a rather evil-looking Angel. It illustrated a poem by the Vicomte ALFRED DE VIGNY, which I remember reading, in consequence of this very statue having come into my possession (it was afterwards sold at Messrs. CHRISTIE, MANSON & WOODS, under the style and title of “Lot 121, *Elsa*”), and it occurs to me that it was on precisely the same theme as the other ALFRED's—not the Vicomte but *Mister* ALFRED AUSTIN's—“*The Tower of Babel*,” which I have just read with much pleasure, and, with some profit; the moral, as I take it, being favourable to the Temperance cause, as a warning against all spirits, good,



bad, or indifferent. *Afrael*, the inhabitant of a distant star, falls in love with *Noema*, the wife of the atheistical Babelite *Aran*, to whom she has borne a son, aged in the poem, as far as I can make out, about eight years, and a fine boy for that. Anyhow, it makes *Noema* at least twenty-five, supposing she married at sweet seventeen, and, indeed, she alludes to herself in the poem as no longer in her first youth.

Well, *Aran*, who is very far from being a domestic character, is struck down by avenging lightning at the destruction of the Tower of Babel, and *Noema* is left a widow, with her child, who has been protected in the *mêlée* by the Spirit *Afrael*'s taking him out of it, and restoring him to his mother's arms. When, after this, the infatuated spirit-lover *Afrael* requests *Noema* to say the word which shall make a man of him, and a husband of him too at the same time, she modestly refuses, until she has had a decent time to order her widow's weeds at her milliner's and wear them for about a month or so, at the expiration of which interval *Afrael* may, if he be still of the same mind, call in again, and pop the question.

*Afrael* bids good-bye to the Upper House, and, his heart being ever true to *Poll*—meaning *Noema*—he returns, makes an evening call upon her, and asks her, in effect, “Is it to be ‘*Yes-ema*,’ or ‘*No-ema*’?” The bashful widow chooses the former, and the Spirit-lover *Afrael*, renouncing his immortality, i.e., giving up spirits, becomes plain *Mr. Afrael*, and an ordinary, as far as anybody can judge, a very ordinary mortal, showing what a change a drop of spirits can effect in a constitution. Now I should like the poem “continued in our next.” I should like to hear how they got on together; and, as longevity was considerable in those patriarchal days, I should like to know how they got on together when *Afrael Esquire* was 195, and his wife, *Noema*, was 200. Did *Afrael* never again take to his spirits? Or, did he become miserable and hipped having entirely lost his spirits? Did his wife never make sarcastic reference to the “stars” with whom he had formerly been acquainted? And how about her boy, his step-son? Did they have any family? Whence came the money?

Perhaps Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN (whose works are being printed by MACMILLAN in a collected form, and among them *The Satire* now historic) will give us an entirely new volume on the same subject, telling an expectant public all about Mr. and Mrs. *Afrael chez eux*, and, in fact, something spicy about this strangely assorted couple; for Poet ALFRED will do well to remember and act upon his own dictum when, in the preface to *The Satire*, he observed, and with truth, that had he originally “written with the grave decorum of a secluded moralist, he would” by this time “have gone down into the limbo of forgotten bores.”

Into that limbo A. A. will never descend. It is delightful to find him dedicating his book to Lord LYTTON, to whom—when L. L. was OWEN MEREDITH, ALFREDO *mio* had pointed out that, “in one serious particular, he had overlooked parental admonition,” and observing on that occasion that, “had OWEN MEREDITH even a glimpse of the truth, we” (A. A. himself, in 1861, much “we”—er then than now—“*et alors, il grandira, il grandira!*”) “should have been spared the final tableau of repentance and forgiveness which concludes *Lucile*.” But, thank goodness, we (the Baron, and his literary friends) have not been spared the touching picture of repentance and forgiveness in ALFRED AUSTIN's dedicating his latest poem to Lord LYTTON. *Sic transit ira poetarum!*

In *The Season* ALFREDO sang—

“I claim the precious privilege of youth,  
Never to speak except to speak the truth.”

But those lines were not written the day before yesterday, and as he can no longer “claim” the aforesaid “precious privilege,” he can in his more mature years “go as he pleases.” And there is so much “go” in him that he always pleases; so the Baron anticipates the sequel to *The Tower of Babel* on the lines already suggested, presumptuous as it may seem to suggest lines to a poet.

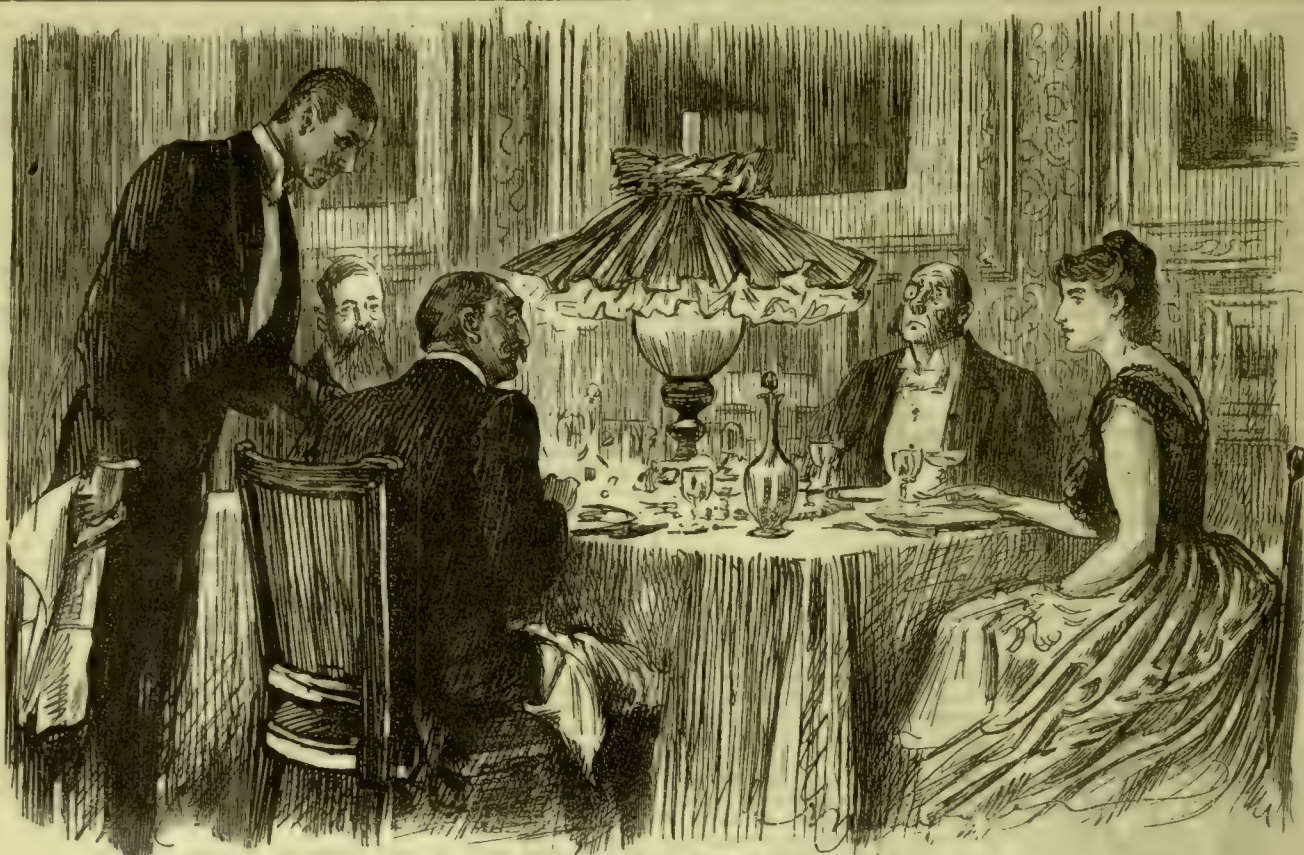
*Phra the Phœnician*, a very clever idea, with which BULWER would have performed mysteriously thrilling wonders, but which Mr. ARNOLD has written at once too heavily and treated too lightly, in too much of a “so-called nineteenth century style;” which is a pity, as it is full of dramatic incident, and the interest well kept up through some two thousand years or so, more or less. He is a wonder is *Mister Phra*, and might well be called *Phra Diavolo* instead of *Phra the Phœnician*. Sir EDWIN ARNOLD has written a preface to the volume, and seems to express a wish that the wonders here recorded could be possibilities of everyday life. But, if so, as Mr. Weller, Senior, observed, *à propos* of “there being a Providence in it,” “O’ course there is, SAMMY; or what ‘ud become o’ the undertakers?” And as to cremation—well, such an utter corporeal extinction would be the only way of putting an end to the terrestrial existence of *Phra the Phœnician*, who, however, “might rise,” as Mrs. Malaprop would say, “like a Phœnician from the ashes.”

The appearance of *A New Lady Audley* is rather late in the half-century as a “skit” on Miss BRADDON's celebrated novel. Now and then I found an amusing bit in it, but, on the whole, poor stuff, says

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

My faithful “Co.” has been reading poetry and prose, and thus communicates the result of his studies:—There is genuine but unassuming poetry, which is, after all, only another way of saying fine feeling finely expressed, in *Corn and Poppies*, by COSMO MONKHOUSE (ELKIN MATHEWS). Much of the verse is musical, and there is throughout a vein of thoughtfulness which never degenerates into a morbid brooding. I commend particularly “Any Soul to any Body,” “A Dead March,” and “Mysteries,” as good examples of Mr. MONKHOUSE's style. So much for verse. Let me now to prose. Like my baronial Chief, I say, “Bring me my boots!” and let them be thick, so that I may trudge safely through Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING's latest, “*The Light that Failed*” (*Lippincott's Monthly Magazine*, January). This is described as Mr. KIPLING's first long story. His publishers, moreover, are good enough to take all the trouble of criticism upon their own shoulders. They declare that “there is more stern strength in this novel than in anything which Mr. KIPLING has written;” but that is, after all, only a comparative statement, which profits me little, as I never yet estimated the amount of “stern strength” in Mr. KIPLING's previous writings. I am, however, told, in addition, that the tale “is as intensely moving as it is intensely masculine” (there's lovely language!) “and it will not be surprising if it should prove to be the literary sensation of the year.” To such an expression of opinion by competent judges it would be futile to attempt to add very much. I will only say, therefore, that the “sensation” produced in me by this novel is one of the most disagreeable I ever experienced. The characters are, for the most part, inordinately dull, preposterously conceited, and insufferably brutal. As for *Dick Heldar*, the hero, no more disagreeable and hateful bully-puppy ever thought and talked in disconnected gasps through ninety-seven pages. The catastrophe moves no pity. Mr. KIPLING seems to despise the public, “who think with their boots, and read with their elbows;” but so clever a man might surely show his contempt less crudely. KIPLING, I love thee, but never more write such another tale!





## INFELICITOUS QUOTATIONS.

*Hostess.* "WON'T YOU TRY SOME OF THAT JELLY, HERR SILBERMUND?"

*Herr Silbermund (who has just been helped to Pudding).* "ACH, ZANK YOU, NO. I VOOT 'RAHZER PEAR VIZ ZE ILLS VE HAF, ZAN V.Y TO OZZERS ZAT VE KNOW NOT OF."

[*Herr S. is particularly proud of his knowledge of Shakspeare.*]

## "WORSE THAN EVER!"

*FARMER SMITH loquitor :-*

"To market, to market, to buy a fat pig!"

Yes, so runs the old-fashioned nursery rhyme,  
And a porker that's plump, and round-barrel'd and big,  
Is good business,—or used to be once on a time.  
But now, they're the horriblemst nuisance on earth  
Are Pigs, and a great deal more plague than they're worth.

I begin to believe 'twould be better by far

If Pigs, like the Dodo, extinct could become.  
They involve one in nothing but jangle and jar,  
And as to large profits, why that's all a hum.  
"Please the Pigs?" That's absurd, a mere obsolete wheeze,  
For Pigs are precisely the beasts you can't please!

Gee up, *Dobbin*, old lad! Home's in sight; you have borne  
My burden, and that of my basket, right well,  
Your carrying power some neighbours would scorn,  
But you're sound and good grit, though you mayn't look a swell.  
We're starting, lad, after our short half-way halt,  
We don't make good time it will not be our fault.

We did the first stretch unexpectedly slick,  
My basket well loaded a feather-weight seemed,  
The road was so smooth, and your canter so quick,  
'Twas better, old lad, than we either had dreamed.  
A great disappointment to some folk, I think.  
Then we halted half-way for a rest and a drink.

That big Irish Pig, which had plagued us so oft,  
Was away,—running after its head or its tail!  
Oh joy, *Dobbin*, dear, to jog on, and go soft,  
No row, no obstruction by hedge-gap or rail.  
Ah, then they discovered the pace and the pith  
Of *Dobbin* the dull, and his mount, FARMER SMITH.

Now all seems smooth sailing! Hillo! What was that?  
A squeak? Nay, it sounds like a chorus of squeaks!

Don't shy, my dear *Dobbin*—you'll shake off my hat.

The lane here grows narrow. Who's there? No one speaks.  
But that raucous "hrumph! hrumph!" that cacophonous yell!  
'Tis Pig-noise, and Irish—I know it so well.

It is right in the road, it is plump in the gap.

Steady, *Dobbin*! Don't halt for this hullabaloo—  
Gee up! and go steady, now there's a good chap.

What, the same plaguy Pig! Nay, by Jove, *there are two*!  
And they're fighting each other, these porkers perverse,  
In the gap we must pass! Oh! this grows worse and worse!

[*Whips up Dobbin.*]

## KOCH SURE!

SCENE—A Place of Meeting. Enter BROWN and JONES. They salute one another.

*Brown (excitedly).* Have you heard the good news?

*Jones (stolidly).* What good news?

*Brown.* That Dr. KOCH has at length revealed his secret?

*Jones (startled).* No, has he! Dear me! And that I should have missed so pleasant a piece of intelligence! And so he has told an anxiously-expectant world the cause of his success! Can you explain the matter to me?

*Brown (cheerfully).* With the assistance of the Public Press, to be sure I can. See here, I will give you the solution to the problem, as told by the Journals, "without puzzling technicalities."

*Jones.* I hang upon your words with an impatience that politeness—the outcome of civilisation—alone renders endurable.

*Brown.* Then you must know that Dr. KOCH has discovered that the remedy for tuberculosis consists of a glycerine extract of a pure cultivation of tubercle bacilli, the local effect of which, when injected into a healthy guinea-pig, produces a nodule found at the point of inoculation, which, when a second puncture is perpetrated, causes what may be called the bacillary fluid to be brought into the current of its circulation, so that the infected tissue may react upon the agent which it had previously been able to resist. I am not quite sure that I have got the exact words, but that's the idea. Simple, isn't it? *Jones.* Very! [*Exeunt severally.*]





“WORSE THAN EVER!”

FARMER SITTIE. “TUT-TUT! TWO OF ‘EM! BAD ENOUGH WHEN THERE WAS ONLY ONE!!”







## DOMESTIC MELODIES.

(By Sancho Preston Panza.)

## WINTER BATH-SONG.

For weeks the sun each morn arose  
As 'tis his nature to,  
But little difference he made  
Sopp'd by the fog's asthmatic shade;  
From day's beginning till its close  
The day no brighter grew.  
Above the sheets, the sleeper's nose  
Peep'd shyly, as afraid,  
While 'neath the dark and draughty flue  
The burnt-out cinders meanly strew  
The hearth, where now no firelight glows,  
No waiting warmth is laid.

Full many a morn I sprang from bed,  
As o'er the deadly brink  
The wretch, with courage of despair,  
Leaps from the slimy river-stair,  
By hopeless hope unthinking sped,  
Ere he can pause to think.  
Cold as the efforts of the dead,  
The needle-atom'd air,  
Impinged upon the limbs that shrink,  
On shivering shanks, and eyelids pink,  
And bound its bands about the head,  
And chill'd the underwear.

The frost that held us in its grip,  
Would raise the prisoning paw,  
And Nature, like a mouse set free,  
Enjoyed delusive liberty,  
While every water-pipe must drip  
To greet the passing thaw.  
Then rudely dashed from eager lip  
The cup of joy would be,

And fingers numbed, and chattering jaw,  
Owned unexpelled the winter's flaw,  
And on the steps the goodmen slip,  
And shout the major D.

Long like a fossil tipsy-cake  
The sponge each morn appeared;  
The bath, if plenished over-night,  
Was frozen ere the morning light,  
And more that frigid water-ache  
Than unwashed days I feared.  
Now while the milder zephyrs shake  
Once more the winter's might,  
My sponge, my bath, by loss endeared,  
Shall dree no more a lonely weird;  
And as young ducks to water take,  
Shall be my bathward flight.

## Good Devon!

Mr. W. H. SMITH will return to Grosvenor Place from Torquay on Monday, for the opening of Parliament.

'Tis pity of you, OLD MORALITY,  
Back from your rest to loud banality.  
After St. Stephen's shindy, Devon  
No doubt appeared a very heaven;  
But cream 's as much like water chalky  
As Torquay Torrs to Talky-Talky!

## CHANGE OF INITIALS.

"OFTEN as I may have been invited," Mr. T. M. HEALY is reported to have said, in the course of a recent speech, "I never yet put a toe inside his house." Memorable words. Henceforth, name changed to TOR-AND-HEALY, M.P.

## A WORD TO MOTHERS.

[A well-known Dramatic Critic has recently spoken of a play as "just the play in which growing girls will delight."]

O ANXIOUS Mothers, come and listen  
To what just now I've got to say.  
If I'm not wrong, your eyes will glisten  
Before the end of this my lay.  
With strong affection overflowing—  
Your children are indeed your pearls—  
You can't help feeling pleased at knowing  
The play's the thing—for growing girls!

The pages of a lady's journal  
I've very often read with care,  
The news, the gossiping eternal,  
You're always sure of getting there.  
Of how you ought to bind your tresses,  
The latest styles, the tint in hair,  
And there I've seen the kind of dresses  
It's right for growing girls to wear.

But never once the slightest mention  
Of what they'd better go and see,  
And yet it's clear that some attention  
To such a thing there ought to be.  
For sentiment and love they're frantic,  
They're fond of knights and belted earls,  
A play that's just the least romantic—  
Yes, that's the play for growing girls.

A crowing child, who loves to prattle,  
Can easily be kept at rest.  
You've only got to get a rattle,  
Or p'raps a dolly would be best.  
A bouncing boy will blow a bubble,  
And want no more the livelong day;  
But if a growing girl gives trouble,  
You've got to take her to the play!

## A PIONEER IN PETTICOATS.

[An American Lady is about to explore Africa, on humane principles.]

*Arrive in Africa.*—Convinced that real way of taming the savage heart is by *Feminine Tact*. No need of brutal habits of male adventurers. Two negresses, from "Ole Virginny," with me, who said they would like to "see Africa again": a few Arabs, to carry our baggage. Intend to study home-life of African tribes, and to get them to talk into my phonograph.

*Month Later.*—Have had to exhibit more *Feminine Tact* than I expected. Got entangled in swampy forest on Zambesi (I think), and Arabs declined to extricate us unless their pay was doubled! Also one of negresses—horrid woman!—has deserted me—come to place that she pretended to recognise as her native village, and said she meant to stay! *Tact* useless with females!

*On Lake Tanganyika*—or if it isn't Lake Tanganyika, it's an entirely new lake,—which I have been the first to discover! Suffer a good deal from fever and queer diet. Am studying native home-life.

*Later.*—Have left two Arabs and my remaining negress on Lake, and gone myself to look for STANLEY'S Dwarfs. Told that TIPPOO TIB is somewhere about. Also advised to be very careful not to fall in with the "man-eating Manyuema."

*Still Later.*—Did fall in with them! Also fell out with them. They made all preparations for using me as a side-dish at a cannibal banquet, when TIPPOO TIB arrived and released me.

*Tanganyika again.*—Back here safe and sound! TIPPOO TIB turned out most unsatisfactory. Wanted to marry me!—with a hundred other wives already! Not prepared for this sort of home-life. Managed to get away by describing to him a Remington type-writer, and promising if he let me go, to bring one back at once.

Find that my "rear-guard"—the negress and Arabs—have been up to fearful pranks during my absence. Negress killed and ate one of Arabs, and then other Arab killed and ate negress! Tell remaining Arab I shall have him punished when I get to Coast. Arab says he'll get there first, and publish a book showing me up!

*Latest.*—Left alone in middle of Africa, with a phonograph, several bales of baggage, and a diary. Question now is—will *Feminine Tact* show me road to Zanzibar?

UNIVERSITY HONOURS.—"SMITH'S Prizeman"—ARTHUR BALFOUR. The "Senior Wrangler" (for several years past)—Mr. GLADSTONE.

## THE AMUSING RATTLE'S TOPICAL NOTE-BOOK.

(For the Use of Professional Diners-out and other Amateur Entertainers.)

*The Meeting of Parliament.*—This is not a very promising subject, but mild mirth may be produced in outlying districts (say Southend or Honiton, Devon) by observing, that the rock upon which the Irish Party went to pieces was a happy one—in fact, a GLAD-STONE. This, strictly speaking, is not a new jest, and therefore must be helped out by a burst of self-supplied laughter. You might add, that as Members of Parliament are obliged, by the rules of the House, to address their colleagues *standing*, there would be little chance of a *seated* discussion. But you must, however, take care to cough when you say *seated*, so that those on the look-out for a brilliant *bon-mot* may know that you mean *heated*.

*The Revolt in Chili.*—The name of the place in which the disturbances have occurred will help you effectively to remark that the outbreak is seasonable during the present inclement weather. As the Army sympathises with the Government, and the sister service with the rioters, you can suggest "that knaves would, of course, be supported by the Navy!" This may lead up to a really magnificent burst of waggery in the assertion that the dissentients must of necessity be "all at sea."

*The New Archbishop of York.*—Insist that his Grace is a Scotchman, and not an Irishman, and prove your proposition by declaring that the road to success was "MAGGEE'S (pronounced MAGGIE'S) secret!" This really splendid flash of humour will bear polishing—as written it seems a little in the rough. You may refer to the Primate's universally acknowledged partiality for quiet sarcasm, by saying that "ever since he joined the ecclesiastical Bench he has been known as an arch Bishop!" These entertaining quibbles, delicately handled, should be received with enthusiasm at a five o'clock tea in a Deanery.

*The New Play at the Haymarket.*—As the plot turns upon the doings of the Society of Friends, you may extract a jest by saying "that many of the characters trembled with anxiety before its production—in fact, were *quakers*!" The name of the Manager of the Haymarket has frequently been the subject of a quip, if not a crank; still it may yet serve as a peg for slyly observing that, "At the fall of the Curtain, TREE, naturally enough, appeared with a *dough*!"

*The Weather.*—Of course you must introduce this subject, and as everything that can be said has been said about it, you may quote SYDNEY SMITH as your authority for observing, that the only possible sport for M. F. H.'s at this time of the year must be "*hunt—the slipper*!" If the point of this "good thing" is not immediately obvious, the fault will be with SYDNEY SMITH, and not with you. And this quaint oddity should satiate your audience with mirth and merriment until next week—and even longer!







A COLD RECEPTION: OR PARLIAMENT MEETING IN A BLIZZARD.



## STILL ANOTHER CHAPTER OF MY MEMOIR.

(In Supplement of "Harper.")

BY MONSIEUR VAN DE BLOWITZOWN TROMP.



FORGET at this moment where I was born, but I lived long enough at Marseilles to be married in that great southern French city. My wife's father had been in the Marines; her uncle (on the grandfather's side) had been a *Sapeur pompier*. Thus did I, as it were, become *lié* with the sea and land forces of my adopted country. My wife's mother was a descendant of a noble but anonymous family in the Vosges, whilst her maternal uncle was accustomed to attach to himself some local unpopularity by proffering for investigation a complicated sheet which set forth his genealogy, tracing his origin back to the Bourbons.

You ask me which Bourbon? I frankly answer, I cannot tell. My wife's maternal uncle spoke of them as "*the Bourbons*," just as you talk of "*the Groceries*," and no one asks you *Lequel?*

I have never been in the habit of thrusting myself on the attention of the public. It is sufficient for me that my wife's maternal uncle's ancestors were Bourbons.

I first began to take charge of public affairs in connection with an election that took place in the city where I found myself. M. DE LESSEPS opposed THIERS and GAMBETTA. He presented himself as an independent candidate. Was he? I suspected. Already I had my secret agents in every centre of population. One, whose letter bore the post-mark the Pyramids, placed in my hand proof that DE LESSEPS was an official candidate of the Empire. I secretly conveyed this information to a local newspaper. The news burst like a tempest on the public of Marseilles, and swept away in its irresistible whirl the candidature of M. DE LESSEPS.

This was pretty well for a first newspaper paragraph, worth at the time, as I remember thinking, more than the paltry three sous a line that became my due. But I had made more than a few sous—I had made an enemy! Years after, BISMARCK told me how, chatting with NAPOLEON THE THIRD at Donchery, that fallen monarch had recalled this incident, in which his prophetic eye justly discerned the beginning of the end. He admitted that he had said to the EMPRESS, "France is too small for me and VAN DE BLOWITZOWN TROMP. One of us must cross *la Manche*."

Sublime! One of us did.

But my time was not yet. My friends advised, nay, besought me to leave Marseilles. Towards the end of this year (1869) I took their advice, and retired to a small property I chanced to have in the centre of the Landes. This place being dry, and somewhat remote, was peculiarly suitable for watching the growth of great problems with a mind unbiassed by any knowledge of facts. I saw the Franco-German question grow, and I foresaw how it would end. I wrote to THIERS, and told him all about it. When the war broke out I mounted my stilts, and cautiously made my way across the untrodden track, following my Destiny. I had predicted the downfall of the Empire, and, in its last gasp, the Empire strove to wither me. Proceedings had been commenced, when Sedan put an end to them.

At this epoch France was on her knees, beaten down by the German hand, her eyes blind with blood and tears. One thing alone could cheer her. I could do it, and I did. I applied for Letters of Naturalisation. Some weeks later I

became a French citizen, and received a letter from M. ADOLPH CRÉMIER, then Minister of Justice, and never suspected of being a wag. He wrote: "Your application for Naturalisation in the midst of our great disasters, is for me the signal of a new life for us. A country which in the midst of such catastrophes recruits citizens like you, is not to be despaired of."

Years after, THIERS, then President of the Republic, said, "I never will forget that you became a Frenchman in the time of our misfortunes." EDMUND ABOUT picturesquely said, "*Il s'est fait naturaliser vaincu*." BISMARCK has told me that the Emperor WILLIAM, then at Versailles, in the first flush of triumph at touch on his brow of the Imperial diadem, hearing of the event through the capturing of a balloon despatched with the news to dolorous Paris, passed a sleepless night.

"I fear me," he said, "all will now be lost."

"Not at all, your Majesty," said BISMARCK, affecting an indifference he assures me he did not feel. "There is not even a Frenchman the more. They have lost an Emperor and gained VAN DE BLOWITZOWN TROMP. *Ce met égal*."

"Not quite," said the Emperor, with subtle flattery. The Emperor WILLIAM, though he had his failings, was a keen judge of the comparative value of men.

The limits of this article compel me to glance hastily over succeeding epochs in a career with the main drift of which the civilised world is already familiar. After saving Marseilles to the Republic, by a series of actions alternating between desperate valour and brilliant strategy, I went to Paris to report on the great event. Calling on the official entrusted with the duty of considering claims to decorations, I began at once by saying that my own name must not be taken into consideration.

"Let my name," I said, gently but firmly, "be scored out in the proposed list of decorations."

"Mais, Monsieur," he said, "there is no such list."

I, however, was not to be put off with excuse of that kind. I insisted, both to the Secretary of the Minister of War, to M. THIERS, that I should not be decorated. I was only too successful. When the list came out, all my associates at Marseilles were decorated. I was not included. This was all right. It was what I had requested. I could say nothing. All the same, I could not help thinking that my advice had been too literally accepted.

Every morning, for a week after, I called on M. THIERS. At the end of the sixth day he said, "You must go to Riga. I do not quite know where it is, but it sounds remote. You shall be Consul at Riga." I was delighted. Like the President, I was not sure where Riga was; but the salary was certain, and there was fine old Roman flavour about the title Consul.

But it was not to be. I was predestined to be a great Newspaper Correspondent. How that came about cannot be told in this chapter. I will only say that early in my new career I secured the approbation of Mr. DELANE, who, I need scarcely say, was the most competent judge the world ever saw of the merits of a journalist.

At the risk of being dry and bald, I have confined myself to telling accurately what has happened, my greatest ambition being to leave no one the chance of misrepresenting, as his whim, fancy, or passion may dictate, facts in which I am so deeply interested. Let those note them who, after my time, have to defend my memory should it ever be attacked.



"The Shinner Quartette;" or, Musical Football.

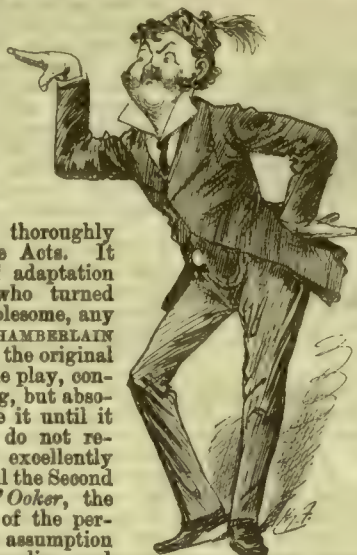
"MORE HONoured IN THE BREACH THAN THE OBSERVANCE."—Breach of Promise cases—as a rule.



## A GENERAL VIEW OF "PRIVATE INQUIRY."

I AM sufficiently old-fashioned, when I go to the play, to wish to be amused. I frankly admit I do not care to be taught a lesson, or to have my mind harrowed by the presentation of some psychological study. I can remember WRIGHT, and

even HARLEY, and the days when a good piece of fun was the last item of the programme at the Adelphi and the Olympic—the chief attraction of the Pittites, who patronised "half-price." This being so, I am glad to find at the Strand—a theatre recalling memories of JIMMY ROCKS and JOHNNY CLARKE, PATTY OLIVER and CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS, to say nothing of a lady who was not only Queen of Comedy but Empress of Burlesque—"Private Inquiry," a thoroughly well acted and rattling farce in three Acts. It is from the French, but as the task of adaptation has been entrusted to the Author who turned *Bébé* the Frisky into *Betsy* the Wholesome, any scruples of conscience that the LORD CHAMBERLAIN may possibly have entertained on reading the original have been successfully removed, and the play, consequently, is not only highly entertaining, but absolutely free from offence. I did not see it until it had reached its eighth night, and I do not remember a piece, taken as a whole, so excellently acted. Although he does not appear until the Second Act, Mr. WILLIE EDOUN, as 'Arry 'Ooker, the Private Inquiry Agent, is the feature of the performance. His politeness to ladies, his assumption of businesslike habits, suggested by his reading and spiking of bogus telegrams brought to him when he is engaged with a client, his urbanity under difficulties, and his cheerful acceptance of the inevitable in whatever shape presented, are all admirable points, and points that are fully appreciated by the audience. Roars of laughter follow the one after the other when 'Arry 'Ooker is on the stage. Nothing can be more absurd than his make-up, his bows, his grimaces, and yet under the surface there is a vein of pathos that causes one to feel a pang of genuine regret when the poverty-stricken, light-hearted rogue, who, if he cannot secure a hundred guineas, is equally ready to accept a "tenner," is marched off to penal servitude as the Curtain falls. The clerk of this entertaining individual, *Toby*, is played by a boy like a boy, by Master Buss. Further, Mr. ALFRED MALTBY could not be better as the suspicious and bamboozled husband, *Richard Wrackham*. Again, even the small part of *Alexander*, a Waiter, is well played. Once more—the ladies, without exception, are capital; and as a result of this all-round excellence, the piece "goes" from a quarter to nine till just eleven, with a *cerve* that must be most satisfactory to all concerned. So I can congratulate the Author upon a piece full of lines that tell, and the Manager upon a play that is likely to rival in popularity its predecessor, the phenomenally-successful *Our Flat*. And I can offer these congratulations with a clear conscience, because I am neither Author of the piece nor Manager of the theatre, but as Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING might observe,



'Arry 'Ooker &amp; Co.

## LARKS!

SIR,—I am surprised that any of your Correspondents should doubt that birds eat snow. There is a bull-finch in my aviary, and I tried him. He ate it ravenously. Strange to say, he has not uttered a sound since! My wife says, "Probably his pipe is frozen." This is such a good joke, I think you ought to have it.

Yours,

LOVER OF NATURE.

SIR,—You may like to have the following story in support of the idea that animals are aware that snow is frozen water. It was related to me by a rather rakety nephew, who has lived part of his life in South America, and whose word can be strictly relied on. He relates that once, when he was travelling among the Andes, at an elevation of some twenty thousand feet, his mules became very thirsty, and no water was obtainable. Each animal seized a *calabash* with its teeth, filled it with snow, and trotted off to the crater of an adjacent volcano; it then waited till the lava melted the snow, which it drank up, and finally trotted back again. My nephew says he should not have believed a mule could be so clever, if he had not seen it.

Yours obediently,

SAMUEL SORERSIDES.

SIR,—Since writing you that letter about our bull-finch, I have discovered an even more surprising fact, which I am sure no Naturalist has yet dreamed of. Not only do birds appreciate snow, but they are very fond of iced beverages. A tom-tit, who often drinks water from a saucer which we put on our window-sill, one day found the water frozen. What did the intelligent creature do? Why, it rapped on the window-pane with its beak till the window was opened, then hopped on to the sideboard, and began trying to peek the cork out of a whiskey bottle! I took the hint, and poured some of the spirit into the saucer; the bird drank it greedily! My wife's comment on this occurrence is really too good to be lost, so I send it you. She said, "Evidently the bird was not a tom-tit at all!"

Yours, in convulsions,

LOVER OF NATURE (as before).

## A PINT OF HALF-AND-HALF.

"Qui va là?" says he.

"Je," replies I, knowing the language.

"James" and another Old Story.

THE international susceptibilities of Sheriff DRURIOLANUS—henceforth to bear the Anglo-French title, *Monsieur le Shérif 'Arris de Paris*, or 'Arry de Parry,—appear to have been considerably hurt by a statement in the *Débats* to the effect that the appearance in the London streets of men dressed as Gendarmes—"en gendarmes français," writes MOSCOO DRURIOLANE—intended as perambulating advertisements for the Waterloo Panorama, was due to a supreme effort of his managerial genius. So Shérif DRURIOLANE wrote at once to the London Correspondent of the *Figaro*, who bears the singularly French name of JOHNSON, denying, in his very best French, that he, M. le Shérif, had had anything to do with these walking advertisements, or, indeed, with the Panorama Company at all, from which he had retired a year ago. Then he adds, like the *preux chevalier* he is known to be, that had he still been on the direction of the aforesaid *Compagnie*, he, at all events, would never, never have committed the enormity of even suggesting, however vaguely, an idea so calculated to needlessly insult "les susceptibilités françaises." ("Hear! hear!" and "Très bien!" from the left.) Then M. le Shérif DRURIOLANE, rising to the occasion, finishes with this magnificent flourish on the French horn—"Je suis né en France"—(Isn't it very much "to his credit," we ask with W. S. G., that, "In spite of all temptations, To belong to other nations, He remains an Englishman?" Why, certainly)—"j'ai vécu parmi les Français, et je suis à moitié enfant de Paris."

Beautiful! Magnifique! Our DRURIOLANUS is surpassing even the G. O. M., who has been born, more or less, everywhere, except in Paris. Should the Republic be in danger, or should Monarchists or Imperialists get a chance and want a man for the place, let them wire to DRURIOLANUS, "à moitié enfant de Paris," and the "Enfant"—"Enfant ARRIS," not "Enfant GATTI"—will be ready, aye ready, to assume the purple, and to bring all his properties with him. "A moitié"—and the other half? That will ever remain British. So *à la santé de Monsieur le Shérif-enfant-de-Londres-et-Paris*, in a pint of Half-and-half, and let it, like Le Shérif himself, have a good head on!

## THE ROLLING OF THE R'S.

"We are told that the omission to roll it (the letter *r*) is as flagrant a misdemeanor as the dropping of the *h*."—James Payn in the *Illustrated News*.

AIR—"The Wearing of the Green."

Soft-spoken Person sings:—

It's vewy wong, widiculous, and howwid, I've no doubt,  
To leave that little letter *r* unuttahed or unwolled;  
But if you haven't any *r*'s you've got to do without,  
And I can no maw woll my *r*'s than dwink my clawet cold.

A Dowie wuggedness of speech I weally *can't* attain,  
And though gwammawians may wave in leadewette and pars,

I quite agree with good JAMES PAYN that all their wov  
The angwy wout must do without "the wolling of the *r*'s!"

HAGIOLOGICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTE.—Dr. HAROLD BROWNE, "the retiring Bishop" of Winchester, as he is called, on account of his innate modesty, wrote to the people of Farnham to say that, "never was there a Bishop since the time of his earliest predecessor in the See, St. Swithun, more literally 'at home' at Farnham Castle than himself." To this fact Dr. H. B. is, perhaps, unaware that the Saint in question owed his name, as when any visitor called to ask if he were at home, the Hall-porter of the period invariably answered, "Yes, Saint's within." Dr. HAROLD BROWNE is welcome to this information, which ought to have been in *Notes and Queries*.

It is said that the invitations for the Drury Lane celebration of Twelfth Night will not be sent out with so free a hand next year, the young men on the recent occasion having been so Baddeley behaved.



## VOCES POPULI.

## A ROW IN THE PIT; OR, THE OBSTRUCTIVE HAT.

SCENE—*The Pit during Pantomime Time. The Overture is beginning.*

*An Over-heated Matron (to her Husband).* Well, they don't give you much room in 'ere, I must say. Still, we done better than I expected, after all that crushing.



I thought my ribs was gone once—but it was on'y the umbrella's. You pretty comfortable where you are, eh. Father?

*Father.* Oh, I'm right enough, I am.

*Jimmy (their Son; a small boy, with a piping voice).* If Father is, it's more nor what I am. I can't see, Mother, I can't!

*His Mother.* Lor' bless the boy! there ain't nothin to see yet; you'll see well enough when the Curting goes up. (*Curtain rises on opening scene.*) Look, JIMMY, ain't that nice,

now? All them himps dancin' round, and real fire comin' out of the pot—which I 'ope it's quite safe—and there's a beautiful fairy just come on, dressed so grand, too!

*Jimmy.* I can't see no fairy—nor yet no himps—no nothen!

*His Mother (annoyed).* Was there ever such a aggravating boy to take anywheres! Set quiet, do, and don't fidget, and look at the hactin'!

*Jimmy.* I tell yer I can't see no hactin', Mother. It ain't my fault—it's this lady in front o' me, with the 'at.

*Mother (perceiving the justice of his complaints).* Father, the pore boy says he can't see where he is, 'cause of a lady's hat in front.

*Father.* Well, I can't 'elp the 'at, can I? He must put up with it, that's all!

*Mother.* No—but I thought, if you wouldn't mind changing places with him—you're taller than him, and it wouldn't be in your way 'arf so much.

*Father.* It's always the way with you—never satisfied, you ain't! Well, pass the boy across—I'm for a quiet life, I am. (*Changing seats.*) Will this do for you?

[*He settles down immediately behind a very large, and furry, and feathery hat, which he dodges for some time, with the result of obtaining an occasional glimpse of a pair of legs on the stage.*]

*Father (suddenly).* D—the 'at!

*Mother.* You can't wonder at the boy not seeing! P'raps the lady wouldn't might taking it off, if you asked her?

*Father.* Ah! (*He touches the Owner of the Hat on the shoulder.*) Excuse me, Mum, but might I take the liberty of asking you to kindly remove your 'at? [*The Owner of the Hat deigns no reply.*]

*Father (more insistently).* Would you 'ave any objection to oblige me by taking off your 'at, Mum? (*Same result.*) I don't know if you 'eard me, Mum, but I've asked you twice, civil enough, to take that 'at of yours off. I'm a playin' 'Ide and Seek be'ind it 'ere!

[*No answer.*]  
*The Mother.* People didn't ought to be allowed in the Pit with sech 'ats! Callin' 'erself a lady—and settin' there in a great 'at and feathers like a 'Ighlander's, and never answering no more nor a stuffed himage!

*Father (to the Husband of The Owner of the Hat).* Will you tell your good lady to take her 'at off, Sir, please?

*The Owner of the Hat (to her Husband).* Don't you do nothing of the sort, SAM, or you'll 'ear of it!

*The Mother.* Some people are perlite, I must say. Parties might beyare as ladies when they come in the Pit! It's a pity her 'usband can't teach her better manners!

*The Father.* 'Im teach her! 'E knows better. 'E's got a Tartar there, 'e 'as!

*The Owner of the Hat.* SAM, are you going to eet by and hear me insulted like this?

*Her Husband (turning round tremulously).* I—I'll trouble you to drop making these personal allusions to my wife's 'at, Sir. It's puffedick impossible to listen to what's going on on the stage, with all these remarks be'ind!

*The Father.* Not more nor it is to see what's going on on the stage with that 'at in front! I paid 'arf-a-crown to see the Pantomime, I did; not to 'ave a view of your wife's 'at! . . . 'Ere, MARIA, blowed if I can stand this 'ere game any longer. JIMMY must change places again, and if he can't see, he must stand up on the seat, that's all!

[*JIMMY is transferred to his original place, and mounts upon the seat.*]

*A Pittite behind Jimmy (touching up JIMMY's Father with an umbrella).* Will you tell your little boy to eet down, please, and not block the view like this?

*Jimmy's Father.* If you can indooce that lady in front to take off her 'at, I will—but not before. Stay where you are, JIMMY, my boy. *The Pittite behind.* Well, I must stand myself then, that's all. I mean to see, somehow! [*He rises.*]

*People behind him (sternly).* Set down there, will yer?

[*He resumes his seat expostulating.*]

*Jimmy.* Father, the gentleman behind is a pinching of my legs! *Jimmy's Father.* Will you stop pinching my little boy's legs! He ain't doing you no 'arm—is he?

*The Pinching Pittite.* Let him sit down, then!

*Jimmy's Father.* Let the lady take her 'at off!

*Murmurs behind.* Order, there! Set down! Put that boy down! Take off that 'at! Silence in front, there! Turn 'em out! Shame! . . . &c. &c.

*The Husband of the O. of the H. (in a whisper to his Wife).* Take off the blessed 'at, and have done with it, do!

*The O. of the H.* What—now? I'd sooner die in the 'at!

[*An Attendant is called.*]

*The Attendant.* Order, there, Gentlemen, please—unless you want to get turned out! No standing allowed on the seats—you're disturbing the performance 'ere, you know!

[*JIMMY is made to sit down, and weeps silently; the hubbub gradually subsides—and The Owner of the Hat triumphs—for the moment.*]

*Jimmy's Mother.* Never mind, my boy, you shall have Mother's seat in a minute. I deessay, if all was known, the lady 'as reasons for keeping her 'at on, pore thing!

*The Father.* Ah, I never thought o' that. So she may. Very likely her 'at won't come off—not without her 'air!

*The Mother.* Ah, well, we musn't be 'ard on her, if that's so.

*The O. of the H. (removing the obstruction).* I 'ope you're satisfied now, I'm sure?

*The Father (handsomely).* Better late nor never, Mum, and we take it kind of you. Though, why you shouldn't ha' done it at fust, I dunno; for you look a deal 'ansomer without the 'at than what you did in it—don't she, MARIA?

*The O. of the H. (mollified).* SAM, ask the gentleman behind if his boy would like a ginger-nut.

[*This olive-branch is accepted; compliments pass; cordiality is restored, and the Pantomime proceeds without further disturbance.*]

## SOMETHING LIKE A SUBSCRIPTION!

(*A Page from the Book of Philanthropy.*)

THE Committee waited impatiently the arrival of the Great and Good Man. It was their duty to obtain a donation—an ample one—from the Millionaire whose charity was renowned far and wide, from one end of the world to the other. At length he appeared before them.

"What can I do for you?" he asked, with a smile that absolutely shone with benevolence.

"You know, Sir, that the claims of the poor in the Winter are numerous, and difficult to meet?"

"Certainly I do," returned the Man of Wealth, "and hope that you are about to ask me for a subscription."

"Indeed we were," cried the spokesman of the Committee, his eyes filling with grateful tears. "May I put you down for five pounds?"

"Five pounds!" echoed the Millionaire, impatiently. "What is five pounds?—five thousand is much more like the figure! Now, I will give you five thousand pounds on one condition."

"Name it!" cried the Deputation in a breath.

"The simplest thing in the world," continued the Millionaire. "I will give you five thousand pounds on the condition that you get ninety-nine other fellows to do the same. Nay, you shall thank me when all is collected. I can wait till then."

The above words were spoken more than thirty years ago. Since then the Deputation have been waiting for the other fellows—and so has the Millionaire!

## Professor v. Professor.

PROFESSOR VIRCHOW seems by no means Koch-sure about the tuberculosis remedy. Indeed Professor KOCH finds that there is not only "much virtue in an 'if,'" but much "if" in a VIRCHOW! He is inclined to sing with SWINBURNE:—

"Come down, and redeem us from VIRCHOW."





## THE FRIEND OF IRELAND AND THE WORDY KNIFE-GRINDER.

*(Imitation Sapphics some way after Canning and Frere.)*

*Wordy Knife-Grinder.* "STORY! GOD BLESS YOU! I HAVE NONE TO TELL, SIR!"

*Friend of Ireland:—*

"WORDY Knife-Grinder! Whither are you going? Dark is your way—your wheel looks out of order—Mitchelstown palls, and there seems no more spell in O'BRIEN'S breeches!

"WORDY Knife-Grinder, little think the proud ones, Who in their speeches prate about their Unionism, what hard work 'tis to keep a Party Tightly together!

"Tell me, Knife-Grinder, what *your* little game is. Do you mean playing straight with me and others?

Or would you jocky Erin like a confounded Saxon attorney?

"Give us a glimpse of that same Memorandum! Pledge yourself clear to what needs no explaining! Prove that your plan is not quite a sham, sly-whittled Down into nullity!



"Ere I depart (if go I must, TIM HEALY)  
Give me a pledge that I'm not sold for nothing.  
Tell us in plain round words, without evasion, the  
True Hawarden story."

*Knife-Grinder.*

"Story! God bless yer! I have none to tell, Sir!  
Never tell stories, I; 'tis my sole business  
This Wheel to turn with treadle and cry, 'Knives and  
Scissors to grind O!'

"Constabulary? Question of Land Purchase?  
Number of Irish Members due in justice?  
Never said aught about 'em; don't intend to—  
Not for the present.

"I shall be glad to do what honour urgeth;  
Grind on alone, if you will give me *carte-blanche*,  
Make room for JUSTIN, and forbear to meddle  
With politics, Sir!"

*Friend of Ireland.*

"I give thee *carte-blanche*? I will see thee blown first—  
Fraud! whom no frank appeal can move to frankness—  
Sophist, evasive, garrulous, word-web-spinning  
Subtle Old Spider!!!"

[Kicks the Knife-Grinder, overturns his Wheel, and exits in a  
fury of patriotic enthusiasm and forcible language.

## CAPITAL AND LABOUR FORECAST;

*Or, Six of One and Half-a-Dozen of the Other.*

THOUGH in some quarters a better feeling was reported to have prevailed, still, according to latest accounts, the outlook can scarcely be regarded as satisfactory. A meeting of the Amalgamated Engineering Tram-Drivers' Mutual Stand-Shoulder-to-Shoulder Strangulation Society was held on Glasgow Green yesterday afternoon, at which, amid a good deal of boisterous interruption, several delegates addressed the assembled audience and recounted their recent experiences up to date. There were still 1700 of the Company's old hands out of work, and though, thanks to the profound enthusiasm, "their just cause" had excited amidst the Trade Societies in the South, by which, owing to subscriptions from no less important bodies than the Bootmakers' Benevolent Grandmothers' Association, and Superannuated Undertakers' Orphan Society, they had been able to stay out and defy the Company, receiving all the while, every man of them, a stipend of 3s. 9d. a-week, still they had almost come to the end of their resources, and all that they had in hand towards next week's fund for distribution, was £1 13s. 7½d., received in coppers from the Deputy-Chairman of the Metropolitan Boys' Boot-blackening Brigade, accompanied with an intimation that that help must be regarded as the last that can be counted on from that quarter. Under these circumstances it became a question whether it was not almost time to consider some terms of compromise.

In the above sense one of the speakers addressed the meeting, but he was speedily followed by another, who insisted that, "come what might," they would stick to their latest terms, which were, a three-hours' day—(loud cheers)—and time-and-three-quarters for any work expected after three o'clock in the afternoon. (Prolonged cheering.)

A Delegate here rose, and said it was all very well their cheering, but could they get it? (A Voice, "We'll try!") For his part, the speaker continued, he had had enough of trying. With wife and children starving at home, he had only one course open to him, and that was, to knock under to the Company and their ten-hours' day, if they would have him. (Groans, amid which the Speaker had his hat knocked over his eyes, and was kicked out of the assembly.)

The discussion was then continued, much in the same vein, and eventually culminated in a free fight, in which the Chairman got his head broken, on declaring that a Motion further limiting the working day to two hours and a half, was lost by a narrow majority.

Yesterday afternoon the Directors' Mutual Anti-Labour Protection Company met at their Central Offices for the despatch of their usual business. The ordinary Report was read, which announced that though the affairs of three great Railway Companies had "gone" literally "to the dogs," still, the Directors of each had to be congratulated on showing a firm front, in refusing to acknowledge even the existence of their *employées*. The usual congratulatory Motions were put, *pro formâ*, and passed, and, amid a general manifestation of gloomy satisfaction, the meeting was further adjourned.

## "A Salvage Man."

RUDYARD KIPLING has hit on a picturesque plan;  
He describes in strong language "the savage in Man."  
Whilst amongst the conventions he raids and he ravages.  
We'd like just a little more "Man" in his savages.



## IN SELF-DEFENCE.

Jones (who has just told his best Story, and been rewarded with a gentle smile). "UPON MY WORD, WOMEN HAVEN'T GOT THE REAL SENSE OF HUMOUR! WHY, WHEN I HEARD THAT STORY FOR THE FIRST TIME, ONLY LAST WEEK, I SIMPLY ROARED!"

Miss Smith. "SO DID I—ONLY IT WAS LAST YEAR!"

## FROM OUR MUSICAL BOX.

WE sent our Musical Box (Cox being unable to accompany him on the piano or any other instrument, by reason of the severe weather) to hear STAVENHAGEN at St. James's Hall, Thursday last, the 22nd. Our Musical B. was nearly turned out of the hall, he was in such ecstasies of delight over a Beethovenian concerto, which "banged Banagher," he said, subsequently translating the expression by explaining, "that is, beats BEETHOVEN." Our M. B. wept over a cadenza composed by the performer, and was only restored by the appearance—her first—of Madame STAVENHAGEN, who gave somebody's grand scena far better, probably, than that somebody could have given it himself, set as it was to fine descriptive music by the clever STAVENHAGEN, which delighted all hearers, especially those who were LISET-eners. "Altogether," writes our Musical Box, "a very big success. Music is thirsty work. I am now about to do a symphony in B. and S."

## VICE VERSÂ.

A POET in the *Forum* asks the question,  
"Is Verse in Danger?" 'Tis a wild suggestion!  
Is Verse in Danger? Nay, that's not the curse;  
Danger (of utter boredom) is in Verse!

"ODD MAN OUT."—On Saturday last, the last among the theatrical advertisements in the *Daily Telegraph* was the mysterious one, "MR. CHARLES SUGDEN AT LIBERTY," and then followed his address. "At Liberty!" What does it mean? Has he been—it is a little difficult to choose the right word, but let us say immured—has he been immured in some cell?—for it does sound like a "sell" of another sort—and has he at last effected a sensational escape? No doubt CHARLES, our friend, will be able to offer the public a satisfactory explanation when he re-appears on the Stage which suffers from his absence.



## PLAYING OLD GOOSEBERRY AT THE HAYMARKET;

*Or, The Dook, the Dancing Girl, and the Little Lame Duck.*

WHAT is to be admired in **ENERY HAUTHOR JONES** is not so much his work but his pluck,—for has he not, in the first place, overcome the prudery of the Lord Chamberlain's Licensing Department, and, in the second place, has he not introduced on the boards of the Haymarket a good old-fashioned Melodrama, brought "up to date," and disguised in a Comedy wrapper? Walk in, Ladies and Gentlemen, and see *The Dancing Girl*, a Comedy-Drama shall we call it, or, generically, a Play? wherein the prominent figures are a wicked Duke,—*viz* the "wicked Baronet," now shelved, as nothing under the dual rank will suit us nowadays, bless you!—a Provincial Puritan family, an honest bumpkin lover, a devil of a dancing woman who lives a double-shuffling sort of life, an angel of a lame girl,—who, of course, can't cut capers but goes in for coronets,—a sly, unprincipled, and calculating kind of angel she is too, but an audience that loves Melodrama is above indulging in uncharitable analysis of motive,—a town swell in the country, a more or less unscrupulous land-agent, and a genuine, honest "heavy father," of the ancient type, with a good old-fashioned melodramatic father's curse ready at the right moment, the last relic of a bygone period of the transpontine Melodrama, which will bring tears to the eyes of many an elderly playgoer on hearing the old familiar formula, in the old familiar situation, reproduced on the stage of the modern Haymarket as if through the medium of a phonophone.

At all events, *Drusilla Ives*, alias "the Dancing Girl"—though as to



FINAL TABLEAU, ACT I.

"O does not a Meeting (House) like this make amends?"

*Ham Christison (Clown).* "Ullo! Oh my! I'm a looking at yer!"

where she dances, how she dances, and when she dances, we are left pretty well in the dark, as she only gives so slight a taste of her quality that it seemed like a very amateurish imitation of Miss **KATE VAUGHAN** in her best day.—*Drusilla Ives* is the mistress, neither pure nor simple, of the *Duke of Gooseberry*,—a title which is evidently artfully intended by the, at present, "Only Jones" to be a compound of the French "Guisé" and the English "Bury,"—who from his way of going on and playing old gooseberry with his property, might have been thus styled with advantage: and so henceforth let us think and speak of him as His Grace or His Disgrace the Duke of Gooseberry.

This Duke of Gooseberry visits, "quite unbeknown,"—being, for this occasion only, the Duke of Disguisebury,—his own property, the Island of St. Endellion, just to see, we suppose, what sort of people the Quaker family may be from which his mistress, the Dancing Quakeress (and how funny she used to be at the Music Halls and at the Gaiety!), has sprung. For some reason or other, the Dancing Quakeress has gone to stay a few weeks with her family in the country, and while this hypocritical Daughter of **HERODIAS** is with her Quaker belongings at prayers in the Meeting House, the spirit moveth her to come out, and to come out uncommonly strong, as, within a yard or so of the building, she laughs and talks loudly with Gooseberry, and then in a light-hearted way she treats the Dook to some amateur imitations of **ELLEN TERRY**, finishing up with a reminiscence of **KATE VAUGHAN**; all of which *al fresco* entertainment is given for the benefit of the afore-said Gooseberry within sound of the sermon and within sight of the Meeting House windows. Suddenly her rustic Quaker lover, a kind of *Ham Peggotty*, lounges out of the Conventicle, which, as these persons seem to leave and enter just when it suits them, ought rather to be called a Chapel-of-Ease,—and, like the clown that he is, says in effect, "I'm a-looking at yer! I've caught

yer at it!" Dismay of Dook and Dancer!! then Curtain on a most emphatically effective situation.

The Second Act is far away the best of the lot, damaged, however, by vain repetitions of words and actions. To the house where Miss



Two "Regular Dawgs" having a tête-à-tête.

*Dancing Girl* is openly living under the protection of Gooseberry, the Duke's worthy Steward actually brings his virtuous and ingenious young daughter! If ever there were a pair of artful, contriving, scheming humbugs, it is this worthy couple. Because the Duke saved her from being run over by his own horses, therefore she considers herself at liberty to limp after him, and round him, and about him, on every possible occasion, to say sharp, priggish things to him, to make love to him, and in the Third Act so craftily to manage as to spot him just as he is about to drink off a phial of poison, which operation, being preceded by a soliloquy of strong theatrical flavour and considerable length, gives the lame girl a fair chance of hobbling down the stairs and arresting the thus "spotted Nobleman's" arm at the critical moment. Curtain, and a really fine dramatic situation. "Which nobody can deny."

It is in this same Third Act that the fine old crusted melodramatic curse is uncorked, and a good imperial quart of wrath is poured out on his dancing daughter's head by the heavy father, who, in his country suit, forces his way into the gilded halls of the Duke's mansion, past the flunkies, the head butler, and all the rest of the usual pampered menials. An audience that can accept this old-fashioned cheap-novel kind of clap-trap, and witness, without surprise, the marvellous departure of all the guests, supperless, for no assigned cause, or explicable reason, not even an alarm of fire having been given, will swallow a considerable amount.

The Fourth Act is an anticlimax, and shows up the faulty construction of the drama. Of course the news comes that the *Dancing Girl* is dead, and this information is brought by a *Sainte Nitouche* of a "Sister" of some Theatrical Order (not admitted after half-past seven), whose very appearance is a *suggestio falsi*. Equally, of course, a letter is found, which, as exculpating Gooseberry, induces the old cuss of a Puritan father to shake hands with the converted "Spotted Nobleman"; but, be it remembered, the Dook is still his landlord, and the value of the property is going up considerably. Then it appears that the old humbug of an agent has sagaciously speculated in the improvement of the island, and poor Gooseberry feels under such an obligation to that sly puss of an agent's daughter, that, in a melancholy sort of way, he offers her his hand, which she, the artful little hussy of a *Becky Sharp*, with considerable affectation of coyness, accepts, and down goes the Curtain upon as unsatisfactory and commonplace a termination to a good Melodrama as any



ACT III.

Pantaloone David Peggotty Gladstone Ives.



Philistine of the Philistines could possibly wish. It would have been a human tragedy indeed had poor Gooseberry poisoned himself, and the girl whose life he had saved had arrived just too late, only to die of a broken heart. But that "is quite another story."

The piece is well played all round, especially by the men. Mr. TREE is excellent, except in the ultra-melodramatic parts, where he is too noisy. The very best thing he does is the perfect finish of the Second Act, when, without a word, he sits in the chair before the fire lost in dismal thought. This is admirable:



FINAL TABLEAU.

Triumph of the Artful Agent and his lame Duck of a Daughter, Sybil Slyboots, *alias* Becky Sharp, afterwards the Merry Duchess of Gooseberry.

as perfect in its dramatic force as it is true to nature. It is without exception the best thing in the whole piece. Mr. F. KERR as *Reginald Stingsby*, achieves a success unequalled since Mr. BANCROFT played the *parvenu* swell *Hawtree*. It should be borne in mind that Mr. KERR only recently played admirably the poor stuttering shabby lover in *The Struggle for Life*. *Il ira loin, ce bon M. KERR*. Miss JULIA NEILSON looks the part to the life: when she has ceased to give occasional imitations of Miss ELLEN TERRY, and can really play the part as well as she looks it, then nothing more could be possibly desired. All the others as good as need be, or can be.

### THE BOGEY, MAN!

(Retort of a Lady-Player who plays "for love.")

"No game was ever yet invented which held the female mind in thrall save by indirect means. Where would croquet have been, so far as the Ladies were concerned, without its Curates, or lawn-tennis without its 'Greek gods' . . . If men played for nothing, they would find it dull enough."—JAMES PAYN]

'Tis mighty well for Menfolk at Womankind to gibe,  
And swear they do not care for games without some lure or bribe,  
But e'en in JAMES PAYN'S armour there seems some weakish joints;  
He does not care for "glorious Whist" unless for "sixpenny points!"

Whist! Whist! Whist! It charms the Bogey, Man:  
Whist! Whist! Whist! He'll play it when he can.  
But "pointless Whist," as PAYN admits, is not at all his plan;  
You must have "money on" to please the Bogey, Man!

Now, Ladies like to play "for love," a fault male hucksters blame,  
But only sordid souls deny that is the true "grand game."  
Man's vulgarer ambition 's not just to play well and win;  
His eye is ever on the stakes, his interest on the "tin."

Whist! Whist! Whist! That blatant Bogey, Man!  
Whist! Whist! Whist! He'll flout us when he can.  
"Indirect means" though, after all, are portions of his plan;  
For all his brag he loves the "swag," the Bogey, Man!

### Mum's the Word!

[Mr. CHAMBERLAIN presided lately at a Deaf-and-Dumb Meeting.]

JOSEPH reflecteth:—

DEAF-MUTES make the best audience, I see;  
They gave me no rude flood of gibes to stem.  
True, they were deaf, and so could not hear me,  
But they were dumb, so I could not hear them!

MADAME ROLAND RE-EDITED (from a sham-Japanese point of view).—O LIBERTY! what strange (decorative) things are done in thy name!

### JACK'S APPEAL.

["It is impossible for warrant-officers in the Navy not to see that they are placed at a disadvantage as compared with non-commissioned officers in the Army, and it must be very difficult to persuade them that the two cases are so essentially different as to afford no real ground for grievance."—*The "Times,"* on "An Earnest Appeal on Behalf of the Rank and File of the Navy."]

Jack Tar to Tommy Atkins, *loquitur*:—

TOMMY ATKINS, TOMMY ATKINS, penmen write pertikler fine  
Of the Wooden Walls of England, and likewise the Thin Red Line;  
But for those as form that Line, mate, or for those as man them Walls,  
Scribes don't seem so precious anxious to kick up their lyric squalls.  
Not a bit of it, my hearty; for one reason—it don't pay;  
There is small demand, my TOMMY, for a DIBDIN in our day.  
Oh, I knew that arter dinner your M.P.'s can up and quote  
Tasty tit-bits from old CHARLEY, which they all reel off by rote;  
But if there is a cherub up aloft to watch poor JACK,  
That there cherub ain't a poet,—bards are on another tack.

TOMMY ATKINS, TOMMY ATKINS, BULL is sweet on "loyal toasts,"  
And he spends his millions freely on his squadrons and his hosts,  
But there isn't much on 't, messmate, not so far as I can see,  
Whether 'tis rant or rhino, that gets spent on you and me.  
Still the *Times* has took our case up,—werry handsome o' the *Times*!—  
I have heard it charged with prejudice, class-hate, and similar crimes,

But it shows it's got fair sperret and a buzzum as can feel  
When it backs us with a "Leader" arter printing our "Appeal."  
You are better off, my TOMMY, than the Navy Rank and File,  
You may chance to get promotion,—arter waiting a good while—  
But the tip-top of Tar luck's to be a Warrant Officer;  
We ain't like to get no further, if we even get as fur.  
'Tain't encouraging, my hearty. As for me, I'm old and grey,  
'Tis too late now for promotion if it chance to come my way;  
And my knowledge, and my patter, and my manners—well I guess  
They mayn't be percoisely fitted for a dandy ward-room mess.  
But the Navy of the Future, TOMMY ATKINS, is our care,  
We have gone through many changes, and for others must prepare.  
It will make the Navy popular, more prospect of advance;  
And what I say is, TOMMY,—let the young uns have a chance!  
Some I know will cry "Impossible," and slate the scheme like fun,  
Most good things are "impossible," my TOMMY,—till they're done!  
Quarter-decks won't fill from fokesels, not to any great extent;  
But, give good men a better chance! I guess that's all that's meant.

As the *Times* says, werry sensible and kind-like, prejudice,  
Though strong at first, dies quickly, melts away like thaw-  
struck ice;

If every brave French soldier, with a knapsack on his back,  
May find a Marshal's baton at the bottom of that pack,  
Why should not a true British Tar, with pluck, and luck, and wit,  
Find at last a "Luff's" commission hidden somewhere in his kit?

### WAKING THEM UP.

Fly-leaf from an Energetic Kaiser's Diary.

10 P.M.—Slip out of Opera and take somebody else's overcoat from cloak-room when nobody is looking, jump into a four-wheeler, and drive to station. Am recognised, and a special train is called out. Give them the slip, and get into a horse-box of third-class omnibus-train just about to start.

10 15 P.M. to 2 30 A.M.—Still in horse-box.

2 45 A.M.—Stop at a big town. Hurry out. Stopped for ticket. Throw off disguise of somebody else's overcoat, and declare myself. Guard called out to escort me. When they are looking the other way, hide under refreshment-counter, and get out of station unobserved on all-fours. Am collared by a policeman. Again have to declare myself. Give policeman twenty marks, bind him to silence, and borrow his official cloak. Find out Burgomaster's address. Hammer at his front door till I have stirred up the whole household.

4 A.M. to 5 A.M.—Find out the Archbishop. Bang at his front door till he puts his head out of window, and wants to know "What on earth's the matter?" Hide round the corner. Repeat same business, with more or less success, at the residence of the Chief Justice, then at that of the Clerk of the Peace, and at those of any other officials I can call to mind, winding up by a regular good row at that of the General in Command. Trumpeter comes out. Take bugle from him, and give the call. General in Command rubs his eyes sleepily, and says he'll be down presently.

5 A.M.—Hurry back to station. Catch early cattle-train going back to Berlin. Jump on engine, and declare myself. Wire approach down line, and tear away with the cattle, at seventy miles an hour, getting back to Berlin just in time for breakfast. Fancy I woke them up! Altogether, a very enjoyable outing.





## GENUINE ENTHUSIASM.

(A Thaw Picture.)

WHAT MATTER AN INCH OR TWO OF SURFACE-WATER, IF THE ICE BE STILL SOUND UNDERNEATH !

## "ROUGE ET NOIR!"

OR, JONATHAN'S PERPLEXING PROBLEM.

(Some Way after Hosea Biglow's "Jonathan to John.")

Jonathan (who has been reading the Articles on "The Negro Question in the United States," in the English "Times") loq :-

It may be ez you're right, JOHN,  
And both my hands are full;  
You know ez I can fight, JOHN,  
(I've wiped out "Sitting Bull").  
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess  
We see our fix," sez he.  
"The 'Thunderer's' paw lays down the law,  
Accordin' to J. B.  
To square it's left to me!"

Blood ain't so cool as ink, JOHN;  
Big words are easy wrote;  
The 'coons'—well, you don't think, JOHN,  
I'll let 'em cut my throat.  
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess  
Ghost-dance must stop," sez he.  
"Suppose the 'braves' and black ex-slaves  
Hed b'longed to ole J. B.  
Insted of unto me?"

Ten art'cles in your Times, JOHN,  
Hev giv me good advice.  
I mind th' old Slavery crimes, JOHN.  
I don't need tellin' twice.  
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,  
I only guess," sez he,  
"Seven million blacks on his folks' backs  
Would kind o' rile J. B.  
Ez much ez it riles me!"

The Red Man,—well, I s'pose, JOHN,  
We'll hev to wipe him aout.  
Sech pizonous trash ez those, JOHN,  
The world kin do without.  
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess  
Injuns must go," sez he.  
"Cooper's Red Man won't fit our plan,  
Though he once witched J. B.  
As once he fetches e'en me!"

The Black Man! Ah, that's wuss, JOHN.  
The chaps wuz right, ay foost,  
Who said the Slavery cuss, JOHN,  
Wud yet come home to roost.  
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess  
The problem set," sez he,  
"By that derved Nig. is black and big,  
And fairly puzzles me,  
Ez it wud do J. B."

Your Times would right our wrongs, JOHN.  
—Always wuz sweet on us!—  
But on dilemma's prongs, JOHN,  
To fix me don't you fuss.  
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,  
Though physic's good," sez he,  
"It doesn't foller that he can swaller  
Prescriptions signed J. B.  
Put up by you for me!"

Thet swaggerin' black buck Nig., JOHN,  
Is jest a grown-up kid;  
Ez happy as a—pig, JOHN,  
When doin' wut he's bid.  
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess  
He's hateful when he's free.  
Equal with him, that dark-skinn'd limb?  
No; that will not suit me,  
More than it wud J. B.!"

Emigrate the whole lot, JOHN?  
Well, that's a tallish task!  
In Afric's centre hot, JOHN,  
Send 'em to breed and bask?  
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess  
I'd be right glad," sez he,  
"But—will they go?" 'Tain't done, you  
As easy as J. B. [know,  
Wud settle it—for me!"]

Rouge—there I see my way, JOHN.  
But Noir—thet's hard to front!  
It wun't be no child's play, JOHN,  
Seven million Nigs to shunt.  
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess  
We've a hard row," sez he,  
"To hos just now, but thet, somehow,  
I fancy, friend J. B.,  
Your Times may leave to me!"

[Left considering it.]

## WELCOME BACK!

[Mr. SANTLEY, who has been long absent in Australia, reappeared at St. James's Hall on Jan. 19, and was received with great enthusiasm.]

BACK from your Australian trip!  
Punch, my CHARLES, your fist must grip.  
You have lighted on a time  
When we're all chill, choke, and grime.  
'Twere no marvel, O great baritone,  
Did you find your voice had nary tone.  
But there's none like you can sing  
"To Anthea," "The Erl-King."  
SCHUBERT, GOUNOD, English HATTON,  
Equally your Fine Art's pat on.  
Punch can never praise you scantily.  
A votre santé, good CHARLES SANTLEY!





“ROUGE ET NOIR!”







## OUR SPORT AND ART EXHIBITION.



"ON THE SCENT."

## FOR BETTER—OR WORSE.

[At the Anti-Gambling Demonstration recently held in Exeter Hall, Sir RICHARD WEBSTER, the Attorney-General, said that it was supposed by many that it was impossible to enjoy athletic pursuits without becoming interested in a pecuniary sense. He should therefore like to add, not for the purpose of holding himself up as an example, that, during his entire interest in sports of all kinds, he had never made a bet.]

AH! these are days when Recklessness, bereft of ready cash, Will strive to remedy the void by speculative splash; It is a salutary sight for Bankruptcy and Debt—Our good Attorney-General who never made a bet.

His interest in manly sports, an interest immense, Was ne'er degraded to a mere "pecuniary sense;" His boyhood's love of marbles leaves him nothing to regret—Our good Attorney-General who never made a bet.

Next, when a youth, the cricket-bat he first began to wield, And "Heads or Tails?" re-echoed for the Innings through the field,

He sternly scorned to toss the coin, howe'er his friends might fret—Our good Attorney-General who never made a bet.

And when, an Undergraduate, he swiftly skimmed his mile, And comrades staked with confidence on him their little pile, He'd beg them not on his account in gambling ways to get—This good Attorney-General who never made a bet.

To pursue for money ruins whist; and seldom can his Club Persuade him to put counters (coins for Zulus!) on the rub; He has been known for lozenges to dabble with piquet; He wasn't Chief Attorney then, nor was it quite a bet.

His wise profession's ornament, he looks on all such games Far otherwise than RUSSELL does, than LOCKWOOD, HALL, or JAMES; For pure platonic love of play he stands unequalled yet—Our good Attorney-General who never made a bet.

St. Stephen's, too, thinks much of him; but ah! his soul it pains To know that Speculation o'er the lobby sometimes reigns; He's chided OLD MORALITY and RANDOLPH and the set, Beseeching them on bended knees to never make a bet.

We all are fond of him, in short, the Boxes with the Gods; That he's a first-rate fellow we would gladly lay the odds. But no!—himself would veto that. We must not wound our pet Precise Attorney-General who never made a bet.

## THE ARISTOTELIAN TREASURE-TROVE.

ALL have heard of "a Manuscript found in a Bottle,"  
But here is a waif with romance yet more fraught:  
A newly-found treatise by old ARISTOTLE  
Is flotsam indeed from the Ocean of Thought.  
Oh, happy discoverer, lucky Museum!  
Not this time the foreigner scores off JOHN BULL.  
Tenton pundits would lift, for such luck, their *Te Deum*!  
No SHAPIRO, *Punch* hopes, such a triumph to dull!  
May it all turn out right! Further details won't tire us.  
We may get some straight-tips from that Coptic papyrus!

## ROBERT ON SKATIN'.

WELL, I begins to agree with them as says, and says it too as if they ment it, that noboddy can really tell what is reel grand injymment till they try it, and trys it farelly, and gives it a good chance. I remembers how I used to try and like Crikkit, when I was much yunger than I am now, and stuck to it in spite of several black eyes when I stood pint, and shouts of, "Now then, Butter-Fingers!" when I stood leg, till a serten werry fast Bowler sent me away from the wicket with two black and blew legs, and then I guv it up. I guv up Foot Ball for simler reasuns, and have never attempted not nothink in the Hathlettick line ewer since, my sumwat rapid increase in size and wait a hading me in that wise resoolooshun.

But sumhow it appened, dooring the hawful whether we has all bin a shivering throw for this long time, that I found my atenshun direckted to the strange fack that, whilst almost ewerybody was busily engaged in a cussin and swarin at the bitter cold and the dirty slippery sno, ewerybody else seemed to be injying of theiresselves like wun-a-clock. Now it so appened that when waiting one day upon the young swell I have before spoken of, at the "Grand 'Otel," he was jined by another swell, who told him what a glorius day's skating he had been avin in Hide Park! and how he ment to go agen to-morrer, "if the luvly frost wood but continue!"

So my curoesety was naterally egaited, and nex day off I gos to Hide Park, and there I seed the xplation of what had serprised me so much. For there was hunderds and hunderds of not only spectably drest Gents, but also of reel-looking Ladys, a skatin away like fun, and a larfing away and injying theiresselves jest as if it had bin a nice Summer's day. Presently I append to find myself a standing jest by a nice respectabel looking man, with a nice, cumferal-looking chair, and sewerall pares of Skates; and presently he says to me, quite permiscus-like, "They all seems to be a injying theiresselves, don't they, Sir?" which they most suttenly did; and then he says to me, says he, "Do you akate, Sir?" to which my natral pride made me reply, "Not much!" "Will you have a pair on, Sir," says he, "jest for a trial?" "Is there any fear of a axident?" says I. "Oh no, Sir," says he, "not if you follers my hinsturcshuns." So I aashally sets myself down in his chair, and lets him put me en a pair of Skates! The first differculity was, how to get up, which I found as I couldn't manage at all without his assistance; for, strange to say, both of my feet insisted on going quite contrary ways. Howewer, by grarping on him quite tite round his waste, I at last manidged to go along three or four slides, and then I returned to the chair, and sat down again; and he was kind enuff to compliment me, and to say that he thort I was a gitting on fust-rate, and, if I woud only cum ewery day for about a week or so, he had no dowt but he shoood see me a skating a figger of hate like the best on 'em!

Encouraged by his truthfool remarks, I at larst ventured to let go of him and try a few slides by myself, and shoood no dowt have suckceeded hadmerably, but my bootifal stick to which I was a trustin to elp me from falling, slidid rite away from me in a most unnatral manner, and down I came on my onerabel seat, with such a smasher as seemed to shake all my foreteen etun into a cocked-hat, to speak, hallegorically, and there I lay, elpless and opeless, and wundering how on airth I shoood ever get up again. But my trusty frend and guide was soon at my side, as the Poet says, but all his united force, with that of too boys who came to his assistance, and larfed all the wile, as rude boys will, coud not get me on my feet agen 'till my too skates was taken off, and I agen found myself on terror former on my friend's chair. It took me longer to reover myself than I shoood have thort posserbel, but at larst I was enabled to crawl away, but not 'till my frend had supplied me with jest a nice nip of brandy, which he said he kept andy in case of any such surprisin axidents as had appened to me.

So what with paying for the use of the skates, and the use of the Brandy, and the use of the too boys, and the use of a handsom Cab to take me to the "Grand," that was rayther a deer ten minutes skating, and as it was reelly and trowly my fust attempt at that poplar and xoitng passtime, I think I may safely affirm—as I have alreddy done to my better half—whose langwidge, when I related my hadwenture, is scarcely worth repeating, as it was most certenly not complementary—that it shall be my larst.

ROBERT.





Harry Furniss

REMINISCENCES OF SPORT IN THE SNOW.



## A FREEZING POINT.

(By a Frozen-out Lover.)

THEY tell me thou art cold, my sweet—

A fact that scarcely odd is.  
Gales half so cruel never beat  
Against poor human bodies.  
Cupid's attire is far too light  
To weather Thirty Fahrenheit.

How can a glow the soul entrance,  
When frostbite nips the finger,  
And blushes quit the countenance  
To nigh the nostril linger!  
Warmth were a miracle, in sight  
And grip of Thirty Fahrenheit.

Chill! chill to me, my Paradise!!  
I'll not complain or curse on.  
One cannot well be otherwise  
To any mortal person.  
Mere icebergs ambulant, we fight  
Feroocious Thirty Fahrenheit.

Cold art thou? Not so cold as I—  
Nought living could be colder.  
I'm far too cold to sob or sigh,  
Still less in passion smoulder.  
I'm turning fast to something  
quite  
As numb as Thirty Fahrenheit.

INFORMATION REQUIRED.—"Sir, I see a Volume advertised entitled, *Unspoken Sermons*. I should be glad to know where these are preached, as that's the place for yours truly, ONE WHO SNORES."

NEW BOOK OF IRISH LIFE.—*The Bedad's Sons*. By the Author of the tale of Indian Life, *The Begum's Daughters*.



## THE DELIGHTS OF TRIAL BY JURY.

THESE GENTLEMEN ARE EXPECTED TO BE IN A JUDICIAL FRAME OF MIND AFTER HANGING ABOUT THE PREINCITS OF THE COURT FOR SEVERAL DAYS, UNDER PENALTY OF A HEAVY FINE, WHILE THEIR PRIVATE BUSINESS IN THE CITY AND ELSEWHERE IS GOING TO THE DOGS. (WHY SHOULD NOT HALF-PAY OFFICERS DO THE WORK, AND RELIEVE BUSY MEN?)

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Thursday, January 22.—Both Houses met to-day after Christmas Recess. No QUEEN'S Speech; no moving and

seconding of Address; no Royal Commission and procession of SPEAKER to Lords. All seems strange, and spirits generally a little depressed. Only ROBERT FOWLER rises superior to circumstances of hour. Blustering about the Lobby "like Boreas," says CAUSTON.

"Only not so rude," says HARRY LAWSON, jealous for the reputation of Metropolitan Members, even though some sit on the Benches opposite. With folded hands thrust behind coat-tails, rollicking stride, thunderous voice, and blooming countenance, Sir ROBERT positively pervades the Lobby. Personally receives POPE HENNESSY; shakes hands with everybody; and finally halting for a moment under the electric-lit archway leading into House, presents interesting and attractive picture of the Glorified Alderman.



King Yah! Yah!

Scotch Members take possession of Commons to-night. LORD ADVOCATE brings in Bill, providing new machinery for private legislation; the Scotch Members with one accord fall upon proposal, and

tear it to ribbons. Meanwhile other Members troop off to Lords, where spectacle is provided which beats the pantomimes into fits. Two new Peers to take their seats; procession formed in back room outside; enters from below Bar. First comes Black Rod, with nothing black about him; then Garter King-at-Arms, a herculean personage, fully five feet high, with a dangerous gleam in his eye, and the Royal Arms of England quartered in scarlet and blue and gold on his manly back. Behind, in red cloaks slashed with ermine, the new Baron and his escort of two brother Peers. There being no room for them to advance in due procession, they fall into single file, make their way to the Woolsack, where sits that pink of chivalry, that mould of fashion, that perfection of form, the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR.

New Peer drops on one knee, presents bundle of paper to LORD CHANCELLOR. L. C., coyly turning his head on one side, gingerly takes roll, hands it to Attendant. New Peer gets up; procession bundles back to table; here Gentleman in wig and gown gabbles something from long document. New Peer writes his name in a book (probably promising subscription towards expenses of performance.) Garter King-at-Arms getting to the front trots off with comically short strides for so great a dignity; New Peer and escort follow, Black Rod solemnly bringing up rear. Garter King makes for Cross Benches by the door; passes along one, the rest following, as if playing game of Follow-my-leader. Garter King suddenly making off to the right, walks up Gangway to row of empty Benches. Stops at the topmost row but one, and passes along. New Peer wants to follow him. Garter King prods him in chest with small stick, and tells him to go on to the Bench above. This he does, with escort. Meanwhile, Black Rod left out in the cold. Garter King motions to three Peers to be seated; tells them to put on their cocked-hats; counts ten; nods to them; they rise to feet, uplift cocked-hats in direction of LORD CHANCELLOR on Woolsack. He raises his in return of salute. Three Peers sit down again. Garter King counts ten; nods; up they get again, salute LORD CHANCELLOR; sit down once more. "One—two—three—four—ten," Garter King mumbles to himself. Once more they rise; salute LORD CHANCELLOR; then Garter King leading the way, they march back to Woolsack.

Garter King now introduces new Member to LORD CHANCELLOR. L. C. starts as if he had never seen him before; then extends right



hand; New Peer shakes it, procession reformed, walks out behind Bar. A few minutes later, another comes in, all the business done over again. Impressive, but a little monotonous, and as soon as possible after its conclusion Noble Lords go home.

*Business done.*—In Commons, Private Bill Legislation Bill read a Second Time.

*Friday.*—WM. O'BRIEN, standing with tear-stained face on pier at Boulogne waving wet handkerchief across the main, has drawn away JUSTIN MCCARTHY, who can't be back till Monday. PARNELL was to have come down to-day, and making believe to be still Leader of United Irishmen, asked OLD MORALITY to set aside day for discussion of his Motion on operation of Crimes Act. BREER FOX accordingly looked in shortly after SPEAKER took the Chair.

"Seen BREER RABBIT anywhere about, TOBY?" he asked.  
So I up and told him about MCCARTHY'S new journey to Boulogne.

"Oh, indeed," said BREER FOX; "if that's the case, I think I won't trouble House to-night. Got an engagement elsewhere; think I'll go and keep it. Not used to hanging about here, as you know; awful bore to me; but as long as BREER RABBIT comes here, I must be on spot to vindicate my position. So I'll say ta-ta. No—never mind ringing for fire-escape; can walk down the steps to-day."

Thus there being no Irish Leader on the premises, and hardly any Irish Members, had a rare chance for attending to British business. CHANNING brought on question of working Overtime on the Railways; moved Resolution invoking interference of Board of Trade. Question a little awkward for Government. Couldn't afford to offend Railway Directors, yet wouldn't do to flout numerous body of working-men, chiefly voters. Proposed to shelve business by appointment of Select Committee. Opposition not going to let them off so easily. Debate kept up all night, winding up with critical Division; Government majority only 17.

"And this," said OLD MORALITY, with injured look, "after PLUNKET'S brilliant oration on the time-tables of the London and North-Western Railway Company! If he'd only illustrated it with magic-lantern, things would have gone differently. But he was obstinate; said there would be difficulty in arranging the slides, and so rejected proposal."

*Business done.*—CHANNING'S Resolution about Overtime on Railways negatived by 141 Votes against 124.

### HOMAGE TO SIR JAMES HANNEN.

SIR,—As the recognised organ of the legal profession, will you permit me to address you? It is common knowledge that within the last few days the Right Honourable Sir JAMES HANNEN has been raised to a dignity greater than that he has been able to claim for the last eighteen years, when he has sat as President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice. On leaving the Court in which so many of us were known to him, he was kind enough to say, "Those eighteen years had been eighteen years of happiness to him, chiefly arising from the advantage he had had in having before him habitually practising in that Court Barristers who had felt that their part was just as important as his in the administration of Justice, and who had assisted him enormously. Without their assistance, his task would have been an arduous one, whereas it had been, as he had said, an agreeable one." As I personally have had the honour of appearing before his Lordship for many years, I think that it is only right that I should make some acknowledgment of this kind recognition of my services.

It is quite true that I have felt, as Sir JAMES HANNEN suggests, that my part (humble as it may have been) has been just as important as his in the administration of Justice. But it is gratifying to me beyond measure to learn that my invariable custom of bowing to his Lordship on the commencement and conclusion of each day's forensic duties—which has been the limit of my "habitual practice" in the Probate Division—should "have assisted him enormously." I can only say that, thanks to his unvarying kindness and courtesy, my daily recognition of his greetings from the Bench, instead of being an arduous task, has ever been an agreeable one. I have the honour to remain, Sir, your very obedient servant,

(Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

*Pump-Handle Court, January 24, 1891.*

"PRO-DIGIOUS!"—In last Sunday's *Observer* we read that at St. Petersburg Madame MELBA, as *Juliette*, "was recalled thirty-one times before the *proscenium*." The italics are ours, rather! If this sort of thing is to be repeated during the Opera season here, and each gifted singer is recalled in proportion to his or her merits, the audience will not get away till the following morning. *Juliette* must have said, on the above-mentioned occasion, "Parting is such sweet sorrow, That I could say 'good-night' until to-morrow." And the usual chorus of operatic *habitués* will be, "We won't go home till morning. Till daylight doth appear!" with *refrain*, "For—she (or he) 's a jolly good singer," &c., *ad infinitum*, or "ad infi-nest-nightum."

### THE FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON.

ENGLAND TO ATHENS:—

O QUEEN of Cities, with a crown of woe,  
Scarred by the ruin of two thousand years,  
By fraud and by barbarian force laid low,  
Buried in dust, and watered with the tears  
Of unregarded bondmen, toiling on,  
Crushed in the shadow of their Parthenon;



Mother of heroes, Athens, nought availed  
The Macedonian's triumph, or the chain  
Of Rome; the conquering Osmanli failed,  
His myriad hosts have trampled thee in vain.  
They for thy deathless body raised the pyre,  
And held the torch, but Heaven forbade the fire.

Then didst thou rise, and, shattering thy bands,  
Burst in war's thunder on the Muslim horde,  
Who shrank appalled before thee, while thy hands  
Wielded again the imperishable sword,  
The sword that smote the Persian when he came,  
Countless as sand, thy virgin might to tame.

Mother of freemen, Athens, thou art free,  
Free as the spirits of thy mighty dead;  
And Freedom's northern daughter calls to thee,  
"How shall I help thee, sister? Raise thy head,  
O Athens, say what can I give thee now,  
I who am free, to deck thy marble brow?"

ATHENS REPLIES:—

Shot-dinted, but defiant of decay,  
Stand my gaunt columns in a tragic line,  
The shattered relics of a glorious day,  
Mute guardians of the lost Athena's shrine.  
The flame of hope, that faded to despair  
Ere Hellas burst her chains, is imaged there.

Yet one there was who came to her for gain,  
Ere yet the years of her despair were run;  
And with harsh zeal defaced the ruined fane  
Full in the blazing light of Hellas' sun.  
Spoiling my home with sacrilegious hand,  
He bore his captives to a foreign land.

Ilissus mourns his tutelary god,  
Theseus in some far city doth recline:  
Lost is the Horse of Night that erstwhile trod  
My hall; the god-like shapes that once were mine  
Call to me, "Mother save us ere we die,  
Far from thy arms beneath a sunless sky."

How shall I answer? for my arms are fain  
To clasp them fast upon the rock-bound steep,  
Their ancient home. Shall Athens yearn in vain,  
And all in vain must woful Hellas weep?  
Must the indignant shade of PHIDIAS mourn  
For his dear city, free but how forlorn?

How shall I answer? Nay, I turn to thee,  
England, and pray thee, from thy northern throne  
Step down and hearken, give them back to me,  
O generous sister, give me back mine own.  
Thy jewelled forehead needs no alien gem  
Torn from a hapless sister's diadem.



## THE "MODEL HUSBAND" CONTEST.

SCENE THE FIRST—At the GALAHAD-GREENS'.

Mrs. G.-G. GALAHAD!

Mrs. G.-G. (meekly). My love?

Mrs. G.-G. I see that the proprietors of *All Sorts* are going to follow the American example, and offer a prize of £20 to the wife who makes out the best case for her husband as a Model. It's just as well, perhaps, that you should know that I've made up my mind to enter you!

Mr. G.-G. (gratified). My dear CORNELIA! really, I'd no idea you had such a—

Mrs. G.-G. Nonsense! The drawing-room carpet is a perfect disgrace, and, as you can't, or won't, provide the money in any other way, why—Would you like to hear what I've said about you?

Mr. G.-G. Well, if you're sure it wouldn't be troubling you too much, I should, my dear.

Mrs. G.-G. Then sit where I can see you, and listen. (She reads.) "Irreproachable in all that pertains to morality"—(and it would be a bad day indeed for you, GALAHAD, if I ever had cause to think otherwise.)—"morality; scrupulously dainty and neat in his person"—(ah, you may well blush, GALAHAD, but, fortunately, they won't want me to produce you!)—"he imports into our happy home the delicate refinement of a *preux chevalier* of the olden time." (Will you kindly take your dirty boots off the steel fender!) "We rule our little kingdom with a joint and equal sway, to which jealousy and friction are alike unknown; he, considerate and indulgent to my womanly weakness."—(You need not stare at me in that perfectly idiotic fashion!)—"I, looking to him for the wise and tender support which has never yet been denied. The close and daily scrutiny of many years has discovered"—(What are you shaking like that for?)—"discovered no single weakness; no taint or flaw of character; no irritating trick of speech or habit." (How often have I told you that I will not have the handle of that paper-knife sucked? Put it down; do!) "His conversation—sparkling but ever spiritual—renders our modest meals veritable feasts of fancy and flows of soul . . . Well, GALAHAD?"

Mr. G.-G. Nothing, my dear; nothing. It struck me as well,—a trifle flowery, that last passage, that's all!

Mrs. G.-G. (severely). If I cannot expect to win the prize without descending to floweriness, whose fault is that, I should like to know? If you can't make sensible observations, you had better not speak at all. (Continuing.) "Over and over again, gathering me in his strong loving arms, and pressing fervent kisses upon my forehead, he has cried, 'Why am I not a Monarch that so I could place a diadem upon that brow? With such a Consort, am I not doubly crowned?'" Have you anything to say to that, GALAHAD?

Mr. G.-G. Only, my love, that I—I don't seem to remember having made that particular remark.

Mrs. G.-G. Then make it now. I'm sure I wish to be as accurate as I can.

[Mr. G.-G. makes the remark—but without fervour.]

SCENE THE SECOND—At the MONARCH-JONES'.

Mr. M.-J. Twenty quid would come in precious handy just now, after all I've dropped lately, and I mean to pounce that prize if I can—so just you sit down, GRIZZLE, and write out what I tell you; do you hear?

Mrs. M.-J. (timidly). But, MONARCH, dear, would that be quite fair? No, don't be angry, I didn't mean that—I'll write whatever you please!

Mr. M.-J. You'd better, that's all! Are you ready? I must screw myself up another peg before I begin. (He screws.) Now, then. (Stands over her and dictates.) "To the polished urbanity of a perfect gentleman, he unites the kindly charity of a true Christian." (Why the devil don't you learn to write decently, eh?) "Liberal, and even lavish, in all his dealings, he is yet a stern foe to every kind of excess"—(Hold on a bit, I must have another nip after that)—"every kind of excess. Our married life is one long dream of blissful contentment, in which each contends with the other in loving self-sacrifice." (Haven't you cooked all that down yet?)

"Such cares and anxieties as he has, he conceals from me with scrupulous consideration as long as possible"—(Gad, I should be a fool if I didn't!)—"while I am ever sure of finding in him a patient and sympathetic listener to all my trifling worries and difficulties."—(Two f's in difficulties, you little fool—can't you even spell f?) "Many a time, falling on his knees at my feet, he has rapturously exclaimed, his accents broken by manly emotion, 'Oh, that I were more worthy of such a pearl among women! With such a helpmate, I am indeed to be envied!'" That ought to do the trick. If I

don't romp in after that!—(Observing that Mrs. M.-J.'s shoulders are convulsed.) What the dooce are you giggling at now?

Mrs. M.-J. I—I wasn't giggling, MONARCH dear, only—  
Mr. M.-J. Only what? Mrs. M.-J. Only crying!

THE SEQUEL.

"The Judges appointed by the spirited proprietors of *All Sorts* to decide the 'Model Husband Contest'—which was established on lines similar to one recently inaugurated by one of our New York contemporaries—have now issued their award. Two competitors have sent in certificates which have been found equally deserving of the prize; viz., Mrs. CORNELIA GALAHAD-GREEN, Graemair Villa, Peckham, and Mrs. GRISelda MONARCH-JONES, Aspen Lodge, Lordship Lane. The sum of Twenty Pounds will consequently be divided between these two ladies, to whom, with their respective spouses, we beg to tender our cordial felicitations."—(Extract from *Daily Paper*, some six months hence.)

## CRUMMLES REDIVIVUS!

FOR some months Society has been on the tip-toe of expectation with regard to the new Tragedy by Mr. SHAKESPEARE SMITHSON, which is to inaugurate the magnificent Theatre, built at a sumptuous and total disregard of expense by Mr. DILEY PUFF, a lineal descendant of the great PUFF family, by intermarriage with the more recent CRUMMLES's, expressly for the performance of the genuine English Drama. A veil of secrecy has, however, been drawn over all the arrangements connected with the new production. One after another the Author, the Manager, and the leading Actors were appealed to in vain. Finally, one of Our Representatives taking his courage in both hands, brought it and himself safely to the stage-door of the new theatre, and knocked. After some hesitation he was admitted by an intelligent boy, who, however, at first seemed indisposed to be drawn into conversation, though he admitted he had been engaged for the responsible post of call-boy at an inadequate salary. Our Representative managed to interest the lad in the inspection of a numismatic representation of Her Most Gracious Majesty, which he happened to have brought with him on the back of half-a-crown, and with which Our Representative toyed, holding it between the thumb and dexter finger of the right hand. We give the result in Our Representative's own words:—

"Come this way," said the boy, on whom the sight of the coin seemed to operate like some weird talisman, leading me to a remote part of the stage, the floor of which had been tastefully littered with orange-peel in a variety of patterns: "we shall be comfortable."

"Now tell me," I said, "about this new piece."

"It's what they call a Tragedy," said the boy.

"Ah!" I replied, "that is interesting; but I want to know about the Author. What do you think of him?"

"The horther? Oh my!" said the precocious lad, producing an apple from his trousers' pocket, but his right eye still fixed on the talisman, "e don't count. Why we none of us pays no attention to 'im. Crikey, you should 'a seen 'im come a cropper on his nut down them new steps. But, look 'ere, Sir," he continued, more solemnly, "I'm a tellin' yer secrets, I am; and if DILEY were to 'ear of it, I'd get a proper jacketin'. Swear you won't peach."

I gave the requisite pledge. "And that ere arf-crown?" he said. I nodded assent to what was evidently in his mind. Then he resumed. "It's a beautiful piece. The play, I mean," he explained; being fearful lest I should consider him as over-eager for the coveted and covenanted reward. "I'm sure o' that. The horther says so, and DILEY says so, and Miss O'GRADY says so; she's got the 'eroine to play,—and oh, don't she die in the lawst Act just proper, with pink light and a couple o' angels to carry 'er up! Then there's Mr. KEANE 'ARRIS, 'e touches 'em all up with 'is sword, 'places his back to the wall, and defies the mob,' is what the book says. So you may take it from me, it's fust-rate."

I thanked my intelligent little friend for his information, and was proceeding to put a further question about the music for this new Drama, which, as everyone will soon know, is to be a real *chef d'œuvre* of Sir HAUTHOR SUNNIVUS, when a step was heard approaching across the stage—the deepest, by the way, in London—to where we were talking.

"That's 'im," said the boy, trembling. "'E's a noble-hearted master, so kind and generous, but 'e 'ates deception, and it would be more than my place is worth to let 'im catch me talking these 'ere dead secrets to you. Give us the coin. I'm off!"

And, before I was able to carry out my portion of the contract, he was gone. And in another moment—so was I.





## BRUIN JUNIOR.

"May this be my poison, if my Bear ever dances but to the very genteelst of tunes, 'Water-parted,' or 'The Minuet in Ariadne.'"

*Water-parted,  
She Stoops to Conquer.*



Viceroy (to Miss India, *loquitur*). "DON'T BE ALARMED, MY DEAR! THIS BEAR NEVER DANCES BUT TO THE VERY GENTEELST OF TUNES!"

Lord LANSDOWNE, *loquitur* :—

BE easy, my darling! He doesn't come snarling,  
Or rearing, or hugging, this young Dancing Bear.  
With you (and with pleasure) he'll tread a gay measure,  
A captive of courtesy, under my care;  
His chain is all golden. Your heart 'twill embolden,  
And calm that dusk bosom which timidly shrinks.  
Sincere hospitality is, in reality,  
Safest of shackles;—just look at the links!  
Alarmists saw ruin in prospects of Bruin,  
The Great Northern Bear, treading India's soil.  
How bogies may blind us! On our side the Indus  
They fancy friend Ursa spies nothing but spoil;

But Ursa's invited to come, and delighted  
To visit you, not as aggressor, but guest.  
So welcome him brightly, and treat him politely,  
And trip with him lightly, you'll find it far best.

ATTA TROLL (HEINE tells us) "danced nobly." Pride swells us  
To think our young guest is a true ATTA TROLL;  
No Bugbear, though shaggy, a trifle breech-baggy,  
And not altogether a dandyish doll;  
No Afghan intrigue, dear, or shy Native league, dear,  
Has brought Bruin's foot o'er our frontier to dance:  
He comes freely, boldly—don't look on him coldly,  
Or make him suspect there is fear in your glance.

Be sure that the Lion will still keep his eye on  
All Bears and their dens, in the Tiger's behalf;  
Meanwhile Ursa Minor eschews base design, or  
Intrigue against you, dear. Lift eyes, love, and laugh!  
I'll answer for Bruin, he shall not take you in—  
The Bear's *bona fides* nobody impugns;  
He asks a kind glance, and your hand in a dance; and  
He'll dance "to the very genteelst of tunes"!

## THE UP-TO-DATE CONVERSATIONIST.

He (at the end of a turn). I see there's been a row in Chili—what do you think about it?

She. I don't know the place—isn't it somewhere in America?

He. I shouldn't be surprised if it were, but my geography's shaky. I rather fancy it's somehow connected with pickles.

She. Oh, then it's a mistake their quarrelling, as I suppose it will be hard upon the poor, especially during the winter?

He. Fancy that's the idea. Been to the Guelph Exhibition?

She. Yes, and I think it's a pity they took the jewels out of GEORGE THE FOURTH'S Crown. I should like to have seen the Koh-i-Noor.

He. But they wanted them for the one at the Tower, don't you know, and as for the Koh-i-Noor, was that invented in his time?

She. Perhaps it wasn't. Stay, wasn't it discovered by Captain Cook, or DRAKE, or somebody?

He. I daresay. I have never looked the matter up. *A propos*, One-pound Bank-notes are to be issued.

She. Are they? I suppose they will be useful for change?

He. Shouldn't be astonished, but don't pretend to know anything about it. By the way, do you take much interest in the subjects we have been discussing?

She. Not the faintest.

He. No more do I! [Waltz continued.]

## DEARNESS AND DEARTH.

"Spanish onions are rising in price, though probably only temporarily."—*Daily News*.

I.

WILL it be long, then—long?

For the people watch and wait,  
Till the strength of the onion makes them strong.

At only the normal rate.

And their eyes are dim with tears,  
And ache with the need of sleep.

And watch till the lapse of the lapsing years

Shall make the onions cheap.

Cheap, my love, cheap! Sleep, my love, sleep!

Onions are dear, love, but sentiment's cheap!

II.

Listen! Is it a voice

Calling—again—again,

Or a fragrance to make my heart rejoice

From the sunlit land of Spain?

Listen, my own, my bride,

While the glad tears dew your cheek,

They are fried, my bride, by the sad sea tide

With a smell that can almost speak.

Creep, my love, creep into the deep,

And sing to the fishes that onions are cheap.

THE PROPOSED ONE-POUND NOTES.—"Ne-Goschenable currency."



## AN ELEGY ON A MAD DOG.

(After Goldsmith, *more or less.*)

Good patriots all of every sort,  
Give ear unto my song,

For if in substance it is short,  
In moral it is strong.

This dog and man at first seemed  
friends,  
But, when a pique began,

The dog, to gain his private  
ends,  
Went mad, and bit the man!



At Hawarden lived a Grand Old Man,  
Of whom the world might say,  
A wondrous lengthy race he ran,  
And won it all the way.



Some swore he'd veer to catch a vote;  
Old age to flout one loathes,  
But, if he never turned his coat,  
He often changed his clothes.



Hard by an Irish dog was found,  
As many dogs there be,  
Hibernian mongrel, puppy, hound,  
And curs of low degree.



To see so strange and sad a sight  
Quidnuncs and gobemouches ran,  
And swore the dog was rabid quite  
To bite that Grand Old Man.



The wound indeed seemed sore  
and sad  
To every party eye,  
And while they swore the dog was mad,  
They swore the man must die.



But marvels sometimes come to light  
Rash prophets to belie.  
The man seems healing of the bite,  
The dog looks like to die!

## Remarkable Conversion.

"CANON TEIGNMOUTH SHORE proposes to convert the two Conventions." . . . that is startling without the context—"into one National Synod." But two into one won't go. How will he manage it? Will those in the York ship join the Canterbury, or vice versa? Or, quitting both ships, will they land on common ground? "Who's for SHORE?"

PAR ABOUT PICTURES.—"Over the Garden Wall," seems to be the song that Mr. G. S. ELGOOD sings at the Fine Art Society's Gallery. In the course of his travels he has been over a good many garden walls. At Wroxton, Compton Wynyates, Penshurst, Montacute, Berkeley, and Helmingham, he has pursued his studies to some purpose; the result is an enjoyable collection of pictures, which he entitles, "A Summer among the Flowers."

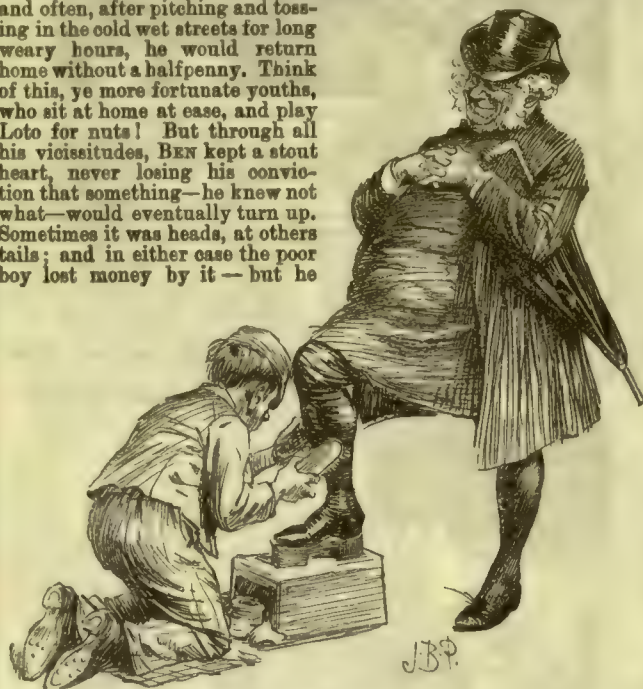


## BRUSTLES' BISHOP.

(By a Muddled Moralist.)

## CHAPTER I.

BEN BRUSTLES was only a poor shoeblack-boy who cleaned boots—ay, and even shoes, for his daily bread. Such time as he could spare from his avocation he devoted to diligent study of the doctrine of chance, as exemplified in the practice of pitch-and-toss. Often and often, after pitching and tossing in the cold wet streets for long weary hours, he would return home without a halfpenny. Think of this, ye more fortunate youths, who sit at home at ease, and play Loto for nuts! But through all his vicissitudes, BEN kept a stout heart, never losing his conviction that something—he knew not what—would eventually turn up. Sometimes it was heads, at others tails; and in either case the poor boy lost money by it—but he



Brustles Blacking.

persevered notwithstanding, confident that Fortune would favour him at last. It is this spirit of undaunted enterprise that has made our England what it is!

And one day Fortune did favour him. He observed, as he knelt before his box, a portly and venerable person close by, who was engrossed in studying, with apparent complacency, his own reflection in a plate-glass shop-front. So naïve a display of personal vanity, in one whose dress and demeanour denoted him a Bishop, not unnaturally excited BENJAMIN'S interest, nor was this lessened when the stranger, after shaking his head reproachfully at his reflected image, advanced to the shoe-black's box as if in obedience to a sudden impulse.

"My lad," he said, with a certain calm dignity, "will you be so good as to black both my legs for me—at once?"

This unusual request, conceived as it was on a larger scale than the orders he habitually received, startled the youth, particularly as he noted that the symmetrical and well-turned limb which the Bishop extended consisted, like its fellow, of a rare and costly species of mahogany, and shone with the rich and glossy hue of a newly-fallen horse-chestnut. "I see," commented the Bishop, with a melancholy smile, "that you have already discovered that my lower members are the product—not of Nature, but of Art. It was not always thus with me—but in my younger days I was an ardent climber—indeed, I am still an Honorary Member of the Hampstead Heath Alpine Club. Many years since, whilst scaling Primrose Hill, I was compelled, by a sudden storm, to take refuge in a half-way hut, where I passed the night, exposed to all the rigours of an English Midsummer! When I awoke I found, to my surprise, that both my legs had been bitten by the relentless frost short off immediately below the knee, and I had to continue the ascent next day in a basket. On descending, I caused these substitutes to be fashioned, and on them I stumped my way to the exalted position I now fill, nor have I ever evinced any physical inconveniences from my misfortune, save in one particular—that it has rendered the assumption of gaiters unhappily out of the question! But, possibly, my wish to have these legs of mine disguised by your pigments, strikes you as bizarre, if not positively eccentric? You will better understand my reasons after you have heard a confession which, though necessary, is, believe me, painful to make." And the good old man, after a short internal struggle, began the following narrative, which we reserve for a succeeding chapter.

## CHAPTER II.

"EVEN as a Curate, a certain harmless vanity was ever my besetting weakness. I might, indeed, have hoped that, after my accident—but see, my good lad, how pride may lurk, even in our very infirmities! These artificial limbs have become a yet subtler snare to me than even those they replaced. I had them constructed, as you see, of the best mahogany—to match the furniture in my dining-room. With ever-increasing pleasure, my eyes have gloried in their grain and gloss, in the symmetry of their curves, in the more than Chinese delicacy of their extremities, until gradually they have trampled upon my better self, they have run away with all my possibilities of moral usefulness! Yes, but this very moment, as I stood admiring their contour at yonder window, the pernicious thought crossed my mind that their appearance would be yet more enhanced if I had them gilded!"

"But, your reverent Lordship," objected BRUSTLES, as the Bishop paused, overcome by humiliation, "it's no use coming to me for that 'ere job!" For, though but a poor boy, he was too honest to accept any commission under false pretences. Gilding, he knew, might—and, in a London atmosphere, soon would—become black, but no boot-polish would ever assume the appearance, even of the blackest gilt, and so he candidly explained to the Bishop.

"I know, my boy," said the latter, patting BEN'S head kindly with the handle of his umbrella, "I know. Hence my application to your skill. That presumptuous idea revealed as in a lightning flash the abyss on the brink of which I stood. This demon of perverse pride must be laid; humbled for ever. So ply your brushes, and see you spare not the blacking!"

## CHAPTER III.

BRUSTLES obeyed—not without awe, and in a short space of time two pots of blacking were exhausted, and the roseate glow of the Bishop's mahogany limbs was for ever hidden under a layer of more than Nubian ebony!

"Selp me, your lordly reverence," he cried, dazzled by the brilliancy of the result; "but you might be took, below, for a Lifeguardsman!"

"Hush," said the Bishop, though with a gratification he could not restrain, "would you recall the demon I strove to exorcise! It is true that the change is less of a disfigurement than I feared—ahem, *hoped*—but after all, may not the wish to please the eye of man be excusable? You shall receive a rich reward. Do you happen to have such a thing as change for a five-pound note about you?"

"Alas!" replied the lad, with ready presence of mind, "but I have only just paid all my gold into my bank for the day!"

"No matter," said the Bishop, gently. "I find I have a three-penny bit, after all. It is yours!" And the good ecclesiastic, as if to avoid thanks, moved nimbly off, though his eyes still sought the shop-windows as he passed, with even greater complacency than before.

BEN tested the threepenny bit between his teeth—it was a spurious coin; he looked up, but his late customer was already passed out of hearing of his sentiments. He sank down



Bilked by a Bishop.

with his head laid amongst his pots and brushes. "Bilked!" he moaned piteously, "bilked—and by a blooming Bishop!"

## CHAPTER IV.

BUT mark the sequel. The good Bishop had been quite ignorant that the threepenny bit was a pewter one; quite sincere, for the time, in his determination to subdue his own weakness. Still it was not to be: inbred pride is not so easily vanquished—even by Bishops! The Bishop learned to glory in his blacking far more than he had ever done in the original mahogany. He had it continually renewed, and with the most expensive compositions. He would bend enraptured over the burnished surfaces of his extended legs, gazing, like another Narcissus, at the features he saw so faithfully repeated.

Meanwhile the threepence, base as it was, became the humble instrument of brighter fortunes to BRUSTLES; it showed a marvellous



aptitude for turning up tails, which BEN no sooner perceived than he availed himself of a blessing that had, indeed, come to him in disguise!

But the Bishop—what of him? Nemesis overtook him at last. The discontent long smouldering in his diocese broke out into a climax. Thousands of Curates, inflamed by professional agitators, went out on strike, and their first victim was the Bishop of TOMBERTOWS, who was discovered prostrate one dark night by his horrified Chaplain. He had been picketed as a Blackleg!

THE END.

(Copies of the above may be obtained for distribution, at very reasonable terms, on application to the Author.)

## PLAYTIME FOR A DOLL'S HOUSE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—According to a well-known Critic, writing of a morning performance of *The Doll's House* on Tuesday, the 27th ult., at Terry's Theatre, "There is no need to discuss IBSSEN's piece any more." I will go a little further, and say, not only should the play

be spared discussion, but also performance. All that could be done for this miserable drama (if a work utterly devoid of dramatic interest can be so entitled) was effected some years since, when *Breaking a Butterfly*, a version with

MESSRS. HERMAN and JONES as adapters, was played at the Prince's (now Prince of Wales's) Theatre. I believe some one or other has said that that version was mis-



Fancy Picture of Hanwellian Admirer of the Ibsenseless Drama thoroughly enjoying himself.

leading, because it modified IBSSEN, and did not reveal him in his true colours. This I can readily believe, as my recollection of *Breaking a Butterfly* merely suggests boredom; whereas, when I consider *The Doll's House* of Tuesday, I distinctly mingle with boredom a recollection of something that caused a feeling of absolute loathing. That something, I imagine, must be the new matter which was absent from the first version, and crops up in the text of the second, which, according to the Play-bill, appears "in Vol. I. of the authorised edition of IBSSEN's Prose Dramas, edited by WILLIAM ARCHER, and published by Mr. WALTER SCOTT." By the way, I must confess that, although the name of the Editor is not familiar to me as a dramatic author, his superintendence of the authorised text seems to have been performed sufficiently creditably to have rendered him as worthy of an honourable prefix as the publisher. Why omit the "Mr."? Now I come to think of it, there is an Englishman, not unconnected with dramatic literature, who is known nowadays as WILLIAM, without the prefix of Mister, but in his own time he was known as Master WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, and Master he remains. "But this," as Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING might observe, "is quite another WILLIAM."

I have not the original for reference handy, but the version played at Terry's Theatre bears internal evidence of a close translation. An adapter, I fancy, with a free hand would scarcely have made one of the characters use the same exit speech on two occasions. *Nils Krogstad* does this. He can think of nothing better than, "If I am flung into the gutter, you shall accompany me," repeated twice with the slight variation, "If I am flung into the gutter for the second time, you shall accompany me," used for the last exit. Again, *Torvald Helmer* has a long monologue in the final Act that a practised playwright would have "broken up" with the assistance of a portrait, or a letter, or something. From this it would appear that the Editor, WILLIAM ARCHER (without the "Mr.") has very faithfully produced the exact translation of the original. To be hypercritical, I might suggest that perhaps occasionally the version is rather too literal. For instance, *Torvald Helmer*, although he is cursed with one of the most offensive wives known to creation, would scarcely call her "a little lark," which conveys the impression that he is a "gay dog," and one given to the traditional ways of that species of ultra-social animals. I have confessed I have not the original before me, so I cannot say whether the title used by IBSSEN is "*Small Larks*," but I fancy that a "capering capercaillie," if not actually his words, would be nearer his meaning. A capercaillie is, according to the dictionaries, a bird of "a delicious flavour" and partially "green;" it is also found in

Norway "very fine and large," as IBSSEN might say. Surely *Torvald* would have thus described his semi-verdant *Nora*, finding her distinctly to his taste.

Returning to what I venture to imagine must be "new matter" not in the Herman-plus-Jonesian version, I consider the scene in which *Nora* chaffs *Dr. Rank* about his illness absolutely nauseous, and the drink-inspired admiration of husband for wife in the concluding Act repulsive to the last degree. On Tuesday the spectators received the piece with patient apathy; and, this being the case, I could not help feeling that anyone who could single out such a play as suitable for performance before an English audience, could scarcely possess the acumen generally considered a necessary adjunct to the qualifications of an efficient Dramatic Critic. The hero, the heroine, the doctor, as prigs, could only appeal to prigs, and thank goodness the average London theatre-goer is the reverse of a prig. There was but one redeeming point in the play—its conclusion. It ends happily in *Nora*, forger, liar, and—hem—wedded flirt, being separated from her innocent children.

For the rest, the piece was fairly well acted. But when the Curtain had fallen for the last time, and the audience were departing more in sadness than in anger, I could not help asking myself the question, Had the advantages obtained in witnessing the performance balanced the expense incurred in securing a seat? I am forced to reply in the negative, as I sign myself regretfully,

ONE WHO PAID FOR A PLACE IN THE PIT.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

I SEE three ladies in a drawing-room, each with a green volume. "What is it?" No, they won't hear. Each one is intent on her volume, and an irritable answer, in a don't bother kind of manner, is all that I can obtain. The novel is Miss BRADDON's latest, *One Life, One Love* (but three volumes, for all that), in which they are absorbed. Later on, at intervals, I get the volumes, and, raven-like, secrete them. I can quite understand the absorption of my young friends. Marvellous, Miss BRADDON! Very few have approached you in sensation-writing, and none in keeping up sensationalism as fresh as ever it was when first I sat up at night nervously to read *Aurora Floyd*, and *Lady Audley's Secret*. In this bad time of year (I am writing when the snow is without, and the North-East wind is engaged in cutting leaves), the Baron recommends remaining indoors with this Three-volume Novel as a between lunch and dinner companion, only don't take it up to your bed-room, and sit over the fire with it, or—but there, I won't mention the consequences. Keep it till daylight doth appear. The Baron being a busy man—no, Sir, not a busy-body,—is grateful to the authors of good short stories in Magazines. Many others agree with the Baron, who wishes to recommend "*Saint or Satan*" in *The Argosy*; The story of an "Old Bean," which might have been advantageously abbreviated in *Scribner*; an odd tale entitled, "*The Phantom Portrait*," in the *Cornhill*, which leaves the reader in doubt as to whether he has been egregiously "sold" or not; and, above all, the short and interesting—too short and most interesting—paper on THACKERAY, in *Harper's Monthly*, with fac-similes of some of the great humorist's most eccentric and most spirited illustrations, conceived in the broadly burlesquing spirit that was characteristic of GILRAY and ROWLANDSON. THACKERAY, philosopher and satirist, who can take us behind the scenes of every show in *Vanity Fair*, who can depict the career of the scoundrel *Barry Lyndon*, of the heathen *Becky Sharp*, and the death-bed of the Christian soldier and gentleman, *dignissimus, Colonel Newcome*, could on occasion, and when a rollicking spirit moved him, put on a pantomime mask (have we not his own pathetic vignette representing him doing this?) to amuse the children, or give us some rare burlesque writing and drawing to set us all on the broad grin. The Baron trusts that Mrs. RITCHIE will give us more of this, and sincerely hopes that there may be a "lot more" caricatures in that portfolio "where these came from." I heartily thank you for so much, and respectfully ask for more, says yours, very gratefully,

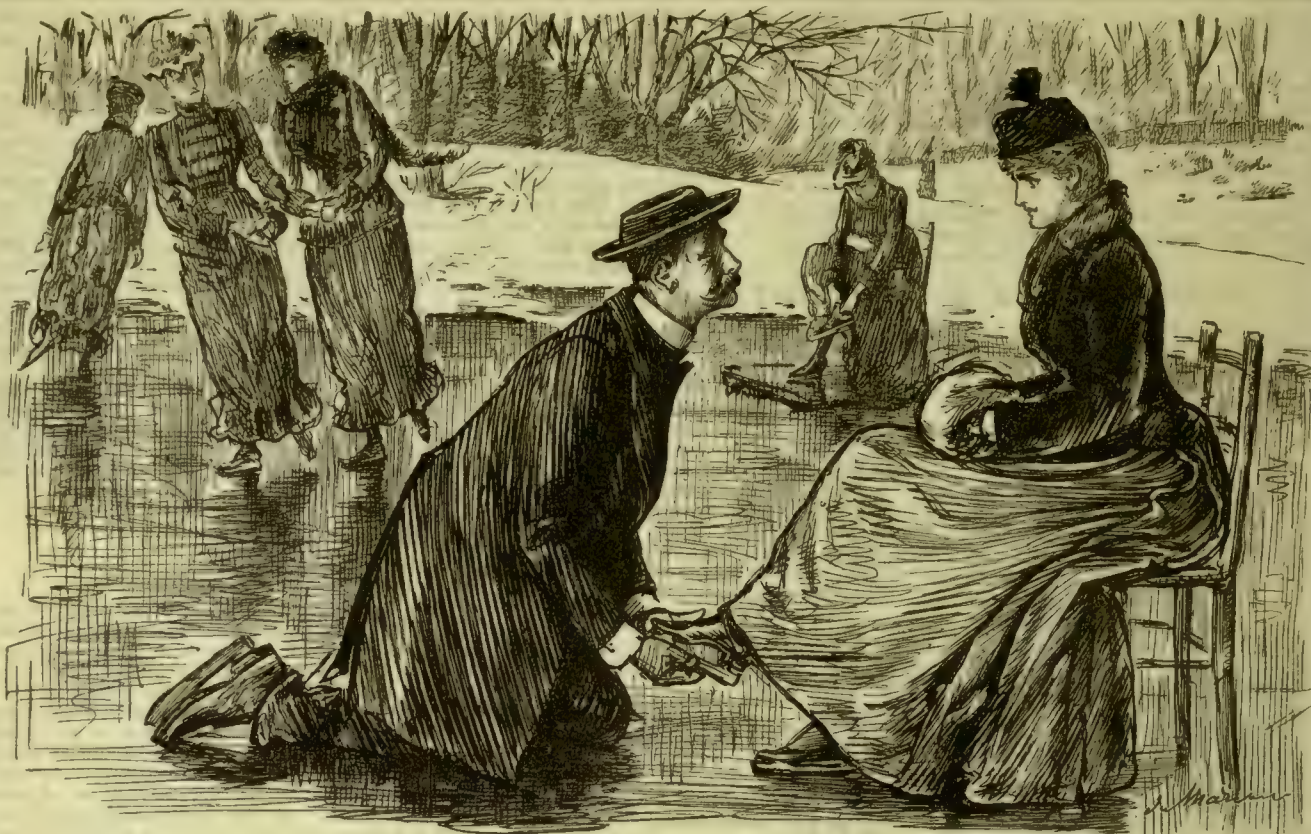
THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

## In Memoriam.

STRONG man and strenuous fighter, stricken down  
Just when foes owned thee neither knave nor clown!  
The fiercest of them, time-faught, need not fear  
To drop a blossom now on BRADLAUGH's bier.

ARTHUR AND COMPOSER.—Saturday, January 31.—First night of SULLIVAN's *Ivanhoe* in D'OYLEY CARTER's new Theatre. Full inside, all right. Sir ARTHUR's success. We congratulate him Arthurly. CARTER called before horse,—should say before Curtain, but t'other came so naturally,—looked pale,—quite *carte blanche*; but, like SULLIVAN's music, composed. Could get a CARTER, but no cab. Gallant gentlemen and delicate ladies braving rain and alosh. More in our next, but for the present . . . (*Paroxysm of sneezing*).





## ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD. AN ICE PICTURE.

*Fair Damsel.* "WHAT A LOT OF HOLIDAYS YOU SEEM TO GET, MR. MINIVER!"

*Pet Curate.* "WELL, YES. I KEEP A RECTOR, YOU KNOW."

## WHAT DO YOU THINK?

(A Song of the Session, as sung by that Eminent and Evergreen *Lion Comique*, "JOLLY GLAD" at the St. Stephen's Hall of Varieties, Westminster.)

JOLLY GLAD, sings:—

WITH a flower in my coat,  
With a keen eye for a vote,  
And a sense the things to note,  
Buff and Blue think,  
With fond millions to admire,  
A last triumph to desire,—  
Am I going to Retire?—

What do you think?  
Oh, I know the quidnuncs vapour,  
And that Tadpole, yes, and Taper,  
Tell in many a twaddling paper,  
What the few think;  
But they cater for the classes,  
Whilst I'm champion of the masses,  
Fly before such braying asses?—

What do you think?  
Wish is father to their thought,  
Their wild hope with fear is fraught.  
They are not *au fait* to aught  
Liberals true think.

They imagine "Mr. Fox"  
Has delivered such hard knocks  
That *impass* my pathway blocks!—

What do you think?  
Just inspect me, if you please!  
Is my pose not marked by ease?  
Am I going at the knees,

Like a "screw" Think!  
Pooh! The part of Sisyphus  
Suits me well. Why make a fuss?  
Eh? Retire,—and leave things thus?  
What do you think?

On the—say the Lyric Stage—  
For some years I've been the rage,  
And some histrions touched by age

Of Adieu think.  
But I'm like that "Awful Dad,"  
Though this makes my rivals mad,  
Don't true Gladdyites feel glad?

What do you think?  
I'm a genuine Evergreen;  
It is that excites their spleen  
Who my lingering on the scene

A great "do" think.  
I regret, so much, to tease them!  
My last exit would much ease them.  
But Retire!—and just to please them!

What do you think?  
[Winks and walks round.]

## A DREAMY MADNESS.

THE other night I went to bed,—  
It may seem strange, but still I did it,—  
And laid to rest my weary head  
So that the bed-clothes nearly hid it;  
Which was perhaps the reason why  
My brain throughout the night was teeming  
With truly wondrous sights, and I  
Was wholly given o'er to dreaming.

'Twas on the Twenty-first of May,  
The streets were filled to overflowing,  
The streets, that in a curious way  
Were clean although it kept on snowing.  
The daily papers for a change  
Came out each day without a leader;  
But, what was surely rather strange,  
They didn't lose a single reader!

I saw a Bishop in a tram,  
Although he knew it was a Sunday;

The Lion lay down with the lamb,  
And CLEMENT SCOTT with SYDNEY GRUNDY.  
Professor HUXLEY said, "In truth  
I'm really sick to death of rows," and  
Wrote there and then to General BOOTH  
To put his name down for a thousand.

I heard that Mr. PARNELL wrote  
(Much to MCCARTHY's jubilation)  
A very kind and civil note,  
In which he sent his resignation;  
Whilst ANDREW LANG with weary air  
Professed himself completely staggered  
To think how anyone could care  
To read a line of RIDER HAGGARD.

The House of Commons talked about  
The case of Mr. BRADLAUGH—whether  
The Motion which has kept him out  
Should now be struck out altogether;  
And OLD MORALITY arose  
To say they felt no ancient animus,  
And when they voted, why of Noes  
There wasn't one—they were unanimous!

I started up, no more to sleep,  
The dream somehow had seemed to spoil it,  
Nor did it take me long to leap  
Out of my bed and make my toilet.  
I went down-stairs, and with surprise  
I thought of those my dream had slandered,  
And there, before my very eyes,  
I saw it printed in the STANDARD!

I wish I hadn't gone to bed,  
I can't imagine why I did it,  
Nor why I laid my weary head  
So that the clothes completely hid it.  
Although I think that must be why  
My brain has ever since been teeming;  
But tell me (if you can) am I  
At present mad, or was I dreaming?





“RETIRE!—WHAT DO YOU THINK?”









THE STOPPING OR REMOVAL OF A "GRINDER."

A SKETCH IN THE STREETS.

## CHARLIE AND SARAH.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Why should ARISTOTLE be the only author whose works get discovered? I found the following story, written on papyrus, and enclosed in a copper cylinder, in my back garden, and I am positive that it is not ARISTOTLE. Can it possibly have been written by that amiable and instructive authoress whose stories for children have recently been reprinted?

Yours, &amp;c., HENRY ST. OTLE.

CHARLIE was a very obedient little boy, and his sister SARAH was a good, patient little girl. One beautiful summer's day they went to stay for a week with their Uncle WILLIAM, a man of very high principles, who was not quite used to the proper method with children. On the evening of their arrival, as they were seated in front of the fire, CHARLIE lifted up his bright, obedient, beautiful face, and said, thoughtfully:

"Pray, Uncle WILLIAM, cannot we have one of those instructive and amusing conversations such as children love, about refraction, and relativity, and initial velocity, and Mesopotamia generally?"

"Oh, yes, Uncle WILLIAM!" said SARAH, pausing to wipe her patient little nose; "Our dear Papa is always so pleasant and polysyllabic on these subjects."

Then Uncle WILLIAM regretted that he had paid less attention in his youth to the shilling science primers, but he pulled himself together and determined to do his best. "Certainly, my dear children, nothing could please me more. Now here I have a jug and a glass. You will observe that I pour some water from the jug into the glass. This illustrates one of the properties of water. Can you tell me what I mean?"

"Fluidity!" said both the children, with enthusiasm.

"Yes, quite so, and—er—er—has a brick fluidity?"

"Why, no, Uncle WILLIAM!"

"Well—er—why hasn't it?" asked Uncle WILLIAM, with something almost like desperation in his voice.

"That, Uncle," said the obedient CHARLIE, "is one of the things which we should like to learn from you to-night."

"Yes, we shall come to that; but, in order to make you understand it better, I must carry my experiment a little further. In this decanter I have what is called whiskey. I pour some of it into the water. Now it is more usual to put the whiskey in first, and the water afterwards. Can you tell me why that is so? Think it out for yourselves." And Uncle WILLIAM smiled genially.

There was silence for a few moments. Then little SARAH said,

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LITHONODENDRIKON.—A "PURCHASER" writes—"I sat down in a pair of your trousers, but could never get up again."

LITHONODENDRIKON.—Another "CUSTOMER" says—"The dress-coat you supplied me with fitted me well. I could not take it off without having recourse to a sledge-hammer."

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UPPER HOUSE COAL COMPANY beg to refer intending purchasers to the accompanying testimonial: "Gentlemen,—Do what I will, I cannot get your coals to light. Put on in sufficient quantity they will extinguish any fire. I have worn out three drawing-room poker in my endeavours to stir them into a flame, but all to no purpose. Steeped in petroleum, they might possibly ignite in a double-draught furnace, though I fancy they would put it out. They are as you advertise them, a 'show coal for summer use.' Don't send me any more."

timidly: "I think it must be because, when a man wishes to drink, whiskey is the first thing which naturally occurs to his mind. He does not think about water until afterwards."

"Quite right. That is the explanation of the scientists. And why do you think I put in the water first and the whiskey afterwards?"

"It was," said CHARLIE, brightly, "in order that we might not see so exactly how much whiskey you took."

"No, that's quite wrong. I did it out of sheer originality. Now what would happen if I drank this curious mixture?"

"You would be breaking the pledge, Uncle WILLIAM," said both children, promptly and heartily.

"Wrong again. I should be acting under doctor's orders."

"Why hasn't a brick any fluidity?" asked SARAH, patiently.

"Don't interrupt, my dear child. We're coming to that. Now, CHARLIE, when you eat or drink anything, where does it go?"

"It goes into my little—oh, no, Uncle, I cannot say that word," and CHARLIE, who was of a singularly modest and refined disposition, buried his face in his hands, and blushed deeply.

"Admirable!" exclaimed Uncle WILLIAM. "One cannot be too refined. Call it the blank. It goes into your blank. Well, whiskey raises the tone of the blank. Just as, when you screw up the peg of a violin, you raise the tone of the string. By drinking this I raise the tone of my blank." He suited the action to the word.

"Now you'll be screwed," said CHARLIE, "like the pegs of the—"

"On one glass of weak whiskey-and-water—never!"

"But why hasn't a brick any fluidity?" asked SARAH, quite patiently.

"First of all, listen to this. That whiskey-and-water is now inside me. I want you to understand what *inside* means. Go and stand in the passage, and shut the door of this room after you."

"But, Uncle," said SARAH, patiently, "why hasn't a brick any—"

"Hush, SARAH, hush!" said the obedient CHARLIE. "It is our duty to obey Uncle WILLIAM in all things."

So the two children went out of the room, and shut the door after them. Uncle WILLIAM went to the door, and looked it.

"Now then," he said, cheerily, "I am inside. And where are you?"

"Outside."

"Yes—and outside you'll stop. One of the servants will put you to bed." And Uncle WILLIAM went back to the decanter.





ANOTHER SCENE FROM THE PANTOMIME AT ST. STEPHEN'S.

*The Illuminated Doorway. Brilliant effect lately introduced into the House of Commons.*



## A DEAD FROST.

WHEN I saw you on a January morning,  
With a very little pair of skates indeed,  
And the frosty glow your fairy face adorning,  
I was suddenly from other passions freed.  
And the year at its imperial beginning  
Showed the woman who alone was worth the winning;  
Though the growing flame awhile I tried to smother  
Like a brother;  
And that's a very common phase indeed,  
As we read.

My hat and stick I suddenly found fleeting,  
And they whistled o'er the surface, smooth and black,  
And the ice, with an unwonted warmth of greeting,  
Slapt me suddenly and hard upon the back.  
I didn't mind your laughing, if the laughter  
Had left no sting of, scorn to rankle after.  
Though I'd joyously have flung myself before you  
To adore you,  
Still to sit with all one's might upon the ice  
Isn't nice.

When I met you in the lordly local ball-room,  
Where you queen'd it, the suburban world's desire,  
Though your programme for my name had left but small  
I somehow snatched five valses from the fire. [room,  
And I did stout supper-service for your mother,  
While you wove the self-same spells o'er many another,  
And I said, no doubt, the sort of things that they did,  
In the shaded  
Little nook beneath the palms upon the stair,  
To my fair.

But I noticed, as I learned to know you better,  
And you ceased to wile the victim at your feet,  
There was very little silk about the fetter,  
And 'twere flattery to say your sway was sweet:  
Nay, you made the light and airy shrine of beauty  
A centre for the most exacting duty,  
And the fealty of the family undoubting  
Met with flouting,  
As a tribute which was nothing but your due,  
As they knew.

Your Papa is getting elderly and bulky,  
And he loves you as the apple of his eye,  
Yet very little things will make you sulky,  
And to meet his little ways you never try.  
And I see him look a trifle hurt and puzzled,  
And his love for you is often check'd and muzzled;  
Yet I think, upon the whole, that I would rather  
Be your father,  
Than the lover you could torture at your ease,  
If you please.

## STRANGE, BUT TRUE.

SIR,—Under the heading of "Ecclesiastical Intelligence" in the *Times* of Saturday, I read that, "The LORD CHANCELLOR has preferred the Rev. W. R. WELCH, of Hull, to the Vicarage of Witherwick, East Yorkshire." I presume the LORD CHANCELLOR knows both the gentleman and the place thoroughly, and so wisely elects which he prefers; but to one who, like myself and thousands of others, know neither, it strikes me that I would certainly prefer the place to the parson, however worthy. It is, indeed, gratifying to see that the Highest Representative of Law and Order in the realm, after HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY, is so utterly uninfluenced by any mercenary motives. I send this by Private Post, an old soldier, and am yours enthusiastically,

The Retreat, Hanwell-on-Sea. NOODLE DE NOODLE.

"BETTER LATE THAN NEVER."—Two Jurymen, says a paragraph in last Saturday's *Times*, wrote to the Solicitor acting for a female prisoner, one CUTLER, who had been convicted of perjury and sentenced at Chester, to say that they "gave in to a verdict of Guilty because it was very late, and one gentleman had an important business engagement at home." This recalls the line, "And wretches hang that Jurymen may dine." The remainder of ELLEN CUTLER's sentence of five years' penal servitude is remitted. It is satisfactory to know that these two had the courage of their opinions before it was too late.



## SYMPATHETIC EGOISM OF GENIUS.

(A Study.)

"DON'T RUN AWAY YET, OLD MAN! IT'S QUITE EARLY, AND I WANT TO HEAR ALL ABOUT YOUR ACADEMY PICTURE, WHICH I'M TOLD IS SPLENDID."  
[Proceeds to describe his own at great length, and then suddenly finds out how late it is, and bolts!]

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



"Dear me!"

House of Commons, Monday, Jan. 26.—PLUNKET undoubtedly the most successful Commissioner of Works of recent times. A little coolness sprung up between him and CAVENTISH BENTINCK about those staircases in Westminster Hall. But *chacun a son* idea of a staircase. PLUNKET quite as likely to be right as C. B. Always doing something to improve arrangements of House. Does it quietly, too; Members know nothing about it till they come down and find new Smoking-room, fresh arrangements of lights, new rooms for Ministers, and occasionally a priceless old table adorning Tea-room. Various accounts of its origin. Some say Magna Charta signed on it. Others fixing earlier date and attracted by the initials "W. R." clearly carved on left leg, affirm that it is the very table on which WILLIAM REX took his five o'clock tea after Battle of Hastings.

Latest surprise prepared by First Commissioner is illumination of entrance to House from Lobby, cunningly effected by electric lights set within recesses of arch. SCHNADHORST, revisiting House after long interval, astonished at this. "Making things very comfortable in anticipation of our coming in," he says, smiling sweetly.

Later came upon NICHOLAS WOODS; found him standing in attitude of patient and intelligent expectation. "What are you waiting there for?" I asked. "Why don't you come in and hear SWINBURNE make one or two speeches on Tithes Bill?"



"Well—er—fact is," said NICHOLAS, steadfastly keeping his eyes on archway, "WILFRED LAWSON told me that if I was here about eleven o'clock I would see PLUNKET and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL come out under the archway dancing a *pas de deux*. Couldn't make out when I arrived what the illumination was for; asked LAWSON. 'Oh,' says he, 'it's the First Commissioner's reminiscence of one of the alcoves at Vauxhall Gardens.' Then he told me about PLUNKET and WEBSTER. Thought I'd like to see it. Do you think it's all right?"

"Well," I said, "ALBERT ROLLIT did tell me something about ATTORNEY-GENERAL going on the Spree. But that was in Germany, and he had his skates with him. Don't know how it'll be here. You mustn't forget that WILFRED's something of a wag. Wouldn't advise you to wait much after eleven o'clock."

House engaged all night on Tithes Bill. Not particularly lively. Towards midnight TANNER, preternaturally quiet since House met, suddenly woke up, and, *à propos de bottles*, moved to report progress. COURTNEY down on him like cartload of bricks; declined to put Motion, declaring it abuse of forms of House. This rather depressing. In good old times there would have been an outburst of indignation in Irish camp; Chairman's ruling challenged, and squabble agreeably occupied rest of evening. But times changed. No Irish present to back TANNER, who, with despairing look round, subsided, and business went forward without further check.

*Business done.*—Tithes Bill in Committee.

*Tuesday.*—Mr. DICK DE LISLE came down to House to-night full of high resolve. Hadn't yet been a Member of House when it shook

from time to time with the roar of controversy round BRADLAUGH, his oath, his affirmation, and his stylographic pen. At that time was in Singapore, helping Sir FREDERICK WELD to govern the Straits Settlements. But had watched controversy closely, and had contributed to its settlement by writing a luminous treatise, entitled, *The Parliamentary Oath*. Now, by chance, the question cropped up again. BRADLAUGH had secured first place on to-night's order for his Motion rescinding famous Resolution of June, 1880, declaring him ineligible to take his seat. BRADLAUGH ill in bed; sick unto death, as it seemed; but HUNTER had taken up task for him, and would move Resolution. Of course the Government would oppose it; if necessary, DE LISLE would assist them with argument. In any case, they should have his vote. Heard SOLICITOR-GENERAL with keen satisfaction. He showed not only the undesirability and impossibility of acceding to proposition, but denounced it as "absolutely childish." Mr. G. followed; but Mr. G. said the same kind of things eleven years ago, when

Exit!

he was Leader of triumphant party, and had been defeated again and again. Of course same fate awaited him now. Government had spoken through mouth of SOLICITOR-GENERAL, and there was an end on't.

Not quite. STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, unaccustomed participant in debate, presented himself. Stood immediately behind OLD MORALITY, by way of testifying to his unaltered loyalty. At same time he suggested that, after all, would be as well to humour BRADLAUGH and his friends, and strike out Resolution. Then OLD MORALITY rose from side of SOLICITOR-GENERAL, and, unmindful of that eminent Lawyer's irresistible argument and uncompromising declaration, said, "on the whole," perhaps NORTHCOTE was right, and so mote it be.

The elect of Mid-Leicestershire gasped for air. Did his ears deceive him, or was this the end of the famous BRADLAUGH incidents? OLD MORALITY, in his cheerful way, suggested that, as they were doing the thing, they had better do it unanimously. General cheer approved. DE LISLE started to his feet. One voice, at least, should be heard in protest against this shameful surrender. Began in half-choked voice: evidently struggling against some strange temptation; talked about the Parnell Commission; accused House of legalising atheism, and whitewashing treason; argued at length with Mr. G. on doctrine of excess of jurisdiction. Observed, as he went on, to be waving his hands as if repelling some object; turned his head on one side as if he would fain escape apparition; House looked on wonderingly. At length, with something like subdued sob, DE LISLE gave way, and Members learned what had troubled him. It was dear old Mr. Dick's complaint. Standing up to present his Memorial against tergiversation of OLD MORALITY, DE LISLE could not help dragging in head of CHARLES THE FIRST. "As a Royalist," he said, "I should main-

tain that the House of Commons exceeded its jurisdiction when it ordered King CHARLES THE FIRST to be beheaded, but I never heard that it was proposed, after the Restoration, to expunge the Resolution from the books."

Irreverent House went off into roars of laughter, amid which Mr. Dick, more than ever bewildered, sat down, and presently went out to ask Miss Betsy Trotwood why they laughed.

*Business done.*—Resolution of June, 1880, declaring BRADLAUGH ineligible to sit, expunged from journals.

*Thursday.*—As OLD MORALITY finely says, "The worm persistently incommoded by inconvenient attentions will finally assume an aggressive attitude." So it has proved to-night. SYDNEY GEDGE long been object of contumelious attention. Members jeer at him when he rises; talk whilst he orates; laugh when he is serious, are serious when he is facetious. But the wounded worm has turned at last. SYDNEY has struck. GEDGE has been goaded once too often.

It was COURTNEY brought it about. Been six hours in Chair in Committee on Tithes Bill; feeling faint and weary, glad to refresh himself with sparkling conversation of Grand Young GARDNER; GEDGE on his feet at moment in favourite oratorical attitude; pulverising Amendment moved by GRAY; thought, as he proceeded, he heard another voice. Could it be? Yes; it was Chairman of Committees conversing with frivolous elderly young man whilst he (S. G.) was debating the Tithes Bill! Should he pass over this last indignity? No; honour of House must be vindicated; lofty standard of debate must be maintained; the higher the position of offender the more urgent his duty to strike a blow. Was standing at the moment aligned with Chair; paused in argument; faced about to the right and marched with solemn steps to the end of Gangway, the Bench having been desolated by his speech so far as it had gone.

"Sir," he said, bending angry brows on Chairman, "I am afraid my speech interrupted your conversation. Therefore I have moved further away."

That was all, but it was enough. HERBERT GARDNER slunk away. COURTNEY hastily turned over pages of the Bill; hung down his guilty head, and tried to look as if it were MILMAN who had been engaged in conversation. Now MILMAN was asleep.

*Business done.*—Level flow of Debate on Tithes Bill interrupted by revolt of SYDNEY GEDGE.

*Friday.*—Rather a disappointing evening from Opposition point of view. In advance, was expected to be brilliant field-night. Irish Administration to be attacked all along line; necessity for new departure demonstrated. SHAW-LEFEVRE led off with Resolution demanding establishment of Courts of Arbitration. Large muster of Members. Mr. G. in his place; expected to speak; but presently went off; others fell away, and all the running made from Ministerial Benches. SHAW-LEFEVRE roasted mercilessly. House roared at SAUNDERSON's description of his going to interview SULTAN, and being shown into stable to make acquaintance of SULTAN's horse. Prince ARTHUR turned on unhappy man full blast of withering scorn. Don't know whether SHAW-LEFEVRE felt it; some men rather be kicked than not noticed at all; but Liberals felt they had been drawn into ridiculous position, and murmured bad words. "What's the use," they ask, "of winning Hartlepool out of doors, if things are so managed that we are made ridiculous within?"

*Business done.*—SHAW-LEFEVRE's Resolution on Irish Land Question negatived by 213 Votes against 152.

"Thermidor" up to Date.

(Toned down for English Reception.)

*Last Act*—On the road to the Guillotine—Hero, instead of Heroine, about to be executed—Heroine imploring Hero to sign paper.

*Heroine.* Attach but your signature, and you are free!

*Hero* (after reading document in a tone of horror). What, a vow to marry, with the prospect of a breach of promise case to follow! Never! Death is preferable! [Exit to be guillotined. Curtain.

AN ARTIST AND A WHISTLER.—M. COQUELIN has summoned M. LISSAGARAY for having thrown a whistle at him on the night of the Thermidor row. It is to be hoped that by this time M. LISSAGARAY will have been made to pay for his whistle.



In revolt.



Exit!



## MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Type Writer.)

## NO. XXIII.—THE TOLERATED HUSBAND.

It is customary for the self-righteous moralists who puff themselves into a state of Jingo complacency over the failings of foreign nations, to declare with considerable unction that the domestic hearth, which every Frenchman habitually tramples upon, is maintained in unviolated purity in every British household. The rude shocks which Mr. Justice BUTT occasionally administers to the national conscience are readily forgotten, and the chorus of patriotic adulation is stimulated by the visits which the British censor finds it necessary to pay (in mufti) to the courts of wickedness in continental capitals. It may be that among our unimaginative race the lack of virtue is not presented in the gaudy trappings that delight our neighbours. Our wickedness is coarser and less attractive. It gutters like a cheap candle when contrasted with the steady brilliancy of the Parisian article. Public opinion, too, holds amongst us a more formidable lash, and wields it with a sterner and more frequent severity. But it is impossible to deny that our society, however strict its professed code may be, can and does produce examples of those lapses from propriety which the superficial public deems to be typically and exclusively continental. Not only are they produced, but their production and their continuance are tolerated by a certain class, possibly limited, but certainly influential.

Amongst these examples, both of lapse and of toleration, the Tolerated Husband holds a foremost place. Certain conditions are necessary for his proper production. He must be not only easy-going, but unprincipled, — unprincipled, that is, rather in the sense of having no particular principles of any kind than in that of possessing and practising notoriously bad ones. He must have a fine contempt for steady respectability, and an irresistible inclination to that glittering style of untrammelled life which is believed by those who live it to be the true Bohemianism. He should be weak in character, he may be pleasant in manner and appearance, and he must be both poor and extravagant. If to these qualities be added, first a wife, young, good-looking, and in most respects similar to her husband, though of a stronger will, and secondly a friend, rich, determined, strictly unprincipled, and thoroughly unscrupulous, the conditions which produce the Tolerated Husband may be said to be complete.

The Tolerated Husband may have been at one time an officer in a good regiment. Having married, he finds that his pay, combined with a moderate private income, and a generous allowance of indebtedness, due to the gratification of expensive tastes, is insufficient to maintain him in that position of comfort to which he conceives himself to be entitled. He therefore abandons the career of arms, and becomes one of those who attempt spasmodically to redeem commercial professions from the taint of mere commercialism by becoming commercial themselves. It is certain that the gilded society which turns up a moderately aristocratic nose at trade and tradesmen, looks with complete indulgence upon an ex-officer who dabbles in wine, or associates himself with a new scheme for the easy manufacture of working-men's boots. An agency to a Fire and Life Assurance Society is, of course, above reproach, and the Stock Exchange, an institution which, in the imagination of reckless fools, provides as large a cover as charity, is positively enviable—a reputation which it owes to the fancied ease with which half-a-crown is converted into one hundred thousand pounds by the mere stroke of an office pen.

The Tolerated Husband tries all these methods, one after another, with a painful monotony of failure in each. Yet, somehow or other, he still keeps up appearances, and manages to live in a certain style not far removed from luxury. He entertains his friends at elaborate dinners, both at home and at expensive restaurants; he is a frequent visitor at theatres, where he often pays for the stalls of many others as well as for his own. He takes a small house in the country, and fills it with guests, to whom he offers admirable wines, and excellent cigars. His wife is always beautifully dressed, and glitters with an array of jewels which make her the envy of many a steady leader of fashion. The world begins to ask, vaguely at first, but with a constantly increasing persistence, how the thing is done. Respectability and malice combine to whisper a truthful answer. Starting from the axiom that the precarious income which is produced by a want of success in many branches of business cannot support luxury or purchase diamonds, they arrive, *per saltum*, at the conclusion that there must be some third party to provide the wife and the husband with means for their existence. His name is soon fixed

upon, and his motives readily inferred. It can be none other than the husband's rich bachelor friend, the same who accompanies the pair on all their expeditions, who is a constant guest at their house, and is known to be both lavish and determined in the prosecution of any object on which he has set his heart. His heart, in this instance, is set upon his friend's wife, and the obstacles in his way do not seem to be very formidable. The case, indeed, is soon too manifest for any one but a born idiot to feign ignorance of it. The husband is not a born idiot—he either sees it plainly, or (it may be, after a struggle) he looks another way, and resigns himself to the inevitable. For inevitable it is, if he is to continue in that life of indolence and extravagant comfort which habit has made a necessity for him. So he submits to the constant companionship of a third party, and, in order to be truly tolerated in his own household, becomes tolerant in a manner that is almost sublime. He allows his friend to help him with large subventions of money; he lets him cover his wife with costly jewels. He is content to be supplanted without fuss, provided the supplanter never decreases the stream of his benevolence; and the supplanter, having more wealth than he knows what to do with, is quite content to secure his object on such extremely easy terms. And thus the Tolerated Husband is created.

It is curious to notice how cheerfully, to all outward appearance, he accepts what other men would consider a disaster. Before the world he carries his head high with an assumption of genial frankness and easy good temper. "Come and dine with us to-morrow, my boy," he will say to an old acquaintance, "there'll only be yourself and a couple of others besides ourselves. We'll go to the play afterwards." And the acquaintance will most certainly discover, if he accepts the invitation, that the "ourselves" included not only husband and wife, but friend as well. He will also notice that the last is even more at home in the house, and speaks in a tone of greater authority than the apparent host. Everything is referred to him for decision, and the master of the house treats him with a deferential humility which goes far to contradict the cynical observation that there is no gratitude on earth. The Tolerated Husband, indeed, never tires of dispensing hospitality at the cost of his friend, and though the whole world knows the case, there will never be a lack of guests to accept what is offered.

At last, however, in spite of his toleration, he becomes an encumbrance in his own house, and, like most encumbrances, he has to be paid off, the friend providing the requisite annual income. One after another he puts off the last remaining rags of his pretended self-respect. He haunts his Clubs less and less frequently, and seems to wither under the open dislike of those who are repelled by the mean and sordid details of his despicable story. And thus he drags on his life, a degraded and comparatively impoverished outcast, untidy, haggard and shunned, having forfeited by the restriction of his spending powers even the good-natured contempt of those who were not too proud to be at one time mistaken for his friends.



## LABOURS FOR LENT.

*Emperor of Germany.*—To conciliate the great men who have had to prefix "Ex" to their official titles since he ascended the Throne.

*Emperor of Russia.*—To find a resting-place safe from the Nihilists.

*King of Italy.*—To do without CRISPI, and the Triple Alliance.

*The Emperor of Austria.*—To master the subject of Home Rule as applied to Austria, Hungary, and the Bulgarian Nationalities.

*King of Portugal.*—To settle the Map of Africa with Lord SALISBURY.

*The President of the French Republic.*—To adapt Thermidor for the German stage.

*The President of the American Republic.*—To bless the McKinley Tariff.

*The Marquis of Salisbury.*—To consider with his son and heir the Roman Catholic Disabilities Removal Bill.

*Mr. W. H. Smith.*—To renew his stock of Copy-book proverbs.

*Mr. Gladstone.*—To compile and annotate a new volume of *Gleanings*, containing the *Quarterly Article* on "Vaticanism," and the speech in support of the Ripon-plus-Russell Relief Bill.

*Mr. Goschen.*—To divide the coming Surplus to everyone's satisfaction.

*Mr. Balfour.*—To learn to love both wings of the Irish Party.

*Mr. Justin McCarthy.*—To discover his exact position.

*Mr. S. B. Bancroft.*—To regard with satisfaction his gift to General Dealer BOOTH.



## JUNIUS JUDEX.

*A Pindaric Fragment. (A long way after Gray.)**Painted by Frederick Walker, Esq., in 1890.*

AWAKE, O Themis-twangled lyre, awake,  
And give to peans all thy sounding  
strings!

Here is a triumph joyfuller than Spring's.  
JEUNESmacks of Summerrather, and must take  
The cake!

As frescoed heroes cloud-borne progress make,  
So—happy apotheosis!—advances  
Stately Sir FRANCIS!

See how late-knighted Justice moves along,  
High, majestic, smooth and strong,  
Through Cupid's maze and Neptune's mighty  
main

(O Wimpole Street, uplift the strain!)  
Toward that proudly portal'd door.  
Silk gowns and snowy wigs raise the ap-  
plausive roar!

O Sovereign of the Social Soul,  
Lady of bland and comfort-breathing  
airs,

Enchanting hostess! Business cares  
And Party passion own thy soft control.  
In thy saloons the Lord of War  
Muffles the wheels of his wild car,  
And drops his thirsty lance at thy command.  
Smoothed by a snowy hand,

Aquila's self, the fierce and feathered king,  
With sleek-pruned plumes, and close-  
furled wing  
Will calmly cackle, and put by  
The terrors of his beak, the lightnings of  
his eye.

Thee the voice, the dance obey;  
Tempered to thy pleasant away,  
Blue and Buff, Orange and Green,  
In polychromatic harmony are seen,  
As on a bright Jeune day.  
And now JEUNE triumphs in no minor mea-  
sure.

Judicial Pomp and Social Pleasure  
Now indeed make marvellous meeting.  
See with suasion firmly sweet  
That triak trio, gaily greeting  
To that portal guide his feet.  
Neptune's hoarse hails his friend's approach  
declare,

Probate, the winged sprite, about must play;  
With wanton wings that winnow the soft air  
In gliding state Lord Cupid leads the way  
To where grave Law must mark, assay, reprove  
Wanderings of young Desire, and lures of  
fickle Love!

## TOMMY ATKINS'S HARD LOT.

"TOMMY ATKINS," writing modestly enough to the *Daily Chronicle* of the 6th February, complains that the coal supplied by the Authorities for barrack-rooms, is so limited in quantity that "during the winter this, as a rule, only lasts about two days" in the week, and TOMMY and his comrades have to "club-up" to supply the deficiency out of their own microscopical pay. "In fact" (says T. A.) "I have been in barrack-rooms where the men have had no fires after the first two days of the week." If this be so, Mr. Punch agrees with TOMMY in saying, "Surely this ought not to be!" TOMMY ATKINS may reasonably be expected to "stand fire" at any season, but not the absence of it in such wintry weather as we have had recently!

If this is poor TOMMY ATKINS's lot,  
As TOMMY might say, It is all Tommy-rot!

## COLUMBIA ON HER SPARROW.

*(With Apologies to William Cartwright.)*

["The Americans have had enough of the Sparrow (*Passer domesticus*), and the mildest epithet reserved for him seems to be that of 'pest.'"]  
—*Daily Chronicle*.]

TELL me not of joy,—a hum!  
Now the British Sparrow's come.  
Sent first was he

Across the sea,  
Advisers kind did flatter me,  
When he winged way o'er Yankee soil,  
My caterpillar swarms he'd spoil;  
And oh, how pleasant that would be!

He would catch a grub, and then  
It would never feed again.  
My fields he'd skip,  
And peck, and nip,  
And on the caterpillars feed;  
And nought should crawl, or hop, or run  
When he his hearty meal had done.  
Alas! it was a sell, indeed!

O'er my fields he makes his flight,  
In numbers almost infinite;  
A plague, alas!  
That doth surpass

The swarming caterpillar crew.  
What I did I much regret;  
Passer is multiplying yet;  
Check him I can't. What shall I do?

The British Sparrow won't depart,  
His feathered legions break my heart,  
Would he away

I would not, nay!  
About mere caterpillars fuss.  
Patience with grubs and moths were mine,  
Would he but pass across the brine.  
I call *Passer Domestic Cuss*!

"HERE WE HARE AGAIN!"—There are two Johnnies on the stage. JOHNNY Senior being J. L. TOOLE (now on his way home from New Zealand), and JOHNNY Junior, JOHN HARE, both immensely popular as comedians, and both in high favour with our most illustrious and judicious Patron of the Drama, H. R. H. the Prince of WALES. It is gratifying to learn that, after the performance of *A Pair of Spectacles* at Sandringham, the Prince presented the Junior of these two Johnnies with a silver cigar-box. In the right-hand corner of the lid is engraved a hare looking through a pair of spectacles, and inside is a dedication to JOHN HARE from ALBERT EDWARD. "Pretty compliment this," as Sir WILL SOMERS, the Court Jester, might have said,—"to JOHNNY HARE from the Hare Apparent."



## THEIR "IBSEN-DIXIT."

A NEW set of Faddists has been gradually growing up, not in our midst, but in the parts about Literature and the Drama. The object of their cult is, one HENRIK IBSEN, a Norwegian Dramatist, (perhaps it would be more correct to say, *the* Norwegian Dramatist,) of whose plays a pretty sprinkling of scribes, amateur and professional, but all of the very highest culture, profess themselves the uncompromisingly enthusiastic admirers. You may not know the Ibsenites or any of their works, but in their company at least,—that is, supposing yourself so highly privileged as to be admitted within the innermost circle of the Inner Ibsen Brotherhood,—not to know IBSEN would be proof positive of your being in the outer darkness of ignorance, and in need, however unworthy, of the grace of Ibsenitish enlightenment. Recruits are wanted in the Ibsenite ranks, so as to strengthen numerically the one party against the other; for the Ibsenitish sect has so far progressed as to be at loggerheads amongst themselves; not indeed on any really essential question, such as would be, for example, any doubt as to the position of IBSEN as a Dramatist, or as to the order of merit and precedence to be assigned to his works. No, on such matters they are apparently at one; but in other matters they are at one another. Thus the unity appears to be only superficial, a decent plaster hiding the rift occasioned by one of their number having literally translated into English IBSEN's latest Norwegian drama, of which translation the verbal correctness is impugned by another learned Ibsenite.

Not being "a hardy Norseman," and having neither a reading nor speaking acquaintance with the Nerse language, I am unable to decide abstruse points on which such learned doctors disagree; but not being altogether without some practical experience of English and French drama, I venture to call in question not only the dramatic ability of the dramatist himself, but also, after perhaps allowing him some merit as a type-writer or character-sketcher, to assert that the style and matter of most of his work is always tiresome, frequently childish, and the subject often morbid and unhealthy; and, further, that his method is tedious to the last degree of boredom; for, as a writer, if I may judge him fairly by his translators, he is didactic and prosy, and never more tedious than when his dialogue is intended to be at its very crispest. As a playwright his construction is faulty. Here and there he gives expression to pretty ideas, reminding me (still judging by the translation) of TOM ROBERTSON, not when the latter was in his happiest vein, but when laboriously striving to make his puppets talk in a sweetly ingenuous manner.

I have never seen any play of IBSEN's on the stage, but I have read several of them—indeed, as I believe, all that have hitherto been translated and published in this country. I was prepared to be charmed, expecting much. I was soon disilluminated, and great was my disappointment. Then I re-read them, to judge of them not merely as dramas for the closet, but as dramas for the stage, written to be acted, not to be read; or, at all events, as far as the general public were concerned, to be acted first, and to be read afterwards. As acting dramas, it is difficult to conceive anything less practically dramatic. I do not know what the pecuniary result of his theatrical productions may be in his own country—where, I believe, he doesn't reside—but, out of his own country (say, here in London), I should say that a one-night's performance, with a house half full, would exhaust IBSEN's English public, and quite exhaust the patience of those who know not IBSEN.

Years ago we had the Chatterton - Boucicault dictum that "SHAKESPEARE spelt failure." Now, for SHAKESPEARE read "IBSEN," and insert the words "swift and utter" before "failure," and you have my opinion as to how the formula would stand with regard to IBSEN. I should be sorry to see any professional Manager making himself pecuniarily responsible for the success of such an undertaking, a word which, in its funeral sense, is of ill omen to the attempt. Let the Ibsenites club together, lease a theatre, and see how the public likes their show. There's nothing doing at the Royalty just now; let them pay rent in advance, and become Miss KATE SANTLEY's tenants; then, if the IBSEN-worshippers, with their Arch-priest, or ARCHER-priest, at their head, come to a temporary understanding with the Gosse-Ibsenites, they could craftily contrive to be invited as guests to a dinner at the Playwreckers' Club. The *dilettanti* members of this association the United Ibsenites could flatter by deferring to the opinions of their hosts, while inculcating their own, thus securing the goodwill and patronage of the Playwreckers, a plan nowadays adopted with considerable success by some of our wildest dramatists, eager to secure a free course and be glorified; and so, by making each one of these mighty amateurs feel that the success of IBSEN in this country depended on him personally, that is, on his verdict or "Ibsen dixit," a run of, say, perhaps three nights might possibly be secured, when they could play to fairly-filled houses. One "night w' IBSEN," one night only, would, I venture to say, be quite enough for most of us. "Oh, that mine enemy would write a book!" "Oh, that my enemy would bring out an Ibsenite play," and try to run it! Perhaps he will. In which case I will either alter my opinion or give him a dose of

ANTI-FAD.



## MR. GLADSTONE'S NEW HOUSE.

"The house which Mr. GLADSTONE has just taken in Park Lane is, it is reported, the selection of Mrs. GLADSTONE, who recommends it with a view to her husband's opportunities for exercises."—Daily Paper.



## SULLIVANHOE!

**BRAVISIMO**, Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN of Ivanhoe, or to compress it telegraphically by wire, "*Bravissimo Sullivanhoe!*" Loud cries of "ARTHUR! ARTHUR!" and as ARTHUR and Composer he bows a solo gracefully in front of the Curtain. Then Mr. JULIAN STURGIS is handed out to him, when "SULLIVAN" and "JULIAN"—latter name phonetically suggestive of ancient musical associations, though who nowadays remembers "Mons. JULLIEN"?—the composer and librettist, bow a duet together. "Music" and "Words" disappear behind gorgeous new draperies. "All's swell that ends swell," and nothing could be sweller than the audience on the first night. But to our tale. As to the dramatic construction of this Opera, had I not been informed by the kindly playbill that I was seeing *Ivanhoe*, I should never have found it out from the first scene, nor should I have been quite clear about it until the situation where that slyboots Rebecca artfully threatens to chuck herself off from the topmost turret rather than throw herself away on the bad Templar Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert—*Sullivan*. The Opera might be fairly described as "*Scenes from Ivanhoe*," musically illustrated. There is, however, a continuity in the music which is lacking in the plot.



All Dicky with Ivanhoe; or, The Long and Short of it.

The scenic effects are throughout admirable, and the method, adopted at the end of each *tableau*, of leaving the audience still more in the dark than they were before as to what is going on on the stage, is an excellent notion, well calculated to intensify the mystery in which the entire plot is enveloped.

The change of scene—of course highly recommended by the leech in attendance on the suffering *Ivanhoe*—from the little second-floor-back in the top storey of the castle tower, where the stout Knight of *Ivanhoe* is in durance, is managed with the least possible inconvenience to the invalid, who, whether suffering from gout or pains in his side,—and, judging by his action, he seemed to feel it, whatever it was, all over him,—found himself and his second-hand lodging-house sofa (quite good enough for a prisoner) suddenly deposited at the comparatively safe distance of some three hundred yards or so from the burning Castle of Torquilstone, in which identical building he himself, not a minute before, had been immured. So marvellous a flight of fancy is only to be found in an Arabian, not a Christian, Night's Entertainment.

The Tournament Scene is a very effective "set," but practically an elaborate "sell," as all the fighting on horseback is done "without." Presently, after a fierce clashing of property-swords, sounding suspiciously like fire-irons, *Ivanhoe* and Sir Brian come in, afoot, to fight out "round the sixth, and last." There is refreshing novelty in Mr. COPLAND's impersonation of Isaac of York, who might be taken for *Shylock's* younger brother who has been experimenting on his beard with some curious kind of hair-dye. This comic little Isaac will no doubt grow older during the run of the piece, but on the first night he neither looked nor behaved like Rebecca's aged and venerable sire, nor did Miss MACINTYRE—who, by the way, is charming as Rebecca, and who is so nimble in skipping about the stage when avoiding the melodramatic Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert—*Sullivan*, and so generally active and artful as to be quite a *Becky Sharp*,—nor, I say, did Miss MACINTYRE seem to treat her precocious parent (Isaac must have married very young, seeing that *Becky* is full twenty-one, and Isaac apparently very little more

than twenty-eight, or, say, thirty) with any great tenderness and affection; but these feelings no doubt will be intensified, as she becomes more and more accustomed to her juvenile father during the run of the Opera, and he may say to her, as the



Bottle Imp did to his victim, "Hal Ha! You must learn to love me!"

The game of "Becky my Neighbour." The Stout Knight lays low.

I have not time to enumerate all the charming effects of the Opera, but I must not forget the magic property-harp, with, apparently, limp whip-cord strings, "the harp that once," or several times, was played by those accomplished musicians, *King Richard*, and *Friar Tuck*, the latter of whom has by far the most taking song in the Opera, and which would have received a treble [or a baritone] encore, had *Barkis*—meaning Sir ARTHUR—"been willin'." The contest between *Richard* and the *Friar* is decidedly "Dicky." Nor must I forget the magnificent property supper in the first scene, at so much a head, where not a ham or a chicken is touched; nor must "the waits" between some of the sets be forgotten,—"*waits*" being so suggestive of music at the merriest time of the year. Nor, above all, must I omit to mention the principal character, *Ivanhoe* himself, played by Mr. BEN DAVIES, who would be quite an ideal *Ivanhoe* if he were not such a very real *Ivanhoe*—only, of course, we must not forget that he "doubles" the part. There is no thinness about "*Ben Mio*," whether considered as a man, or as a good all-round tenor. I did not envy *Ivanhoe's* marvellous power of sleep while Miss

MACINTYRE was singing her best, her sweetest, and her loudest. For my part I prefer to believe that the crafty Saxon was "only puttendin'," and was no more asleep than *Josh Sedley* on the eve of Waterloo, or the Fat



"A I" Saxon Friar.

Boy when he surprised Mr. *Tupman* and *Aunt Rachel* in the arbour, or when he pinched Mr. *Pickwick's* leg in order to attract his attention. But, after all, *Ivanhoe* and *Rowena*, as THACKERAY remarked, are a poor nabby-pamby pair, and the real heroine is Rebecca. The Opera ends with a "*Rebecca Riot*." Every one wishes success to the new venture.

As to the Music,—well, I am not a musician, and in any new Opera when there is no one tuneful phrase as in *Aida* or *Tannhäuser*, which, at the very first hearing, anyone with half an ear can straightway catch, and reproduce next day till everyone about him cries, "Oh don't!" and when, as in this instance, the conducting-

composer, Wagnerianly, will not permit *encores*—where am I? Nowhere. I return home in common time, but tuneless. On the other hand, besides being certain that *Friar Tuck's* jovial song will "catch on," I must record the complete satisfaction with which I heard the substantial whack on the drum so descriptive of Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert—*Sullivan's* heavy fall "at the ropes." This last effect,



being as novel as it is effective, attracted the attention of the wily and observant DRUCIOLANUS, who mentally booked the effect as something startlingly new and original for his next Pantomime. The combat between the Saxon Slogger, very much out of training, and the Norman Nobbler, rather over-trained as the result proved, is decidedly exciting, and the Nobbler would be backed at long odds. Altogether, the whole show was thoroughly appreciated by

WAMBA JUNIOR.

## SPECIMENS FROM MR. PUNCH'S SCAMP-ALBUM.

### NO. I.—THE CLASSICAL SCHOLAR IN REDUCED CIRCUMSTANCES.

You are, let us say, a young professional man in chambers or offices, incompetently guarded by an idiot boy whom you dare not trust with the responsibility of denying you to strangers. You hear a knock at your outer door, followed by conversation in the clerk's room, after which your salaried idiot announces, "A Gentleman to see you." Enter a dingy and dismal little man in threadbare black, who advances with an air of mysterious importance. "I think," he begins, "I've the pleasure of speaking to Mr. —" (*whatever your name is.*) "I take the liberty of calling, Mr. —, to consult you on a matter of the utmost importance, and I shall feel personally obliged if you will take precautions for our conversation not being overheard."

He looks grubby for a client—but appearances are deceptive, and you offer him a seat, assuring him that he may speak with perfect security—whereupon he proceeds in a lowered voice.

"The story I am about to reveal," he says, smoothing a slimy tall hat, "is of a nature so revolting, so 'orrible in its details, that I can 'ardly bring myself to speak it to any 'uning ear!" (*Here you will probably prepare to take notes.*) "You see before you one who is of 'igh birth but low circumstances!" (*At this, you give him up as a possible client, but a mixture of diffidence and curiosity compels you to listen.*) "Yes, Sir, I was 'fruges consumere nati.' I've received a neducation more befitting a dook than my present condition. Nursed in the lap of hafluence, I was trained to fill the lofty position which was to have been my lot. But 'necessitas,' Sir, as you are aware, 'necessitas non abat legim,' and such I found it. While still receiving a classical education at Cambridge College—(praps you are yourself an alumnus of *Halma Mater*? No? I apologise, Sir, I'm sure)—but while preparing to take my honorary degree, my Father suddenly enounced the horful news that he was a bankrupt. Strip of all we possessed, we were turned out of our sumehuous 'ome upon the cold world, my Father's grey 'airs were brought down sorrowing to sang-widge boards, though he is still sangwin of paying off his creditors in time out of what

he can put by from his scanty hearings. My poor dear Mother—a lady born and bred—sank by slow degrees to a cawfy-stall, which is now morgidged to the 'ilt, and my eldest Sister, a lovely and accomplished gairl, was artlessly thrown over by a nobleman, to 'oom she was engaged to be married, before our reverses overtook us. His name the delikit hinastinks of a gentleman will forbid you to inquire, as likewise me to mention—enough to 'int that he occupies a prominent position amongst the hupper circles of Society, and is frequently to be met with in the papers. His faithlessness preyed on my Sister's mind to that degree, that she is now in the Asylum, a nopeless maniac! My honely Brother was withdrawn from 'Arrow, and now 'as the yumiliation of selling penny toys on the kerbstone to his former playfellers. 'Tantea nannymice salestibus hira,' indeed, Sir!

"But you ask what befell myself." (*You have not—for the simple reason that, even if you desired information, he has given you no chance, as yet, of putting in a word.*) "Ah, Sir, there you 'ave me on a tender point. 'Haketo tetigisti,' if I may venture once more upon a scholarly illusion. But I've resolved to conceal nothing—and you shall 'ear. For a time I obtained employment as Seekertary and Imanuensis to a young baranit, 'oo had been the bosom friend of my College days. He would, I know, have used his influence with Government to obtain me a lucrative post; but, alas, 'ere he could do so, unaired sheets, coupled with delikit 'elth, took him off premature, and I was once more thrown on my own resources.

"In conclusion, Sir, you've doubtless done me the hinjustice to expect, from all I've said, that my hobjok in obtaining this interview was to ask you for pecuniary assistance?" (*Here you reflect with remorse that a suspicion to this effect has certainly crossed your mind.*) "Nothing of the sort or kind, I do assure you. A little 'uning sympathy, the relief of pouring out my sorrsers upon a feeling art, a few kind encouraging words, is all I arak, and that, Sir, the

first sight of your kind friendly face told me I should not lack. Pore as I am, I still 'ave my pride, the pride of a English gentleman, and if you was to order me a sovereign as you sit there, I should fling it in the fire—ah, I should—'urt and indignant at the hinsult!" (*Here you will probably assure him that you have no intention of outraging his feelings in any such manner.*) "No, and why, Sir? Because you 'ave a gentlemanly 'art, and if you were to make sech a offer, you would do it in a kindly Christian spirit which would rob it of all offence. There's not many as I would bring myself to accept a paltry sovereign from, but I dunno—I might from one like yourself—I might *Ord hignara mali, miseris succurreary disco*, as the old philosopher says. You 'ave that kind of way with you." (*You mildly intimate that he is mistaken here, and take the opportunity of touching the bell.*) "No, Sir, don't be untrue to your better himpulses. 'Ave a feelin 'art, Sir! Don't send me away, after allowing me to waste my time 'ere—which is of value to me, let me tell yer, whatever yours is!—like this! . . . Well, well, there's 'ard people in this world? I'm going, Sir . . . I 'ave sufficient dignity to take a 'int . . . You 'aven't got even a trifle to spare an old University Scholar in redooed circumstances then? . . . Ah, it's easy to see you ain't been at a University yourself—you ain't got the hair of it! Farewell, Sir, and may your lot in life be 'appier than—All right, don't hexcite yourself. I've bin mistook in yer, that's all. I thought you was as soft-odded a young mug as you look. Open that door, will yer; I want to get out of this 'ole!"

Here he leaves you with every indication of disgust and disappointment, and you will probably hear him indulging in unclassical vituperation on the landing.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE BARON is delighted with MONTAGU WILLIAMS's third volume of *Reminiscences*, published by MACMILLAN & Co. His cheery after-dinner conversational style of telling capital stories is excellent. He

is not writing a book, he is talking to us; he is telling us a series of good things, and, quoth the Baron, let me advise you to light your cigar and sit down in your arm-chair before the fire, as not only do you not wish to interrupt him, even with a query, but you feel inclined to say, as the children do when, seated round you in the wintry twilight, they have been listening to a story which has deeply interested them—"Go on, please, tell us another!" The following interpolated "aside," most characteristic of MONTAGU WILLIAMS's life-like conversational manner of telling a story, occurs at page 8, where giving an account of a robbery, of which he himself was the victim, and telling how a thief asked to be shown up to his, the narrator's room, he says, "The porter, like a fool, gave his consent." The interpolated "like a fool," carries the jury, tells the whole story, and wins admiration for the sufferer, who is the real hero of the tale. But beyond the book's merit as an interesting and amusing companion, it contains some valuable practical suggestions for relieving the ordinary distress in the poorest districts which ought to receive attention in the highest quarters.

To some readers interested in theatrical life, *Polly Mountemple* must prove an interesting work of fiction, if a story can be so styled which, as its author assures his readers with his latest breath, I should say in his last paragraph (p. 291), "is a true tale." It is the story of a "ballet lady" who rises in "the profession" to the dignity of a speaking part, and is on the point of being raised still higher in the social scale, and becoming the wife of a real live young nobleman, when she sensibly accepts a considerable sum of money, consents to forego her action for breach of promise, and finally marries a highly respectable acrobat, and becomes the landlady of the "Man of Kent." The earlier portion is entertaining, especially to those who are not altogether ignorant of some of the personages, sketches of whom are drawn by the author, Mr. CHARLES HOLLIS, with, it is not improbable, considerable fidelity. They are rough sketches, not by any means highly finished, but then such was the character of the original models. Before, however, it can be accepted by the general public as giving an unexaggerated picture of a certain sort of stage-life, it ought to have the imprimatur or the nihil obstat of some generally acknowledged head of the profession; for "the profession" is Hydra-like in this respect—a republican creation, with many heads.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.







## ENCOURAGEMENT.

*Professional Golfer (in answer to anxious question). "WEE, NO, SIR, AT YOUR TIME O' LIFE, YE CAN NEVER HOPE TO BECOME A PLAYER; BUT IF YE PRACTISE HARD FOR THREE YEARS, YE MAY BE ABLE TO TELL GOOD PLAY FROM BAD WHEN YE SEE IT!"*

## THE "PAPER-CHASE."

*The Hare (with many financial friends)  
loquitur:—*

HERE goes! 'Tis a rather new line—  
But that is no very great matter.  
If they've faith in a lead, 'tis in mine,  
So a tentative trail let me scatter.  
The old track of country this time I'll forsake;  
I trust they'll not think I have made a  
mistake?

That old line of country they know,  
Across it for years they've been rangers,  
All right, when the going is slow,  
When 'tis fast, are they fly to its dangers?  
For Hares to raise scares 'midst the Hounds  
were improper,  
But how if the pack come a general cropper?

Remarkably near it last time,  
Though some of 'em didn't suspect it;  
But I spy the peril! 'Twere crime  
If I did not help them to detect it.  
If they don't like my trail they must give  
me the sack;  
I'd rather be bullied than break up the pack.

They fancy I'll keep the old course,  
There or thereabout. But I've a notion!  
They'll grumble perhaps, with some force,  
But they're not going to flurry G. GOSCHEN.  
Of this hayresack there have been some smart  
carriers—  
I'll make 'em sit up, though, the L. S. D.  
Harriers!

I love 'em, each supple-shanked lad,  
'Most as much as—Statistics. To trudge it

For them makes my bosom as glad  
As—Big Surplus, and Popular Budget;  
And so I should like to secure them a run,  
Combining snug safety with plenty of fun.

I don't want to lessen their speed,  
I don't want to hamper their daring;  
But rashness won't always succeed—  
Just ask that smart runner, young  
B-R-N-G! [line  
And that's why I'm trying to strike a new  
For our Paper-Chase—cutting the "Paper"  
up fine.

I scatter it wide. Will it float?  
Of course for awhile there's no knowing;  
But I shall be able to note,  
By the sequel, *which way the wind's  
blowing.* [notes, in full flight.  
There! Look like white-birds, or bank-  
Now, lads, double up! There's not one yet  
in sight!

Of course I'm ahead of my field,  
As a Hare worth his salt ever should be.  
My Hounds, though, are mostly spring-heeled.  
Eh? Funk it? I don't think that could be!  
The L. S. D. Harriers' look others hollow  
For pluck and for pace. There's the trail,—  
*will they follow?*

"SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST."—You need  
not go to Holland to see the Hague. You may  
find it—him we mean—at DOWDESWELL'S  
Gallery. Here you can revel in a good fit of  
the Hague without shivering. Indeed, Mr.  
ANDERSON HAGUE, judging from his pictures  
of North Cambria, seems to be very fit, and  
therefore, he may be called an HAGUE-fit.

## A CAN(NES)DID CONFESSION.

*(By a Suffering Angelina.)*

You write to me, sweetest, with envy  
Of "zephyrs" and "summerlike stars;"  
You say women, horses, and men vie  
In chorus of croups and catarrhs;  
You picture me safe from the snarling  
Of Winter's tyrannical sway.  
This isn't, believe me, my darling,  
The Mediterranean way.

You rave of the "shimmering light on  
An ocean pellucidly fair."  
You get it, my darling, at Brighton,  
And coals that can warm you are *there*;  
Of "boughs with hot oranges breaking"—  
Cold comfort, while fortunes we pay  
For faggots that mock us in making  
Their Mediterranean way!

You dream of me rapt by a casement  
Mimosa caresses and rose;  
This window was surely the place meant!  
For mistral to buffet my nose.  
Of tennis and dances and drums in  
"That Eden for Eves"—did you say?  
Apt phrase! Nothing masculine comes in  
Our Mediterranean way.

And "Esterel's amethyst ranges  
Of gossamer shapes"—and the rest.  
Good gracious, how scenery changes!  
They too have a cold on their chest.  
At "delicate lungs," dear, and so on  
No more for this climate I'll play,  
But homeward in ecstasy go on  
My Mediterranean way.





## THE "PAPER-CHASE."

RIGHT HON. GEO. J. G-SCH-N (*the Hare*). "WONDER WHETHER THEY'LL FOLLOW?"









### THE OYSTERS AT WHITSTABLE FROZEN IN THEIR BEDS!

(See Daily Papers.)

### THE HIGHEST EDUCATION;

*Or, what is looming a-head.*

A DEPUTATION on behalf of the Exasperated Ratepayers' Association waited yesterday afternoon on the Chairman of the London School Board at their new and commodious palatial premises erected on the vast central site recently cleared, regardless of expense, for that purpose in Piccadilly, and presented a further protest against the ever-increasing expenditure indulged in by that body. The Chairman, smilingly intimating that he would hear what the Deputation had to say, though he added, amidst the ill-suppressed merriment of his *confrères*, he supposed it was the old sing-song protest, possibly on this occasion because they had recently directed that the boys attending the schools of the Board should come in "Eton" suits, the cost of which naturally fell upon the rates, or some captious objection of that kind, which it really was a waste of breath to discuss. However, whatever it was, he added, he was willing to hear it.

The Spokesman of the Deputation, a Duke in reduced circumstances, who ascribed his ruin to the heavy rates he had been called upon to pay through the extravagance of the Board, and who declined to give his name, said that though they had not thought the Eton suits a necessity, still it was not against them that they had to protest. It was the addition of Astronomy involving the erection (with fitting first-class instruments) of 341 observatories in the London district alone, Chinese, taught by 500 native Professors imported from Peking for the purpose, horse-riding, yachting, and the church organ (these last two being compulsory), together with the use of the tricycle, type-writer, and phonograph, all of which instruments were provided for every single pupil at the expense of the ratepayers, to the curriculum of all those pupils who were fitted for the third standard. The speaker said he knew that it had long been settled that the finest and most comprehensive education that our advanced civilisation could

### THE OLD WOMAN AND HER WATER SUPPLY.

(An Old Nursery Rhyme with a new burden.)

THERE was an old Woman, as I've heard say,  
The frost froze her water-pipes fast one day;  
The frost froze her water-pipes fast at first,  
Till a thaw came at last, and the water-pipes burst.  
By came the Company, greedy of gain,  
And it cut her water all off at the main,  
It cut her water off sharp, if you please,  
Though it wasn't *her* fault that the pipes began to freeze.  
It wasn't *her* fault that the water-pipes burst.  
So she had no water for cleansing or thirst,  
She had no water, and she began to cry,  
"Oh, what a cruel buzzum has a Water Company"  
But I'll repair the pipes, since so it must be,  
And the plumber, I'm aware, will make pickings out of me.

If there's a frost I've no water for my pail,  
And if there's a thaw then the rate-collectors rail."  
On Law the old Woman is entirely in the dark;  
There seems [no one to save her from the fresh-water shark;  
The shark does what he likes, and she can only cry,  
"Who'll help a poor old Woman 'gainst the Water Company?"

### MOI-MEM.

"*Moi-Même*," in the course of his pleasant *Worldly* wanderings among things in general, observes, *à propos* of the younger COQUELIN's suggestion about lectures by professors of the Dramatic Art to youthful students, "One can scarcely fancy a more humorous sight than Mr. TOOLE giving a professional lecture to dramatic aspirants, telling them when to wink, when to wheeze, when to 'accuse his glove,' &c. Now it so happens that when this same idea was first started—or perhaps revived—some eleven years ago, Professor TOOLE's Lecture to Students of the Dramatic Art was given in *Mr. Punch's* pages. The lecture, one of a series supposed to be given by various actors, will be found in Vol. LXXVIII., page 93. It appeared on the 28th of February, 1880.

### Note by a Nomad.

SMITH, of Coalville, imagines that Civilised Man Falls too much to the rear if he lives in a Van; But Caravan-dwellers, with force and urbanity, Declare that SMITH's views of Van life are pure vanity!

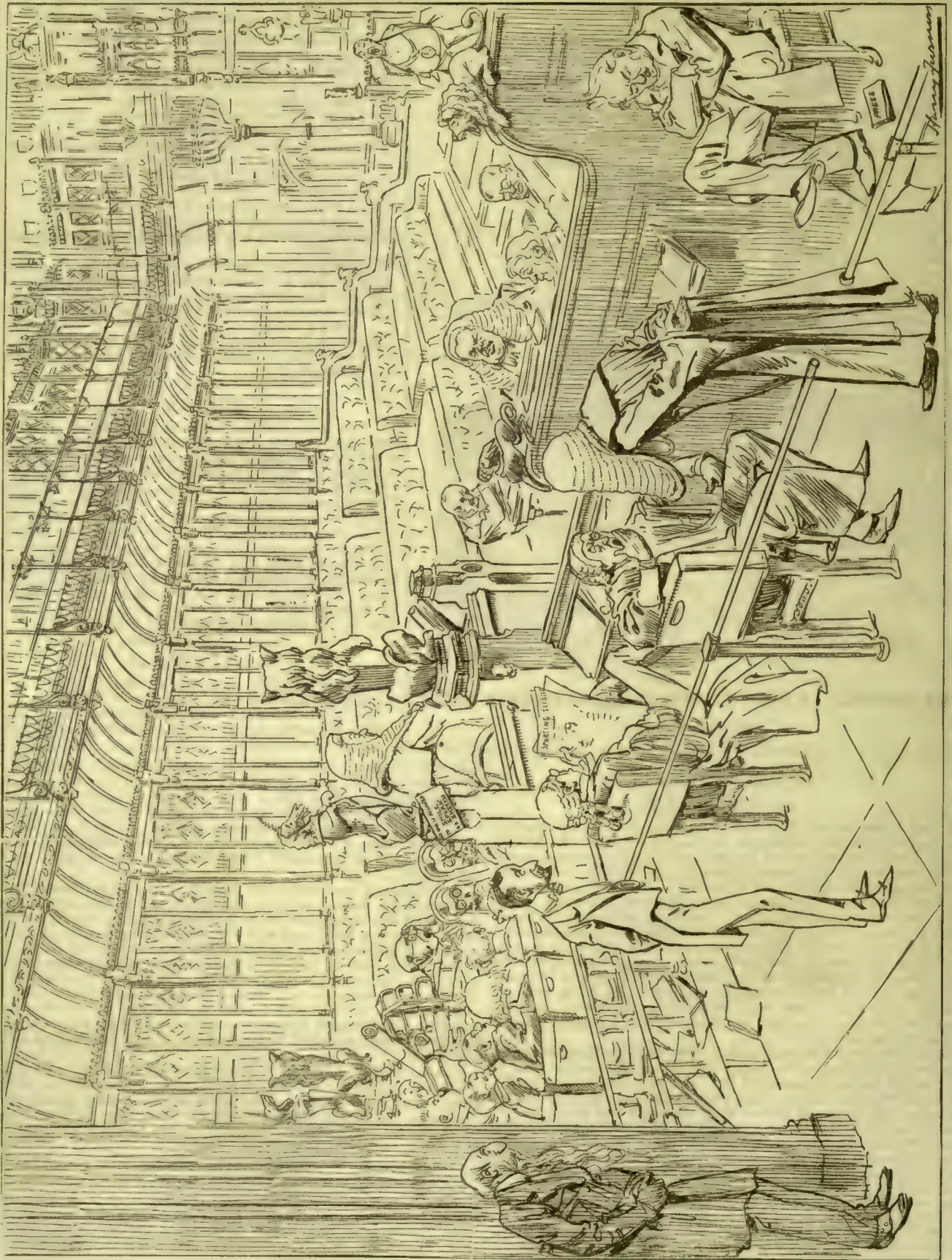
supply should be provided for the submerged half of the population, and they could not grumble at these things, but what they did not consider necessary was, that a salary should be forthcoming for each pupil-teacher sufficient to enable him or her to drive down to the schools in their own carriage and pair. (*Much laughter.*) He did not think it a laughing matter. He would strongly suggest a diminution of at least £1000 a-year in the salaries of these over-paid officials.

The Chairman here asked the speaker if he had considered that "descending" from a carriage was necessarily connected with the teaching of Deportment, on which the Board set great value? Was he not aware that some great man had said, wishing to give Deportment its proper weight as an educational factor, that the Battle of Waterloo (at least he thought he was quoting correctly) was won at Alma? (*Renewed laughter.*) Anyhow, he did not consider that £2,500 a-year, and a house in Mayfair, was at all an excessive remuneration for a School-Board teacher, as measured by the Board's standard. He thought, if that was all the Deputation had to urge, that they might have saved themselves the trouble their protest had cost them.

The Spokesman having for a few moments consulted with his colleagues, hereupon turned to the Chairman, and delivering with fearful emphasis the customary curse on the School Board, its Chairman, and all its belongings, at the same time thanking the Chairman for his courteous reception of the Deputation, silently and sulkily withdrew.

DRURIO LANUS AND DANCING.—The Fancy Dress Ball—not a "Ball Marsky"—at Covent Garden, last Tuesday week, was a great success, on which DRURIO LANUS FORTUNATUS is hereby congratulated. There is to be a similar festivity, to celebrate *Mi-Carême*. Quite appropriate this date, when the season is half Lent, and the costumes almost all borrowed.





AN APPEAL CASE. HOUSE OF LORDS.



## TO MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

["Every minute of my time during 1891 is already mortgaged. In 1892 you may count upon me."—MR. KIPLING to *Magazine Editor*, who wished to secure him as a Contributor.]

Oh, happy man! for whom this world of ours  
Is but a ceaseless round of milk and honey,  
Who use your wondrous word-compelling powers  
For us in telling tales (and making money),

How you must laugh to rake the dollars in,  
The publishers—how badly you must bleed them;  
Your tales *are* good, but yet, ere you begin  
On more, just think of us who've got to read them.

It frightens us to hear your Ninety-One  
Is mortgaged—for the prospect's *not* inviting,  
To think of all that may and will be done,  
If, through the present year you ne'er cease writing!

With bated breath we ask, and humble mien—  
We realise how far we come behind you—  
That you will leave *one* remnant Magazine  
In which we may be sure we shall not find you.

Then will your RUDYARD name with joy be hailed,  
And yours will be a never-fading glory,  
If, when you're asked to write a *Light that Failed*,  
You merely tell us, "That's another story."

## AN UPPER NOTE.

SIR,—I mustn't interfere with the diary of TOBY, M.P. But, as he is not reported as being in the Upper House on this particular occasion, I cannot help drawing general attention to the dispatch of business among the Lords on Thursday last. I quote from the Parliamentary Report in the *Daily Telegraph*, which informed us that

"The LORD CHANCELLOR took his seat on the Woolsack at a quarter-past four o'clock."

Then in came "A New Spiritual Peer." Awful! It sounds like an apparition in a blood-curdling ghost-story. Where was LIKA JOKO with his pencil? Well, "the new Spiritual Peer took his oath and his seat"—why wasn't he called upon for his toast and sentiment?—and then—what happened? Did their Lordships stay to have a friendly chat with the new-comer? No, not a bit of it; for the report says,

"Their Lordships rose at twenty-five minutes to five o'clock."

So that, in effect, as soon as the new boy came in, and seated himself, all the old boys went out. There's manners for you! And this in the Upper House, too!!

Yours truly, THE MARQUIZ.



## UNREGENERATE.

"ONLY THINK HOW DELIGHTFUL, BOBBIE! THEY'VE DISCOVERED, IN MANUSCRIPT, AN ENTIRELY NEW WORK BY ARISTOTLE, AND THEY'RE GOING TO PUBLISH IT!"

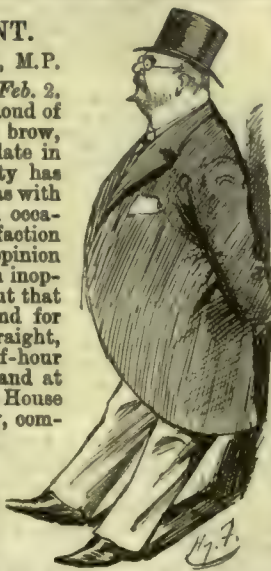
"REALLY, MAMMIE? THEN ALL I CAN SAY IS, I'M PRECIOUS GLAD I'VE LEFT SCHOOL FOR GOOD!"

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, Feb. 2.—"I do not," said OLD MORALITY, a cloud of disappointment settling on his massive brow, "know any case where, comparatively late in life, after a blameless career, depravity has so suddenly broken out in a man as it has with SYDNEY GEDGE. It is true, that upon occasion GEDGE has not given entire satisfaction to our friends opposite. They hold the opinion that his incursions in debate have been inopportune, and, in short, unnecessary; but that is their affair. We have had no ground for complaint. GEDGE has always voted straight, has appropriately filled up a dull half-hour when we had to keep a Debate going, and at all times he has invested our side of the House with a certain *je ne sais quoi* of dignity, combined with profound wisdom. And now to go and break out in this unexpected manner! It is incomprehensible,—would be, if I had not seen him with my own organs of vision, incredible. We must make GEDGE a Peer, or a County Court Judge."

OLD MORALITY'S discomposure not unwarranted. GEDGE certainly made our flesh creep to-night. Of all things



The Rollit Albert that gathered Three Bills into the Statute Book.

in the world, it came about on the Tithes Bill. In Committee all night; Sir JOHN SWINBURNE spoken several times; HARCOURT, leading Opposition, made several efforts to inspire proceedings with a little life, but not to be done. Bill rapidly slipping through; Amendments to Clauses all disposed of; a few new ones on paper. Of course not slightest chance of being added to Bill. One by one moved; Minister objected; Clause negatived; and there an end of it. Twelve o'clock close at hand; on stroke of Midnight, Debate must be adjourned; still plenty of time to get the Bill through Committee. Everything out of the way except new Clause in name of SYDNEY GEDGE. But GEDGE loyal Ministerialist; not likely *he* would interfere with arrangements, and endanger progress of Bill. HICKS-BEACH, in charge of measure, kept his eye on the clock; three minutes to Twelve; running it pretty close, but just time to get Bill through. GEDGE on his feet; quite unnecessary; needn't stand up to say he would not move his Clause; if he had simply lifted his hat when Chairman called his name it would be understood that he had sacrificed his Clause. Dangerous this, dallying on stroke of Midnight.

To his horror, HICKS-BEACH heard GEDGE beginning to describe purport of his new Clause. Was going to move it then? Yes. After moment's horrified pause, Ministerialists broke into angry cries of, "Divide!" Opposition convulsed with laughter; HICKS-BEACH pale and stern, and stony silent; SYDNEY GEDGE flushed, conversational, dogged. Even if Tithes Bill were lost he would explain the bearing of his new Clause. Scene increasing in hilarity; lasted three minutes; then Midnight sounded, and SYDNEY sat down, surprised to find he had talked out the Tithes Bill.

"You might have knocked me down with a feather," said ALBERT ROLLIT, who, before opening his lips, had observed the precaution of propping himself up against the wall. "GEDGE, of all men, to



spoil the Ministerial plan, and imperil their arrangements for the week! It's all COURTNEY's fault. Since GEDGE tasted COURTNEY's blood, on the night he interrupted his speech by chatting in the Chair with HERBERT GARDNER, GEDGE has never been the same man. There's no knowing to what lengths he may not go."

*Business done.*—SYDNEY GEDGE broken out again worse than ever.

*Tuesday.*—MARJORIBANKS rather depressed as he rose to move his Resolution for appointment of Royal Commission on New Magazine Rifle. Had hoped to appear under very different circumstances. Meant quite to put in the shade LYON PLAYFAIR's historic lecture on Margarine, when he had the tables covered with pots of that substance, with penny loaves and small knives for Members to sample withal. For weeks MARJORIBANKS been preparing for occasion. Had possessed himself of quite an armoury of rifles: intended to bring them into the House and illustrate his lecture with practical experiments. The climax was to be the shooting-off scene. BOBBY SPENCER and ANSTRUTHER on in this. BOBBY standing at the Bar with an apple held on palm of extended right hand; MARJORIBANKS, using Martini-Henry Rifle, was to clear the apple off, leaving BOBBY's hair unscathed, and not a wrinkle added to his collar. ANSTRUTHER was next to stand in the same place, braving the fire of the Magazine Rifle. But he didn't have an apple, as it was arranged that the new arm should jam.

"Suppose it doesn't?" ANSTRUTHER inquired, when MARJORIBANKS first unfolded his scheme.

"Oh, that'll be all right," said MARJORIBANKS, cheerily.

Long practice on the Terrace made the arrangements perfect, when they were suddenly upset by interference from unexpected quarter. The SPEAKER, wondering what all this rifle-popping was, came to hear of the project; at once said it wouldn't do; no arms of any kind admitted in House of Commons, except the sword worn by SERGEANT-AT-ARMS, and once a year the lethal weapons carried by the Naval or Military gentlemen who move and second Address. BOBBY SPENCER rather glad, I fancy; ANSTRUTHER not inconsolable. But MARJORIBANKS distinctly depressed.

"Not often I occupy time of House," he said. "We Whips make Houses, and you empty them. DUFF—and he's not a Whip now—made all the running with his orations on the herring brand. Thought I would make a hit this time."

"I was a little afraid of it too," said ANSTRUTHER.

"Oh, you were all right," said MARJORIBANKS; "the New Magazine Rifle will not fire unless, after first shot, you clean it out with an oily rag, and I was going to take precious good care to forget the rag. You've no public spirit, ANSTRUTHER, since you left us to help WOLMER to whip up Dissenters."

No appeal from SPEAKER's ruling. MARJORIBANKS had to make the best of botched business. Brought to the table a spring snap-extractor, a bolt-head screw, and some other odds and ends; poor substitute for what he had intended. Still made out admirable case, Government mustering majority of only 34 against Motion.

Just before Midnight, Tithes Bill reached; GEDGE's Amendment still blocked the way; Chairman called aloud, "Mr. GEDGE!" no answer; place empty. Whilst Members whispering inquiry, Bill passed through Committee, and Ministers triumphed. That's all very well, but where's GEDGE? COBB, who is developing quite unsuspected gifts in the Amateur-detective line, intends to



Standing Fire.



Grandolph's Latest Achievement.

take this matter up when he has settled the affair of the Coroner at the BEDFORD inquest.

*Business done.*—Tithe Bill through Committee. Mysterious disappearance of SYDNEY GEDGE.

*Thursday Night.*—GRANDOLPH back again, bringing his sheaves—I mean his beard—with him. Hardly knew him at first. No such beard been seen in House since MACFARLANE left us. Not quite the same colour; but GRANDOLPH could give a handful to MACFARLANE, and win.

"Yes," he said, when I complimented him on so magnificent a result achieved in comparatively short time, "when I do a thing, I like to do it well. Little awkward at first, you know, specially on a windy day; tendency to get between your knees, or wrap itself round your neck. But we're growing used to each other, and shall get on nicely by-and-by."

More of Tithes Bill. Drearier than ever, now GEDGE's place is empty. *Business done.*—Report Stage of Tithes Bill.

*Friday.*—Conversation as to course of public business. OLD MORALITY regrets Tithes Bill not through Reporting stage yet. Down on the paper for to-night, but didn't think there would be much chance of reaching it. So put it down for Monday. If not got through then, must be taken on Thursday, and JOHN MORLEY's Resolution on Crimes Act shunted along indefinitely. Much regretted this; duty to Queen and Country, &c.; but no one had yet discovered the secret of inclosing a quart of fluid matter in a glass receptacle not exceeding the capacity of one pint.

Members thus informed that Tithes Bill was taken off agenda for to-night, went off; House emptied; and when, at quarter-past Seven, CONYBEARE rose to discuss Mining Royalties, was Counted out.

"Why, bless me!" cried OLD MORALITY, aghast at the news, "here's a sitting practically wasted, and we might have used it for the Tithes Bill. *Business done.*—Motion to abolish Livery Franchise negatived by 148 votes against 120."

## ST. VALENTINE'S EVE.

*SCENE*—The outside of a small fancy-stationer's in a back-street. The windows are plastered with highly-coloured caricatures, designed to convey the anonymous amenities prescribed by poetic tradition at this Season of the Year. A small crowd is inspecting these works of Art and Literature with hearty approval.

*First Artisan.* See this 'ere, BILL? (He spells out with a slow relish.) "With yer crawlin' lick-spittle carnyin' ways,

Yo think very likely bein' a nipperorit'll pay!  
Still some day it's certain you'll be found out at lorst  
As a cringin', sloimy, snoike in the grorss!"

Why, it might ha' been wrote a-purpose for that there little cantin' beggar up at our shop—blowed if it mightn't!

*Second Artisan.* Young MEALY, yer mean? But that's cawmpli mentry—for him—that is!

*First A.* But yer see the ideor of it. They've drawn im a snoike, all 'cept 'is 'ed, d'ye see? That's why they've wrote "Snoike in the Grorss," underneath. Hor-hor! they must be smart chaps to think o' sech things as that 'ere, eh? [They move on.]

*First Servant Girl* (reading)—

"Two quintin' boss-heyas, and 'air all foiry-red.  
You surely can't ever expect to be wed!  
Yer nose shows plain you've took to gin.  
You're a nice party for a wedding-ring!"

I've 'arf a mind to go in and git one o' them to send Missis.

*Second S. G.* (in service elsewhere). Oh, I would! Go in, SALLY, quick. I can lend yer a spy'n towards it.

*Sally* (meditatively). I'd do it—on'y she'd guess 'ood sent it her!

*Second S. G.* Let 'er. You can stick 'er out it wasn't you.

*Sally.* I could, o' course—but it wouldn't be no use, she'd tell the 'andwriting on the hongvelope! (Gloomily.)

*Second S. G.* Oh, if that's all, I'll direct it for yer. Come on, SALLY; it will be sech a lark, and then you can tell me all about what she said arterwards! [They enter the shop.]

*First Young Person in hat and feathers* (reading)—

"The female 'art you think you'll mash,  
By sporting stick-up collars and a la-di-da moustache.  
But I tell you straight it'll be a long time  
Before I take you to be my Valentine!"

I do wonder what CHORLEY 'AWKINS would say if I sent him one of them.

*Second Y. P.* But I thought you told me CHORLEY 'AWKINS never took no notice of you?

*First Y. P.* No more he does—but p'raps this 'ud make him!

*A Young Woman* (who has fallen out with her fiancé). They ain't arf Valentines this year. I wish I could come across one with 'orns and a tail!

*Elder Sister* (to small Brother—in a moral tone). Now, JIMMY, you see what comes o' Book-learnin'. If you 'adn't gone to the Board School so reg'lar, you wouldn't ha' been able to read all the poetry on the Valentines like you can now, would yer now?



## MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELS.

## No. XIII.—THROUGH SPACE ON A FORMULA.

(By RULES SPURN, Author of "Gowned and Curled in Eighty Stays," "Twenty Thousand Tweaks Sundered the Flea," "A Tea with Ice," "A Doctor on Rocks and Peppermint," "A Cab-Fare from 'The Sun,'" "The Confidence of the Continent," "Attorney to Dissenters up at Perth," "Lieutenant Scattercash," &c.)

"This," writes the Author, "is one of my best and freshest, although on a moderate computation it must be my thousand and first, or so. But I have really lost count. Still it's grand to talk in large numbers of leagues, miles, vastnesses, secrets, mysteries, and impossible sciences. Some pedants imagine that I write in French. That's absurd, for every schoolboy knows (and lots of them have told me) that I write only in English or in American. I have some highly dried samples of vivid adventure ready for immediate consumption. Twopence more and up goes the donkey, up, up, up to be a satellite to an undiscovered star. Brave Donkey! I follow."—R. S.]

## CHAPTER I.

THE iceberg was moving. There was no doubt of it. Moving with a terrible sinuous motion. Occasionally an incautious ironclad approached like a foolish hen, and pecked at the moving mass. Then there was a slight crash, followed by a mild convulsion of masts, and spars, and iron-plates, and 100-ton guns, then two or three gurgles and all was still. The iceberg passed on smiling in triumph, and British Admirals wrote to the *Times* to declare that they had known from the first that H.M.S. *Thunderbomb* had been so faultily constructed, as to make a contest with a hen-coop a certainty for the hen-coop.

And still the iceberg was moving. Within its central chamber sat a venerable man, lightly clad in nankeen breeches, a cap of liberty, and a Liberty silk shirt. He was writing cabalistically. He did not know why, nor did he know what "cabalistically" meant. This was his punishment. Why was he to be punished? Those who read shall hear. The walls of the chamber were fitted with tubes, and electric wires, and knobs and buttons. A bright fire burned on the hearth. The thick Brussels carpet was littered with pot-boilers, all fizzing, and sputtering, and steaming, like so many young Curates at a Penny Reading. Suddenly the Philosopher looked up. He spoke to himself. "Everything is ready," he said, and pressed a button by his side.

There was a sound as of a Continent expectorating, a distant noise seemed to twang, the door opened, and a tall lantern-jawed gentleman, wearing a goat-beard and an expression of dauntless cunning, stepped into the room.

"I guess you were waiting round for me," said Colonel ZEDEKIAH D. GOBANG (for it was indeed he), and sat down in an empty arm-chair, as if nothing had happened.

The Philosopher appeared not to notice. "Next character, please," he said, pulling out a long stop, and placing his square leg on the wicket which gave admission to his laboratory, while he waited for the entrance of the Third Man. There came a murmur like the buzz of a ton of blasting powder, in a state of excitement. A choir of angels seemed to whisper "Beefsteak and Pale Ale," as Lord JOHN BULLPUP dashed, without a trace of emotion, into the room, and sneezed three times without stopping to wipe his boots on the mat.

"One more," said the Philosopher. He hurled himself, feet first, at the ceiling, knocked his head against the floor, and called down the tube. "Fy suis!" came the answer, and the typical, light-hearted Frenchman, M. le Docteur REVERSI, with his thousand thunders, and his blue lower chest, tripped jauntily up to the other three. "And now," remarked the Philosopher, "we have got the lot complete. The story can start. Hurry up! Hark forrard! *En avant!*"

## CHAPTER II.

"LEND me your ears," said the Philosopher. They lent them, but without interest. Yet they were all keen business men. "Attention, my friends!" he continued, somewhat annoyed. "You know why I have summoned you. We have to make another journey together. The moon, the sea, the earth—we have voyaged and journeyed to them, and they are exhausted. It remains to visit the Sun, and to perform the journey in an iceberg. Do you see? Colonel GOBANG will supply the craft, Lord JOHN BULLPUP the stupid courage, and you, M. le Docteur," he added, admiringly, "will of course take the cake."

He paused, and waited for Lord JOHN's reply. It came prompt, and in the expected words.

"Is it a plum-pudding cake?" said Lord JOHN. The rest laughed heartily. They loved their jokes, small and old.

"Are we agreed?"

"We are."

"Have you anything to ask?"

"Nothing. When do we start?"

"We are on our way."

"Shall we not melt as we approach?"

"Certainly not."

"How so?"

"We shall have a constant frost."

"Are you sure?"

"Certain. I have taken in a supply of *Matinées*, and a stock of Five-act Tragedies."

"Good. But how to raise the wind?"

Scarcely had the question been asked, when a frightful explosion shook the iceberg to its foundations. The Doctor rushed to the gas-bag. It was empty. He frowned. Lord JOHN was smoking his pipe; the Colonel was turning over the pages of an old Algebra. He muttered to himself, "That ought to figure it out. If  $x$  = the amount of non-compressible fluid consumed by a given labourer in  $y$  days, find, by the substitution of poached eggs for kippered herrings, how many tea-cups it will take to make a transpontine hurricane. Yes," he went on, "that's it. Yes, Sirree." And at these words the vast mass of congealed water rose majestically out of the ocean, and floated off into the nebular hypothesis. But the Philosopher had vanished.

## CHAPTER III.

WHEN the explosion narrated in the last chapter took place, the Philosopher had been looking out of the window. The shock had hurled him with the speed of a pirate 'bus through the air. Soon he became a speck. Shortly afterwards he reached a point in his flight situated exactly 40,000 miles over a London publisher's office. There was a short contest. Centrifugal and centripetal fought for the mastery, and the latter was victorious. The publisher was at home. The novel was accepted, and the Philosopher started to rejoin his comrades lost in the boundless tracts of space.

## CHAPTER IV.

"MY faith," said Lord JOHN, "I am getting tired of this. Shall we never reach the Sun?"

"Courage, my friend," was the well-known reply of the brave little Doctor. "We deviated from our course one hair's-breadth on the twelfth day. This is the fortieth day, and by the formula for the precession of the equinoxes, squared by the parallelogram of an ellipsoidal bath-bun fresh from the glass cylinder of a refreshment bar, we find that we are now travelling in a perpetual circle at a distance of one billion marine gasmeters from the Sun. I have now accounted for the milk in the cocoa-nut."

"But not," said the Philosopher, as he popped up through a concealed trap-door, "for the hair outside. That remains for another volume." With that, he rang a gong. The iceberg splintered into a thousand pieces. The voyagers were each hurled violently down into their respective countries, where a savage public was waiting to devour them.

## TOLSTOI ON TOBACCO.

[Count TOLSTOI has been declaiming against Tobacco in *The Contemporary Review*, and this in no way exaggerates his views.]

TOLSTOI fuming, in a pet,  
Raves against the cigarette;  
Says it's bad at any time,  
Leads to every kind of crime;  
And the man who smokes, quoth he,  
Is as wicked as can be.

TOLSTOI knew a man who said  
He cut off a woman's head;  
But, when half the deed was done,  
Lo, the murderer's courage gone!  
And he finished, 'tis no joke,  
Only by the aid of smoke.

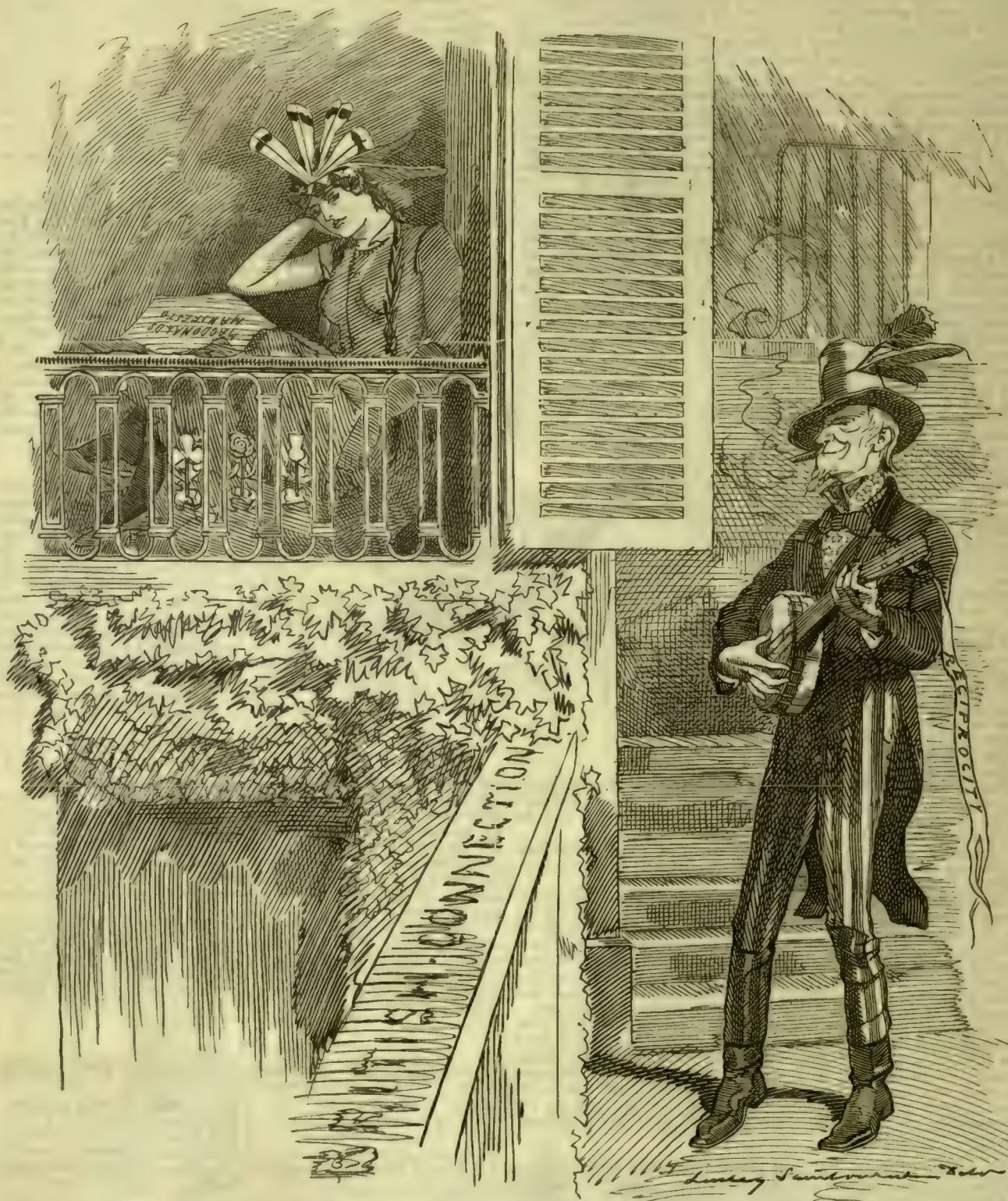
TOLSTOI asks us, when do boys  
First essay Nicotian joys?  
And he answers, quite aghast,  
When their innocence is past.  
Gamblers smoke, and then again  
Smoking pleases the insane.

TOLSTOI, when he writes this stuff,  
Swears he's serious enough;  
Lately Marriage earned his sneers;  
At Tobacco now he jeers;  
Proving that, without the weed,  
Some folks may be mad indeed.



## THE SERENADE: OR, OVER THE GARDEN WALL.

(Latest Transatlantic Version.)



"Replying to Sir JOHN MACDONALD's manifesto, Mr. MERCIER said it was ridiculous to say that reciprocity was veiled treason, and meant annexation to the United States."

*Times' Montreal Correspondent.*

Uncle Sam (twangling his patent Reciprocity Banjo) sings:—

OH, my love my passion can hear—and see,  
Over the garden wall;

She is sighing, and casting sheeps' eyes at me,  
Over the garden wall:

Miss CANADA muses; look at her there  
My wooing and BULL's she is bound to com-  
pare,



And she pretty soon will to join me prepare,  
Over the Garden Wall!

*Chorus (pianissimo).*

Over the garden wall,  
O sweetest girl of all!  
Come along do, you'll never regret;  
We were made for one another, you bet!  
'Tis time our lips in kisses met,  
Over the Garden Wall!

Your father will stamp and your father will  
rave,

Over the garden wall;  
And like an old madman no doubt will behave,  
Over the garden wall.

M'KINLEY has riled him, he's lost his head.  
Mac's Tariff is stiff, but if me you'll wed,  
I'll give Reciprocity, darling, instead,  
Over the Garden Wall!

*Chorus (piano).*

Over the garden wall!  
MACDONALD is bound to fall.  
'Tis MAC against MAC, my Canadian pet,  
And M'KINLEY is bound to win, you bet!  
So join me, dear; we'll be happy yet,  
Over the Garden Wall!

One day you'll jump down on the other side,  
Over the garden wall;

There's plenty of room, and my arms are  
wide.

Over the garden wall:  
JOHNNY may jib, and Sir JOHN may kick,  
I have an impression I'll lick them—slik;  
So come like a darling and join me quick,  
Over the Garden Wall!

*Chorus (forte).*

Over the garden wall!  
Dollars, dear, rule us all.  
Patriot sentiment's pretty, and yet  
Interest ways in the end, you bet!  
MERCIER's right; so pop, my pet,  
Over the Garden Wall!

Where there's a will there's always a way,  
Over the garden wall!

MACDONALD's a Boss, but he's had his day,  
Over the garden wall!

Tariffs take money, but weddings are cheap,  
So wait till old JOHNNY is snoring asleep.  
Then give him the slip, and to JONATHAN  
creep,

Over the Garden Wall!

*Chorus (fortissimo).*

Over the garden wall!  
Your "Grand Old Man" may squall,  
And swear Miss CANADA's loyal yet.  
But loyalty bows to Dollars—you bet!  
'Tis time our lips in union met  
Over the Garden Wall!

[Left twangling seductively.

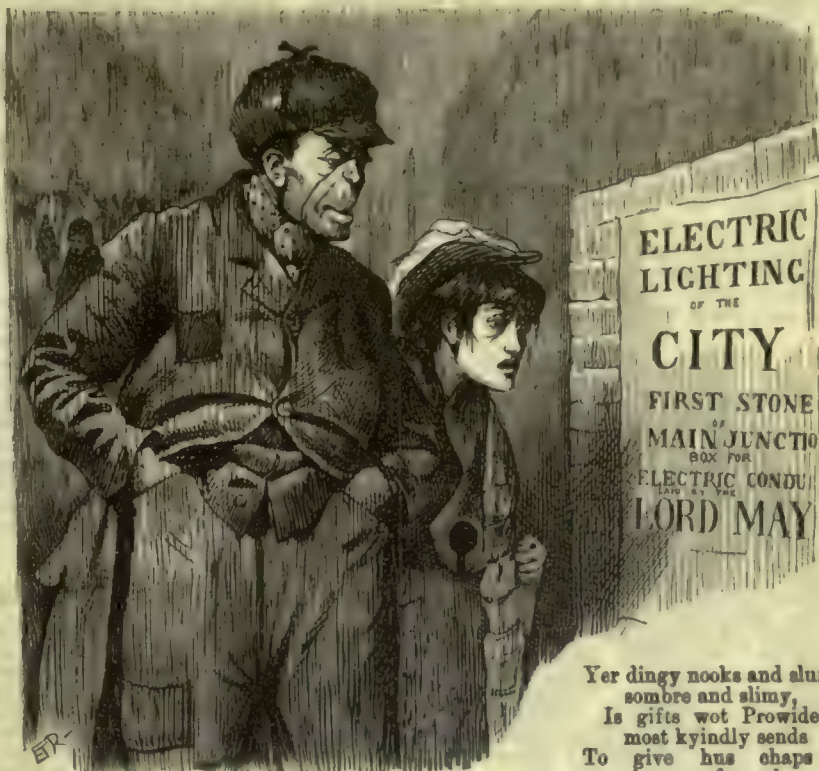
### QUEER QUERIES.

**DOMESTIC SERVICE.**—My General Servant has just left me suddenly, on the ridiculous excuse that she was being "killed by over-work." She was not required to rise before 5 A.M., and she was generally in bed by twelve. Our house is not large, though rather lofty, and there are only fifteen in family. Of course I shall not pay her any wages, and shall retain her boxes; but how can I *really* punish her for her shameful desertion?—CONSIDERATE.

**HAIR FALLING OFF.**—My hair is coming off, not slowly, but in one great circular patch at the top of the head. A malicious report has in consequence been spread abroad in the neighbourhood that I have been *scalped*! What course ought I to adopt to (1) recover damages against my traducers, and (2) recover my hair?—LITTLE WOOL.

### THE LIGHTS O' LONDON.

"The first practical constructive step towards lighting the City of London by means of electricity, was taken yesterday (Feb. 3), when the LORD MAYOR placed in position the first stone of the main junction-box for the electric conductors, at the top of Walbrook, close under the shadow of the western walls of the Mansion House."—*Times*.



*Bill Sikes.* "WELL, I HAM BLOWED! IF THEY'RE GOIN' TO 'AVE THIS BEASTLY 'LECTRIC LIGHT ALL OVER THE PLACE—WOT'S TO BECOME OF HUS!"

*Mr. William Sikes, Junior, loquiter:—*  
WELL, I ham blowed! I say, look 'ere, you NANCY!

Old Gog and Magog is woke up at last!  
Goin' to hilluminate the City. Fancy!!  
When this yer 'Lectric light is fairly cast  
On every nook and corner, hole and entry  
Of London, you and me is done, to-rights.  
A Slop at every street-end standin' sentry,  
Won't spile our game like lots o' 'Lectric  
Lights.

The Lights o' London? Yah! That's bin  
all boko.

Were London lighted, how could you  
and me

Garotte a swell, or give a tight 'un toke?

We ain't got arf a chance where coves  
can see.

'Tis darkness plays our game, and we've 'ad  
plenty,

But this means mischief, or my name ain't  
BILL.

Wy, not one pooty little plant in twenty  
Could we pull orf if light spiled pluck and  
skill.

It's beastly, NANCY, that's wot it is. Wy,  
blimy,

Narrer ill-lighted streets is our best friends.

With you and me, NANCY, it will play the  
dickens.

We must turn 'onest, NANCY, and *that's* no go

'Ang Science! He lamps and old Charlies—  
bless 'em!—

Wos good for trade, *our* trade. Ah! if my dad  
Could see 'ow Larkin', Law, and Light  
oppress 'em, [mad.

Our good old cracksmen-gangs, he'd gostark  
As for the *Hartful Dodger* and old *Fagin*,  
Ah! they're well hout of it. Wot could  
they do

With Science and her bloomin' fireworks  
plaguin'

Their hartfullest little games the whole  
Town through?

Our only 'ope, my NANCY, is in the Noodles.  
There's still some left in London I'll be  
bound.

To lurk a crib, prig wipers, sneak ladies' poodles,  
Gits 'arder every day; we're watched all  
round.

Many a programme wot looks vastly pooty,  
Mucked by the mugs, leads on to wus and  
wus.

But if they do light up the dim, cramped, sooty,  
Gog-ruled old Town—*wot's* to become of  
hus?

**MOST APPROPRIATE.**—The Bishop of DURHAM has appointed Mr. T. DIBDIN Chancellor of the Diocese of Durham. He already holds the Chancellorships of Exeter and Rochester. Three Chancellors, all on the high sees too! "THOMAS DIBDIN" is the right man in the right place.

**PROVERB "UP TO DATE."**—"Cumming events cast their shadows before." And let's hope the shadows will be speedily dispelled.

Yer dingy nooks and alums,  
sombre and slimy,  
Is gifts wot Providence  
most kyindly sends  
To give hus chaps a  
chance of perks and  
pickins;  
But if the Town's chock-  
full of "aro" and  
"glow,"



## HOW IT'S DONE.

(A Handbook to Honesty.)

## No. VIII.—"SOLD AGAIN!"

SCENE—An Auction-room, breathing an air of solid, if somewhat Philistinish suburban comfort and respectability. Amidst a labyrinthine accumulation of household furniture, a number of people are dispersed, many of them substantial-looking middle-class male and female "buyers," with lists and lead-pencils, on the look-out for "bargains," a sprinkling of the ancient race, and an outer fringe of casual, lounging, lookers-on. The gentleman in the rostrum is a voluble personage, with a rapidly roving eye, of preternatural quickness in picking up "bids." Attendants, shaggy men, in soiled shirt-sleeves, with sawdusty whiskers, and husky voices. A pleasant-faced Paterfamilias, and his "Good lady," are discovered inspecting a solidly-built, well-seasoned, age-toned chest of mahogany drawers.

Paterfamilias (sotto voce). Just what you want, my dear, as far as I can see. What do you think?

Materfamilias. I like the look of them much, JOHN. None of your new, cheap, thinly-veneered, blown-together rubbish, smelling



of shavings and French-polish. Solid ma'ogany, every bit; the drawers run as smoothly as could be wished, and—see! if there ain't actually some sprigs of dry lavender still a laying in 'em!

Paterfamilias (decidedly). Just so, my dear. I shall certainly bid for them.

Auctioneer (dropping his hammer smartly). Sold! Remove the first-class feather-bed, SAM. Buyer o' that has a bargain! (Nodding blandly to pleased purchaser.) Really the prices at which things are going to-night are ruinous! 'Owver, there's no reserve, and the lucky public gets the pull. The next article, Ladies and Gents, No. 471, is a very superior, well-made, fully-seasoned, solid Spanish ma'ogany chest of drawers. Chest o' drawers, SAM! (To Paterfamilias.) Would you mind standing a inch or so aside, Sir? Thanks! There they are, Ladies and Gentlemen, open to inspection, and warranted to bear it. An unusually excellent lot, fit for the sleeping-apartment of a prince, at a price within the means of a pork-butcher. (Laughter.) Oh, it's righteous, Gents. No'umbung about me. There's quality, if you like. Well worth a ten-pun note. What shall I have the pleasure of saying for this very superior article? 'Ow much for the chest o' drawers? Who bids for the ma'ogany chest? Thirty shillings. Thank you, Sir! Any advance on thirty shillings? Thirty-five! And six! Thirty-five-and-six for this very desirable little lot! Worth five times the amount, Ladies, as you know! What do you think, Mum? [To Materfamilias, who smiles vaguely, and looks at her husband.]

Paterfamilias. Two pounds! [Feels he has made an impression.] Auctioneer. Two pounds! (Confidentially to P.) Your good lady knows a good bit o' stuff when she sees it, Sir! Two pounds for the chest! Two pounds! Any advance on a couple o' pounds? All done at two pounds? Going at two pounds! (Meeting silence, pretends to hear another bid.) Two-pun-ten! Quite right, Sir! Very foolish to lose such a superior harticle for a pound or two. Going at two-pun-ten! Larst time, two-pun ten! Going—going—

Paterfamilias (hastily). Two-fifteen!

Auctioneer (cheerily). Two-fifteen! (Taking other imaginary

bids.) Three-pounds! Three-five! (Thank you, Madam.) Three-ten! Going at three-ten! Last time, three-ten! (To Paterfamilias.) Are you going to lose it, Sir? Worth double, I assure you! Ask your good lady!

Materfamilias (aside). Bid three-fifteen, JOHN, but not a penny more!

Paterfamilias (weakly). Three-fifteen!

Auctioneer. Three-fifteen! Four! Going at four! Last time at four! All done, four! Going, going—gone! (Drops hammer.) Sold at four pounds, SAM! (Looks round.) Who bid four?

[No response, as the last bid was imaginary.]

Sam (huskily). Gen'l'man as bid four jest slipped hout, Sir.

Auctioneer (tartly). Tut—tut—tut! Too bad, really. Well, Sir, then I must take your bid. Sold to this Gentleman, SAM, at Three-fifteen!

[Paterfamilias, highly pleased, pays deposit, and arranges to send for his bargain in the morning. As he and his "good lady" leave, they notice close by, three men with barrows, each bearing a blazingly red and strongly-smelling chest of drawers. Materfamilias complacently remarks on the manifest superiority of the article they have purchased, to "that red rubbish." Next morning they receive, instead of their own "bargain," one of those identical brand-new, badly-made, unseasoned, thinly-veneered "shop 'uns," which are "blown together" by the gross for such purposes. They protest, but vainly, notwithstanding their true assertion that the drawers they received contain "fresh shavings" instead of the "sprigs of blooming lavender" they had observed in those they thought they had purchased. Paterfamilias, a week later, looking in at the Auction-room, sees what he could swear to be the very chest of drawers he had purchased being "sold again" in a similar fashion.]

## "MY PRETTY JANUS, OH NEVER LOOK SO SHY!"

AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS is greater than ever. It is the penitential season of Lent; some excellent persons renounce all worldly amusements; others, not quite so excellent, and both lots thinking, it may be, no small beer of themselves, we may term the first lot Treble Excellent and the second Double Excellent—the latter division think that concerts possibly, sacred concerts certainly, and certain other forms of mild and non-theatrical entertainments, are of a sufficiently severe character to constitute, as it were, a form of discipline. Then there are the larger proportion of those "who," as Mrs. Malaprop would say, "care for none of these things," like GALILEO, my dear, and who inquire, "What is the state of the odds as long as we think we're happy?" and who would indulge in balls and theatres, and in every other form of amusement, while such pursuits afforded them, or seemed to afford them, any pleasure. To the first section, i.e., the "unco guid," DRURIOLANUS has nothing to offer, not even a course of sermons by popular preachers; but to the two others he has much to say. For these, last Saturday, he commenced the first of his series of Lenten Oratorios at Covent Garden—it was the 14th of February, and this was his Valentine—and on the 17th, i.e., the Tuesday afterwards, having made, so to speak, a clean sweep of everything serious, out he comes with his Fancy Dress and Masked Ball. Elyah the Prophet, on Saturday, in the Covent Garden Calendar, must be reckoned among the "minor profits," seeing that the biggest profit would be found in the Bal Masqué on Tuesday. Over the doors should be the motto, "Festina Lente," whereof the Druriolanian translation must be, "Keep it up in Lent." Ave Janus Druriolanus!



JANUS DRURIOLANUS.

Suggestion for Costume at another Masked Ball.

To the first section, i.e., the "unco guid," DRURIOLANUS has nothing to offer, not even a course of sermons by popular preachers; but to the two others he has much to say. For these, last Saturday, he commenced the first of his series of Lenten Oratorios at Covent Garden—it was the 14th of February, and this was his Valentine—and on the 17th, i.e., the Tuesday afterwards, having made, so to speak, a clean sweep of everything serious, out he comes with his Fancy Dress and Masked Ball. Elyah the Prophet, on Saturday, in the Covent Garden Calendar, must be reckoned among the "minor profits," seeing that the biggest profit would be found in the Bal Masqué on Tuesday. Over the doors should be the motto, "Festina Lente," whereof the Druriolanian translation must be, "Keep it up in Lent." Ave Janus Druriolanus!



## OLD TIMES REVIVED.

WHAT! when *London Assurance* is going off so well every night, isn't it a pity that it should go off altogether? CHARLES WYNNDHAM



as *Dazzle* is delightfully flashy, and FARRER as the old beau, *Sir Harcourt*, admirable. Miss MOORE charming, Mrs. BREERE bright and sparkling; BOURCHIER quite up to "the Oxonian" mark of *Tom and Jerry*; BLAKELEY delicious, and GIDDENS as good a *Dolly Spanker* as you'd wish to see. It's too good to be "taken off." Not that the piece itself is a perfect gem, but the acting!

*Tout est là.* Oddsfish, your Majesty, CHARLES REX, Merry Monarch of the Cri, don't remove it altogether, but let us have it just once or twice a week during the season. CHARLES, "our friend," do! It's worth while, if but to see you sitting carelessly at the end of the piece in that chair, R.H., as if you didn't care for anything or anybody. Only—cut the tag and come to the Curtain.

## THE ETHICS OF MATCH-BOXES.

BY COUNT DOLLSTOI.

(Intended for a Contemporary, but found to be too short.)

## I.

WHAT is the true explanation of the use which people make of matches—of safety matches, wooden matches, wax matches, and, less commonly, of fuses? Ask any man why he uses such things, and he will tell you that he does it to get a light, or because others do it.

Is this true? You will probably think so. Let us examine the question. Why does a man hold his hand in front of a match when he lights it in the street? To screen it from the wind, or to hide it from the sight of passers-by? Why do ladies leave the dinner-table before the men begin to smoke? To avoid the smell of tobacco—which is well known to be aromatic, healthy, and delightful—or because the natural modesty of women shrinks from witnessing the striking of a match? Why, in a railway-carriage, do you hold your fusée out of window when you light it? Is it because you do not care about being half-choked—a paltry plea—or is it to conceal from young persons who may be in the carriage the sparkle which must inevitably remind them of wicked and alluring eyes?

"To get a light, or because others do it." Is that true? Do not trifle with the question. Read all my works. Do not get them from a contemptible circulating library, but buy them.

## II.

SOME may not yet be convinced that the striking of matches is suggestive and immoral. To me nearly everything is suggestive, but there are some stupid persons in England. I will be patient with them, and give them more evidence.

A wax match is called a *vesta*. Who was *Vesta*? But this is too horrible. I cannot pursue this point in a periodical which is read in families. I can only refer you to the classical dictionary, and remind you that everything must infallibly suggest its opposite. Again, there are matches which strike *only* on the box. It distresses me to write these words. The idea of "onlyness," of restriction, must bring matrimony to the mind of everyone. If you do not know what I think about marriage, buy *The Kreutzer Sonata*. It is not customary to have more than one wife. Consequently, anything which has *one* in it—as, for instance, the date of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR—reminds me of marriage, and is, therefore, degrading. Why, the very word "match" suggests marriage; and yet we allow young children to sell whole boxes of them in the streets.

Horrible! Do you think our lower orders would become discontented, and strike, if they had not seen matches doing it first? Still more horrible!

Finally, you strike a match that never struck you, that never offended you in any way. Is that just, or even manly? Yet, in nine cases out of ten, the law takes no notice of the offence.

"To get a light, or because others do it." Are you not convinced now that, when you use these words, you are not speaking the truth?

## III.

I do not think I ever met anybody who was quite as moral, or quite as original, as I am. You should give a complete set of my works to each of your children. I might have generalised on the ill-effects of those vices from a special case—my own case. Had I done so, I could have got it printed. I can get anything printed that I write. I preferred to take a newer line, and to show you how vile you are when you use matches. Everything is vile. But you are wondering, perhaps, how a great novelist becomes a small faddist. You must wait till next month, and then read my article on the immorality of parting one's hair with a comb. A common table-fork is the only pure thing with which one can part one's hair. Combs deaden the conscience. But more of this anon.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WHAT is this the Baron reads in the *D. T.* of Feb. 9, and in the *Daily Graphic* of the same date? Here is a portion of the extract from the *D. T.*:—"The Monthly Meeting of that quaint Literary Society, 'Ye Odd Volumes,' at Limmer's Hotel, brought together not merely a goodly show of the Volumes themselves, but an unusually large array of visitors," and then follows the distinguished list, the crowning point being reached when we come to the name of "The Baron de BOOK-WORMS of *Punch*," and in the *Daily Graphic* the daring reporter goes a step farther, as, after giving the name of a certain honoured guest, he parenthetically explains that this academical *convive* is the "Baron de B.-W.!" *Erreur!* I, the Baron de B.-W., being of sound mind and body, hereby declare that the Baron himself was not present. And why? Well, do my readers remember the honest milk-maid's retort to the coxcomb who said he wouldn't marry her? Good. Then, substituting "me" for "you," and "he" for "she," the Baron can adopt the maiden's reply. After this, other reasons would be superfluous.

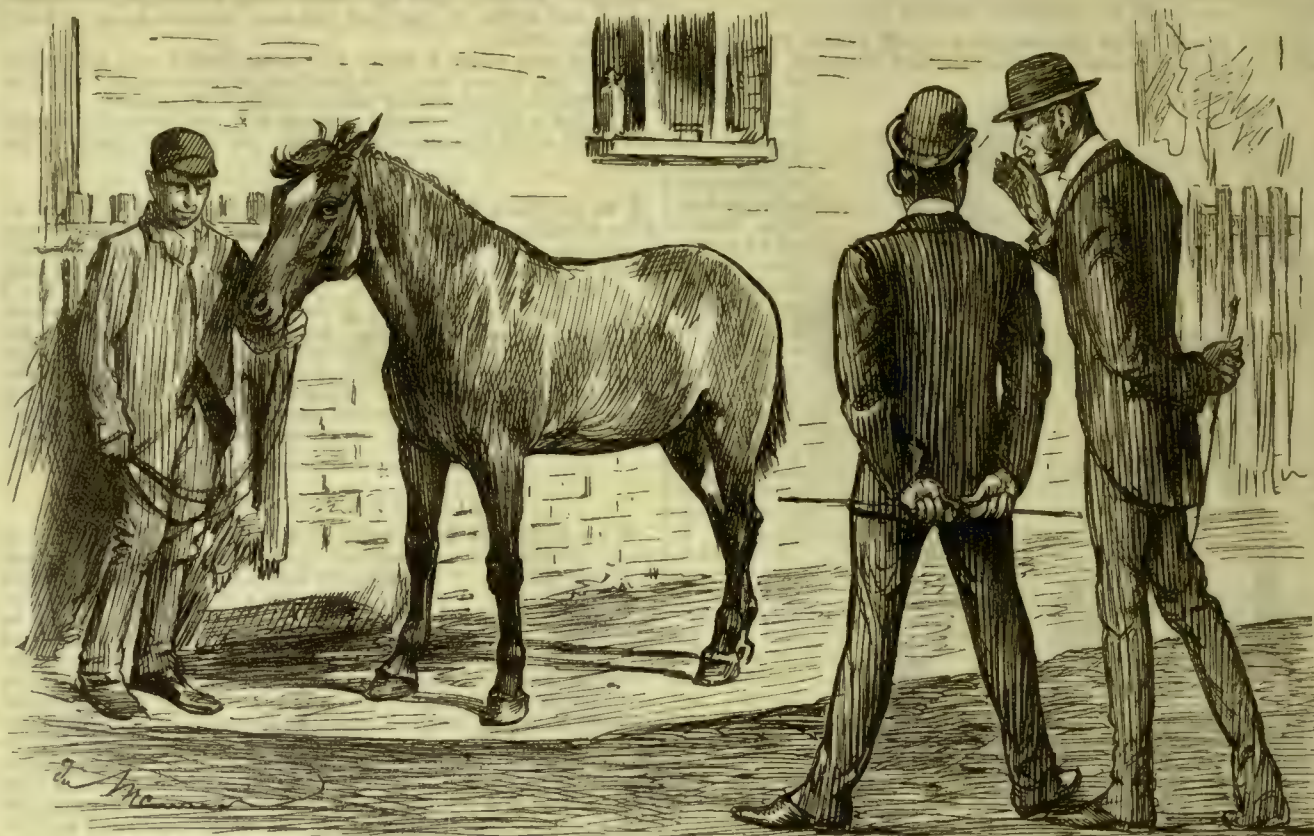
How came the reporter to fall into so great an error? Who misinformed him? A worthy henchman, as indignant as was *Sam Weller* when he found his beloved master's name trifled with, writes to ask me, "Ain't nobody to be whopped for takin' this here liberty, Sir?" With the immortal *Mr. Pickwick*, the Baron replies, "Certainly not. Not on any account." And, whatever that sturdy henchman may murmur to himself, he at once obeys. "Bring me my books!" cries the Baron, "I am off to the review."

The Baron's Deputy writes, that he has again been steeping himself in poetry, and reports as follows:—*Ionica* (GEORGE ALLEN) is a little volume, which no admirer of true poetry should fail to possess. The author now calls himself W. COBY, but he was known by a different name to many generations of Etonians. His Muse generally wears a classical robe, but her speech is always delightfully musical. She has beautiful cadences, that haunt the memory like some old *Volkslied*. In spite of a careless confusion between "thou" and "you," I defy anybody to read "*Heracitus*" to take only one instance, without a sense of pleasure which will compel him to learn the two verses by heart. But the Muse is pathetic, playful, and patriotic, too, when the occasion fits, and, whatever she sings, she sings with genuine taste and feeling. Would that we might hope for more of her pure music. So far the Deputy.

Was that eccentric character in *David Copperfield* nameless, who was represented as sitting in some sort of slop-shop, wheezing out fiercely, "O my lights and liver! O goroo, goroo!" I think DICKENS didn't give him a name, good or bad; but his constant repetition of the above outlandish exclamations has impressed upon him an awful and terrific personality, which places him among the more popular creations of Dickensian genius. Of what is this *à propos*? you will ask the Baron. "Well," he will make reply, "it is *à propos* of cookery books, and bookery cooks; the latter being those who are not above teaching themselves from the sacred books of Cookery, and who can put in practice the lessons they learn therein. Now," quoth the Baron, "let me recommend you to ask at CHAPMAN AND HALL's for *Hilda's 'Where Is It' of Recipes*, a work got up as simply and substantially as a good dinner should be, with 'pages in waiting,' quite blank, all ready for your notes,—the book, like a dining-table, being appropriately interleaved; and there is, happy thought, a pencil in the cover-side most handy for the intending Lucullus." The season of Lent is an excellent one for cookery-books, because you can be studying for the dinner-giving season, and then—do not forget the generally excellent advice of your friend,

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.





### "WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK."

"THERE NOW, MR. MOSS! THERE'S A PICTURE FOR YEE! WHY, HE'S REGULAR DOWNRIGHT BUILT FOR YEE, THAT LITTLE 'ORSE IS! SUIT YEE TO A T,—AND DIRT-CHEAP AT A HUNDRED-AND-TWENTY GUINEAS!"

"EXACTLY, MR. ISAACS. KNOCK OFF THE HUNDRED, AND HE'S MINE!"

### THE RIVAL "JARVIES"; OR, THE IRISH JAUNTING CAR.

AIR:—"The Low-backed Car."

"Honest John" sings:—

WHEN first I knew CH-RL-S ST-RT,  
'Twas in a happier day,  
The Jaunting Car he drove in  
Went gaily all the way.  
But now the Car seems all askew,  
Lop-wheel'd, and slack of spring;  
Myself and WILL, in fear of a spill,  
Feel little disposed to sing,  
As we sit on the Jaunting Car,  
The drivers at open war,  
Seem little to care  
For a Grand Old Fare,  
As they fight for the Jaunting Car.

CH-RL-S ST-RT at one rein, Sir,  
And J-ST-N at the other,  
Give prospect small of progress  
In pummelling one another.  
As Honest JOHN my chance is gone  
Of helping ill-used PAR,  
If the Union of Hearts in Shindy starts,  
And the Message of Peace falls flat.  
WILL and I on the Jaunting Car,  
With the couple of Jarvies at war,  
Are sad to our souls,  
Wherefore win at the polls  
If we lose on the Jaunting Car?

In battle's wild commotion,  
With proud and hostile SM-TH,  
O'er Land or Tithe, our hearts were blithe,  
Till P-RN-LL sapped our pith.

But "Mr. Fox's" lethal darts  
Make "Union" all my eye;  
Our ranks they thin (whilst our enemies grin),  
As right and left they fly.  
Though we cling to the Jaunting Car,  
We were better out of it, by far;  
Not the G. O. M.'s art  
Can those Jarvies part  
Who fight for the Jaunting Car.

I rather like this Car, Sir,  
With GL-DST-N by my side;  
But row galore is an awful bore,  
When two would-be whips collide.  
With J-ST-N seated for'ninst us,  
To victory we might haste, [noise,  
But with squabbling bhoys, and a deuce of a [Car,  
Our efforts are out to waste.  
Though we're perched on the Jaunting  
Our purpose these madmen mar,  
Whilst W-LL-M and I,  
With a tear and a sigh,  
Hold on to the Jaunting Car.

PAR ABOUT PICTURES.—Messrs. J. and W. VOKINS, Great Portland Street, have an interesting loan collection of some of the Old Giants of the English Water-colour School on view. There may be found TURNER, DE WINT, WILLIAM HUNT, HOLLAND, COPLEY FIELDING, STANFIELD, MULREADY, J. D. HARDING, besides many others. How good are the Old Giants, and their works are as bright and fresh as the day they were painted. Their reputations have not faded, neither have their pictures, and moreover, they are not likely to. And so say all of us! And so says, Yours paragonically, OLD PAR.

### THE HUNDRED-AND-TEN-TONNER!

WHAT is it, that, with labour skilled,  
Though taking full three years to build,  
The place of better weapons filled?  
The Hundred-and-Ten-Tonner!

What was it, though, that had to stoop,  
When fired, to putting on a hoop,  
Spite this, yet found its muzzle "droop"?  
The Hundred-and-Ten-Tonner!

And what, that matters made more hot,  
Such curious ammunition got,  
It cost £400 a shot?  
The Hundred-and-Ten-Tonner!

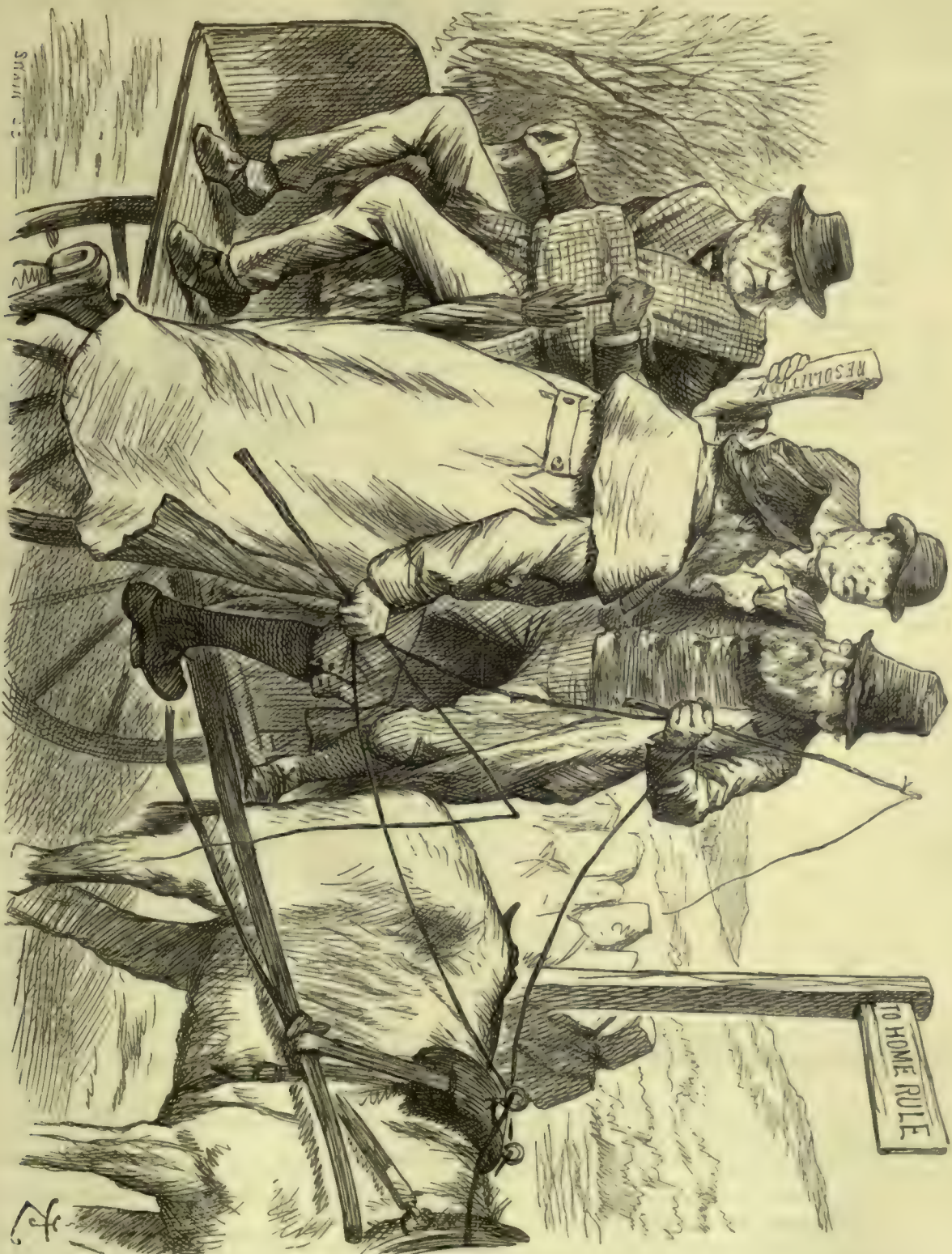
Yet, much to the tax-payer's bliss,  
What, firing such a sum as this,  
At eighteen hundred yards would miss?  
The Hundred-and-Ten-Tonner!

What is it, spite the First Lord's grace,  
That guns of better make and case  
At half the cost could well replace?  
The Hundred-and-Ten-Tonner!

So, what no more upon the deep  
Should JOHN BULL floating useless keep,  
But quickly from his Navy sweep?  
The Hundred-and-Ten-Tonner!

PROPOSED TUNNEL BETWEEN ENGLAND AND IRELAND.—An Irishman observed this would bridge over a lot of difficulties; he begged pardon, he meant it would Leth-bridge them over.





## THE RIVAL "JARVIES."

J. M. E. T. "DRIVE ON, M'GARTHY!—IT'S YOUR JOB!"









HUNTING SKETCH.

THE CAST SHOE, OR LATE FOR THE MEAT.

## CANDOUR IN COURT.

[In *Savell v. the Duke of Westminster*, Lord ESHER, Master of the Rolls, said:—"It was the demands for interrogatories and discovery of documents and commissions in cases of this simple nature which had made the practice of the Common Law so expensive, and caused the public to fly from Courts of Law as from a pestilence. This oppression must be put down."]

"How does it hap," quoth ESHER, M.R.,  
 "That Solicitors languish for lack of bread?  
 That want of cases, as felt by the Bar,  
 To cases of want has recently led?  
 Oh, how does it come, and why, and whence,  
 That men shun the Law as a pestilence?"

"It can't be denied that the public tries  
 To avoid an action by every means;  
 To a Court it with much reluctance hies,  
 And to arbitration madly leans.  
 In fact—I say it without offence—  
 It shuns the Law as a pestilence."

"'Tis all the fault," said this great Law Lord,  
 "Of demands for inspection, and similar  
 pleas;

Of expenses that neither side can afford,  
 Commissions and interrogator-ees;  
 Till Pelion's piled on Ossa—and hence  
 Men shun the Law as a pestilence."

"I call it oppression, and I'm a Judge!  
 We must put it down, for the wrong's acute;  
 And then the public no fees will grudge,  
 But will rush to get suited with a suit;  
 For Law, the perfection of common sense,  
 Should never be shunned as a pestilence!"

## KING JOHN AT OXFORD.

THE Oxford University Dramatic Society have acted another Shakespearian play with conspicuous success. To say that the O. U. D. S. have acted a play of SHAKESPEARE is to say nothing, seeing that they are compelled, under fear of the most dreadful punishments known to the University Calendar, to confine their histrionic efforts to the drama as SHAKESPEARE wrote it, with an occasional excursion into the dramatic verse of BROWNING. A great many, however, of the most influential members of the Hebdomadal Council are said to view any such departure from SHAKESPEARE with alarm, as calculated to impair the discipline and sap the morality of the tender nurselings confided to their charge, and it is doubtful if the experiment will be repeated. Long live the legitimate drama, say I, and so say all of us. But, after all, it may be questioned whether those who can listen unharmed to the broad, and, if I may say so, "illegitimate" humour of *Faulconbridge* in *King John* would take much damage from SHERIDAN, or LYTTON, or TOM TAYLOR, or even—though I make this particular suggestion with bated breath—from the performance of such burlesques as the A. D. C. at Cambridge from time to time offers to its patrons.

All this is, however, by the way. We must take the O. U. D. S. as we find it, and I must confess I found it in a very strong and flourishing condition during the performance of *King John*. The audience is not an easy one to act to. Not that it errs on the side of over-criticism. Rather it is too painfully friendly and familiar with the actors. Here is a stray example culled from the Stalls:—

Enter King PHILIP, the DAUPHIN, and attendant Knights.

Undergraduate in the Stalls (to his Neighbour). Halloa! There's old Johnnie in chain armour and a helmet. Did you ever see such a rum 'un? Let's make him laugh.

[They do, and the unfortunate Knight infects his fellow Knights at a moment when a specially stern demeanour is required.

Or again, as here:—

The DAUPHIN places his arm round the waist of the Lady BLANCH, and conducts her to the back of the stage.

Voice in the Dress Circle. Look out for the Proctor!

[General laughter.

But in spite of these and similar exuberances, the play went well from first to last, and the enthusiasm of the audience was unbounded. It was stated on the programme that Mr. HENRY IRVING had lent the chain-mail and the tapestries. I have come to the conclusion that he lent himself as well, and then went and pretended he was his own son. At any rate, while Mr. HENRY IRVING (stated to be of New College) was declaiming as *King John*, I could have sworn that the impersonator of *Shylock* and *Macbeth* was walking the

stage. Voice, gesture, and even mannerisms were there, toned down, of course, to suit the academic atmosphere, but manifest to all who know and love the great original. My hearty congratulations to the actor, whoever he was, on a most carefully studied and dignified rendering of his difficult part. Mr. ALAN MACKINNON, who grouped and arranged the whole of the play, was vigorous and spirited as *Faulconbridge*. He delivered his insults with immense force and go. The letter "r" is not an easy one for him to pronounce, but he struggled manfully with this obstacle, and after a time I got perfectly accustomed to the bold tones in which he ordered *Austria* to "hang a calf-skin chround those chrecheant limbs." *King Philip's* legs were, perhaps, too much inclined to independence, and never quite seemed to have made up their minds where they would settle down, but when once they were fixed the King was every inch a King. Little Miss MABEL HOARE made us all weep copiously as *Arthur*. I have kept *Hubert* to the last, in order to emphasise my opinion that Mr. CLARE, of New College, who acted this tender-hearted Chamberlain, carried off the chief honours of the performance. For consistent and restrained force, it would not have been easy to match Mr. CLARE's impersonation. Lady RADNOR's band was delightful, in light-blue and pink bows.

The fight in the Second Act was tremendous. Never have I seen such dreadful blows delivered with such immense vigour on any other stage. A very polite French Knight who had taken part in the combat accorded me the honour of an interview afterwards. I congratulated him, and suggested that so realistic a battle must have been long and carefully rehearsed. "Rehearsals!" he laughed; "not a bit of it. We just lace into one another's heads as hard as we can lick." For the benefit of Mr. D'OYLE CARTE and other fighting managers I have given these admirable words as they were spoken.

I had almost forgotten the ladies. There were three, Miss FRYTCHER, Mrs. CHARLES SIM, and Miss DOWSON, and they were all good—especially Mrs. SIM as *Constance*.

And so farewell, for the present, to the O. U. D. S. and to Oxford. I may mention, by the way, that hospitality is as extensive and port wine as abundant as ever in the neighbourhood of the High. *Experto crede.*

Yours to a turn, A VAGRANT.

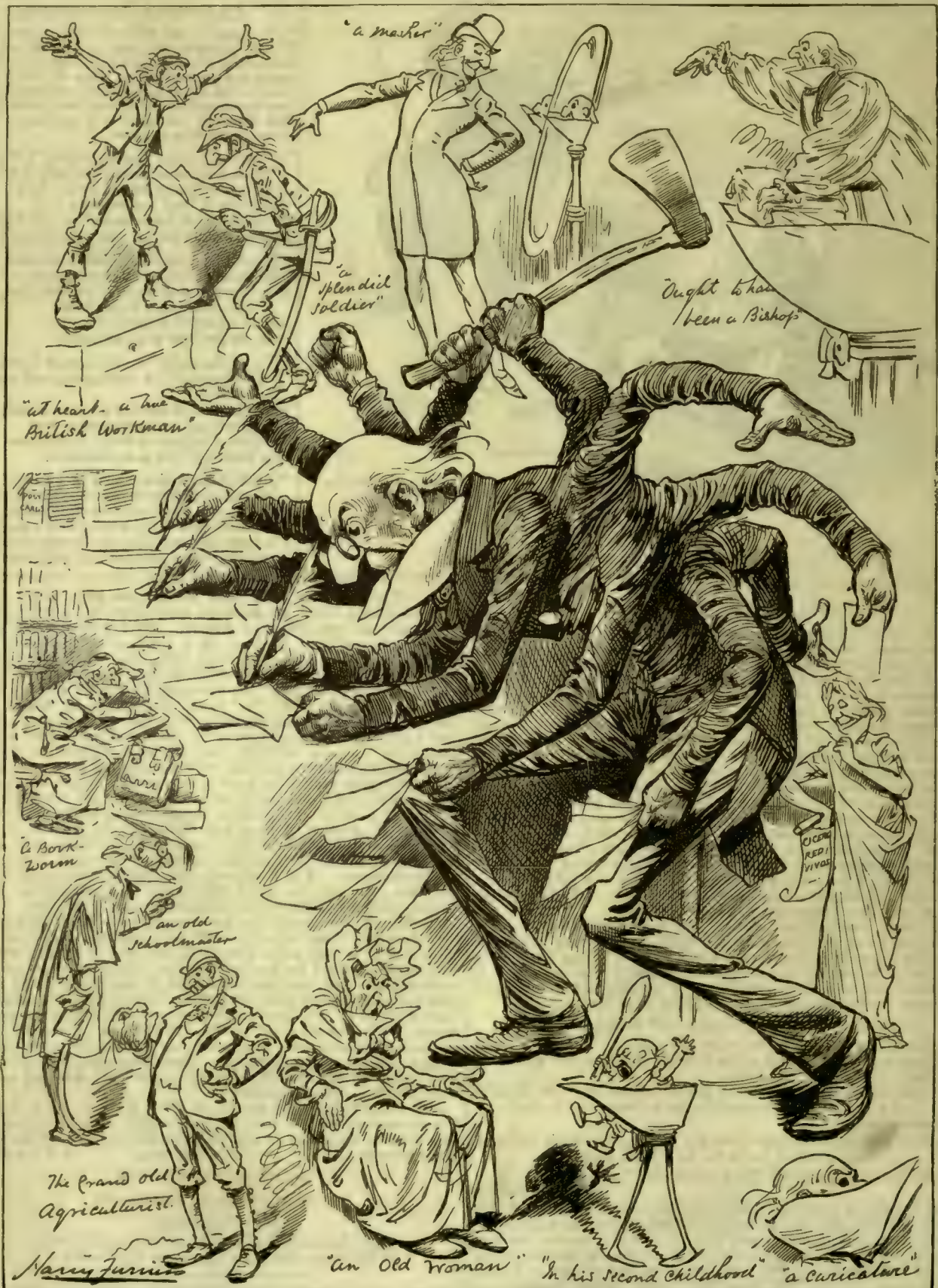
## A South-African Sentiment.

(See *Papers passim*.)

THE Colossus of Rhodes as a marvel they toss us;  
 To which we retort, our RHODES is a Colossus!

A READY-MADE MILITARY CHAPLAIN.—"The Rev. the Dean of Battle." Evidently of the Church militant.







## THE PINK OF COURTESY, AND A TRUE BLUE.

LAST week a Cambridge Graduate, a Layman, not a Reverend Don, kindly coached the Oxford Eight. The great Duke of WELLINGTON, courteously instructing the French Army how to defeat the English, would be an historical parallel. It is to be hoped that this sublime example of unselfish devotion to aquatic sport will be followed in other walks of life. We may expect to learn from the daily papers how.—

On Monday a Cabinet Council was held at Downing Street. Lord SALISBURY presided, and Mr. W. H. SMITH being indisposed, Mr. W. E. GLADSTONE (at a moment's notice) kindly consented to take his place.

On Tuesday General CAPRIVI went on leave, his place as confidential adviser to the Emperor of GERMANY being supplied during his absence by Prince Von BISMARCK.

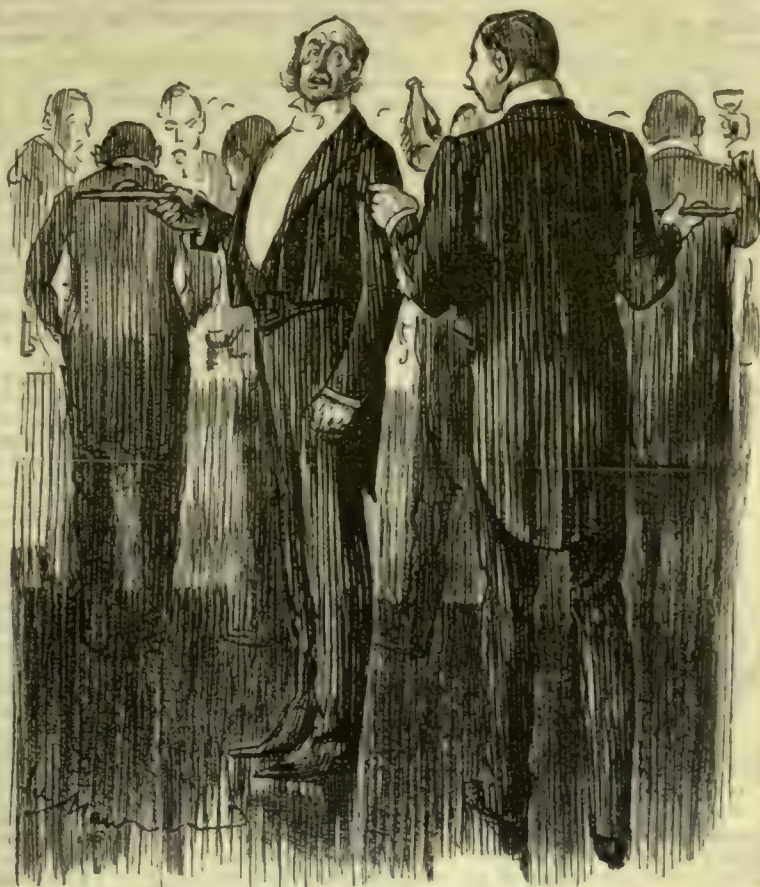
The Czar of RUSSIA, wishing to take a short holiday in Denmark, has arranged that his place shall be supplied by Prince ALEXANDER, once of Battenberg, and late of Bulgaria. Before his return to St. Petersburg His Majesty is likely to spend some time as the guest of several leading Nihilists.

On Wednesday President CARNOT paid a long visit to General BOULANGER, with a view to submitting to that eminent statesman a scheme for the reorganisation of the French Army.

On Thursday the King of ITALY, having arranged to accompany Signor CRISPI in a yachting cruise to South America, the POPE took up his residence at the Quirinal, and presided at a National Council. Later in the day his Holiness reviewed the Roman garrison.

On Friday Mr. O'BRIEN gave a numerously attended "at home" in his new prison. Amongst those present were Mr. GLADSTONE, Lord SALISBURY, Mr. PARNELL, Mr. MCCARTHY, and Mr. TIM HEALY. It is understood that the result of this amicable meeting will be found in a spirit of reciprocity exhibited in the anti-Parnellites writing Mr. PARNELL's manifestoes for the Parnellites, and *vice versa*.

QUERY BY IGNORAMUS.—From the *Times*' "Court Circular," Feb. 11:—"The following Ladies and Gentlemen had the honour of receiving invitations, and being received by HER MAJESTY afterwards in the Drawing Room." Well, Sir (writes our Correspondent) and where are they usually received? In the kitchen? The report doesn't mention whether it was the front or back Drawing Room.



## INCONVENIENCE OF MODERN MALE ATTIRE.

First Stranger. "HERE—Hi! I WANT A KNIFE AND FORK, PLEASE!"  
Second Stranger. "CONFOUND YOU—SO DO I!"

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, February 9.*—The ATTORNEY-GENERAL, with copy of Orders in his hand, casts reproachful, almost angry, glance on the harmless HOWORTH; that great diplomatist just dropped in from Arlington Street; been to see the MARKISS, and give him latest instructions as to conduct of public affairs, more especially with respect to Behring Sea, the Northampton Election, the Newfoundland Fisheries difficulty, and Assisted Education. A little fatigued with his exertions; doesn't observe WEBSTER's woful regard. "If it hadn't been for him," ATTORNEY-GENERAL mutters, still glaring on elect of Salford, "shouldn't have to be down here now, answering these sort of questions."

No doubt HOWORTH was, though undesignedly, originator of the business. Saw in incident of Hartlepool election an opening for minimising effect. Wrapped purpose up in form of question addressed to ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Question in subtly diplomatic form insinuated against FURNESS charge of breach of *Corrupt Practices Act*. ATTORNEY-GENERAL, knowing that HOWORTH is the man who pulls the strings of statecraft, not only in Salford and London, but in Berlin and St. Petersburg, did not venture to decline to answer; gravely played up to his lead. Opposition laughed and cheered; saw their opening, and have since diligently filled it. Scarcely day passed since that questions on hypothetical cases, addressed to ATTORNEY-GENERAL, have not appeared on Orders. As they are moulded on HOWORTH's, which he answered fully, even genially, difficult to refuse reply. But there must be a limit to this kind of thing;



Caustic Causton.

reached to-day when caustic CAUSTON comes forward with request for gratuitous opinion on case submitted, involving difficult question of eligibility of Catholics for seat on Woolsack. SUMMERS, who, depressed by Irish domestic difficulty, hasn't put a question for three weeks, goaded into activity: puts down another on same subject. Mr. ATTORNEY respectfully declines to answer either. Opposition yell with derisive cheers.

Mr. ATTORNEY a man of equable temper, but this too much for him. Must find object of attack somewhere. Waited till HOWORTH had said adieu to five ladies whom he had been showing round the House. "Look here, HOWORTH," said Mr. ATTORNEY, his amiable visage clouded with unwonted wrath, "you content yourself with looking after the MARKISS, and keeping him straight, but don't you come round me any more with your confoundedly clever questions."

*Business done.*—Tithe Bill still on Report stage.

*Tuesday.*—Met JOHN MORLEY in corridor just now walking along with long stride and troubled countenance. "What's the matter?" I asked. "Is the French Revolution still troubling you, or are you in fresh difficulties On Compromise?"

"No, dear TOBY," he said; "like MARTHA, I am troubled with none of these things. The fact is, I am pining for opportunity to give battle to BALFOUR in the matter of his Government of Ireland. You remember I tabled notice of a Motion on the matter as soon as the House met in November. Then I was so anxious, so absorbed in the subject, that I forgot all about it till Brer Fox and Brer RABBIT appeared on the scene, and bid against each other for precedence. Thereupon I pulled my Resolution out of pigeon-hole; reminded OLD MORALITY of my prior claim; had it admitted, and day fixed. Should have come on last Monday, you know. Tithes Bill in hand all last week; everybody tired of it; agree there's really nothing in it; Opposition smouldering out; then suddenly, my Motion having been put down for Monday, interest in Tithes Bill swells; becomes absorbing. Couldn't possibly finish last Thursday; everyone so urgent to continue debate that House was Counted Out on Friday; yesterday was appropriated for further debate on



Report stage; Thursday next is taken for Third Reading, and I'm put off till Monday."

"And who arranged all this?" I asked, with unfeigned sympathy. "Well, it was our fellows, you know, with assistance of Irish Members. We are all so anxious to have it out with Prince ARTHUR that we made it impossible for debate on his iniquities to come on this week. TIM HEALY suddenly developed personal interest in Tithes Bill. Put down several new Clauses. So succeeded in perhaps indefinitely deferring debate on my Resolution. You know little, TOBY, of the thirst for battle. It's more exhausting than the conflict itself. You'll excuse me, I'll take another turn; to walk off the restless excitement is the only hope left for me."



Walking it Off.

And crossing his hands behind him, honest JOHN was off again, down the corridor, his red necktie gleaming in the further recesses like the lurid light of battle.

*Business done.*—Tithes Bill through Report stage.

*Wednesday.*—Marriage with Deceased Wife's Sister Bill on again. A hardy annual, carefully cultured in Commons, and regularly nipped in Lords. The speeches to-day naturally did not present any features riotously novel. HALL of Oxford (not the University, but the Brewery) seconded Motion for rejection of Bill. A beautiful speech, I thought, full of touching sentiments, delivered with much uncton. His plea for the sanctity of sisterhood brought tears into eyes unused

to excessive moisture. Didn't seem to have much to do with the Bill, but very touching.

"Like evening bells," I said to the Member for Sark.

"More like a barrel-organ," he responded, gruffly. "HALL has the oratorical manner of a street-preacher, and the emptiness of a tankard that a thirsty porter has held to his lips for sixty seconds. Like a skilfully-drawn glass of his own four-half, he's mostly froth; only, after all, there's something under the froth in the glass of

WALTER McLAREN, whilst declaring himself strongly in favour of Bill, wanted to throw it out because it didn't provide opportunity for women to marry their deceased husband's brother.

"McLAREN," snarled SARK, "is one of those typical Radicals who have no toleration. He's the sort of man who would bite off his nose to spite his face. Quiet, gentle, almost feminine, in his manner, he would think nothing of boiling you and me in molten lead if we didn't cross our t's exactly at the height he is accustomed to do, or dotted our i's at an angle which did not conform with his views. Scratch a Radical, TOBY my boy, and you'll find the Tyrant."

I'll take care to do no such thing.

*Business done.*—Deceased Wife's Sister Bill read Second Time by 202 Votes against 155.

*Thursday.*—After long period of anxiety, House to-night reassured. GEDGE, who hasn't been seen since he disappeared after obstructing passage through Committee of Tithes Bill, turned up again. Curiously regarded by House; looked for signs of privation, but no falling off visible, whether in physical contour or volume of voice. Tithes Bill during his absence has gone through Committee and Report stage. Now awaiting Third Reading. GEDGE proposed to continue his speech interrupted by stroke of Midnight, when House in Committee. Fixed himself obligingly behind GOSCHEN and HICKS-BEACH, so that they should miss nothing of his counsel, and started off. Instantly arose stormy cries for Division. GEDGE, wherever he has been, seems to have been well-fed, and kept generally in good fettle. Cheerfully accepted challenge to vocal contest. Every time he commenced sentence the boisterous chorus, "'vide! 'vide! 'vide!" rang through House. Opposition, who didn't want Bill, started it; Ministerialists, anxious to see Bill pass, took it up; a roaring, excited crowd; amid them GEDGE, grey-faced, imperturbable, with mouth wide open, shouting in the ear of the pleased CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. *Business done.*—Tithes Bill read Third Time by 250 Votes against 161.

*Friday.*—The United Services come nobly to the front to-day, all about Nelson's Pillar in Sackville Street, Dublin. However it may be at Westminster, Irish Members can't abear obstruction at home; brought in Bill to remove Monument lower down street; long debate; towards close Admiral FIELD suddenly hove in sight; bore down on enemy.

"As humble naval officer," he roared, as through a speaking-trumpet, "I protest against addressing our immortal naval hero in the words of the Poet, saying unto him, 'Friend, go down lower.'"

General FRASER, V.C., sitting next to Admiral on Front Bench below the Gangway; bosom swelled with generous emulation; Navy attacked; duty of Army to come to its assistance. General doesn't often speak; appearances as public orator chiefly confined to responding to patriotic toast at dinners. This led him a little astray. Drawing himself up to full height, setting hands on hips, he began, in deep bass voice, "In rising to respond to this toast—" Then, remembering where he was, he executed strategic retreat, and addressed himself to SPEAKER.

Spectacle of the two veterans defending memory of NELSON deeply touched House. Nevertheless, Bill carried. *Business done.*—Counted Out at Half-past Seven.

IN MONTAGU WILLIAMS' *Later Leaves* there is a small error, but of importance to the historian of the English Stage, which can be corrected in the next edition:—Mr. KEELEY never played *Bob Nettles*, and there is no such character in TOM TAYLOR'S *Our Clerks*. *Bob Nettles* is one of the principal characters in *To Parents and Guardians*, and it was played by Mrs. KEELEY, her husband playing *Waddilove*. Middle-aged play-goers will remember both pieces; and in the latter, no one will forget ALFRED WIGAN as the French Tutor.

**CIVIL SERVICE NOTE.**—The Directors of the Covent Garden Opera Company present their compliments to the C. S. Examiners, and trust that they will reconsider their determination to exclude the Italian language from their list of subjects. The Directors will be happy to give every facility to students during the forthcoming Opera season. Box Office now open. Reduction on taking a quantity.



Hirsute Hints for Lord Randolph; or, the Art of Political Make-up.

"HALL's Hextra," and there's nothing beneath the sound of HALL's ambitious common-places."

SARK often says nasty things; seems in particularly disagreeable mood to-day. Even fell foul of the inoffensive Member for Crewe.



"In rising to respond."



## SPECIMENS FROM MR. PUNCH'S SCAMP-ALBUM.

## No. II.—THE LITERARY "GHOST."

WE will assume, simply for the purposes of this argument, that you, reader, are an innocent-minded elderly lady, and a regular subscriber to the Local Circulating Library. You are sitting by your comfortable fireside, knitting a "cross-over"

for a Bazaar, when your little maid announces a gentleman, who says he has not a card-case with him, but requests that you will see him.

"You are sure he is a gentleman, MARY ANN?" you will inquire, with a slight uneasiness as to the umbrellas in the hall.

"Oh, a puffiest gentleman, Mam," says MARY ANN—"with a respirator."

Upon this testimony to his social standing, you direct that the perfect gentleman shall be shown in.

MARY ANN has not deceived you—he has a respirator, also blue spectacles, and a red nose. He apologises with fluent humility for intruding upon you without the honour of a previous acquaintance, and takes a chair, after which he shifts his respirator to his chin, sheds a pair of immense woollen gloves into his hat, and produces a bundle of papers, over which he intreats you to cast an eye. On perusing them, they prove to be letters from various eminent authors, whose names are, more or less, familiar to you. These documents are more interesting as autographs than from any intrinsic literary merit, for they all refer to remittances for various amounts, and regret politely that the writer is not in a position to obtain permanent employment for his correspondent. While you are reading them, your visitor pays assiduous court to your cat—which impresses you favourably.

"Possibly, Madam," he suggests, "you may be personally acquainted with some of those gentlemen?" When you confess that you have not that honour, he seems more at his ease.

"I asked," he says, "because I have long heard of you as a Lady of great taste and judgment in literary matters—which, after seeing you, I can the more readily understand."

It is a fact that several of your nieces and female neighbours are in the habit of declaring that they would rather take your opinion on a novel than that of all the critics; still, you had not expected your fame to have spread so wide.

"I had another motive," he confesses, "because, if you were intimate with any of these authors, I should naturally hesitate to say anything which might have the effect of altering your opinion of them. As it is, I can speak with perfect freedom—though in the strictest confidence. You see before you, Madam, an unfortunate bean, whom circumstances have hitherto debarred from ever reaping the fruit of his own brine! Well may you remark, 'Your Gracious Goodness'—(your natural astonishment having escaped you in the shape of this invocation)—"for in your goodness and in your graciousness rests my sole remaining hope. I was endowed from an early age with a fertile and versatile imagination, and creative powers which, without vanity, I may say, were of a rather superior class. The one thing I lacked was influence, and in the world of letters, Madam, as I am sure you do not need to be informed, without influence Genius is denied a suitable opening. At several literary Clubs in the West End I made the acquaintance of the authors whose letters you have just had the opportunity of reading—men who have since attained to the topmost pinnacle of Fame. At that time they were comparatively obscure; they heard my conversation, they realised that I had ideas, of which they knew the value better, perhaps, than I did myself. I used to see them taking down notes on their shirt-cuffs, and that, but I took no notice of it at the time. Probably you have read the celebrated work of fiction by Mr. GASHLEIGH WALKER, entitled, *King Cole's Cellars*? I thought so. I gave him the plot, scenery and characters complete, for that story. I did, indeed."

"And do you mean to say he has taken all the credit himself?" you exclaim, very properly shocked.

"If he has," he replies, meekly, "I am far from complaining—a shilling or two was an object to me at that time. And it got me more work of the sort. There's *Booby Bay*, now, the book that made ROBERTSON—that was took down, word for word, from my

dictation, in a back parlour of one of LOCKHART'S Cocoa-Rooms. I got fifteen shillings for that. He got, I daresay, 'undreds of pounds. Well, I don't grudge it to him. As he said, I ought to remember he had all the manual labour of it. Then there's that other book which has sold its thousands, *Four Men in a Funny*—that was mine—all but the last chapter; he would put in that, and, in my opinion, spoil it, from an artistic point. But what could I do? It was out of my 'ands! I must say I never anticipated myself that it would be so popular. 'I should be robbing you,' I said, 'if I took more than ten shillings for it.' All the same, it turned out a good bargain for him. Then there's the Drama, you would hardly credit it that I could name three leading theatres at this present moment where pieces are running which came originally out of my 'ed! But it's no use my saying so—no one would believe it. And now I've 'elped all these men up the ladder, they can do without me—they can go alone—or think they can. See the way they write—not a word about owing anything to my 'umble services, a postal order for three-and-six; but that's the world all over!"

"But surely," you will sympathetically observe, "you will expose them, you will insist on sharing in the reward of your labours—it is a duty you owe to the public, as well as yourself!"

"So I've been told, Madam. But what can I do?—I'm a poor man. 'Slow rises worth, by poverty depressed,' as POPE, or GOLD-SMITH—for a similar idea occurs in both—truly observes. To put my case before the public as it ought to be put, I should first have to gain the ear of the Press—and you want a golden key to do that, nowadays. The Press is very reluctant to run down successful writers. 'Hawks won't pick out Awkses heyas,' as BURNS remarks. (By this time you are probably fumbling for your purse, which, as usual, is at the bottom of your work-basket.) No, they will find me out some day—after I'm dead and gone, most likely! In the meantime I envy nobody. I have the consciousness of Genius, and—I'm sure your generosity is overwhelming, Madam—I really never ventured to—Pardon these tears; it is the first time my poor talents have ever obtained such recognition as this! Could you crown your favours by giving me the names and addresses of any charitable friends and neighbours whom you think at all likely to follow your noble example? . . . I thank you from my heart, Madam, and, when I succeed in recovering my literary inheritance, and am called upon to issue a collected edition of my works, I shall take the liberty of inscribing on the title-page a dedication to the generous benefactress who first 'elped to restore my fallen fortunes!"



"Slow rises worth by poverty depressed."

seals his lips again with the respirator, pockets his documents and your donation, and bows himself gratefully out, leaving you to meditate on the unscrupulousness of popular Authors, and the ease with which a confiding public is hoodwinked.

## M. P. Manfield, M.P.

NORTHAMPTON'S new Member an honour can claim

On which he need set little store:

He now has M.P. written after his name,

But he always had M.P. before.

If every M.P. in the lobby counts one,

To the *Ayes*, or the *Noes*, walking through,

Does logic demand, in each case, *pro* and *con*,

M. P. MANFIELD, M.P., should count two?

CHANCE FOR SPINSTEES OF AN UNCERTAIN AGE.—There is to be a Mahomedan Mission in England.





' THE WATER BABIES AND THE ROYAL GODMOTHER.'

#### BRAVO, BAGSHAW!

A LADY of Bedford, despotic and rash,  
 Tried to force her poor groom to shave off his moustache.  
 Judge BAGSHAW the wise, made her pay for her prank.  
 This makes one inclined to sing, "*I know a Bank,*"  
 Where BAGSHAW might bring common-sense, for a change;  
 They're worse than the Lady of Goldington Grange,  
 These Banking Bashaws with three tails, who must clip  
 Nature's health-giving gift from a clerk's chin or lip.  
 Bah! What *are* they fit for, these stupid old rules?  
 To be shaped by rich tyrants, obeyed by poor fools!

#### QUEER QUERIES.

ENGLISH HISTORY.—I have been reading several books on this subject, and am rather puzzled. Are the English people, *as existing now*, Teutons, or Danes, or Celts, or what? Can we be Teutons when the aborigines of these islands were not Teutonic? I feel that my own genius—and I have a lot—is Celtic; at the same time I have always prided myself on my Norman blood; yet from my liking for the sea, which never makes me sick, at least at Herne Bay, I fancy I must be descended from a Scandinavian Viking. What is the ethnological name given to a person who is an amalgamation of such heterogeneous elements?—INQUIRER.



## THE BRUM AND THE OOLOGIST.

[Mr. W. JAMES asked the LORD ADVOCATE whether his attention had been called to a circular, issued from Birmingham by the Naturalists' Publishing Company, inviting applications for shares in "An Oological Expedition to the land of the Great Auk," meaning the Shetland Isles, and stating that, "if the season is a pretty fair one, a haul of at least twenty thousand eggs" of rare sea-birds might be expected.—*Daily Paper.*]

THE "Brum" and the Oologist  
Were walking hand in hand;  
They grinned to see so many birds  
On cliff, and rook, and sand.  
"If we could only get their eggs,"  
Said they, "it would be grand."

"If we should start a Company  
To gather eggs all day,  
Do you suppose," the former said,  
"That we could make it pay?"  
"We might," said the Oologist,  
"On the promoting lay!"

"Then you've a tongue, and I a  
ship,  
Likewise some roomy kegs;  
And you might lead the birds a  
dance  
Upon their ugly legs;  
And, when you've got them out  
of sight,  
I'll steal their blooming eggs."

"Oh, Sea-birds," said the Mid-  
land man,  
"Let's take a pleasant walk!  
Perhaps among you we may find  
The Great—or lesser—Auk;  
And you might possibly enjoy  
A scientific talk."

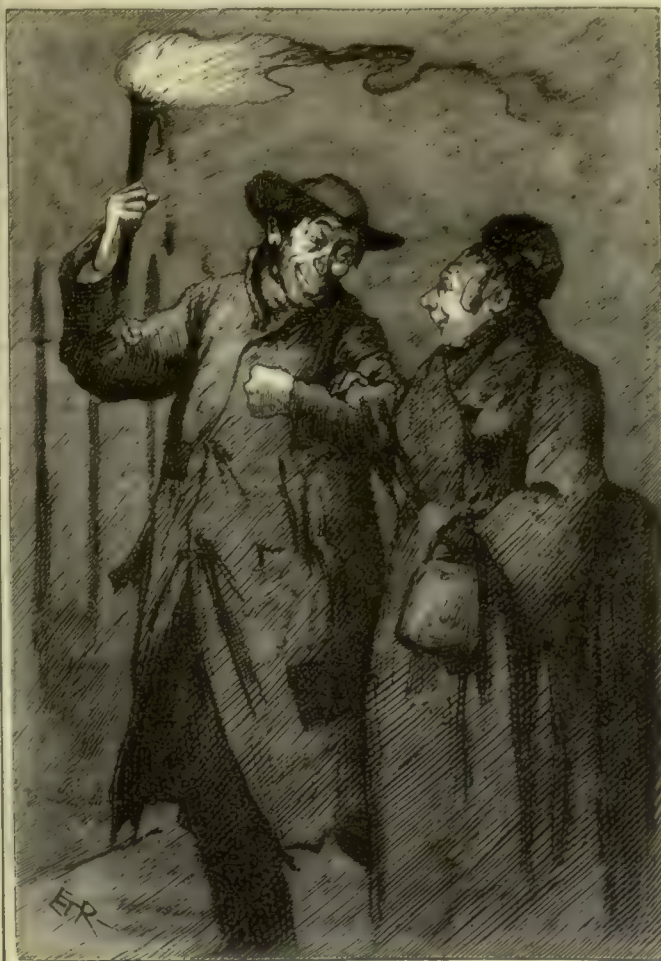
The skuas and the cormorants,  
And all the puffin clan,  
The stormy petrels, gulls, and  
terns,  
They hopped, and skipped, and  
run  
With very injudicious speed  
To join that oily man.

"The time has come," remarked the Brum,  
"For 'talking without tears'  
Of birds unhappily extinct,  
Yet known in former years;  
And how much cash an egg will fetch  
In Naturalistic spheres."  
"But not our eggs!" replied the birds,  
Feeling a little hot.  
"You surely would not rob our nests  
After this pleasant trot?"  
The Midland man said nothing but,—  
"I guess he's cleared the lot!"  
"Well!" said that bland Oologist,  
"We've had a lot of fun.  
Next year, perhaps, these Shetland birds  
We'll visit—with a gun;  
When—as we've taken all their eggs—  
There'll probably be none!"

## Queer Queries.

**DIVORCE FACILITIES.**—I should like to be informed in what part of the United States it is that a Divorce is granted in half-an-hour, at a merely nominal fee, on the ground of conscientious objections to monogamy? What is the cost of getting there, and would it be necessary that my wife should go there too? There might be a difficulty in persuading her to take the journey.

INCOMPATIBILITY.



## TOUCHING CONFIDENCE IN THE FOG.

*Gentleman of Engaging Manners.* "BLESS YOUR 'EART, YOU'LL BE  
HALL RIGHT ALONG O' ME, MUM! LET ME KERRY THE LITTLE BAG  
FOR YOU, MUM!"

## A CANADIAN CALENDAR.

(To be hoped not Prophetic.)

1892. Reciprocity firmly established between the Dominion and the U.S.A.

1893. Emigration ceases between the Dominion and the Mother Country, and trade dies out.

1894. Return from Canada of families of the best blood to England and France.

1895. Great increase of the Savage Indian Tribes in the country, and the Improvident Irish Population in the towns of the Dominion.

1896. Practical suspension of trade between the Dominion and the U.S.A., the latter having now attained the desired object of shutting out goods of British manufacture from the American market.

1897. England refuses to assist Canada in resenting Yankee encroachment in the seal fisheries.

1898. Canada asks to be annexed to the U.S.A.

1899. After some hesitation Uncle SAM consents to absorb the Dominion.

1900. Canada becomes a tenth-rate Yankee State.

## THE DICTUM OF DIOGENES.

"ONE Man, One Vote!" A very proper plan  
If with each One Vote can find—One  
Man!

## MRS. GRUNDY TO MR. BOSCHEN.

THE Three per Cents, the Three  
per Cents,  
Serene but mortal Three,  
In view of recent sad events,  
Oh! give them back to me.  
Oh! BOSCHEN, Sir, kind gentle-  
man,

Hear my polite laments;  
Restore this trio, if you can—  
Those musical Per Cents.

My income once was safe, if small;  
It's larger, but unpaid,  
Despite "the quite phenomenal  
Development of Trade."

The "Bogus Man" is on the track,  
And queer "Financial Gents"  
Have promised me in white and  
black

Their Six and Ten per Cents.

The Three per Cents were regular,  
Respectable, and good. [par]  
Their health was such that "under  
They very seldom stood; [rash,  
They needed no "conversion"  
Like Darker Continents;  
A sort of Sunday turned to cash  
They were, my Three per Cents.

A distant river somewhere rolls,  
The wicked River Plate;  
Upon its banks there flourish souls  
Perverse and reprobate.  
Ah, send your missionaries there!  
If haply it repents,  
I'll not surrender Eaton Square  
For Surrey's wild or Kent's.

Not I alone; the best that breathe,  
Archbishop, Duke, and Lord,  
Your bust with chaplets rare will  
wreath,

This boon if you'll accord.  
How can we by example shame  
The mob who mook at rents,  
If we are left to do the same  
Without our Three per Cents?

Reft of a carriage, life is poor:  
A well-conducted set  
Needs ready money to procure  
Their butler and *Debrett*.

The country totters to its fall,  
Disgraced to all intents,  
Unless you instantly recall  
Our solid Three per Cents.

## THE FLOWERLESS FUNERAL.

(By a Flower Merchant.)

FUNERAL Reform? Oh! just a fad,—  
Its advocates, in fact, as bad

As those who want Cremation.

A set of foolish, fussy fools

Whose misplaced ardour nothing cools—  
A nuisance to the nation!

Economy, they're all agreed,  
Should be with them a cult and creed,  
Simplicity a passion.

They'd quickly wreck this trade of ours,  
Since they would scorn the use of flowers,  
If they could set the fashion!

Yes; parsons agitate, but these  
Good gentlemen all take their fees—

We thank them much for giving

Such good advice upon this head,

But recollect that from the dead

We've got to get our living!

CHORUS OF THE OBJECTORS TO THE PROPOSED  
LORD'S TUNNEL RAILWAY.—"WATKIN the  
matter be!"



## MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELS.

## No. XIV.—LE PÉTROLIUM; OU, LES SALOPERIES PARISIENNES.

(Par Zorgon-Gola, Auteur de "Toujours Poivre," "Charbon et Crasse," "La Fange," "499 Pages d'Amour," "Le Pourvoyeur Universel," "Une Révuse qui vise l'Académie.")

## I.—LA FAMILLE.

Si vous voulez voir les *Shums* Parisiens et comprendre le Peuple — avec la majuscule — vous devez visiter les Saloperies, faubourg au delà de Belleville et de Ménilmontant, faubourg où les femmes sortent le matin en cheveux — ça ne veut pas dire comme Lady GODIVA, mais simplement sans chapeau — acheter de la charcuterie; et où vers minuit dans des bouges infects les hommes se coupent le gavion, en bons zigs, après une soirée de rigolade. C'est ici qu'on trouve des admirables exemplaires de cette nombreuse famille EGOU-OGWASH, qui, datant de PHARAMOND, peuple Paris et joue tous les rôles dans la comédie humaine. Ce n'est pas une famille tout à fait vieille roche, voyez-vous: au contraire, ça commence dans la boue de Provence et finit dans les égouts de Paris; mais elle est distinguée, tout de même. Elle a son épilepsie héréditaire, belle et forte épilepsie qu'on trouvera partout dans cette vingtaine de romans que je suis résolu d'écrire au sujet des EGOU-OGWASH. C'est une épilepsie généalogique. Il y en a pour toute la famille.

## II.—LES POPPOT.

JANE POPPOT se promenait sur le Boulevard des Saloperies par une belle matinée d'août. En cheveux, panier sur le bras, elle allait acheter de la charcuterie pour le déjeuner de son mari, onî, son mari pour de bon, chose unique dans la famille OGWASH, un vrai mariage à la Mairie et à l'église. Cette petite blonde, JANE, a ses idées à elle de se ranger, de vivre en honnête femme avec son respectable JEAN POPPOT qui l'adore, au point de lui pardonner tout le volume premier de son histoire.

Il n'y a pas dans tout Paris ménage plus gentil que le petit appartement au septième des POPPOT dans une cité ouvrière de ce Betnal Grin Parisien. Tout va bien avec ces braves gens. Lui, c'est le Steeple-Jack de Paris, où il fait les réparations de tous les toits. Elle, blanchisseuse de fin, a développé un secret dans la façon d'empeser les plastrons de chemises. Elle fait des plastrons monumentaux, luisants, dur comme l'albâtre. Elle a des clients dans le beau monde et à l'étranger, jusqu'au Prince de BALEINES, qui lui confie ses chemises de grande toilette, celles qu'il porte au dîner du Lor Maire, par exemple.

JANE achète sa charcuterie, et après elle s'arrête au coin de la rue pour regarder Paris. C'était un tic qu'elle avait, de regarder Paris. Cela tenait de la famille OGWASH. Instinct de race.

Paris, vu du hauteur des Saloperies, semble une grande marmite pleine de boue et de sang, où les gens grouillent, se tordent, s'empiffrent, se dévorent, et squirrent dans leur propre graisse, comme de la blanchaille sautant dans l'huile bouillante. Un nuage de *sewer-gas* monte jusqu'à JANE stationnée sur la hauteur de Belleville; et dans cette brume puante elle sent l'odeur de femmes et de l'ognon, le cognac, le meurtre, le friot, le mont de piété, les omnibus, les croquemorts, les gargotes, les bals à l'entrée libre pour dames, tout ce qu'il y a de funeste et de choquant dans cette ville infecte.

JANE s'amuse à flairer toutes ces horreurs pendant que le pauvre POPPOT danse devant le buffet en attendant l'arlequin ou le demi kilo de charcuterie assortie dans le panier de sa femme.

## III.—DÉGRINGOLADE.

ELLE a dégringolé. Cela a commencé tout doucement en traînant ses savates. Quand une femme dégringole elle traîne ses savates. C'est une loi universelle. L'on ne dégringole pas sans traîner ses savates; l'on ne traîne pas ses savates sans dégringoler. Ainsi gare aux souliers éculés. O, mais elle est changée, cette pauvre p'tite

blonde! La maladie héréditaire des EGOU-OGWASH vient d'être indiquée. POPPOT, ce brave POPPOT, lui aussi il dégringole. Il ressemble à un réverbère sur le boulevard dont on oublie d'éteindre le gaz. Il est allumé du matin au soir.

Ça a commencé si gentiment après que ce bon Steeple-Jack était tombé du faite de Notre Dame, où il faisait des réparations. Le pauvre homme a fait cette chute en regardant JANE, qui dansait le cancan sur la Place du Parvis pour choquer ces crétins de *Cook-tourists*, et pour distraire son mari. C'était pendant la convalescence de POPPOT que la dégringolade a commencé. JANE lui donna un dé à coudre de vilain cognac, et de ce premier doigt de casse-poitrine à l'ivrognerie brutale n'était qu'une glissade, presque aussi rapide que la glissade de Notre Dame. POPPOT traînait ses savates; il chômait; il rigolait; il gardait le Saint Lundi; il passait des journées devant le buffet du Pétrolum, ce grand cabaret du peuple où l'on voyait distiller le trois-six pour tout le quartier.

JANE faisait pire que dégringoler; elle cascadaît. Elle ne se débarbouillait plus. Elle avait pris en horreur le savon. Est-ce une aversion héréditaire, datant de la première femme qui a senti la puanteur de cet abominable savon français, avant la bienfaisante invention de M. POIRES? Sans doute c'était l'atavisme en quelque forme.

Elle avait son béguin. C'était le linge sale. Plus il était sale, plus elle en raffolait. Elle ne voulait plus les chemises en batiste fine du Prince de BALEINES. Elle priait les aristos du Jockey Club de donner leurs plastrons à d'autres. Les clients qu'elle préférait étaient les porte-faix, les forts de la halle, les chauffeurs du chemin de fer. C'était en allant chercher le linge de ces derniers qu'elle entrerait sans le savoir dans le Dédale de cette voie ferrée qui enlase et écrase les êtres vivants comme les grandes roues des locomotives écrasent la poussière de la voie.

Le Président du P. L. M. lui aussi avait son béguin héréditaire. Il courait les femmes malpropres. Plus elles ne se débarbouillaient pas, plus il les courait. C'était innocent. Il les admirait du côté esthétique. Cela tenait de la famille, puis de ce que lui aussi était de la vieille souche des EGOU-OGWASH. Il s'allumait en lorgnant la figure noircie de cette pauvre JANE, et la rencontrant dans la gare un jour il se permit un peu de *flirtage* sans penser à mal. Mais par une fatalité, POPPOT, affreusement paf, descendait d'une quatrième classe au moment où le vieux baisait la main crasseuse de JANE, en lui disant son gentil bon soir: et des cet instant POPPOT voyait rouge.

## IV.—SURINADE.

IL voyait rouge. Paris lui semblait un abattoir. Il couvait le

meurtre, et pour l'aider il avait un complice qui était du métier, JACQUES RISPERE, conducteur de machines sur le P. L. M., qui avait aussi sa manie héréditaire, et sa manie à lui était de couper les gorges. Il les coupait sans rancune, à l'improviste, en souriant à sa victime, les yeux dans les yeux. Crio! c'était fait. Par exemple il est descendu un jour de la locomotive et devant le buffet d'une station où il n'y avait pas trop de monde il a suriné la *barmaid* qui lui souriait en lui vendant une brioche. Il a égorgé son chauffeur au risque d'arrêter le train de luxe entre Avignon et Marseille. On ne le punit pas. Cela tenait de la famille.

"Touche là, mon drôle! C'est convenu," dit JACQUES RISPERE, après un entretien de quelques heures devant le buffet du Pétrolum. "Moi, j'arrangerai tout cela avec les fonctionnaires. Le train arrivant de Genève doit passer le Rapide entre Macon et Dijon. Il ne passera pas. Je retarderai le train omnibus arrivant de Marseille. J'accélérerai le train-luggage arrivant de Paris. Il y aura une mêlée de quatre trains, entrechoqués, tordus, enlacés, faisant le *pique-à-baque*: et pendant cette mêlée j'égorgerai ce vieux mufe de Président. C'est simple."

"Comme bon jour," répondit POPPOT, avenglément soulé.

RISPERE tenait parole. A onze heures du soir il y avait une de ces catastrophes qui font frémir l'Europe voyageuse. L'assassin ne





s'arrêtait pas à la gorge du Président. Le vieil aristocrate n'avait pas assez de sang pour assouvir la soif meurtrière de l'épileptique. RISPÈRE égorgé tout le monde, à tort et à travers, une véritable tuerie. On le prit les mains rouges, la bouche blanche d'écume. C'était la vraie épilepsie d'ESQUIROL.

Quant à POPPOT personne n'a soupçonné sa complicité dans ce crime gigantesque. Lui et JANE se soulaient paisiblement du matin au soir devant le buffet du Pétrolum, en amis. Ils deviennent tous les jours plus pauvres, plus paresseux, et plus poivres. Ainsi c'est facile de prévoir leur fin:—

L'hôpital, trente pages de délire alcoolique, et la fosse commune.

*Note de l'Auteur.*—C'est mon intention irrévocable de finir ma vingtaine de romans sur la famille OGWAH, et je compte avec plaisir offrir les dix-neuf à suivre à mon ami estimé, Ponche.

## LISTENING TO THE GENTLE KOEN.

*MAID Marian* is "a Comic Opera in Three Acts," at least so I gather from the title-page of the book and from the programme of the Prince of Wales's Theatre; though where the comicality comes in, except occasionally with Mr. MONKHOUSE, it would require *Sam Weller's* "pair o' patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power" to detect. Mr. LE HAY, too, has nothing like the opportunity which was given him in *Prince Bulbo*. Now, when in a so-called Comic Opera your two principal low comedians have very little to do, say,



Libretto by Smith. As he appears in Act III., "hammering at it."

or sing, and when that little is not of a particularly side-splitting character, and when the plot is not replete with comic situations, such a work must depend for its success on the freshness of its melodies, on the popularity of its artists, and on the excellence of its *mise-en-scène*.

As to the last of these essentials, if, perhaps, it is not so brilliantly placed on the stage as some other shows have been, yet there is plenty of *Harrisian*

movement, due always to the devices in stage-management of CHARLES of that ilk, who certainly knows how to keep the Chorus moving and the game alive generally.

The yet existing admirers of the once enormously popular composer, OFFENBACH, among whom I certainly include myself, will be much gratified by the delicately introduced reminiscences of the work of that master of *opéra bouffe* which occasionally crop up during the performance of *Maid Marian*. If it be permissible for great Masters to repeat themselves, 'as notably more than one have done, may not little Masters exhibit the results of their profound studies in the schools of popular Composers? Surely they may; and was I not pleased with Mr. DE KOEN (whose name seems to suggest "the voice of the turtle,"—the dove, not the soup) when his prelude to the Third Act distinctly recalled to my attentive mind the celebrated unison effect in *L'Africaine*, only without the marvellous jump, which, when first heard, thrilled the audience, and compelled an enthusiastic encore? Then Miss VIOLET CAMERON sang a song about the bells, with a chorus not in the least like that in *Les Cloches de Corneville* you understand, because the latter, I think, is performed without the bells sounding, but in this there is a musical peal which intensifies the distinction between the two. This "number" was encored heartily, nay, I think it was demanded three times, and came just at the right moment to freshen up the entertainment. In the previous Act Miss ATTALIE CLAIRE had had a good song which had also obtained an encore, thoroughly well deserved as far as her singing was concerned.

I forget what Mr. COFFIN had to sing, but, whatever it was, he did it more than justice, as did also the *basso profundo*, whose efforts in producing his voice from, apparently, his boots, were crowned with remarkable success.

The *Friar Tuck* here is a kind of good old-fashioned burlesque *Friar*, more like that one some years ago at the Gaiety, in *Little Robin Hood* than the *Friar* in *Ivanhoe*. But I should say that this *Friar* would be uncommonly thankful to have got anything like the song that Sir ARTHUR has given his *Friar* over the way, or something even as good as Mr. DALLAS had to sing, years ago,

in *REXER's Gaiety Burlesque*. However, perhaps it was not intended for a singing part, and perhaps the actor who plays it is not a professional singer. We're not all of us born with silver notes in our chests.

I see that Mr. HORACE SEDGER announces the drama in action, entitled *L'Enfant Prodigue*, which recently made such a hit in Paris. Wonder how it will go here. Not knowing, can't prophesy.

PRIVATE BOX.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE BARON thanks Sir HENRY THOMPSON for his *Food and Feeding*, which (published by WARNE & Co., a suggestive name) has reached its sixth edition. It is, indeed, an entertaining work, and a work that all honest entertainers should carefully study. It will delight alike the host and the guest. To the first, Sir HENRY, being a host in himself, can give such valuable advice as, if acted upon, will secure the ready pupil a position as a Lucullus of the first class; and, even when so placed, he will still have much to learn from this Past Grand Master in the art of living well and wisely. "*Fas est ab 'hoste' doceri*"—and a better host it would be difficult to find as teacher than Sir HENRY THOMPSON, P.G.M., to whose health and happiness the Baron quaffs a bumper of burgundy of the right sort and at the right time. Most opportunely does this book appear in the season of Lent, which may be well and profitably spent in acquiring a thorough knowledge of how to turn to the best account the fleshpots of Egypt, when the penitential time is past, and the yolk of mortification is thrown off with the welcome return of the Easter Egg. Read attentively what our guide and friend has to say about salads, especially note his remarks on the salad of "cold boiled table vegetables." His arrangement of the menu, to the Baron's simple taste, humble mode of life, and not inconsiderable experience, is perfect. *Hors d'œuvres* are works of supererogation, and have never been, so to speak, acclimatised in our English table-land. The Baron may have overlooked any directions about *écruissés*, not as *bisque*, but pure and simple as cray-fish, which, fresh from the river and served hot and hot come in late but welcome as an admirable refresher to the palate, and as a relish for the champagne, though the Baron is free to admit that the dainty manipulation of them is somewhat of a trial to the inexperienced guest, especially in the presence of "Woman, lovely Woman." "Hease afore helegance," was Mr. Weller's motto, but "Ease combined with elegance" may be attained in a few lessons, which any skilled M.D.E. (i.e., *Mangeur d'écruissés*) will be delighted to give at the well-furnished table of an apt and ardent pupil. Once more "Your health, Sir HENRY!" that's the Baron's toast (bread not permitted) in honour of the eminent practitioner who does so much for the health of everybody.

That a considerable number of novel-readers like *Saint Monica*, by Mrs. BENNETT-EDWARDS, is evident, because it has reached its sixth edition, but that the Baron is not one of this happy number he is fain to admit. *Saint Monica* seems



to him to be a story with which the author of *As in a Looking-Glass* might have done something in his peculiar way. It begins with promise, which promise is not justified by performance.

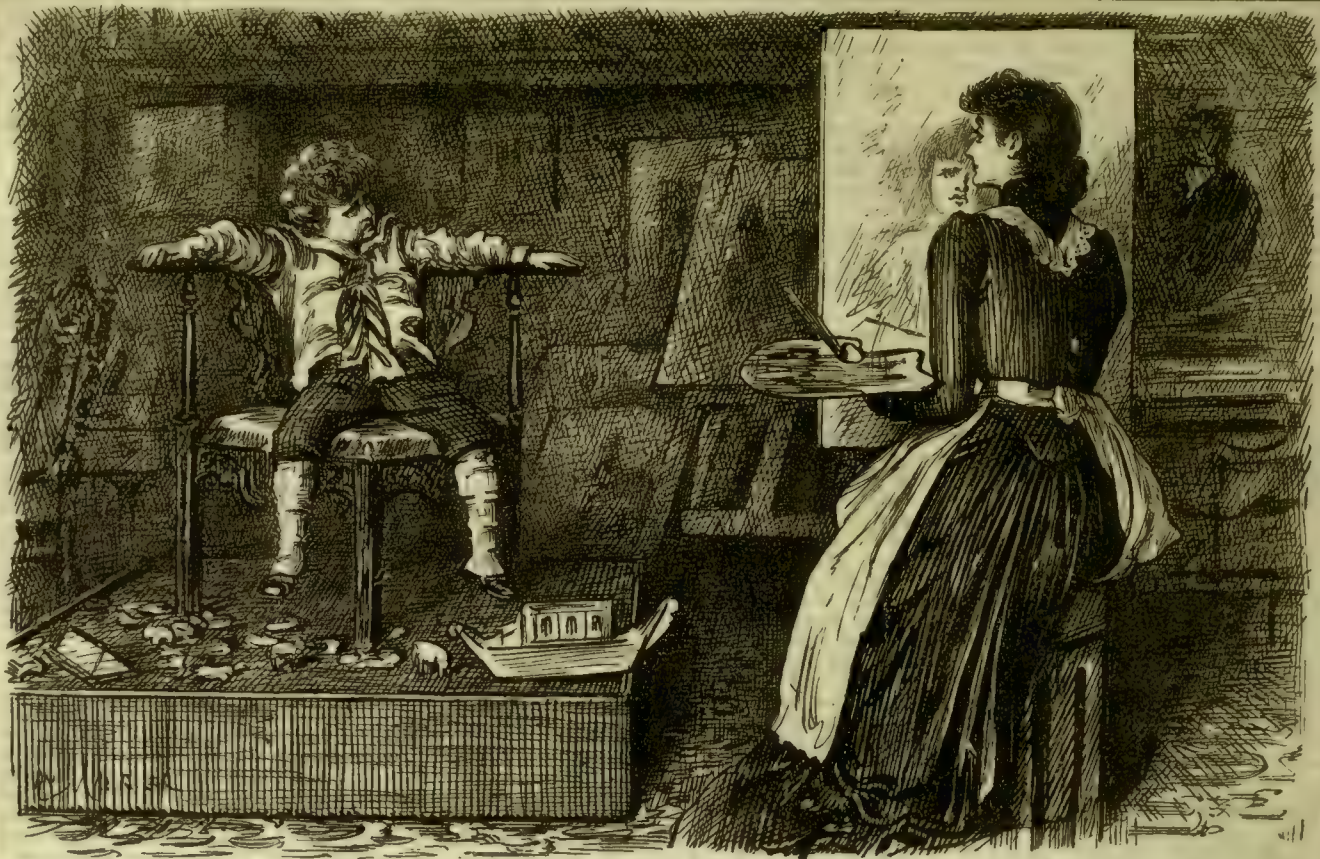
Who does not welcome the

works of HAWLEY SMART, the brightest of our novelists? This is not a conundrum, and, consequently, has no answer. Everybody likes the books of our literary Major, and everybody will be pleased with *The Plunger*. The new story is in two volumes, and is full of incident. There is a murder, which carries one through, from the first page to the last, in a state of breathless excitement. Not that the tale commences with the tragedy. But its anticipation is as delightful as its subsequent realisation; and, when the mystery is solved, joy becomes universal. The story is told with so light a hand, that it may be truly said that the only "heavy" thing about the book is its title.

The *Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson* is a good stout volume, full of portraits and interest from beginning to end, forming an important addition to the theatrical history of the day. The Baron drinks to his old friend, the greatest *Rip* that ever lived. "Here's your health, and your family's, and may you live long, and prosper!" says, heartily,

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.





## SATIETY.

"OH, MAMMY DARLING, WHY CAN'T THE TOYSHOP-MAN CALL FOR ORDERS EVERY MORNING, LIKE THE BAKER!"

## CORIOLANUS.

"First Citizen. Consider you what services he has done for his country?"

"Second Citizen. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud."—*Coriolanus*, Act I., Scene I.

*Teuton Coriolanus loquatur:—*

"Was ever man so proud as is this MARCIUS?" There spake the babbling Tribune! Proud? Great gods!

All power seems pride to men of petty souls, As the oak's knotted strength seems arrogance To the slime-rooted and wind-shaken reed That shivers in the shallows.

I who perched, An eagle on the topmost pinnacle Of the State's eminence, and harried thence All lesser fowl like sparrows!—I to hide Like a chased moor-hen in a marsh, and bate The breath that awed the world into a whisper, That would not shake a taper-flame or stir A flickering torch to flaring!

"I do wonder His insolence can brook to be commanded Under COMINIUS." So the Roman said: SICINIUS VELUTUS, thou hadst reason. Under COMINIUS! Who's COMINIUS now? The adolescent Emperor, or his cool Complacent Chancellor? COMINIUS! Unseasoned youth, or untried middle-age, A shouting boy, or a sleek-spoken elder, Hot stripling, cool supplanter!

I serve not "Under COMINIUS," nay!—yet since he stands [chaos] There, where I made firm footing amidst Stands in smug comfort where we Titans struggled—

MOLTKE, and I, and the great Emperor,— Struggled for vantage, which he owes to us;—

Since he stands there, and I in shadow sit, Silenced and chidden, I half feel I serve, Whom he would bid to second. Second him, In that Imperial Policy whose vast And soaring shape, like air-launched eagle, seemed

To fill the sky, and shadow half the world? As well the Eagle's self might be expected; To second the small jay!

My shadow, mine? Yes, but distorted by the skew-cast ray Of a far lesser sun than lit the noon Of my meridian glory. So I spurn The shrunken simulacrum!

And they shriek, Shout censure at me, the cur-crowd who crouched,

Ere that a woman's hate and a boy's pride Smote me, the new Abimelech, so sore; They'd hush me, like a garrulous greybeard, chaired

At the hearth-corner out of harm; they'd hush [they?] My voice—the valorous vermin! What say

"That's a brave fellow: but he's vengeance proud; Loves not the common people!" Humph! I

As MARCIUS would not, in the market-place, And show my wounds to the people. Is that pride?

I stooped to—her!—let me not think of that; 'T would poison paradise!—but is that pride? The Roman pride was stiff and taciturn, And I,—they tell me, I "will still be talking," And no MENENIUS is by to say

In charity of the modern MARCIUS, "Consider this:—he has been bred i' the wars"

Since he could draw a sword, and is ill-school'd In bolted language: meal and bran together He throws without distinction."

Well, well, well "I would he had continued to his country As he began; and not unknit, himself, The noble knot he made." So they'll whine out

The smug SICINIUSES. But what I wonder If once again the Volscians make new head! Who, "like an eagle in a dovecote," then Will flutter them and discipline AUFIDIUS? An eagle! Shall I spurn my shadow, then? Trample my own projection? So they babble Who'd silence me, make this my mouthpiece\* mute;

Who prate of prosecution—banishment, Perchance, anon, for me, as for the Roman, Because "I cannot brook to be commanded Under COMINIUS." What said VOLUMNIA To her imperious son? "The man was noble, But with his last attempt he wiped it out; Destroy'd his country; and his name re-mains

To the ensuing age abhorr'd!" I would not have

My own VIRGILIA say so—she who frets At my colossal chafing. ARNIM's shade Would mock my fall; but silent Fried-riehsrub

Irks me, whilst lesser spirits so misshape My vast designs, whose shadow, dwarfed, distorted,

I trample in my anger, thus—thus—thus!

\* The *Hamburger Nachrichten*, in whose columns (says the *Times*) Prince BISMARCK, according to the friends of the Government, "inspires incessant attacks upon the Imperial Policy, domestic, foreign, and colonial, and especially upon the proceedings of his successor, General CAPRIVI."





## CORIOLANUS.

"SUCH A NATURE,  
TICKLED WITH GOOD SUCCESS, DISDAINS THE SHADOW  
WHICH HE TREADS ON AT NOON."—*Coriolanus*, Act I., Sc. 1.







## DUMAS UP TO ARMY ESTIMATES' DATE.

PART I.—*The Three Volunteers.*

LIEUTENANT PORTHOS, Captain ATHOS, and Major ARAMIS were delighted with the progress discernible in every detail of the battalion to which it was their honour to belong. Not a man that did not appear on parade conscious of the fact that he had made himself proficient—the privates were contented, the non-commissioned officers happy. It was, indeed, a model Regiment. On the occasion of their inspection by Colonel D'ARTAGNAN, a man marched from the ranks, and demanded a hearing.

"And what do you want?" asked the inspecting officer.

"We wish the unjust to be made just," returned the discontented one. "We ask for a reform."

PORTHOS, ATHOS, and ARAMIS would have protested, but Colonel D'ARTAGNAN motioned them to be silent. "I am here," he murmured, "to listen to complaints. I must listen to his."

"Sir," said the complainant, "we have admirable officers—the Lieutenant, the Captain, and the Major. They are always at work."

"Yes," returned Colonel D'ARTAGNAN; "and so are you."

"But we have merely to obey orders, and not to command. We feel that although we pay for everything connected with the battalion, we should do something more. We ought to subscribe a sum to pay our excellent officers for commanding us!"

And PORTHOS, ATHOS, and ARAMIS refused the suggestion, to the great disappointment of their subordinates.

PART II.—*Twenty Years Afterwards.*

LIEUTENANT PORTHOS, Captain ATHOS, and Major ARAMIS were once again being inspected by D'ARTAGNAN, now wearing the gold and crimson scarf of a general officer.

"Yes, I have a complaint to make," replied one of the rank and file, in reply to the customary interrogation. "We have three officers; but they have merely to give orders, while we have to obey them. This is unfair—unjust. We are always at work."

"Yes," returned General D'ARTAGNAN, "and so are they."

"True enough. We feel that, although they pay everything for the battalion, they should do more. They ought to compensate their excellent privates for the time we devote to obeying them."

And PORTHOS, ATHOS, and ARAMIS accepted the suggestion, to the great delight of their subordinates.

PART III.—*Ten Years Later.*

Lieutenant PORTHOS, Captain ATHOS, and Major ARAMIS were yet again on parade.

"I salute you, my friends," said Field Marshal D'ARTAGNAN, the inspecting officer. "But where is your Regiment?"

PORTHOS looked at ATHOS, and ATHOS glanced at ARAMIS. Then they replied in a breath, "It has been disbanded."

"Disbanded!" echoed D'ARTAGNAN. "But where are the accounts of the Corps?"

Then the three friends replied in a mournful tone, "Filed in the Court of Bankruptcy!"

"And what do you call this filing of officers' accounts in the Court of Bankruptcy?"

"We call it the last act of the Volunteer Movement, which, by the way, however, was not entirely voluntary!"

And the four friends having no further occupation requiring their joint attention, shook hands warmly, and parted—for ever!

MEN WHO HAVE TAKEN ME IN—  
TO DINNER.

(By a Dinner-Belle.)

No. I.—THE OVER-CULTURED UNDERGRADUATE.

He stood, as if posed by a column,  
Awaiting our hostess' advance;  
Placently pallid and solemn,  
He deigned an Olympian glance.  
Icy cool, in a room like a crater,  
He silently marched me down-stairs,  
And Mont Blanc could not freeze with a  
greater  
Assurance of grandeur and airs.



I questioned if Balliol was jolly—

"Your epithet," sighed he, "means noise.

Vile noise! At his age it were folly

To revel with Philistine boys."

Competition, the century's culture,

Devoured academical fools;

For himself, utter pilgrim of Culture,

He countenanced none of the Schools.

Exams: were a Brummagem fashion

Of mobs and inferior taste;

They withered "Translucence" and "Pas-

sion."

They vulgarised leisure by haste.

Self to realise—that was the question,

Inscrutable still while the cooks

Of our Colleges preached indigestion,

Their Dons indigestible books.

Two volumes alone were not bathos,

The one by an early Chinese,

The other, that infinite pathos,

Our Nursery Rhymes, if you please.

He was lost, he avowed, in this era;

His spirit was scared by the West,

But he deemed to be Monk in Madeira

Would probably suit him the best.

"Impressions of Babehood" in plenty

Succeeded, "Hot youth" and its tears,

Till I wondered if ninety or twenty

Summed up his unbearable years.

Great Heavens! I turned to my neighbour,

A SQUIBBSON by culture unblest;

And welcomed at length in field-labour

And foxes refreshment and rest.

QUESTION OF THE KNIGHT.—If it be true, as

was mentioned in the *World* last week, that

Mr. Justice WRIGHT has "climbed down," only

to be placed upon a higher perch, will any

change of name follow on the Knighthood?

Will he be known as Sir ROBERT RONG, late

Mr. JUSTICE WRIGHT?

## OUR ADVERTISERS.

THE JERRYBAND PIANO is a thundering instrument.

THE JERRYBAND PIANO should be in every Lunatic Asylum.

THE JERRYBAND PIANO.—This wonderful and unique instrument, horizontal and perpendicular Grand, five octaves, hammerless action, including keyboard, pedals, gong, peal of bells, ophicleide stop, and all the newest improvements, can be seen at Messrs. SPLITTE AND SON'S Establishment, High Holborn, and purchased ON THE FIFTY YEARS' HIRE SYSTEM, by which, at a payment of 1s. 1½d. a week, the piano, or what is left of it, becomes the property of the purchaser, or his heirs and executors, at the expiration of that period.

PECADILLA is a new after-dinner, home-grown Sherry, of quite extraordinary value and startling excellence.

PECADILLA is a full, fruity, gout-giving, generous, heady wine, smooth on the palate, round in the mouth, full of body, wing, character, and crust.

PECADILLA may be safely offered at funerals.

PECADILLA is a beverage for Dukes in distressed circumstances.

PECADILLA is the wine, par excellence, for the retrenching.

PECADILLA, mixed with citrate of soda, treacle, and soda-water, and drunk in the dark immediately after a glass of hot ginger brandy, will be found to possess all the quality of a low-priced Champagne.

PECADILLA is the making of an economical wedding breakfast.

PECADILLA. A few parcels of this unique and delicious Wine are still to be had of the grower, a Sicilian Count, for the moment resident in Houndsditch, at the nominal price, inclusive of the bottles, of five shillings and ninepence the dozen.

## TO MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

(An Explanation.)

"[Every minute of my time during 1891 is already mortgaged. In 1892 you may count upon me."—MR. JEROME K. JEROME, not MR. RUDYARD KIPLING. See "*Punch*," Feb. 14.]

OH, MR. KIPLING!—you whose pungent pen Of pirate publishers has been the terror, Try hard, I beg you, to forgive me, when I openly confess I wrote in error.

It was not you by whom the deed was done, But Mr. JEROME 'twas who wrote and said he Could not contribute, since his Ninety-One Was mortgaged to the Editors already.

'Twas rough on you, indeed, in such a way, By thinking you were he, to dim your glory. Yet pray believe I really grieve to say I mixed you up with quite "another story"

DRAMATIC ILLUSTRATION OF AN ADVERTISEMENT.—In one of the advertising columns of the *Times* the paragraph appeared one day last week. The newspaper containing it lay on the table of a drawing-room. Elderly beau was making up (he was accustomed to making-up in another sense, as his wig and whiskers could testify) to charming young lady. Such was the scene. He asked her to accept him. Her reply was to show him the heading of this advertisement in the *Times*:—"YOUTH WANTED." Tableau! Exit Beau. Curtain.





MISS PARLIAMENT'S DREAM OF A FANCY BALL.

A Suggestion for Drurionians at Covent Garden.



## MR. PUNCH TO MISS CANADA.

Oh, Canada, dear Canada, we shall not discombobulate  
Ourselves concerning JONATHAN. 'Tis true he tried to rob you late  
(That is if Tariff-diddling may be qualified as robbery),  
But BULL has learned the wisdom of not kicking up a bobby.

No, Canada, we love you dear, and shall be greatly gratified  
If by your March Elections our relations are—say ratified.  
We don't expect self-sacrifice, we do not beg for gratitude,  
But keep an interested eye, my dear, upon your attitude.

Railings and ravings rantipole we hold are reprehensible,  
But of our kindly kinship we're affectionately sensible.  
A mother's proud to see her child learning to "run alone," you know;  
But does not wish to see her "run away" from home, she'll own  
you know.

MACDONALD is magniloquent, perhaps a bit thrasonical;  
His dark denunciations—at a distance—sound ironical,  
And when we read the rows between him and Sir RICHARD CART-  
WRIGHT; dear, [right, dear!  
We have our doubts if either chief quite plays the patriot part

But there, we know that party speeches are not *merum nectar*, all,  
And we can take the measure of magniloquence electoral;  
The tippie Party Spirit men will stir and whiskey-toddy-fy,  
But when they have to drink it—cold—its strength they greatly  
modify.

Beware the Ides of March? Oh, no! All auguries we defy, my  
dear!

The spectre of disloyalty don't scare us; all my eye, my dear.  
So vote away, dear Canada! our faith's in friendly freedom, dear;  
And croakers, Yank, or Canuck, or home-born, we shall not heed  
'em, dear!

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday Night, February 16.*—After long  
tarrying, House once more justified its old character. Been dolefully  
dull these weeks and months past. Thought it was dead; only been  
sleeping. To-night woke up, and audience that filled every Bench,  
blocked the Gangways, and thronged the Bar, had rare treat.  
Occasion was the indictment of Prince ARTHUR; long pending;  
was to have come off at beginning of Session; put off on account  
of counter attractions in Committee-Room No. 15; postponement  
no longer possible; and here we are, House throbbing with excite-  
ment, OLD MORALITY nervously clacking about Treasury Bench,  
bringing his chicks together under his wing. RANDOLPH brought  
his young beard down to witness performance.

Initial difficulty in Irish  
Camp; Brer Fox sitting in  
old place, two steps down  
third bench below Gangway.  
Brer RABBIT, sunk in pro-  
found meditation, oblivious  
to the rival Leader's presence,  
occupies corner seat; room  
for one between them. Who  
shall take it? Anxious time  
for TIM HEALY. Nothing he  
dreads so much as possibility  
of outbreak. In Committee-  
Room No. 15, Brer Fox  
snatched out of Brer RABBIT's  
hand a sheet of paper. Sup-  
pose now, in sudden parox-  
ysm, he were to reach forth  
and taking Brer RABBIT by  
the beard bang his head  
against the back of the Bench?  
TIM's gentle nature shivered  
with apprehension; thing to  
do was to get a good plump  
gentleman set between the  
two, so that in case hostilities  
broke out his body might be  
used as buffer. Thought of



A Buffer Q.C.

ELTON first. Besides a pro-  
fessional desire to find occupation for Members of the Bar, ELTON's  
figure seemed made on purpose for the peaceful errand TIM had in  
mind. Broached subject. ELTON said, always happy to oblige; but  
was, in fact, just now retiring from Parliamentary life; didn't care  
to be brought into undue prominence. Besides, he belonged to other  
side of House; Why not try T. B. POTTER?



## A SENSITIVE EAR.

*Intelligent Briton.* "BUT WE HAVE NO THEATRE, NO ACTORS WORTHY  
OF THE NAME, MADMOISELLE! WHY, THE ENGLISH DELIVERY OF  
BLANK VERSE IS SIMPLY TORTURE TO AN EAR ACCUSTOMED TO HEAR  
IT GIVEN ITS FULL BEAUTY AND SIGNIFICANCE BY A BERNHARDT OR  
A COQUELIN!"

*Mademoiselle.* "INDEED! I HAVE NEVER HEARD BERNHARDT OR  
COQUELIN RECITE ENGLISH BLANK VERSE!"

*Intelligent Briton.* "OF COURSE NOT. I MEAN FRENCH BLANK  
VERSE—THE BLANK VERSE OF CORNEILLE, RACINE, MOLIÈRE!"

*Mademoiselle.* "OH, MONSIEUR, THERE IS NO SUCH THING!"

[*Briton still tries to look intelligent.*]

"The very man!" cried TIM, "I believe you and he scale the  
same to a pound, and though your waist is more shapely, he has the  
advantage in shoulders."

POTTER most obliging of men; offered no objection. So TIM con-  
ducted him to the seat; he dropped gently, but firmly in it; Brer  
RABBIT putting on his spectacles, and looking across the expanse of  
T. B.'s shoulders, thought he recognised Brer Fox at the other side.  
Anyhow, he was beyond speaking distance, and so embarrassment  
was obviated.

TIM, his mind thus at rest, able to devote his attention to debate,  
to progress of which, he contributed a few interjections. Finally, when  
Division taken on JOHN MORLEY's Motion, and everybody ready to go  
home, he moved and carried Adjournment of Debate.

*Business done.*—Prince ARTHUR indicted for breach of Constitu-  
tional Law in Ireland. Jury retired to consider their verdict. Agreed  
upon acquittal by 320 Votes against 245.

*Tuesday.*—A once familiar presence pervades House to-night.  
Everyone more, or less vaguely, conscious of it. Even without  
chancing to look up to Peers' Gallery, Members are inspired with  
sudden mysterious access of Moral Influence. OLD MORALITY him-  
self, that overflowing reservoir of moral axioms, takes on an aggra-  
vated air of responsibility and respectability. Has had a great  
triumph which would inflate a man of less modest character.  
Last night, or rather early this morning, Irish Members appeared to  
force Government hand; just when it seemed that RUSSELL's Amend-  
ment was about to be substituted for MORLEY's Resolution, TIM  
HEALY interposed, moved Adjournment of Debate; OLD MORALITY  
protested; SEXTON silyly threatened all-night sitting; after an hour's



struggle, Government capitulated; Adjournment agreed to; Irish Members went off jubilant.

To-night SEXTON asks OLD MORALITY when they shall resume debate?

"Ah," says OLD MORALITY, with look of friendly interest, as if the idea had struck him for the first time, "yes; just so. The Hon. Member wants to know when we shall resume the debate, the adjournment of which he and his friends were instrumental in carrying at an early hour this morning. Well, I must say, on the part of Her Majesty's Government, that we are perfectly satisfied with matters as they were left. We had a lively debate, a majority much larger than we had dared to hope for, and, as far as we are concerned, I think we'll leave matters alone. As one of our great prose-writers observed, it is, on the whole, more conducive to comfort to endure any inconveniences that may press upon one at the current moment, than to hasten to encounter others with the precise nature of which we do not happen to be acquainted."

GRAND CROSS missed this delightful little episode, not coming in till questions were over. Now he sat in Peers' Gallery and gazed through spectacles on scene of earlier triumphs. Looks hardly a day older than when he left us; the same perky manner, the same wooden visage, with its pervading air of supreme self-satisfaction and inscrutable wisdom. It is a night given up to Indian topics. PLOWDEN, in his quiet, effective way, has just carried Motion which will have substantial effect in the direction of securing fuller debate of Indian questions. GOAST, standing at table replying to BUCHANAN on another Indian topic, alludes with deferential tone to "the SECRETARY OF STATE." GRAND CROSS almost audibly purrs from his perch in the Gallery.

"An odd world, my masters," says the Member for SARK, striding out impatiently, "when you have a man like GOAST Under-Secretary, with a man like GRAND CROSS at the Head of the Department."

*Business done.*—An hour or two given to India.

*Thursday.*—Army Estimates on to-night. HANBURY comes to the front, as usual. STANHOPE tossing about on Treasury Bench, in considerable irritation.

"What's the use, my St. JOHN," he asked BRODRICK, the only man standing by him, "of a family arrangement like ours, if one is subjected to annoyance like this? With one brother in the Peers, a pillar of staid Conservatism; with myself on the Treasury Bench, a Cabinet Minister, a right-hand man of the Government: and then,

final touch, old PHILIP EGALITÉ below the Gangway opposite, with his Radicalism, and his tendency to out-JACOBY LABOUCHERE. This is a broad-based family combination, that ought to make us, each in his way, irresistible. And yet there seems nothing to prevent a fellow like HANBURY looking down from his six feet two scornfully on a British soldier not more than five feet four in his stocking-feet, whilst he inflates his chest, and asks, in profound bass notes, how are the ancient glories of the British Army to be maintained with men who cannot stretch the tape at thirty-six inches?"

When HANBURY sat down, after pounding away in ponderous style for nearly an hour, STANHOPE got up and prodded him reproachfully. Wonderful how much vinegar and

vitriol he managed to distil into his oft-repeated phrase, "My honourable friend!" As for HANBURY, he sat with hands in pocket, staring at empty benches opposite, amazed at his own moderation.

Hours of the usual kind of talk on Army Estimates; the Colonels, Volunteer and otherwise, showing that the Army is as GILL (who has



Under-Secretary.

recently spent some time in Boulogne) says, *en route pour les chiens*: the SECRETARY of State for WAR demonstrating that everything is in apple-pie order, and his right honourable predecessor on the Front Opposition Bench bearing testimony to the general state of efficiency.

WOLMER flashed through the haze a word that has long wanted saying in the House. Why, he asked, place sentries surrounding St. James's Palace, the War Office, and the Horse Guards? Why, if presence of armed men at these particular gateways is essential to proper conduct of affairs of Department—why should Charity Commissioners and Education Office be left unguarded? WOLMER should keep pegging away at this question till he gets common-sense answer.

*Business done.*—Army Estimates moved.

*Friday.*—Gallant little Wales took the floor to-night. Wants the Church Disestablished; PRITCHARD MORGAN, in speech of prodigious length, asked House to sanction the proposal. The Government, determined to oppose Motion, cast about for Member of their body who could best lead opposition. Hadn't a Welshman on the Treasury Bench.

"There's RAIKES, you know," AKERS-DOUGLAS said, discussing the matter with OLD MORALITY. "He's not exactly a Welshman, but, when he's at home, he lives in Denbighshire, which is as near being Wales as you can get. Besides, his postal address is Llynegryn."

"Ah!" said OLD MORALITY, "that looks well. He's not the rose, but he lives in convenient contiguity to the flower."

So RAIKES was put up, and a nice, peaceful, soothing, insinuating, conciliatory speech he made. In fact, as the Member for SARK says, "He got gallant little Wales down on its back, tied its horns and heels together, partially flayed it, and then rubbed in cunningly contrived combination of Cayenne pepper and vinegar."

*Business done.*—Welsh Disestablishment Motion negated by 235 Votes to 203.

### Celt Again.

GRANT-ALLEN,—his manner moves cynics to mirth!—Makes out that the Celt is the Salt of the Earth. That accounts, it may be, for his dominant fault; A "salt of the earth" has a taste for assault!

### OUT OF SCHOOL!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You are so awfully good to chaps at school that I am sure you will insert this letter. SMITH MINOR, who takes in the *Times*, says, that a "PARENT" has been writing to say, that there should be a meeting of Fathers to swagger over the meeting of Head Masters. Well, this wouldn't be half a bad idea if it were properly conducted; but the "PARENT" seems to be a beast of a governor, who wants to cut down the holidays, and such like rot. And this brings me to what I want to propose myself. If there are to be meetings of Head Masters and Parents, why not a meeting of Boys? We have a heap of grievances. For instance, lots of chaps would like to know why "the water" was stopped at Westminster, and something about the domestic economy of Harrow. Then the great and burning question of grub is always ready to hand. The "PARENT" wants to have a hand in the payment for school-books, seeing his way to getting the discount (stingy chap!) then why shouldn't we fellows have a voice choosing them? Then about taking up Greek, why shouldn't we have our say in that matter? After all, it interests us more than anyone else, as we are the fellows that will have to learn it, if it is to be retained. Then about corporal punishment. Not that we mind it much, still *we* are the fellows who get swished at Eton, and feel the tolly at Beaumont. Surely the Boys know more about a licking than Head Masters and Parents? You, as a practical man, will say, "Who should attend the Congress?" I reply, every public school might send a delegate; and by public school, I do not limit the term to the old legitimate "E. and the two W.'s," Eton, Winchester and Westminster. No; I would throw it open to such respectable educational establishments as Harrow, Rugby, Charterhouse, St. Paul's, Marlborough, Felsted, Cheltenham, Stonyhurst, and the rest of them. The more the merrier, say I; and if there was a decided division of opinion on any subject, we could settle the matter off-hand at once, by taking off our jackets and turning up our shirt-sleeves. The more I think of it, the more I like it! It would be a game!

Always your affectionate friend, (Signed) JONES MINIMUS.

### The Same Old Game.

[Russia is said to be threatening the old Finnish laws and liberties.]

RUSSIA snubs him who, as a candid friend, Horrors Siberian, Hebrew would diminish.

Must Muscovites prove tyrants to the end?

At least they aim to prove so to the Finnish!



"Amazed at his own Moderation."



## VOCES POPULI.

IN A FOG.—A REMINISCENCE OF THE PAST MONTH.

SCENE.—Main Thoroughfare near Hyde Park. Time 8 P.M. Nothing visible anywhere, but very much audible: horses slipping and plunging, wheels grinding, crashes, jolts, and English as she is spoke on such occasions.

Mrs. Flusters (who is seated in a brougham with her husband, on their way to dine with some friends in Cromwell Road). We shall be dreadfully late, I know we shall! I'm sure PEACOCK could go faster than this if he liked—he always loses his head when there's much traffic. Do tell him to make haste!

Mr. F. Better let him alone—he knows what he's doing.

Mrs. F. I don't believe he does, or he wouldn't dawdle like this. If you won't speak to him, I must. (Lets down the glass and puts out her head.) PEACOCK!

A Blurred Shadow on the Box. Yes, M'm.

Mrs. F. What are we stopping for like this?

The Shadow. Fog very thick just 'ere, M'm. Can't see what's in front of us, M'm.

Mrs. F. It's just as safe to keep moving as to stand still—go on at once.

The S. Very good, M'm. (To horse.) Pull up! [Crash!]

Voice from the Unseen. What the blanky blank, &c.

Peacock. There is suthin in front, M'm. A van, from 'is langwioh, M'm.

Mrs. F. (sinking back). MARMADUKE, this is awful. I'd no idea the fog was like this—or I should never have— (With temper.) Really, people have no right to ask one out on such a night.

Mr. F. (with the common-sense that makes him "so aggravating at times.") Well, FANNY, you could hardly expect 'em to foresee the weather three weeks ahead!

Mrs. F. At all events, you might have seen what it was going to be as you came home from the Temple. Then we could have sent a telegram!

Mr. F. It seemed to be lifting then, and besides, I—ah—regard a dinner-engagement as a species of kindly social contract, not to be broken except under pressing necessity.

Mrs. F. You mean you heard me say there was nothing but cold meat in the house, and you know you'll get a good dinner at the CORDON-BLEWITS,—not that we are likely to get there to-night. Have you any idea whereabouts we are?

Mr. F. (calmly). None whatever.

Mrs. F. Then ask PEACOCK.

Mr. F. (lets down his window, and leans out). PEACOCK! The Shadow. Sir?

Mr. F. Where have we got to now?

Peacock. I ain't rightly sure, Sir.

Mrs. F. Tell him to turn round, and go home.

Mr. F. It's no use going on like this. Turn back.

Peacock. I durstn't leave the kerb—all I got to go by, Sir.

Mr. F. Then take one of the lamps, and lead the horse.

Peacock. It's the young 'orse, Sir.

Mr. F. (sinking back). We must put up with it, I suppose. [A smart crack is heard at the back of the carriage.

More Voices. Now, then, why the blanky dash, &c., &c.

Mrs. F. MARMADUKE, I can't sit here, and know that a bus-pole may come between us at any moment. Let us get out, and take a cab home at once.

Mr. F. There's only one objection to that suggestion—viz., that it's perfectly impossible to tell a cab from a piano-organ. We must find out where we are first, and then turn. PEACOCK, drive on as well as you can, and stop when you come to a shop.

Mrs. F. What do you want to stop at a shop for?

Mr. F. Why, then I can go in, and ask where we are.

Mrs. F. And how do you expect them to know where we are! (She sees a smear of light in the distance.) MARMADUKE, there's a linkman. Get out quick, and hire him to lead the way.

Mr. F. (who gets out, and follows in the direction of the light, grumbling to himself). Hallo!—not past the Park yet—here's the railings! Well, if I keep close to them, I shall— (He suddenly collides with a bench.) Phew! Oh, confound it! (He rubs his shins.) Now, if it hadn't been for FANNY, I— Where's that linkman? Hi!—you there!—stop! (The light stops.) Look here—I want you to come to my carriage, and show my man the way out of this!

Voice from behind the Railings. We got to find our own way out fast, Guv'nor. We're inside!

A Belated Reveller (lurching up to Mr. F.) Beg your pardon, bur cou' you dreck me nearesht way—er—Dawehon Plashe?



## BITING SARCAASM.

Gentleman with the Broom (who has inadvertently splashed the Artist's favourite Shipwreck). "OW YUS! I SUPPOSE YEE THINK YE'RE THE PRESIDENT O' THE ROY'L ACADEMY! A SETTIN THERE IN THE LAP ER LUXURY!!"

Mr. F. (savagely). First turning to the right, third to the left, and then straight on till you come to it!

The B. R. I'm exsheedingly 'blished; (confidentially) fact ish, I'm shuffrin' shli' 'feetion eyeshi', an' I 'shure you, can't shue anything dishtingly to-ni'. (He cannons against a lamp-post, to which he clings affectionately, as a Policeman emerges from the gloom.) Policeman. Now then, what are you doing 'ere, eh?

The B. R. Itsh all ri', P'lishman, thish gerrilman—(patting lamp-post affectionately)—has kindly promised shue me home.

Mr. F. Hang it! Where's PEACOCK and the brougham? He discovers a phantom vehicle by the kerb, and gets in angrily. Now, look here, my dear, it's no earthly good—!

Occupant of the Brougham (who is not FANNY). Coward, touch a defenceless woman if you dare! I have nothing on me of any value. Help! Police!

[Mr. F., seeing that explanation is useless, lets himself out again, precipitately, dodges the Policeman, and bolts, favoured by the fog, until all danger of pursuit is passed, at the end of which time he suddenly realises that it is perfectly hopeless to attempt to find his own carriage again. He gropes his way home, and some hours later, after an extemporised cold supper, is rejoined by his Wife.

Mrs. F. (cheerfully). So there you are, MARMADUKE! I wasn't anxious—I felt sure you'd find your way back somehow!

Mr. F. (not in the best of tempers). Find my way back! It was the only thing I could do. But where have you been all this time, FANNY?

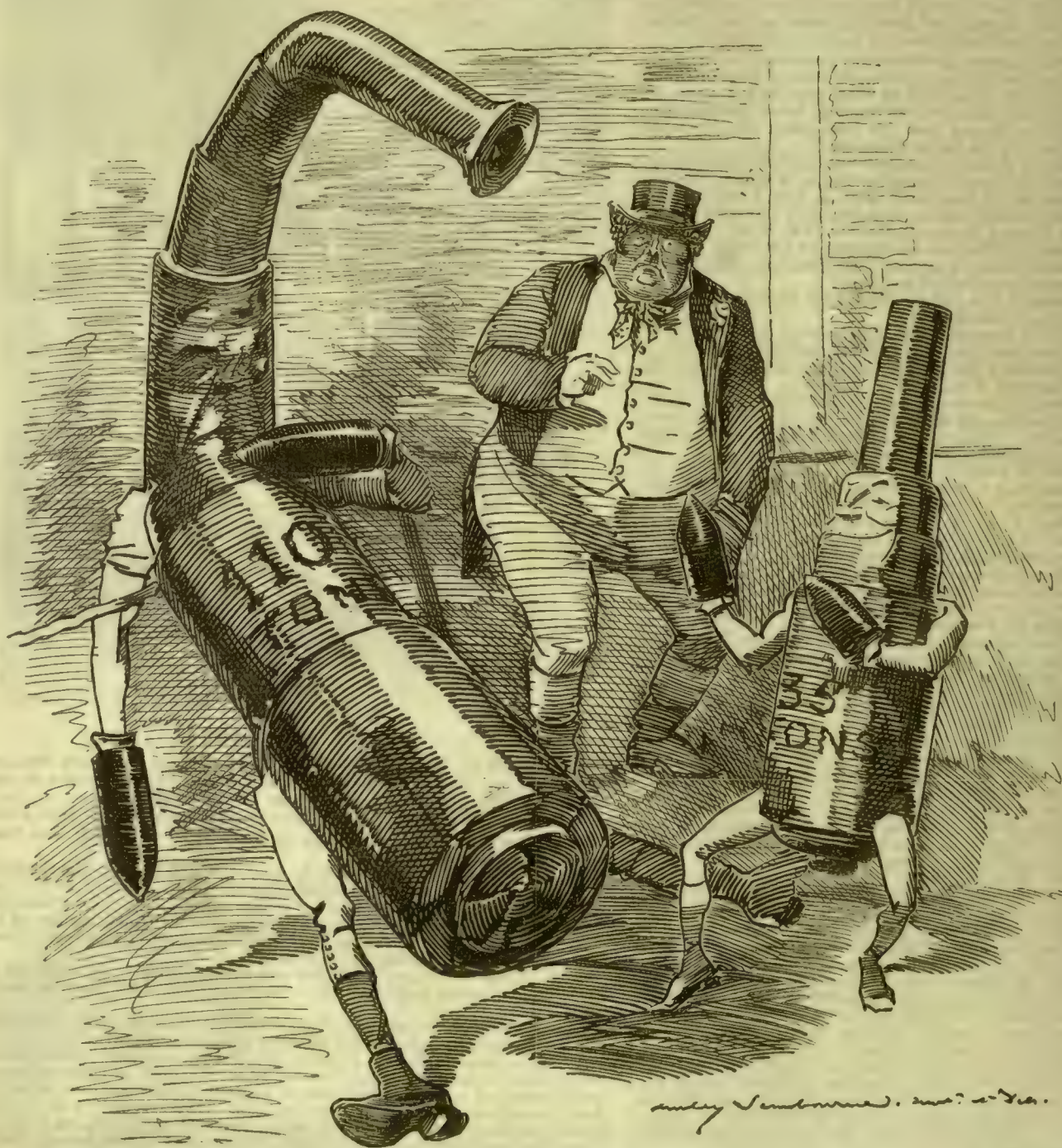
Mrs. F. Where? Why, at the BLEWITS, to be sure! You see, after you got out, we had to keep moving on, and by-and-by the fog got better, and we could see where we were going to,—and the BLEWITS had put off dinner half an hour, so I was not so very late. Such a nice dinner! Everybody turned up except you, MARMADUKE—but I told them how it was. Oh, and old Lady HOREBOUND was there, and said a man had actually got into her brougham, and tried to wrench off one of her bracelets!—only she spoke to him so severely that he was struck with remorse, or something, and got out again! And it was by the Park, close to where you left me. Just fancy, MARMADUKE, he might have got into the carriage with me, instead!

Mr. F. (gloomily). Yes, he might—only, he—er—didn't, you know!



"A GOOD LITTLE 'UN IS BETTER THAN A BAD BIG 'UN."—(P.R. Maxim.)

A BIT OF MODERN BOXIANA.



"110-Ton Guns do not count for any practical purpose . . . These monsters are the laughing-stock of everyone who takes the smallest interest in the subject. They are quite indefensible, and not worth making, even if they were unobjectionable, for the simple reason that everything we require can be done by smaller weapons . . . It is believed that more of these useless monsters are to be made by way of reserve. It is an insane policy, designed simply to save somebody's *amour propre*, and we still hope to hear from Lord GEORGE HAMILTON that it has been abandoned."—"The Times" on the Naval Estimates.

"THAT a good little 'un is better than a bad big 'un," is an old and accepted maxim amongst the really knowing ones of the P. R. It is one, however, that now, as of yore, swell backers, self-conceited amateurs, and other pugilistic jugglers are apt to ignore or forget.

Where, we wonder, would the slab-sided "Sprawleybridge Babe"

or the shambling "Baldnob the Titan" have been in front of the small but active and accomplished "Duodecimo Dumps"? Why, where the vaunted "Benicia Boy" would have been after fifty rounds with TOM SAYERS—with his "Auctioneer" in full play. In fact, when a good little 'un meets a bad big 'un, it is very soon a case—with the latter—of "bellows to mend," or "there he goes with his eye out!"

These remarks have been suggested by recent revelations concerning that much over-rated pet of the mugs—the "Woolwich Whopper," *alias* the "Elswick Folly," *alias* HAMILTON's "Novice."

The "W. W." always *was* a fraud, and, for all his lumbering bulk and "MOLINEAUX-like" capacity of "tatur-trap," never *could* train on soundly, or—figuratively speaking—"spank a hole in a pound of butter." Many cleverish trainers, and still more ambitious backers



of the "Corinthian Jay" species, have had a shy, professionally or monetarily, at the "Woolwich Whopper," and invariably with disastrous results. The "W. W.," though big enough in all conscience, is not of sound constitution, nor of the true wear-and-tear sort, is very difficult (and expensive) to train, and when brought fairly up to the scratch is certain to go bang to pieces after the first few rounds, if these are at all of a hot-and-hot character.

Still there are—worse luck!—certain parties connected, more or less, with the P.R. who—whether from interest, vanity, or sheer cussedness, still pin their faith to this "huge, lumbering, soft, long-shanked, top-heavy, shambling, thump-shirking Son of a Gun," as NOBBY NUPKINS, of the Nautical Division, pithily called him the other day. If some of these credulous or conceited ooves had witnessed the little trial "scrap" which took place recently (on the strict Q.T.), at the "Admiral's Head," in the presence of Mr. JOHN B.-LL (the famous P.R. referee), between the vaunted "Whopper" and a smart and handy light-weight known as "Quickfire," their owl-eyes might, having been a little opened, and their peacock-strut a bit modified.

The "Woolwich Whopper," for all his height and overwhelming weight, seemed to toe the scratch with awkward reluctance. He put up his dukes very fumblingly, and his attitude was decidedly of the "head-over-tip" character. Young "Quickfire," on the contrary, was erect as a dart, nimble on his pins as a girl at her first dance, and smart in delivery as a newly-promoted Postman, or the Parcels Express. He was all over his man in a brace of shakes, and the "Whopper," who looked as though he could have knocked holes in him if he could have hit him, could hardly land a "little one in" once in the course of a round, and then it was so short that it would hardly have brushed a bumble-bee off a buttercup.

The respected Referee, who watched the dust-up with careful interest, was much pleased with the promise of the smart light-weight, "Quickfire," who seems to have in him the makings of a fine fighter. Mr. B.-LL did not disguise his disgust at the feeble figure cut by the "Whopper," about whose pretensions to first-class form, let alone Champion honours, it is to be hoped we shall hear little more for the future.

[Mem.—Mr. Punch suspects that the above edifying and idiomatic homily was intended for some sporting contemporary, but, with his accustomed courtesy, he gives it for what it is worth.]

### TO A COMPLIMENTARY COUNSEL.

["Here the Plaintiff met the Defendant, who formed a strong attachment for her, at which he (the learned Counsel), did not wonder."—Extract from a recent Report.]

THE Plaintiff she was very fair—

I'd very gladly make a verse on  
Her face, her smile, her eyes, her hair,  
Her comely and attractive person.

Last year a gentleman had stormed  
Her heart and swore that nought should sunder  
The strong attachment he had formed,

At which you said you "did not wonder!"

Oh! tell me was it quite the thing,

Of prudences shamelessly defiant,

In such a pointed way to sing

The praises of your pretty client.

Had she been ugly—yes, or plain,

Would you have reckoned it your duty

To say how much it caused you pain

To look and mark her lack of beauty?

Perhaps you meant the words you said,

'Twould be amusing to discover

If she had really turned your head,

And in her lawyer found a lover.

Yet even should this be the case,

You cannot well escape supporting

This statement—that it's not the place

In open Court to go a-courting.

When next a lady comes to say

That He and She at last have parted,

And that she'll make the villain pay

For having left her broken-hearted,

You'll recollect that in the Breach

Of Promise Case, you must not blunder,

But mention in your opening speech

That at his love you do not wonder.



### RECOGNITION OF MERIT.

The M Dougall, L.C.C. (to Cambridge Don). "WELL DONE! THE SPINSTER TO THE SPINNING HOUSE! YOU ARE INDEED A PROCTOR AND A BROTHER!"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*The Quiet Mrs. Fleming* is very nearly being a good novel of the kind with which "once upon a time" Mr. F. C. PHILLIPS used to delight us. Mr. RICHARD PRYCE's *Quiet Mrs. F.* might perhaps be placed in the same category with F. C. P.'s *Little Mrs. Murray*, which was not by any means the Author's best. The story, like the Consols, is good enough for those who don't want much interest for their money. It may be safely recommended as a pleasant companion during a railway journey. The Baron does not consider that *The Quiet Mrs. F.* will make much noise in the novel-reading world.

A coloured leaflet, of autumnal tint, commands me, in the tone of a Wellington dispatch, to "order early" a new "Family Magazine," entitled, *Golden Gates*, edited by JOHN STRANGE WINTER. "I have not yet seen it," says the Baron, "but wish the adventurous pennyworth every possible success." Its bill of contents announces "a complete story," by the editress, and also a "complete novelette," by Mrs. LOVETT CAMERON. This looks well for the first number; and an editor's motto must be, "Take care of Number One." I suppose in each number there will be "A Winter's Tale."

Interesting reading for the Baron and his friends the Public, is Mr. ANDERSON's article, entitled *Studies in Illustrated Journalism*, in this month's *Magazine of Art*. Mr. ANDERSON is a trifle inaccurate in some details of his pleasantly-written and generally trustworthy sketch of the history of *Mr. Punch*, on which it is needless for the Baron to dwell *hic et nunc*. The Baron remembers the dapper, sportingly-attired "little HOWARD," who had the reputation of being "LEECH's only pupil," but who was never one of *Mr. Punch's* Staff Officers. In the same number of this Magazine is a brief, but carefully written notice of the Baron's old friend, *confrère*, and fellow-worker on *Mr. Punch's* staff, CHARLES KEENE. "A superb Artist," writes Mr. SPIELMAN, "pure and simple"—true this, in every sense—"the greatest master of line in black and white that will live for many years to come." The engraving that accompanies this notice of our old friend is not a striking likeness of "CARLO," but it exactly reproduces his thoughtful attitude, with his pipe in his hand, so familiar to all his associates.

Hereby and herewith thanks-a-many are returned to the "Bibliographer," who is also the Secretary of the Sette of Odd Volumes, for his charming little brochure about *Robert Houdin, his Life and Magical Deeds*, by his truly,

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

A "STERNE" TRUTH (as to conviction under *The Embezzlement and Larceny Act, 1861*).—"They order this matter better in France."



## MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELS.

No. XV.—SONOGUN.

(By Miss REDNA TRIAL, Author of "Wee Jew;" "A Lardy Horseman"; "Spun by Prating," &amp;c., &amp;c., &amp;c.)

"I think you will like this book," writes the fair Author; "its tone is elevated and its intention good. The philosophic infidel must be battered into belief by the aid of philosophy mingled with kindness. Take KENAN, HAECKEL, HUXLEY, STRAUSS, and DRAPER—the names, I mean; it is quite useless and might do harm to read their books,—shake them up together and make into a paste, add some poetical excerpts of a moral tendency, and spread thick over a violent lad smarting under a sense of demerit justly scorned, Turn him out into the world, then scrape clean and return him to his true friends. Cards, race-meetings, and billiards may be introduced *ad lib.*, also passion, prejudice, a faithful dog, and an infant prattler. Death-scenes form an effective relief. I have several which only need a touch or two to be complete. That is the way to please the publishers and capture the public. Try it, and let me know what you think.—R. T."]

## CHAPTER I.

Ah me, how shall we know the true,  
How mark the old, how fix the new?  
Or teach the babe in arms to say,  
"Base, bold, bad boys are cheap to-day?"

NARR. *The White Witch.*

SONOGUN scarcely knew what to do. He had been up all day, wandering about the lanes which surrounded the family mansion. A fitful light blazed in his magnificent eyes, his brow contracted until it assumed that peculiarly battered expression which is at once characteristic of a bent penny and consistent with the most sublime beauty. To be properly appreciated he must be adequately described. Imagine then a young man of twenty, who was filled with the bitterest hatred of the world, which he had forsworn two years ago, on being expelled from school for gambling. There was about him an air of haughty reserve and of indifference which was equally haughty. This it was his habit to assume in order to meet any neighbours who happened to meet him, and the result naturally was that he was not so popular as some inferior beings who were less haughty. In fact he had a very short way with his relations, for whose benefit he kept a shell into which he frequently retired. He was dangerously handsome, in the Italian style, and often played five bars of music over and over again, with one finger, to please his mother. Some women thought he was an Apollo, others described him as an Adonis, but everybody invariably ended or began by calling him an ancient Roman. He was sarcastic, satiric, and very strong. Indeed, on one occasion, he absolutely broke the feathers on a hand-screen, and on another he cracked three walnuts in succession without looking up. But, oh, the sufferings that young heart had undergone. Slapped by his nurse, reproved by his mother, expelled by his schoolmaster, and shunned by the society of the country-side, it was small wonder that the brave soul revolted against its fellow-men, and set its jaws in a proud resolve to lash the unfeeling world with the contempt of a spirit bruised beyond the power of such lotions as the worldly-wise recommended for the occasion. He whistled to his dog *Stray*, and clenched his fists in impotent anger. An expression of gentleness stole over his features. The idea was suggestive. He, too, the proud, the honourable, the upright would steal, and thus punish the world. He looked into his make-up box. It contained bitter defiance, angry scorn, and a card-sharper's pack of cards. He took them out; and thus SONOGUN, the expelled atheist, made up his mind.

## CHAPTER II.

On the green table of life the cards fall in many ways, and the proud king often has to bow his head before the meek and unassuming ace.—BINNS.

AND now began for SONOGUN a time of moral stress and torture

such as he had never anticipated. It is an old saying, and perhaps (who knows?) a truism, that virtue is its own reward, not, perhaps, the reward that ambitious people look for, but the easy consciousness of superiority which comes to those who feel themselves to be on a higher level than the rest of the world, which struggles on a lower level. Another philosopher, nameless, but illustrious, has declared, in burning words, that "Honesty is the best policy," best in some form, perhaps hardly understood now, but no less real because we are unable to appraise it in the current coin of the realm over which Her Most Gracious Majesty, whom may Heaven preserve, holds sway. But SONOGUN had never thought of Heaven. To him, young, proud, gloomy, and moody, Heaven had seemed only—(Several chapters of theological disquisition omitted.—ED.) The click of the billiard-balls maddened him, the sight of a cue made him rave like a maniac. One evening he was walking homeward to Drury Lane. He had given his coat to a hot-potato-man, deeming it, in his impulsive way, a bitter satire on the world's neglect, that the senseless tubers should have jackets, while their purveyor lacked a coat. The rain

was pouring down, but it mattered little to him. He had wrapped himself in that impenetrable mantle of cold scorn, and thus he watched with a moody air the crowd of umbrella-carrying respectabilities, who hurried on their way without a thought of him. Suddenly some one slapped him on the back, and, as he turned round, he found himself face to face with a couple of seedy-looking gentlemen.

"I perceive," began SONOGUN, "that you hate the world, having suffered much injustice from it."

"We do; we have!" was the cordial reply.

"I, too," continued SONOGUN, "have many grievances. But tell me who and what are you?"

"Our names are unknown even to ourselves," replied his new friends, for friends he felt them to be. "By profession we are industrial knights. That should be sufficient."

"It is;—more than sufficient," said the proud, honourable young man. "I will be one of you. We will take it out of the world together."

The bargain thus made was soon ratified. They procured cards, SONOGUN whistled to his dog *Stray*, and they all set out together to the nearest railway station to pick up their victims. This is the usual method, and thus card-sharppers are manufactured.

## CHAPTER III.

Nay, this is truth, though heart-strings break,  
And youth with gloomy brows hears:—  
Howe'er you try, you shall not make  
Silk purses out of sows' ears.

W. BRAUN. *Soul-tatters.*

In the present there is absolute redemption. Though a gulf should yawn, go not you to sleep, but rub your eyes; be up and doing.—JAMES.

IN the meantime, SONOGUN's cousin, ACIS ARRANT, generally known to his jocular intimates as Knave ARRANT, had been living in luxury with his cousin's weak mother, whom he had contrived to marry. To effect this, however, he had been compelled to tear a will into little pieces, and had, at the same time, ruined that peace of his mind which he often gave to SONOGUN. The unfortunate consequence was, that SONOGUN did not value it in the least, and always returned it to him. And thus the relations of the two men, who should have been friends, the guardian and the ward, were always on a hostile footing, which only the most delicate handling could have healed. ACIS was not happy. When his glass told him he was old, he had no repartee ready, and could only speculate gloomily on the disagreeable fate which had compelled him to take part in a modern novel, and had evidently told him off to pass away into the unseen in Chapter 40.

But, of course, GLADYS and her father, the doctor, knew nothing





about all this. GLADYS always looked happy; her hair, her mouth, her eyes, her ears, even her little unformed nose, all looked as happy as possible. She was a pleasant little patent moraliser, with a double escapement action for great occasions. On this evening all the family was gathered together, including the inevitable infant, whose prattle serves to soothe the gloomy perversity of morose heroes. On such an evening as this SONOGUN had seen them all years ago, and, though he was standing in the garden and all the windows were shut, he had heard every single whisper of the family conversation. The Doctor seemed to be troubled, and GLADYS came up to him in her caressing way.

"My dear," he said, simply, "SONOGUN is in trouble, and we must rescue him." No more was said, but the next moment GLADYS and her father had left by the London express.

## CHAPTER IV.

All things are fair that are not dark;  
Yet all are dark that are not fair.  
And the same cat that slays the lark,  
Itself is often killed by care.—BOYER.

SONOGUN had seen a notice in a railway-carriage. "Beware of card-sharps" was printed upon it, and it flashed upon him, with the force of a revelation, that it must be meant for him. Once more he made up his mind. He would fly. Fear lent him a spare pair of second-hand wings. He whistled to his dog *Stray*, and having thrown HAECKEL and RENAN out of the window, he flapped twice, and then soared up, *Stray* following as best he could. It was very dark, and the clouds were threatening. For a long time he avoided them, but at length he fell into a particularly damp one, and would inevitably have been drowned, had not the sagacious *Stray* brought men to his assistance. And thus SONOGUN, the scoffer, the agnostic, the moody, gloomy, morose, cast-iron, Roman-faced misanthrope, got home. That same evening he changed his clothes and his character, and on the following day married GLADYS.

THE END.

## 'QUITE NEW AND ORIGINAL.'

THE fencing Lecture, entitled, *The Story of Swordsmanship*, seems to have been so great a success, last Wednesday, at the Lyceum, as to have aroused the ire of some Music-hall Managers, who earnestly contend that the Stage of the Theatre, that is, of the Drama *pur et*

*simple*, very pure et very simple, should not be used or misused for the purpose of giving an entertainment, which, though given without scenes, was yet "illustrated with outs."

It is highly probable that this offensive and defensive subject will be followed by other lectures more, perhaps, in



Infants in Arms.

keeping with theatrical tradition. We will not give our authority for this statement, but may intimate that that eminent professor of the P.R. and P.M.N.A.S.D., known within certain circles as *The Slogger*, will, at no very distant date, give at one of our most popular theatres a lecture, the first of a series, on *Pugilism and the Drama*.

Tickets, of course, to be obtained at the Box-office. The subject of the first Lecture will be *Box and Fighting Cocks*.

Among other things the eloquent professor will draw the attention of his audience to what a change in the history of the Stage, nay, perhaps, in the history of the world, would have occurred if to *Box*'s inquiry as to his pugilistic capacity, *Cor* had replied, "I can!" and had there and then thrown himself, like *Mr. Pickwick* "into a paralytic attitude," and exclaimed, "Come on!" an invitation which the challenger would have been bound in honour to accept. The Lecturer will practically show how "to make a hit," and give an example from the life of the "early closing movement." The Lecture will be interspersed with songs, such as "*Black Eyes and Blue Eyes*," "*Hand and Glove*," "*Ring! Ring!*" "*The Hymn to Floorer*" a part-song, by four choristers, and "*Me-lut-O's song*" from *Faust*. Perhaps the next Lecture on the same subject will be given at *The Umpire Theatre*.

AN OLD CRY REVIVED (unpalatable to the French Painters and Patriots). — "*À Berlin! à Berlin!*"

## SHAKSPEARE AND THE UNMUSICAL GLASSES.

MR. PINERO, in his letter to the *D. T.*, complained that, should the Music Halls obtain their wicked way, through the incompetence of the County Council to deal with the matter—(but is not DRUMOLANUS a Counti-Councillarius, and ready to see justice done to the poor player, author, and manager alike? Sure-ly!)—then a play at a Hall of Music (they used to be "*Caves of Harmony*" in THACKERAY's time, and the principal Hall of Music was SAM HALL) will be heard between "a puff at a cigar and a sip from a glass." Well, but what piece can get on without a puff or so? Would not a good cigar during a good piece be an additional "draw?" We have "Smoking Concerts"; why not "Smoking Theatricals?" But how about the *Ladies*? Years ago there were no smoking-carriages on the Railways. And what nowadays is the proportion of smoking to non-smoking compartments? Very small. The *Ladies* will decide this question. But how about the *Actors*? In modern pieces they never lose an opportunity of smoking. Why shouldn't the cigar be introduced into Shakspearian revivals? Anachronism to the winds!—which is a polite way of expressing "Anachronism be blowed!" Baccy be blowed too. Sir WALTER RALEIGH would have approved its introduction in Elizabethan days. In *Twelfth Night* for example, the line, "Help me to some light," is suggestive; so, also, in *Macbeth*—"Give us a light, then"—out comes the cigar. *Titus Andronicus* might be revived, with a view to inaugurating the innovation, and the line, "Some of you shall smoke," would be the signal for the production of many a cigar-case in point. *Hamlet* could, perhaps, find some authority for reading the line, "Will you play upon this pipe?" as, "Will you smoke this pipe?" And the other actor would reply, "Certainly — and thank you, my Lord, I have one of my own." Mr. EDWARD TERRY has no objection to *The Churchwarden* in his theatre, and his Churchwarden drew very well. However, we've had this discussion before. Will it end this time, as it has hitherto done, in smoke? Let us suppose a Shakspearian play under the proposed conditions:—



"Can you play upon this pipe?"

SCENE II.—Capulet's Garden. After ROMEO's soliloquy, which, perhaps, has produced a thirstiness among the audience, resulting in several orders for drinks having been given, JULIET appears on balcony.

"Juliet. Ah, me!" [Popping of corks, and striking of matches.

"Romeo. She speaks!—"

Fascinating Female Attendant in Stalls. One whiskey, Sir?

"Romeo. Oh, speak again, bright angel!"

Thirsty Party in Stalls. No; I said B. and S.—bring it quick.

"Romeo (continuing). As is a winged messenger of heaven."

Second Fascinating Attendant. Which Gent ordered gin-sling? (No one pays any attention. Attendant sees a mild man listening as earnestly as he can to the play.) Did you order a sling, Sir?

Earnest Listener (irritably). No, no—I don't want anything. There, I've lost the last part of ROMEO's speech.

[Steels himself against further distractions, and tries to concentrate all his attention on the play.

"Juliet. O, ROMEO! ROMEO! wherefore art thou, ROMEO?" &c.

"Romeo (aside). Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?"

Excited Somebody (in distant Stall, beckoning to Second Attendant). Here! Hi! Here! I ordered gin-sling.

Second Attendant (much relieved). Oh, you was it? D'you mind stretchin' across— (To gorgeous, evening-ly-attired Lady, in row between). Beg pardon.

Gorgeous Lady (horribly disturbed). She'll spill it—you'll spill it— CHARLEY, why don't you—

Charles (her Friend). Here! (To Fascinating Attendant as politely as possible.) Can't you go round with it—

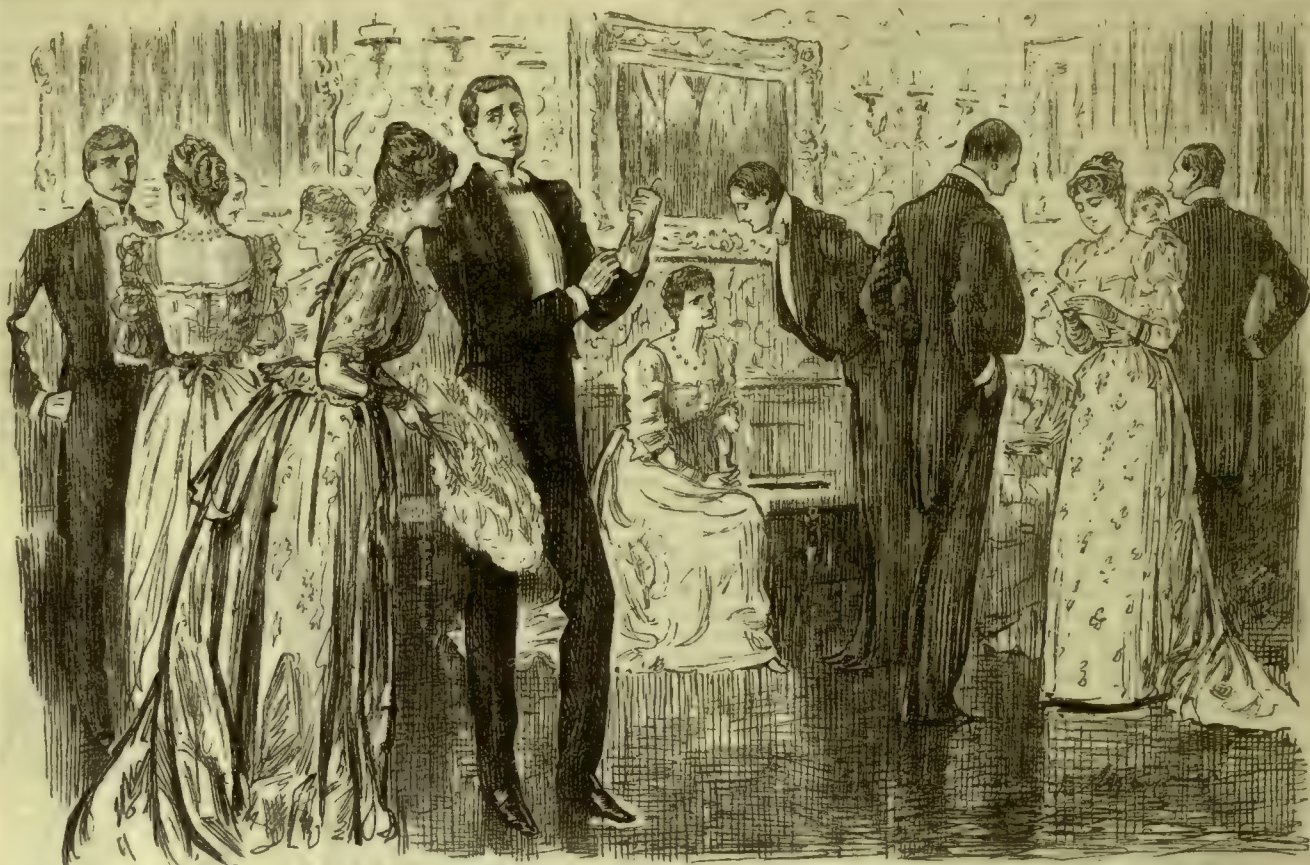
A Few Ancient Playgoers. Sssh! Sssh!

Second Attendant (to distant Customer). I'll bring it. 'Scuse me.

[Retraces her fascinating steps along front rows. Chaff-exclamations—near and distant poppings of corks, striking of matches, and other accompaniments to JULIET's speech.

And so forth, *ad libitum*. The same thing going on all over the house during the remainder of the Shakspearian play.





### ' L'INVITATION À LA VALSE.'

*She.* "BUT YOU DON'T KNOW MY NAME! WHAT HAVE YOU PUT DOWN ON YOUR CUFF!"

*He.* "OH, I'VE PUT DOWN 'PEARL NECKLACE.'"

*She.* "BUT THERE ARE LOTS OF PEARL NECKLACES HERE!"

*He.* "YES; BUT I'VE ALSO PUT DOWN 'SMALL AND RATHER TIGHT'—I MEAN THE NECKLACE, YOU KNOW!"

### THE GREAT WHALING EXPEDITION.

LATEST VERSION.

By BILLY (H. SM-TH), the (St. Stephen's)  
Bo's'n.

'Twas in Ninety One, d'ye see,  
Brave boys!  
With SOLLY I did sa-a-a-il,  
When one Monday night  
We went out—not to fight,  
But we went for to catch a Whale.  
Brave boys!  
We went for to catch a Whale!  
There was dirty weather about,  
Brave boys!  
Trade-winds was blowin' a ga-a-a-le,  
When the Skipper sings out,  
As we chopped about,  
"My eyes! there goes *such* a Whale!  
Brave boys!  
Dear eyes! there goes *such* a Whale!"  
It were the whoppingest Whale,  
Brave boys!  
As ever whisked a ta-a-a-il;  
In the trough o' the sea  
It was Labouring free,  
And a lashin' the waves like a flail,  
Brave boys!  
A lashin' the waves like a flail.  
We had heard o' that Whale afore,  
Brave boys!  
Says SOLLY, "I'll go ba-a-a-a-il,  
The Rads would roar  
If that monster they sor-r!"

But *we* want to catch that Whale,  
Brave boys!  
We want to catch that Whale!  
"Young GRANDOLPH\* has kep' a look-out,  
Brave boys!  
Wich it weren't of no awa-a-a-il.  
Brum JOEY\*, no doubt,  
Is a-cruisin' about,  
But *they* mustn't catch that Whale,  
Brave boys!  
No, *they* mustn't catch that Whale."  
There was only me and SOLLY,  
Brave boys!  
In that boat, with never a sa-a-a-il;  
And, it may seem folly,  
But we both was jolly,  
For we meant for to catch that Whale,  
Brave boys!  
We meant for to catch that Whale!  
No harpoon, or such tackle *we* took,  
Brave boys!  
For we knowed they was no ava-a-a-il.  
No, we went for to look  
For that Whale—with a hook.  
That's how we went for that Whale,  
Brave boys!  
That's how *we* went for that Whale!  
We knowed that a sprat was *the* bait,  
Brave boys!  
What was never knowed for to fa-a-a-il.  
So the sprat I throwed,  
Whilst SOLLY, he rowed,

\* Supposed to be rival whaling captains.

That's how we angled for that Whale,  
Brave boys!  
That's how we angled for that Whale!  
He lashed, and he dashed, and he splashed,  
Brave boys!  
And he spouted on a werry big sea-a-a-le.  
But the skipper, he still held on,  
And that sprat what I have telled on,  
I dangled,—for to catch that Whale,  
Brave boys!  
I dangled,—for to catch that Whale!  
"Strike! turn yer winch, pull in yer line!  
Brave boys!  
(Sings out SOLLY) and yer prize you'll  
na-a-a-il!"  
Then a rummy thing did 'appen  
Wich amazed me and the Cap'en;  
I struck,—but so did that Whale,  
Brave boys!  
I struck—but so did that Whale!  
We found he was the better at a *Strike*,  
Brave boys! [ta-a-a-il.  
Fhwisk! He hit us *such* a wallop with his  
With my hook, sprat, tackle too  
He just vanished from our view.  
So—we haven't yet caught that Whale,  
Brave boys!  
No,—we haven't yet caught that Whale!

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.—The name of the  
"unknown steamer laden with gums and  
ivory," reported as having passed down the  
Congo last week, has been discovered to be  
*The Dentist*.





“A SPRAT TO CATCH A WHALE!”









### MOST EXTRAORDINARY.

*Dismounted Sportsman. "Now, how the deuce did my hat manage to get up there?"*

### THE LATEST IN TELEGRAMS.

*(See Daily Papers passim.)*

[ALL FROM THE RAZZLE-DAZZLE AGENCY.]

HUKIEWAUKIE, February 28.

AN extraordinary incident has just stirred the heart of this populous Western centre to its depths. Some fifteen years ago Colonel ZACHARY B. DIBBS, one of the most prominent citizens of Hukiewaukie (then a mere collection of log-huts), disappeared without leaving any address to which his letters and papers were to be forwarded. Mrs. DIBBS, who was then about to give birth to the seventh scion of the house of DIBBS, was inconsolable, and ordered the fish-ponds in the vicinity to be subjected to a rigorous scrutiny. All her conjugal efforts proved fruitless, the missing Colonel was nowhere to be found, and, after a decent interval spent in the wearing of widow's weeds, Mrs. DIBBS was led to the local registrar's office by Sheriff's Deputy ORLANDO T. STRUGGLES. Time went on, and five flourishing STRUGGLESSES were added by the former Mrs. DIBBS to the population of the town. On Thursday last, however, Colonel DIBBS was discovered by his eldest son, Mr. JERNAH N. DIBBS, the well-known notary public, sitting in his familiar seat in the Fifth Street Saloon, drinking rum-shrub out of a tumbler. An explanation followed. Sheriff's Deputy STRUGGLES, in the handsomest manner, offered to resign all claim to the possession of the Colonel's spouse. The Colonel, however, would not hear of this. Finally it was decided to spin a five-dollar green-back for the lady. An inopportune gust of wind, however, carried off the fateful money, and the momentous question is still undecided. The Colonel has announced his intention of continuing a bachelor, even if he has to fight the matter up to the Supreme Court, and a large majority of the inhabitants of the town are willing to support him, with a view to making this a test case.

MUNCHAUSENVILLE, March 2.

YESTERDAY, as one of the chief tiger-purveyors of this city was engaged in exercising his *troupe* of fiery, untamed tigers, in the main street, two of the ferocious animals escaped from the string which has usually been found sufficient for their confinement. A general stampede of the inhabitants immediately followed, the majority finding refuge in the bar of the recently constructed Hotel Columbia. Mayor MADDERLEY and his amiable consort were, how-

ever, not so fortunate. The Mayor, being shortsighted, mistook the two denizens of the jungle for a couple of performing poodles, to whose training he had devoted much of his leisure, and who, as it happened, were at that precise moment expected on their return from the post-office, with the Mayor's mail in their mouths—a trick which had often amused the Mayor's friends. Mr. MADDERLEY advanced to stroke his supposed pets, and was much surprised to find himself torn in pieces before he had time to send for the city mace. Mrs. MADDERLEY, a stout, plethoric lady, would have been the next victim, had she not, with extraordinary presence of mind, declared herself dead the moment the animals approached her. This decoit (which, however, has been the subject of grave censure in many pulpits,) saved her life. Maddened by the taste of blood, the tigers next attacked Mr. LARIAT's grocery store. Here, however, they met their match in an army of Gorgonzola cheeses, which broke from their shelves, attacked the intruders with wonderful fury, and in ten minutes had so far subdued them that their owner was able to recapture them, and lead them home. The obsequies of Mr. MADDERLEY's shoes and his umbrella—all that was left of the unhappy Mayor—have just taken place amidst universal demonstrations of sympathy. The funeral *cortège* took an hour to pass a given point. Widow MADDERLEY proposes to sue the owner of her late husband's assassins.

LYNCHVILLE, March 3.

Two brothers, named respectively JOHN and THOMAS, quarrelled here yesterday about the ownership of a clasp-knife. They drew their revolvers at the same instant, and fired at a distance of two paces. Strangely enough the two deadly bullets met in the air, and, their force being exactly equal, they stopped dead and dropped to the ground, whence they were afterwards picked up and presented to the trustees of the Lynchville Museum of Fine Art. Nothing daunted, the fraternal contestants set to work with their bowie-knives, and were only separated after JOHN had inflicted on THOMAS ten mortal wounds and received from him one less. It is generally admitted that nothing could have been fairer than the conduct of the police, who formed a cordon round the duellists, and thus prevented the fussy interference which has so often brought similar affairs to a premature termination. The two coffins are to be of polished walnut-wood, and will be provided by the Friendly Society to which the two deceased belonged, as a last mark of affection and regard.





Harry Furness after Meissonier.

"LA RIXE."



## "LA RIXE."

(IRISH DONNYBROOK VERSION.)

AIR—"Packington's Pound."

Oirish Gentleman loquatur:—

SPILT mugs, chairs fallen, and scattered tables,—

That's Oirish shindy, me bhoys, all over!

"Union of Hearts" and such plisant fables,

Won't greatly hamper the free-fought lover.

What do you mean,

Ye paltry spalpeen?

True Oirish hearts from Old England to wean?

Faix, not a bit of it! We'll jist have none of it!

They're foighting frindly, and jist for the fun of it!

There's bould PARNELL, he looks fierce and fell,

Wid his savage face, and his snickersee steely.

Faix, wouldn't he loike that same to stroike

All into the gizzard of Mither HEALY?

He looks so sullen

At the pair a pullin'

At his sinewy arm, and his onset mullin'!

That thraitor, TIM, he'd be having his will on,

But for tearful O'BRIEN, and dismal DILLON.

As for tarin' TIM, he'd be hot at him,

Wid his ready sword from its scabbard flashin'!

But that meddlin' JUSTIN will be a thrustin'

Himself betune 'em, the duel dashin'!

Ooh, I assure ye,

Nor judge nor jury

Could abate their ardour, or assuage their fury.

Faix, Mount Vaysvivius, wid its flame and smother,

Must take a back sate—whin they get at each other!

Ooh! a rale ruotion hath a swate reduction,

For us Oirish, BULL, though it mayn't be your way.

PARNELL's a rum fish, and he seems to "scumfish"

That Grand Ould Gentleman papin in at the doorway.

Ye may call it "Rixe."

Though I can't quite fix

Its mayning; a plague on all polyglot thricks!

Sthand aside, O'BRIEN, DILLON, MCCARTHY!

Let 'em foight it out—shure that's Oirish and hearthy!

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 23.—House empty to-night. Even the fog keeps out; nothing more important under consideration than Army Vote, including expenditure of £5,632,700.

"And precious little too," says Colonel LAURIE, doing sentry march in the Lobby. "Wages going up everywhere! labour of all classes but one paid on higher scale than it used to be; but TOMMY ATKINS and his Colonel getting just the same now as they did twenty years ago, when living was much cheaper. There ought to be a rise all round, and so there would be, if the Army, following example of other organised bodies of day labourers, were to strike; think I'll mention it at Mess; should begin at the top. Why shouldn't the Colonels and Generals assemble in their hundreds, march to Hyde Park, where H.R.H. would address them from a stoutly-made tub? Moral effect would be enormous; shall certainly mention it at Mess. Perhaps, could get some practical hints from JOHN BURNS."

These remarks dropped by the Colonel before debate opened. During its progress received support from unexpected quarter. HARTINGTON, suddenly waking up from usual nap on Front Bench, wanted to know when War Office is going to carry out recommendation of Royal Commission on re-organisation of Naval and Military Departments? STANHOPE said everything turned upon vacancy in post of Commander-in-Chief. When that berth empty, the machine would move. No chance



"And precious little too."



## AN IMPORTANT PERSON.

"IS DR. JONES IN TOWN?"

"YESSIR. HAVE YOU AN APPOINTMENT?"

"NO; I DID NOT THINK IT NECESSARY. THE LAST TIME I CALLED I HAD NO APPOINTMENT, AND SAW HIM WITHOUT ANY DIFFICULTY."

"POSSIBLY SO, SIR. I DARE SAY I WASN'T BUSY THAT MORNING!"

of immediate vacancy; the Dook very comfortable where he is; not the sort of man to retire in face of enemy. The only way to carry out scheme recommended by Commissioners after prolonged inquiry was to get rid of the Dook.

"I do trust," said STANHOPE, winking at the Strangers' Gallery, "that the public will not interfere in this matter. They have had the Report of the Commission in their hands for months. They have taken no notice of it, or any action upon it. I do hope, now their attention has been called to the matter by my noble and Radical friend opposite, they will not get up a fuss and insist that necessary and important reforms in the Army shall not be indefinitely postponed in order that the Dook may draw his salary and enjoy his position. If the great mass of public opinion outside the Army plainly declared their wishes in that direction, we should have to yield; but, as I said before," and once more the Secretary furtively dropped his left eyelid as he looked up at the Strangers' Gallery, "I hope the public will not change their attitude on this subject."

"That's all very well," said LAURIE, who had now entered the House. "But it seems to me that when H.R.H. reads this curious speech, he'll be more inclined to fall in with our movement. In my mind's eye, I can already see him on the tub in Hyde Park, haranguing the mob of Colonels from under an umbrella."

Business done.—Army Estimates in Committee.

Tuesday.—Decidedly a Labour night, with Capital incidentally mentioned. First, OLD MORALITY announces appointment of Royal Commission to inquire into relations between Capital and Labour. His placid mind evidently disturbed by undesirable coincidence. On Saturday night, GRANDOLPH, suddenly remembering he had constituents at West Paddington, took a penny Road Car, and paid them visit. Delivered luminous speech on things in general.



Recommended appointment of Royal Commission on relations between Labour and Capital. To uninstructed mind looks uncommonly like as if Ministers, reading this speech on Monday morning, had said to each other, "Halloa! here's RANDOLPH in the field again. Says we must have Labour Commission; suppose we must."

Nothing of the kind happened. Cabinet Council met at noon on Saturday and decided upon Royal Commission. GRANDOLPH didn't speak for some hours later. Odd that he should have hit on this Commission business; just like his general awkwardness of interference. Must prevent all possibility of mistake; so OLD MORALITY, in announcing Commission, innocently, but pointedly, stops by the way to mention that Ministers had decided upon it "last Saturday."

Wish GRANDOLPH had been here; would like to have seen the twinkle in his eye when he heard this little point made. But GRANDOLPH busy down by the Docks, picking up his outfit. Secret of the sudden and surprising growth of the beard out now. GRANDOLPH off to the gold-diggings, and beard usually worn there. Hardly knew him when I looked in the other day at Connaught Place; trying on his new things; pair of rough unpolished boots coming over his knees; belt round his waist holding up his trousers and conveniently suspending jackknife, tin pannikin, and water-bottle. "For use on the voyage," he explains. Then a flannel shirt open at the neck; a wide-awake cocked on one side of his head; and a pickaxe on his shoulder.

"I'm tired of civilisation, TOBY, and I am off to the diggings. Leave you and OLD MORALITY, and the MARKISS and JACOB to look after politics. As for me, I'm going to look for gold. I'm not rushing blindfold into the matter. I've studied it with the highest and the deepest authorities—and what do I learn? Native gold is found crystallised in the forms of the octahedron, the cube, and the dodecahedron, of which the cube is considered as the primary form. It also occurs in filiform, capillary, and arborescent shapes, as likewise in leaves or membranes, and rolled masses. It offers no indications of internal structure, but, on being separated by mechanical violence, exhibits a hackly fracture. Its colour comprises various shades of gold yellow. Its specific gravity varies from 14.8 to 19.2. It is commonly alloyed by copper, silver, and iron, in very small proportions. I mean, if I may say so, to unalloy it"; and, swinging the pick round his head with a dexterity that testified to natural aptitude combined with diligent practice, GRANDOLPH chipped a fragment out of the marble mantelpiece, and, picking it up, eagerly examined it, as if in search of a hackly fracture.

I wished him good luck, and went back to the House, where I found BIDDULPH smiling behind SPEAKER'S chair, watching ATKINSON illustrating the working of his Duration of Speeches Bill by ringing a muffin-bell, borrowed from a Constituent.

*Business done.*—Miscellaneous.

*Thursday.*—Should have been at work to-night on Army Estimates; but things getting a little mixed. Nearly 150 Members picnicking at Portsmouth; all the Colonels, the Bo'suns, the Captains, and the Admirals.

"Capital opportunity to get on with the Estimates," JACKSON whispered in OLD MORALITY'S ear.

"No," said that pink of chivalry, "I will never take mean advantage of a man, even of an Admiral. Let us put on the Factories and Workshops Bill; won't take long; keep us going till they get back from Portsmouth."

So HOME SECRETARY moved Second Reading. "Mere formality, you know," he explained; "shall refer Bill to Committee on Trade, and there it will be thrashed out and shaped." But flood-gates once opened not easily shut. The Factories and Workshops mean the Working-Man; Working-Man has Vote; General Election not far off; must show Working-Man who's his true friend. Everybody his true friend. Speeches by the dozen; COMPTON, after long sitting in patient attitude at last caught SPEAKER'S eye. "A milk-and-water Bill," he scornfully characterised HOME SECRETARY'S measure.

"Ah! COMPTON knows what the Working-Man likes," said WILFRID LAWSON. "A rum-and-milk Bill is more to his taste."

LYON PLAYFAIR delivered one of his luminous Lectures; full of reference to "certifying surgeons," and "half-time children."

"What's a half-time child?" I asked CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. "Fancy it's one prematurely born," he whispered back. "But really don't know; not on in this scene; ask MUNDELL or pleeceman." LYON PLAYFAIR knew all about it and much else.



"That evening bell!"

"Wonderful man!" said the Member for SARK, gazing admiringly on his massive brow. "Always reminds me of what SYDNEY SMITH said about another eminent person. 'Look at my little friend JEREMY. He hasn't body enough to cover his mind decently with. His intellect is indecently exposed.'"

*Business done.*—Factory and Workshops Bill read a Second Time.

*Friday.*—PROVAND brought on Motion raising vexed question of Taxation of Land. OLD MORALITY always on look-out to do kind thing; thought this would be good opportunity of trotting out CHAPLIN; had no chance of distinguishing himself since he became Minister. So CHAPLIN put up; made mellifluous speech. Unfortunately, Mr. G. present; listened to CHAPLIN with suspicious suavity; followed him, and, as JEMMY LOWTHER puts it, "turned him inside out, and hung him up to dry." Played with him like a cat with a mouse; drew him out into damaging statements; then danced on his prostrate body. About the worst quarter of an hour CHAPLIN ever had in House, with JOKEM on one side of him, and OLD MORALITY on other, tossing about on their seats, exchanging groans and glances, while CHAPLIN mopped the massive brow on which stood forth iridescent gleams of moisture. "Meant it all for the best," said OLD MORALITY; "but who'd have thought of Mr. G. being here? CHAPLIN's a great Minister of Agriculture; but, when it comes to questions of finances, not quite on a par with Mr. G." *Business done.*—House Counted Out.



Waiting for Opportunity.

#### CHAMBERS IN ST. JAMES'S STREET.

*THE IDLER*, by HADDON CHAMBERS, is a real good play, thoroughly interesting from the rising to the setting of the Curtain. The parts are artistically adjusted, the dialogue unforced, the acting un-stagey, and the situations powerfully dramatic. The climax is reached at the "psychological moment," and the Curtain descends upon all that a sympathetic audience can possibly desire to know of what must be once and for all the story of a life-time. "The rest is silence." Throughout the play there is no parade of false sentimentality, no tawdry virtue, no copy-book morality, no vicious silliness; and, so well constructed is the plot, that there is no need of a wearisome extra Act, by way of postscript, to tell us how all the characters met again at the North Pole or Land's End; how everybody explained everything to everybody else; how the Idler, becoming a busy-body, married the widow of Sir John Harding, M.P., who had had the misfortune to be drowned out shrimping; and how many other matters happened for which the wearied audience would not care one snap of the finger and thumb. On another occasion I shall have something to say about the acting, which, as far as the men are concerned, has certainly not been equalled since the days of *Peril*. The St. James's is in for a good thing with *The Idler*; and at this moment I may say, I would be ALEXANDER were I not, briefly, DIOGENES "THE TUBMAN," B.C.L.

*ACTING—ON A SUGGESTION.*—*The Woman*, always well informed, tells us on February 26, that, "owing to numerous applications," Mr. C. T. GREIN is negotiating for the Royalty Theatre, in order to give another Ibsenian performance. Now this is exactly what we suggested in our number for February 14. If the date suits, we will go and see *Ghosts*, and, if we succeed in keeping up our spirits after seeing *Ghosts*, we will give a candid opinion on the performance of the piece which hitherto we know only in print. *En attendant*, we shall have something to say about the recent performance of that piece of Ibsenian *A Doll's House*—in our next.

*WHAT'S IN A NAME?*—On the recent occasion of the QUEEN'S visit to Portsmouth, no one of the officials seems to have been more on the alert and more generally alive than Mr. DEADMAN, the Chief Constructor of the Yard.

"*EN ITERUM CRISPINUS!*"—*Hamlet* on the real distinction between Theatres and Music Halls—

"To B. (and S.) or not to B. (and S.) that is the question!"

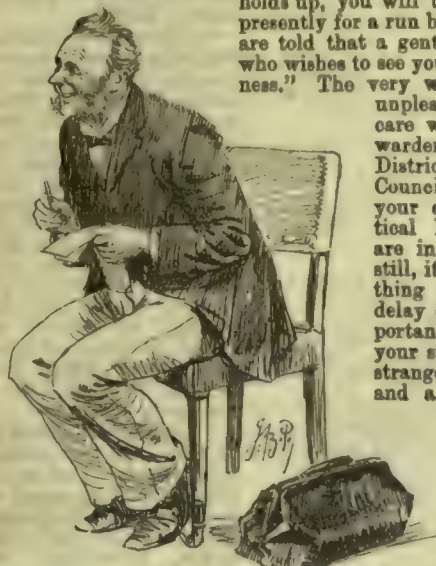
*HAPPY PROSPECT.*—The Wild Birds, if the Bill for their protection becomes law, will remember the Session of 1891 as a year of PEACE and Quiet.



## SPECIMENS FROM MR. PUNCH'S SCAMP-ALBUM.

## No. III.—THE BIOGRAPHER.

WE will ask you, reader, this week, to compel your fancy to take a further flight, and kindly imagine yourself a worthy merchant, who has exchanged the turmoil of City-life for the elegant leisure of a suburban villa—let us say at Norwood. You are in your dining-room, examining the sky, and thinking that, if the weather holds up, you will take your big dog out presently for a run before lunch, when you are told that a gentleman is in the study who wishes to see you "on particular business." The very word excites you, not unpleasantly, nor do you care whether it is Churchwarden's business, or the District Board, or the County Council—it is enough that your experience and practical knowledge of affairs are in request—and, better still, it will give you something to do. So, after a delay due to your own importance, you march into your study, and find a brisk stranger, with red whiskers and a flexible mouth, absorbed in documents which he has brought with him in a black bag.



"Your Visitor has his Note-book out."

says. "Just so. Well, Mr. MARK LANE, I consider myself extremely fortunate in finding you at home, I assure you, and a very charming place you have here—abundant evidence of a refined and cultivated mind, excellent selection of our best-known writers, everything, if I may say so, elegant in the extreme—as was to be expected! Even from the cursory glimpse I have had, I can see that your interior would lend itself admirably to picturesque description—which brings me to the object of my visit. I have called upon you, Mr. LANE, in the hope of eliciting your sympathy and patronage for a work I am now compiling—a work which will, I am confident, commend itself to a gentleman of your wide culture and interest in literary matters." (Here you will look as judicial as you can, and harden your heart in advance against a new Encyclopædia, or an illustrated edition of SHAKESPEARE'S works.) "The work I allude to, Mr. LANE, is entitled, *Notable Nonentities of Norwood and its Neighbourhood*." (Here you will nod gravely, rather taken by the title.) "It will be published very shortly, by subscription, Mr. LANE, in two handsome quarto volumes, got up in the most sumptuous style. It is a work which has been long wanted, and which, I venture to predict, will be very widely read. It is my ambition to make it a complete biographical compendium of every living celebrity of note residing at Norwood at the present date. It will be embellished with copious illustrations, printed by an entirely new process upon India and Japanese paper; everything—type, ink, paper, binding, will be of the best procurable; the publishers being determined to spare no expense in making it a book of reference superior to anything of the kind previously attempted!" (As he pauses for breath, you will take occasion to observe, that no doubt such a work, as he contemplates, will be an excellent thing—but that, for your own part, you can dispense with any information respecting the *Notabilities of Norwood*, and, in short, that if he will excuse you—)

"Pardon me, Mr. LANE," he interrupts, "you mistake my object. I should not dream of expecting you to subscribe to such a work. But, in my capacity of compiler, I naturally desire to leave nothing undone that care and research can effect to render the work complete—and it would be incomplete indeed, were it to include no reference to so distinguished a resident as yourself!" ("Oh, pooh—nonsense!" You will say at this—but you will sit down again.) "Norwood is a singularly favoured locality, Sir; its charms have induced many of our foremost men to select it for their *rus in urbe*. Why, in this very road—May I ask, by the way, if you are acquainted with Alderman MINCING? Alderman MINCING has been good enough to furnish me with many interesting details of his personal career, a photo-gravured portrait of him will be included, with views of the interior and exterior of 'The Druggeries,' and a bit from the back-garden." (You do know MINCING—and you cannot

help inwardly wondering at the absurd vanity of the man—a mere nobody, away from the City!) "Between ourselves," says your interviewer, candidly, having possibly observed your expression, "I am by no means sure that I shall feel warranted in allotting Alderman MINCING as much space as I fear he will consider himself entitled to. Alderman MINCING, though a highly respectable man, does not appeal to the popular imagination as others I could mention do—he is just a little commonplace!" ("Shrewd fellow, this!" you think to yourself—"Got MINCING'S measure!" "But I should feel it an honour, indeed, if such a man as yourself, now, would give me all the personal information you think proper to make public, while, as a specimen of what Norwood can do in luxurious and artistic domestic fittings, this house, Sir, would be invaluable! I do trust that you will see your way to—" (At first, you suggest that you must talk it over with your Wife—but you presently see that if MINCING and men of that calibre are to be in this, you cannot, for your own sake, hold aloof, and so your Visitor soon has his note-book out.) "Any remarkable traits recorded of you as an infant, Mr. LANE? A strong aversion to porridge, and an antipathy to black-beetles—both of which you still retain?"

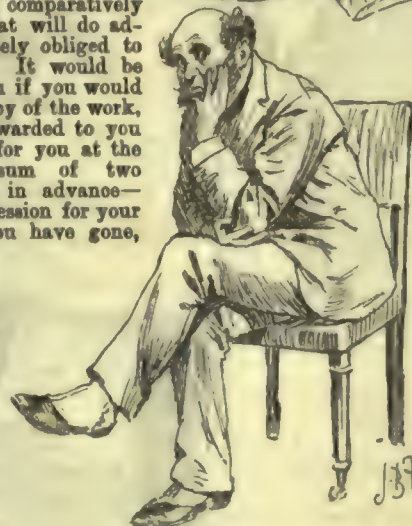
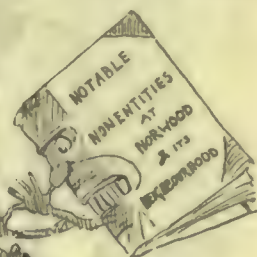
Thank you, very much. And you were educated? At Dulborough Grammar School? Just so! Never took to Latin, or learned Greek? Commercial aptitudes declaring themselves thus early—curious, indeed! Entered your father's office as clerk? Became a partner? Married your present lady—when? In 1860? Exactly!—and have offspring? Your subsequent life comparatively uneventful? That will do admirably—infinite obliged to you, I am sure. It would be useless to ask you if you would care to have a copy of the work, when issued, forwarded to you—we can do it for you at the very nominal sum of two guineas, if paid in advance—a gratifying possession for your children after you have gone, Mr. LANE! I may put you down? Thank you. For two copies?" (On second thoughts, you do order two copies; you can send one out to your married Sister in Australia—it will amuse her.) "One, two, three, four guineas—quite correct, Mr. LANE, and you shall have an early opportunity of revising a proof, and we will send down a competent artist, in a day or two, to take the photographs. Quite an agreeable change in the weather, is it not? Good day!"

He is gone, leaving you to wait for the proof, and the photographer, and the appearance of that great work, *Notable Nonentities of Norwood*,—and it is not at all unlikely that you may have to wait a considerable time.

## Iago on the Great Sermon Question.

Good name in Mayor or Parson, dear my public,  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.  
Who steals my sermon, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;  
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been mouthed by dozens;  
But he who "splits" on me as plagiarist,  
Robs me of that which is no good to him,  
And leaves me poor—in credit.

"WHEREVER WE WANDER," &c.—A new book of advice for intending Travellers has recently been published, entitled, "*Where to Stay*." It is both ornamental and useful; but so much depends on ways and means, that, after careful consideration, Mr. Punch, when asked "*Where to Stay*," considers the safest answer will always be, "*At home*."



"You may have to wait."



### "CHUCKED!"

[“The Bookmakers are in consternation, the Chamber having yesterday (Feb. 28), by 330 Votes to 144, rejected a Bill legalising the *pari mutuel*, and the Government having pledged itself to enforce the law against gambling.”—*Times Paris Correspondent*.]



The Bookie, "ALL RIGHT, MOSCOO. I'M OFF TO ENGLAND! THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE 'OME!"

(Extract of Letter from DICKY DIDDLEM, Bookmaker, Paris, to BOUNDING BOB, ditto, Newmarket.)

"... OUR game here appears to be as decidedly *hup* as the top of the Awful Tower! Regular mugs, these Moscoos, after all. Thought we had taught 'em a bit about *Ler Sport* by this time; but, bless yer, Bob, once a Pollyvoo, always a Pollyvoo! No Frenchy really hunderstands a 'Oas, or knows 'ow to make a Book!

"Abolish Betting!!! Wot next, I wonder? Wot with County Councils, dunderheaded Deppyties, and Swells who do the Detective bizness in their own droring-rooms, pooty soon there won't be a safe look in for a party as wants to do a nice little flutter—unless, of course, he's a Stock-Exchange spekkylator, or a hinvestor in South American Mines. Then he can plunge, and hedge, and jockey the jugginses as much as he's a mind to. Wonder how that bloomin' French *Bourse* 'ud get along without a bit o' the pitch-and-toss barney, as every man as is a men finds the

werry salt of life. Yah! This here Moral game is a gettin' played down too darned low for anythink. And wot's it mean, arter all? Why, 'No Naughtiness, except for the Nobs!' That's about the exact size of it, and it's blazing beastly, Bob!

"Only one of the dashed Deppyties talked a mossel o' sense, fur as I see. A certain Mossoo DER KER-JEQU, a Republican, too, bless his boko! said as 'races were essential to 'orsebreeding, and that without betting there would be no races.' O K. you are, Mossoo DER K.! And then they up and chuck hus Bookies! No bookies, no betting; no betting, no races; no racing, no 'osses; no 'osses, no nothink! That's how it runs, Bob, or I'm a sossidge!

"But this here bloomin' Republick is too rediklus for anythink. Look at the kiddish kick-up along o' the visit of the Hempress! Why, if we 'ad that duffer, DEROULEDE, on Newmarket 'Eath, we should just duck him in a 'orsepond, like a copped Welsher. Here they wash-up him, or else knuckle under to him, like a skeery Coster's missus when her old man's on the mawl, and feels round arter her ribs with his bloomin' high-lows. That's yer high-polite French Artists and brave booky - banishin' Dippyities! Yah!

"Owsomever, I suppose, Bob, I must clear out of this. Mossoo CONSTANS, he said, 'if the Bill were carried there would be an end to bookmakers.' And it was carried, by 340 mugs against 144 right 'uns. And arter all me and my sort has done for Parry! It's mean, that's wot it is, Bob. P'raps they'll chuck British jockeys next! Much good their *Grong Pree*, ancetrer, will be then, my boy. Our 'osses, our jockeys, and our bookies has bin the making of French

Sport,—and werry nice little pickings there's bin out of it. take it all round. Wot'll *Ler Hig Life*, and Hart, and Leagues o' Patriots, and miles o' bullyvards, and Cook's Tourists and Awful Towers do for Parry without hus, I wonder? We shall see! Ah, Madame *lar Republick*, maybe you'll be sorry, you and your bullyin' jondarnes, for chucking o' me afore you're through. As MAT MORUS put it:—

It was all werry well to dissemble yer love,  
But wy did yer kick me down-stairs?

Chuckd it is, though, and I shall probably see yer next week, Bob. Thanks be, the Flat Season's at 'and! Arter all, there's no place like 'ome! No!

'Mid Boises and Bullyvards tho' we may roam,  
Be it hever so foggy, there's no place like 'ome;  
A smile from the Swells seems to 'allow sport there,  
Wich, look where you will, isn't met with elsewhere.

'Ome, 'ome, Sweet, sweet 'ome,  
Be it hever so fog-bound, there's no place like 'ome!



A hexile from Parry, I'm off o'er the main;  
Ah! give me my native Newmarkit again;  
The mugs, smiling sweetly, wot come at my bawl,  
Give me these, and the "pieces," far dearer than all.

'Ome, 'ome,  
Sweet, sweet 'ome,

With RAIKES\*, LOWTHER, CHAPLIN, there's no place  
like 'ome.

"Mean to sing that at our next 'Smoker,' BOB.  
But till then, Ta-ta!"

\* Which gentleman declined to find out for Mr. SAMUEL SMITH, "what proportion betting messages bear to the other telegrams transmitted by the Post-office Department."

Desdemona to the Author of "Dorian Gray."

(A propos of his paragraphic Preface.)

"THESE are old fond paradoxes, to make boys crow  
i' the Club corner. What miserable praise hast thou  
for him that's foul and foolish?"

SOMETHING IN A NAME.—A recent theatrical announcement informed us that a new comedy would be produced from the pen of a Mr. HENRY DAM. If successful, imagine the audience calling for the Author by name. If a triumph, the new dramatist will be known as "The big, big D."

By a Tired and Cynical Critic of Current Fiction.

A "SCHOOL for Novelists," they say, has risen.  
A School? What's really wanted is a Prison.  
Life-long confinement far from pen and ink  
Might cure the crowd of fictionists, I think.  
Or, if by Lessons you'd arrest the blight,  
Go teach the Novelist how not to write!

ATHLETICS.—It is said that the County Council are resolved to forbid the popular feats of raising heavy weights, upon the ground that it may lead to shoplifting.

WORKING AND PLAYING BEES.—Lady B-ountiful first, at the Garrick, and Lady B-arter at the Princess's.



OLD FRIENDS.

Big Ben "OH, FLATTERY'S THE BANE OF FRIENDSHIP! JUST LOOK AT YOU AND ME, OLD MAN! WHY, I'VE ALWAYS TOLD YOU THE TRUTH ABOUT YOURSELF, HOWEVER DISAGREEABLE! IT'S A WAY I HAVE. AND YET WE'VE BEEN FAST FRIENDS FOR FORTY YEARS, AND I LIKE YOU BETTER THAN ANY FRIEND I POSSESS! INDEED, YOU'RE ABOUT THE ONLY FRIEND I'VE GOT LEFT!"

Little Dick (dreamily). "AH, BUT YOU MUST REMEMBER THAT I'VE NEVER TOLD YOU THE TRUTH BACK AGAIN!"

## THE FIRST ACT—AND THE LAST.

(A Departmental Tragi-Comedy, in active Rehearsal.)

ACT I.—The Scene represents the Interior of a Military Instruction Room. Black Boards, on which are displayed advanced Problems and Calculations in the Higher Mathematics, and various Scientific Charts cover the Walls. Models of mechanical contrivances and machinery used in the construction of complicated Small Arms approved by the Authorities, are scattered about in every direction. TOMMY ATKINS is discovered, giving his best attention to the conclusion of a very lengthy but rather abstruse explanatory Lecture.

Military Instructor (who has been for an hour and a half explaining the intricate mechanism of the new Magazine Rifle, finally approaching the end of his subject). Well, as I have fully explained before, but may state once more, so as to firmly impress it on your memory, you will bear in mind that the cylindrical portion will be shortened in front, the end of the rib being provided with tooth underneath, and stud on top, both studs on rib to have undercut grooves, a small keeper-screw, and bolt-head for cover, being added, while the cooking-stud is enlarged. Then do not forget that jammed cases or bullets are removed by two ramrods, screwed together by the locking-bolt being omitted. I needn't again go over the twenty-four different screws, but, in case of accident, it will be well to retain their various outside thread diameters in your memory, specially not forgetting that those of the Butt Trap Spring, the Dial Sight Pivot, and the Striker Keeper Screw, stand respectively at '1696, '1656, and '116 of an inch. Of course you will remember the seven pins, and that, if anything should go wrong with the Bolt Head Cover Pin, as you will practically have to take the whole rifle to pieces, you should be thoroughly familiar with the 197 different component items, which, properly adjusted one with the other, make up the whole weapon. I think I need not refer again to the "sighting," seeing that the Lewes system is abolished, and that the weapon is now sighted up to 3,500 yards, "dead on," no matter what the wind may be. With this remark, I have much pleasure in placing the rifle in your hands (gives him one), at the same time advising you, if called upon to use it in the heat of action, to be prepared with the knowledge I have endeavoured to impart to you to-

day, and, above all things, to keep your head cool. I don't think I have anything more to add, ATKINS. I have made myself pretty clear?

Tommy Atkins (with a grin). 'Ees, Sir!

Military Instructor. And there is nothing more you wish to ask me?

Tommy Atkins (still grinning). Noa, Sir!

Military Instructor. Ah! well then, good morning. I trust you will find it, what they assure me it is,—a most serviceable weapon.

Tommy Atkins (saluting). 'Ees, Sir!

[Exit, still grinning as Act-Drop descends.

ACT II.—The Scene represents a Field of Battle (after the fight) in the immediate neighbourhood of London. TOMMY ATKINS and the Military Instructor discovered lying badly wounded amidst a heap of the slain. A European War having broken out suddenly, from which the Country could not escape, and the Fleet at the last moment, finding that it had only half its proper supply of guns, and that the very few of these which did not burst at the first shot had ammunition provided for them that was two sizes too large, the Country is invaded, while a Committee of Experts is still trying to settle on a suitable cartridge for the new Magazine Rifle. The result is, that after a couple of pitched battles, though, in an outburst of popular fury, Mr. STANHOPE is lynched by the Mob to a lamp-post in Parliament Street, London capitulates, and the French Commander-in-Chief, breakfasts, waited on by the LORD MAYOR, in the Bank of England.

Military Instructor (sitting up and rubbing his eyes). Dear me! we seem to have been beaten. That Rifle was no good, after all. (Recognising him.) Halloa, ATKINS!

Tommy Atkins (with a grin). 'Ees, Sir!

Military Instructor. You remember all I told you?

Tommy Atkins (still grinning). 'Ees, Sir!

Military Instructor. I'm afraid that wasn't such a serviceable weapon, after all!

Tommy Atkins (still grinning). Noa, Sir!

Military Instructor. Dear me! Well, we had better get out of this! By Jove! it looks like the last Act!

[Mutually assist each other to rise and quit the Battle-field, the Military Instructor threatening to write to the "Times," and TOMMY ATKINS still grinning as Curtain falls.]





Sylvanus. "FOXES ARE SCARCE IN MY COUNTRY; BUT WE MANAGE IT WITH A DRAG NOW AND THEN!"

Urbanus. "OH—ER—YES. BUT HOW DO YOU GET IT OVER THE FENCES?"

### UNDER A CIVIL COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

[What possible chance would Colonel X., Member for —, feel that he had of fair play if he walked into the Opposition side in a Division?—*Evening Paper.*]

SCENE — A Battle-field. Colonel X. discovered apparently dying in the hour of victory.

Faithful Aide-de-Camp. The enemy run, Sir! We have beaten them off on every side!

Colonel (faintly). That is well! (with a sigh) and yet my heart is heavy within me! Believe me, SMITH, I cannot die easily.

F. A.-de-C. And yet the vacancy thus created would be found a stimulus to promotion! Have you thought of that, Sir?

Col. X. I have not forgotten it, SMITH, and as a politician the idea is comforting. Ah, SMITH, would that I had always done my duty in the House of Commons! But no, with a view to obtaining this command, I voted against my convictions! I supported the Government in their proposal to tax perambulators! It was cruel, unmanly so to do, but I was weak and foolish! And now I cannot die easily! Would that I could live to repair the past.

Opposition Whip (suddenly springing up from behind a limber à la HAWKSHAW the Detective). It is not too late! Return with me to Westminster forthwith. The Third Reading is down for to-night! With a special train we shall be in time! You can yet record your vote!

Col. X. (suddenly reviving). Say you so? Then I will recover! I will do my duty!

[Exit, to vote against his Party, and to be put permanently on the shelf, from a military point of view!]

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD's paper on Japan, in *Scribner*, for March, is interesting and also amusing. The Japanese seemed to be a charming people; and the Japanese women delightful as wives; but then they can be divorced for being talkative.

A propos of Japan, to judge from one of our LIKA JOKO's capital illustrations of Hospital Nursing in *The English Illustrated Magazine*, the Matron's room must be "an illigant place, intoirly"; while as for amusement, if the picture of a nurse giving a patient a cup of ink by mistake for liquorice-water isn't a real good practical sidesplitter, the Baron would like to be informed what is? Then we come upon a delightful little picture of "The Pet of the Hospital"; and so she ought to be, for a prettier pet than this nursing Sister it would be difficult to find. What becomes of her? Does she marry a "Sawbones," or run off with a patient? Anyhow, she must be a "great attraction," and if anything were to happen to the Baron, and he couldn't be removed to his own palatial residence, he would say, "Put me in a cab, drive me to the Furniss Hospital, and let me be in Pretty Pet's Ward."

The Baron has just been dipping into Mr. JUSTIN HUNTLY M CANTHY's "Pages on Plays" in *The Gentleman's Magazine*. JUSTIN HUNTLY expresses his opinion that "The Dancing Girl will almost certainly be the play of the season; it will probably be the principal play of the year." "Almost certainly" and "probably" save the situation. The Baron backs *The Idler* against *The Dancing Girl* for a run. In the same Magazine Mr. ALBERT FLEMING has condensed into a short story, called *Sally*, material that would have served some authors for a three-volume novel.

It is a pleasure for the Baron to be in perfect accord on any one point with the Author of *Essays in Little*, and in proportion to the number of the points so is the Baron's pleasure intensified. Most intending readers of these Essays, on taking up the book, would be less anxious to ascertain what ANDREW LANG has to say about HOMER and the study of Greek, about THEODORE DE BANVILLE, THOMAS HAYNES BAXLEY, the Sagas, and even about KINGSLAY, than to read his opinions on DICKENS and THACKERAY, placing DICKENS first as being the more popular. The Baron recommends his friends, then, to read these Essays of ANDREW's, beginning with THACKERAY, then DICKENS; do not, on any account, omit the delightfully written and truly appreciative article on CHARLES LEVER; after which, go as you please, but finish with "the last fashionable novel," wherein our M.A., in his Merriest-Andrew mood, treats us to an excellent parody.

The Baron has appointed an extra Reader, and this Extra-Ordinary Reader to the Baron has just entered upon the discharge of his duties by reading *Monte Carlo*, and *How to Do It*, by

W. F. GOLDBERG, and G. CHAPLIN PIESSE (J. W. ARROWSMITH). He reports in the following terms to his loved Chief:—This book achieves the task of combining extraordinary vulgarity with the flattest and most insipid dulness—not a common dulness, but a dulness redolent of low slang and dirty tap-rooms. The authors seem to plume themselves on their marvellous success in reaching Monte Carlo, which, with their usual sprightly facetiousness, they call "Charley's Mount." They are good enough to tell such of the travelling public as may want to get there, that the train leaving Victoria at 8.40 A.M. reaches Dover at 10.35. Stupendous! These two greenhorns took their snack on board the steamer (Ugh!), instead of waiting until they reached Calais, where there is the best restaurant on any known line. Instead of going by the *Ceinture*, they drove across Paris. The greenhorns arrive at Monte Carlo, and then settle on their quarters. Anyone but an idiot would have settled all this, and much more, beforehand. One gentlemanly greenhorn, who wishes us to think that "il connaît son Paris," talks of "suppers of Bignon's" (which must be some entirely new dish), and informs us that, "at the Hôtel de l'Athénée, the staff esteem it rather a privilege, and a mark of their skill in language, to grin and snigger when sworn at in English." Oh, sweet and swearing British greenhorn! now I know why the French so greatly love our countrymen. But why, oh why do you imagine that you have discovered Monte Carlo? For the details of the journey, and the instructions to future explorers, are set out with a painful minuteness which not even STANLEY could rival. As for Monaco, dear, restful, old-fashioned, picturesque Monaco, whither the visitor climbs to escape from the glare and noise of Monte Carlo, the greenhorn dismisses it scornfully, as having "no interest." How much does this ten-per-center want? He "vaggles along the Condamine;" he mixes with many who are "pebble-beached;" he speaks of his intimates as "Pa," "The Coal-Shunter," "Ballyhooley," &c., and declares of the French soldier that "the short service forty-eight-day men don't have a very unkyperdoodlum time of it." There's wit for you, there's elegance! Then he becomes Jeromeky-jeromically eloquent on the subject of fleas, throws in such lucid expressions as "chin music," "gives him biff," "his graft is thusly," and, altogether, proves himself and his fellow-explorer to be a couple of the slangiest and most foolish greenhorns who ever put pen to any sort of paper. I can imagine the readers who enjoy their stuff. Dull, swaggering, blatant, gin-absorbing, red-faced Cockneys, who masquerade as sportsmen, and chatter oaths all day. "Ditto to you," says the Baron to his Extra-Ordinary Reader, and backs his opinion with his signature,  
THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



## MORE IBSENITY!

DEAR EDITOR,—Noticing that the author of *The Doll's House* was to have another morning, or, to use an equally suitable epithet, mourning performance devoted to his works, I made up my mind, after bracing up my nerves, to attend it.



The 23rd of February (the date of the proposed function) as the second Monday in Lent, seemed to me, too, distinctly appropriate. By attending the performance—IBSEN recommends self-execution—I sentenced myself to three hours and a half of boredom, tempered with disgust. I cannot help feeling that whatever my past may have been, the penance paid to wipe it out was excessive, and therefore rendered it unnecessary that I should attend a second performance announced for last week.

*Rosmersholm* is in four Acts and one Scene—a room in *Rosmer's* House. Act I.

Rector Kroll, who is the brother-in-law of Pastor Rosmer, calls upon the latter, to ask him to edit a paper in the Conservative interest. Kroll (who, by the way, is a married man) before seeing the widower of his dead sister, has a mild flirtation with *Rebecca West*, a female of a certain age, who has taken up her abode for some years in the Rector's house. And here I may observe that the Rector's house-keeper, *Madame Helseth*, presumably a highly respectable person, although she has excellent reasons, from the first, for believing that the relations between her Master and *Rebecca* are scarcely platonic, accepts the domestic arrangements of the Rosmer ménage with hearty acquiescence, not to say enthusiasm. Rosmer interrupts the Rector's tête-à-tête with the fascinating *Rebecca*, and declines the proffered editorship, because he is a Radical, and an atheist. End of Act I.—no action to speak of, but a good deal of wordy twaddle. In Act II. we learn that the late Mrs. Rosmer has committed suicide, because she was informed that the apostate Pastor could only save his villainy from exposure by giving immediately the position of wife to her friend *Rebecca*. She has had this tip on the most reliable authority,—it has been furnished by *Rebecca* herself. Then the Pastor asks *Rebecca* to marry him, but is refused, for no apparent reason, unless it be that she has tired of her guilty passion. In Act III. *Rebecca* admits to the widower and his brother-in-law that she has deceived the deceased, and prepares to decamp. In the final Act the apostate Pastor declares that he has been in love with *Rebecca* from the first, loves her now, but is not sure that she loves him. To set his mind at rest on this point, will she do him a small favour? Will she be so good as to jump into the mill-stream, and drown herself? With pleasure—and she takes a header! He explains that courtesy forbids him to keep a lady waiting, and follows her example! So both are drowned, and all ends happily!

And this is the plot! And what about the characters? *Rebecca* is merely a hysterical old maid, who would have been set right, in the time of the Tudors, with a sound ducking; and nowadays, had she consulted a fashionable physician, she would have been probably ordered a sea-voyage, and a diet free from stimulants. The Pastor is a feeble, fickle fool, who seemingly has had but one sensible idea in his life. He has believed his wife to be mad, and, considering that she married him, his faith in the matter rested upon evidence of an entirely convincing nature. The Rector Kroll is a prig and a bore of the first water. When he discovers *Rebecca's* perfidy, he suggests that she may have inherited her proneness for treachery from her father—and, to her distressed astonishment, he gives the name of a gentleman, not hitherto recognised by her as a parent! The best line in the piece, to my mind—and it certainly "went with a roar"—is a question of the housekeeper—answered in the negative—"Have you ever seen the Pastor laugh?" Laugh! with such surroundings! Pretentious twaddle, that would be repulsively immoral were it less idiotic. And so dull!

As a theatre-goer for more than a quarter of a century, I dislike undue severity, and am consequently glad to find my opinion is shared by others. "SCRUTATOR," the Dramatic Critic of *Truth*, wrote last week—"The few independent persons who have sat out a play by IBSEN, be it *The Doll's House*, or *The Pillars of Society*, or *Rosmersholm*, have said to themselves, 'Put this stuff before the playgoing public, risk it at an evening theatre, remove your claque, exhaust your attendance of the socialist and the sexless, and then see where your IBSEN will be.' I have never known an audience that cared to pay to be bored, and the over-vaunted *Rosmersholm* bored even the Ibsenites." I only hope it did, for they deserve their martyrdom! I believe that you personally, my dear Editor, have never seen a dramatic performance of the "Master's" work. I wish I could say as much, and I shall be surprised if you do not appreciate the feeling, after you too have partaken of this truly Lenten fare.

Yours sincerely,

ONE WHO LIKES IBSEN—AT A DISTANCE.

## STRIKING TIMES.

NEW VERSION OF AN OLD STREET BALLAD.

(By a Labouring Elector.)

CHEER up, cheer up, you sons of toil, and listen to my song.  
The times should much amuse you; you are up, and going strong.  
The Working Men of England at length begin to see  
That their parsnips for to butter now the Parties all agree.

Chorus.

*It's high time that the Working Men should have it their own way,  
And their prospect of obtaining it grows brighter every day!*

This is the time for striking, lads; at least, it strikes me so.  
Monopoly has had some knooks, and under it must go.  
NORWOOD we licked; LIVESY licked us; his was an artful plan;  
But luck now turns. Ask JOHNNY BURNS, and also TOMMY MANN!

Chorus—It's high time, &c.

It isn't "Agitators" now, but Parties and M.P.'s,  
Who swear we ought to have our way, and do as we darn please.  
Upon my word it's proper fun! A man should love his neighbour;  
Yet Whigs hate Tories, Tories Whigs; but oh! they all love Labour!

Chorus—It's high time, &c.

There's artful JOEY CHAMBERLAIN, he looks as hard as nails,  
But when he wants to butter us, the Dorset never fails;  
He lays it on so soft and slab, not to say thick and messy.  
He couldn't flummery us more were each of us a JESSE!

Chorus—It's high time, &c.

Then roystering RANDOM takes his turn; his treacle's pretty thick;  
He gives the Tories the straight tip,—and don't they take it—quick?  
And now, by Jove, it's comical!—where will the fashion end?  
There's PARNELL ups and poses as the genuine Labourer's Friend!

Chorus—It's high time, &c.

Comrades, it makes me chortle. The Election's drawing nigh,  
And Eight Hours' Bills, or anything, they'll promise for to try,  
They'll spout and start Commissions; but, O mighty Labouring Host,  
Mind your eye, and keep it on them, or they'll have you all on toast!

Chorus.

*It's high time that the Working Men should have it their own way.  
They'll strain their throats,—you mind your votes, and you may find it pay!*

## WILDE FLOWERS.

SOME other fellow, in the *P. M. G.*, has been beforehand with us in spotting "A Preface to *Dorian Gray*," by our OSCAR WILDE—r than ever, in this month's *Fortnightly*. *Dorian Gray* was published some considerable time ago, so it belongs to ancient history, and now, after this lapse of time, out comes the preface. And this "preface" occupies the better part, I use this expression in all courtesy, of two pages; which two pages represent a literary flower-bed, where rows of bright asterisks are planted between lines of brilliant aphorisms. The rule of the arrangement seems to be,— "when in doubt, plant asterisks." *Sic itur ad astra*. The garden is open to all, let us cull here one and there one. "To reveal Art and conceal the Artist, is Art's aim." Is there not in this the scent of "Ars est celare artem"? "Art" includes "the Artist," of course. Then "Purs omnia pura" is to be found in two other full-blown aphorisms, if I mistake not. St. PAUL's advice to TIMOTHY is engrafted on to the stalk of another aphorism. "Why lug in TIMOTHY?" Well, to "adapt" Scripture to one's purpose is not to quote it. *Vade retro!* Do we not recognise something familiar in "When Critics disagree the Artist is in accord with himself?"

But after it is all done, and the little flower-show is over, then arises the despairing cry of our own cherished OSCAR. It is in the *Last of the Aphorisms*; after which, exhausted, he can only sign his name, fling away the goose-quill, and then sink back in his luxurious arm-chair exhausted with the mental efforts of years concentrated into the work of one short hour. Ah! "*La plupart des livres d'à présent ont l'air d'avoir été faits en un jour avec des livres lus de la veille*." Ask Messrs. ROCHEFOUCAULD, CHAMFORT, RIVAROL, and JEAN MORLÉ. "Ai! Ai! Papai! Papai! Phillaloo! Murder in Irish!" Let us be natural, or shut up shop. Yet there is a chance,—to be supernatural. The great Pan is dead, so there is a seat vacant among the gods, open to any aspirant for immortality. "All Art is quite useless!" cries OSCAR WILDE-ly. And has it come to this? "Is this the End?" Yes, this is his last word—for the present. Pan is dead! *Vive Pannikin!*





### 'CES AUTRES''

(HEARD AT CHURCH-PARADE.)

*Captain Bergamot.* "ARE ANY OF YOUR BROTHERS IN THE SERVICE, MISS DE BULLION?"

*Miss de Bullion.* "YES; ONE IN THE GUARDS, AND—A—" (with disgust)—"THE REST IN THE COMMON ARMY, YOU KNOW."

### "ADVANCE, AUSTRALIA!"

A SONG OF SYMPATHY.

(Some Way after a celebrated Boating Song.)

["SIR HENRY PARKES concluded by declaring that if the Colonies continued separate they must become hostile communities, and, in order that they might prevent that, it was for the whole people to join in creating one great Union Government."—REUTER.]

MR. LEO BRITANNICUS, an Old Blue, and a sympathetic on-looker, loquitur:—

CAPITAL boating weather!

Ay, and a favouring breeze!

Oars upon the feather!

Sun of the Southern Seas!

Brave boys! Swing together,

Your bodies between your knees!

Phugh! How old memory rushes

Over me!—Pulled indeed!

Though LEO seldom gushes,

And these be of LEO's breed,

The blood of an Old Blue flushes

At the Young Blues' power and speed!

Coach them, or patronise them?

Nay, I've no call for that.

To cheer them, not to advise them,

I'm on this path,—that's pat!

Affection admirably eyes them:—

Once in a boat I sat!

Pulled my weight at a pinch,

For odds cared never a "cuss";

No stern-chase caused me to flinch,

But—always detested fuss.

Strain the last ounce, and inch!

Races are won, boys, *thus!*

Look a most likely lot,

Lionlets lithe and young.

Pace? They will make it hot.

Few can have feathered and swung

Better. Tall talk is rot;

But, hang it! I *must* give tongue!

There's a "Queensland" and "New South

"Australia South" and "West," [Wales,"

"Victoria,"—each one soales

Good weight, and with girth of chest;

"New Zealand's" zeal prevails,

He'll swing in time with the rest.

The hero born of Thetis

Had pluck enow. What then?

Each hero here, whose meat is

"Hard steak and harder hen,"

As stalwart and as fleet is

As the Greek first of men!

"Stroke" sets it long and steady;

That gladdens a true Old Blue.

There's nothing hot and heady

In sturdy Number Two.

There are coxens sharp and ready

In the Land of the Kangaroo!

Go it, lads! Swing together!

Push elders from their stools?

Pooh! I shall moult no feather;

Old boys are not always old fools.

Out upon jealous blether!

You've learnt in the best of schools.

I want to see you win, lads;

Old LEO loves his cubs.

If cynics growl or grin, lads,

We'll drive them back to their tubs.

Do you think my blood's so thin, lads,

I'd diet upon cold snubs?

The cynics think they're clever;

Beshrew their big bow-wow!

Boys, swing together ever,

Steady from stroke to bow;

One chain shall sever never—

The love-links round us now!

### WHAT'S IN A NAME?

WILL someone gifted with the *nous*, Explain the "why" of Spinning House? Is it to strike with wholesome fear The thoughtless maiden whose career Looks like a sinning one? And thus the Judge her conscience wakes, Since he, when passing sentence, takes Good care to name a *Spinning* one? Or is it that in such a habitation, Herself a spinster more at home might feel; And in a Spinning House find occupation, Provided with a decent spinning-wheel; But there,—no matter whence it came, Or what's the meaning hidden in its name, About its destination there's no fear; And judging from a noted recent case, The Spinning House will,—it is pretty clear,—Itself be soon sent spinning into space.

"Is a husband worth having?" asks *Woman*. One reply would be, "Well, that depends on whose husband it is." But, by the way, this view was not under consideration.





“ADVANCE, AUSTRALIA!”

BRITISH LION. “BRAVO, BOYS!—SWING TOGETHER!!”







## A WILD WELCOME.

FEBRUARY's reign of gloom  
Out of mind and sight is,  
Noonday darkness of the tomb,  
Carbon and bronchitis.

Though the air is keen and chill,  
Cloudy though the skies are,  
Buoyant breaths our bosoms fill,  
Free from smart our eyes are.

Bursting on the lengthening day  
Bellows March the Viking,  
"I have blown the fogs away ;  
Is this to your liking ?"

Yes, thy voice o'er moor and mead  
Sets the spirits bounding,  
Like the Major's chartered steed  
At the trumpet's sounding.

Welcome, roaring moon of dust,  
Welcome, Spring's reviver ;  
On the race again we must  
Risk the wonted fever ;

Fields are showing brighter green,  
Early buds are shooting ;  
On the early youth is seen  
The new season's suiting.

Long it is since sparrows shrill  
With their chirping woke us ;  
There is one with busy bill  
Worrying a crocus.

How they love the flow'r of spring—  
Never can resist it ;  
What a graceful little thing—  
Bother, I have miss'd it !

Now the wind along the plain  
Comes with roar and clatter—  
There, my hat is off again !  
Let it go—no matter.

What am I, to say thee nay  
In thy rudest phases ?  
Blow my Sunday hat away,  
Blow my hat to blazes.

'Tis but little we can do  
For thy bounty's measure—  
Sacrifice a hat or two ?  
Forty hats, with pleasure.

## KENSINGTON GARDENS SMALL TALK.

*From the Railway Improvement Phrase-Book.*

THAT Nursery-maid with the three children  
and the perambulator will certainly get run  
over by the train if she stands there gossiping  
with the man in the signal-box.

That is the nineteenth horse that has run  
away and thrown its rider this morning,  
frightened by the smoke of the passing engine.

So it is not, after all, a tornado that has  
swept across the Gardens, and rooted up all  
these trees, but merely the firm that has taken  
the contract for the making of the new line.

Yes, there is no doubt that this wooden  
fence, stretching right across the Gardens,  
relieved by overseers' moveable hatch-houses,  
puffing steam-cranes, and processions of mud-  
carts, rather interfere with the beauty and  
tranquillity of the place, but one must really  
bear in mind that it is, after all, only to last  
for five years.

Ha! I thought so! There go the whole of  
the water-fowl under that luggage-train.

It is true, the Gardens are ruined, but one  
must not forget the inestimable advantage  
to the shareholders of the public being able to  
get from Paddington to Chelsea in a tunnel  
for twopenny.

QUERY FOR NEXT ELECTION.—No man has  
a vote until he has attained his majority. How  
about some districts where they are nearly all  
Miners?

MEN WHO HAVE TAKEN ME IN—  
TO DINNER.

*(By a Dinner-Belle.)*

No. II.—DON JUAN SENIOR.

To share with men the prandial gloom  
Of union forced that fatal custom  
Decreases to wither "youth and bloom,"  
(The phrase is from *Sohrab and Rustum*)  
I've suffered boredom to the full ;  
Professors dull—of Hindostani !  
Dull wits, dull statesmen, dandies dull—  
He wasn't dull—was Don GIOVANNI.

A widower *fêlé* far and wide,  
The jauntiest Rake who drinks the waters,  
Smartest of "smart" vulgarians, pride  
And terror of his decent daughters ;  
Old Don GIOVANNI, fraught with warm  
Flirtations, free to fling his cash on  
The dining Duchess, "mould of form !"  
Antique, good-looking "glass of fashion."



He gossiped how the Viscount bets  
(Some heiress he must really "pick up"),  
How noble dames smoke cigarettes  
And noble heels in ballets kick up.  
How "H.R.H."—*n'importe!* my friend  
Experience shows me that the *laches*  
Of such as air these letters tend  
In the direction of their "H"'s.

He chatted next of German Spas,  
Of Continental, English "P.B.'s,"  
And how our matchmaking Mamas  
Are scared by Transatlantic Hebes,  
How he with Royalties had graced  
The latest function—genial patrons—  
While Beauty, perched on barrows, raced  
Before the virtuous British matrons.

And then his compliments began  
To rain like drops of Frangipanni,  
A most insinuating man  
He was, this ancient DON GIOVANNI.  
You felt, if you could half believe,  
You'd but to word a whim to find it,  
You quite forgot he owned a sleeve,  
And several teeth to laugh behind it.

There may be kindness, lofty souls,  
Great Brains, and whatso ne'er grows older,  
Him the Material controls:  
He shrugs a sleek, good-natured shoulder.  
Time scatters dalliance, joy, and joke ;  
Your choicest vintage passes ; e'en your  
Supreme tobacco ends in smoke—  
And so will poor DON JUAN, Senior.

MRS. MALAPROP is much puzzled at the  
announcement that it is proposed to con-  
struct a new Tubercular Railway between  
England and France.

## SONGS BY A CYNIC.

LOVE.

WHAT'S Love, and all that Love can bring,  
Youth's earliest illusion :  
What tender words *she* used to sing,  
And blush with sweet confusion.  
How you would hang upon each word,  
When under spells of Cupid ;  
When half she said was most absurd,  
And all extremely stupid.

You loved her for her hair of gold,  
Unwitting that she dyed it ;  
She vowed her love could ne'er grow cold,  
Though Time had never tried it.  
Your worship came to such a pass,  
That, when you calmly view it,  
You feel you were an utter ass,  
Though then you never knew it.

What happened? Why, the usual thing :  
While round her you would linger,  
Her love was fragile as the ring  
You bought to grace her finger.  
She went off with another man,  
And so you had to sever :  
Thus women since the world began  
Have done, and will do ever.

## REVELATIONS OF A REVELLER.

I REVELLED at the Albert Hall, which last  
week was given up to a festival called "*The  
Coming Race*." I was there at the open-  
ing on Thursday, the 5th, when Princess  
BEATRICE, attended by her husband, Prince  
HENRY of Battenberg, declared the Bazaar  
open. A gay and festive scene. Here, there,  
and everywhere, Egyptian houses made of  
cardboard, containing stalls full of the most  
useful articles imaginable. On the dais, a  
number of sweet-faced ladies presenting  
purses (containing £3 3s. and upwards) to the  
Princess, who received them with an affa-  
bility which won the hearts of all beholders.  
On the floor of the building was a gaily-  
dressed throng, which included many a dis-  
tinguished person. The revelry continued for  
three days, and was, I trust, the means of  
obtaining funds for a charity which, no  
doubt, is most deserving of support. And  
here, I may say, I revelled so much at the  
Albert Hall, that I had no desire to revel  
anywhere else.

## FÊTE OR FATE?

OR, HOPPERS IN COVENT GARDEN, MARCH 4TH.

*(By Mr. Punch's Own Impressionist.)*

LIGHTS and bouquets—flush and flare—  
Motley medley—splash affair—  
Deft disguises—flute and fife—  
Half the world without his wife—  
Dominos, and masks, and faces—  
Graces three—and three Disgraces.  
Jacks-in-boxes—tambour-majors—  
Janes in office—ancient staggers—  
REYNOLDS' Duchess—Shepherdesses ;  
(Burlington) Arcadian tresses—  
Primrose damsels,—clowns and follies,—  
Organ-grinders—Flemish dollies—  
Macaronis, rather muddy,  
Of the central stud a study—  
England's mashers, Afro's dark sons—  
NATHAN's stock-in-trade and CLARKSON's—  
All costumes not apt the back to,  
Some of them inclined to crack too—  
Martyred revellers in upper  
Rooms, and singing for their supper.  
Bright confusion—many a mad hunt—  
Five o'clock—and wish I hadn't.

SOMETHING MARVELLOUS IN THE NINE-  
TEENTH CENTURY.—Revival of *Charles the  
First!!!* (at the Lyceum).





ALL-ROUND POLITICIANS. No. 2.—ARTHUR GOLFOUR.



## MR. JONATHAN AND MISS CANADA.

"WHAT are you doing, my pretty Maid?"  
 "I'm coming from voting, Sir," she said.  
 "May I question you, my pretty Maid?"  
 "Yes, if you please, kind Sir," she said.  
 "Who is your father, my pretty Maid?"  
 "JOHN BULL is my father, Sir," she said.  
 "And what is your fortune, my pretty Maid?"  
 "My race is my fortune, Sir," she said.  
 "Then I can't annex you, my pretty Maid!"  
 "Nobody axed you, Sir!" she said.

GIVING A LODGER NOTICE TO QUIT.—  
*Mr. Punch*, Perpetual Universal Grand Past, Present, and Future Master, congratulates H.R.H., Grand Master of English Freemasons, on his plucky and straightforward action with regard to the G. M. of Otago and Southland, New Zealand, who, having contravened the resolution of Grand Lodge, March 6, 1878, may now exclaim, in bitterness of spirit, "O for a Lodge in some vast Wilderness!" "for," says in effect, H.R.H., G.M., as the once frequently quoted Somebody observed to a person whose name was not Dr. FERGUSON, "you don't lodge here!"

RECIPROCITY.—"MACE," in *The Illustrated London News*, says, sweepingly:—"No Under-Secretary ever has any opinion of his own." Perhaps that is why the Public seldom has any opinion of an Under-Secretary!



## AMERICAN "COPYRIGHT BILL" IN A NEW PART.

"DIE, VILLAIN!"

"The extinction of literary piracy in America has been decreed."—*Times Leader*, March 6.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, March 2.*—Navy Estimates on to-night. Millions of money to be voted, and only fourteen Members present. One, it is true, is HARCOURT; so perhaps the most accurate enumeration of the aggregate would be fifteen.

"*Que diable allait-il faire dans ce jolly-beat?*" GEORGE HAMILTON asks, pausing for a moment in his incessant occupation of tearing up strips of paper to glance across table at portly figure reclining on Front Opposition Bench. Several Admirals and Captains have woken. Members generally have fled the burning deck. Even OLD MORALITY'S sense of duty to his Queen and Country cannot restrain his flight; but CARABIANCA HARCOURT still remains. A little provoking for the Old Salts descanting on Naval affairs to observe smile of pitying toleration with which he listens. Doesn't say they're all wrong, but smiles it. Even the voice of the Reverberating COLOMB falters when, glancing round the great gaps of empty Benches opposite, his eye falls on HARCOURT.

"Sir, I repeat," he said, quite angrily, though no one had contradicted him, "that during the period that has elapsed since commencement of the present reign, the revenue of the United Kingdom has increased only one-and-a-half times, while that of the outlying Empire has multiplied five-fold."

General admission that HARCOURT is a master in nearly every department of human knowledge. Up to to-night fondly thought that at least he knew nothing about the Navy. But he does; knows more than Admiral FIELD, or Admiral MAYNE, or even Colonel GOUBLEY. Presently rose and delivered slashing speech, laying low the Reverberating COLOMB as if he had been set up in the Place Vendôme; reviewing the British Fleet in masterly style; nimbly running up the mainmast and sighting Jerusalem and Madagascar, to the absolute confounding of the First Lord of the Admiralty.

"Well," said KERANS, drawing himself up to something more than his full height, "that's the most remarkable exhibition I ever heard, even from HARCOURT. We've nothing like it on our side.



Something more than his full height.

HOWORTH knows a thing or two, and HAMBURY isn't lacking in accomplishment; but for versatility, for profundity of knowledge, for readiness of grasp, whether the object be a lawyer's brief, a Chancellor of the Exchequer's ledger, the hilt of a sword, or the tiller of a ship, give me HARCOURT."

*Business done.*—Committee on the Navy Estimates.

*Tuesday.*—WOLMER asked OLD MORALITY what about the Fog? Couldn't something be done to lighten it, say by appointment of Royal Commission? OLD MORALITY beamed across House upon his young friend with expression of almost paternal solicitude. WOLMER is Whip of the allied force. What did he mean by suddenly springing this question on the First Lord of the Treasury? Was there more in it than met the eye? Had it something to do, however obscurely, with the maintenance of the Union?

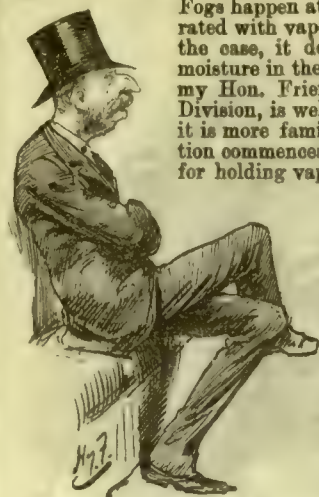
CHAMBERLAIN sat on the Front Bench opposite, staring straight into space with Sphinx-like countenance. HARTINGTON, with hat cunningly tipped over eyes, hid what secret may have lain far in their pellucid depths. HENRY JAMES became suddenly absorbed in the brown gaiters he has recently added to the graces of his personal appearance, in pathetic admission that the natural charms of youth are at length fading.

Nothing to be gained by the inspection. If the cause of the Union really was at stake, the springs of motive were hidden behind the smiling countenance of the Machiavellian WOLMER. The only thing to do, and it is quite foreign to the habits of OLD MORALITY, was to meet guile with guile. WOLMER's question, plain enough as it appeared in print on the prosaic Orders, was, "Will Her Majesty's Ministers consider the advisability of appointing a Royal Commission to examine and report how far the evil of Fog is one that may be mitigated by legislation?"

"Sir," said OLD MORALITY, rising to the occasion, "I have to assure my Noble Friend that Her Majesty's Government are, in common with other inhabitants of the Metropolis, extremely sensible of the serious injury, disturbance, and hardship inflicted by the increasing prevalence of fog. What, it may be asked, is the cause of the London fog? These fogs, which occur generally in the winter time, are occasioned thus: some current of air, being suddenly cooled, descends into the warm streets, forcing back the smoke in a mass towards the earth. But, my Noble Friend might ask, why are there not fogs every night? I will tell him, for this is a matter in which Her Majesty's Government have nothing to hide, or, I may add, to conceal. Our wish is to meet the convenience of Hon. Gentlemen in whatever part of the House they sit. Fogs—this I have no hesitation in stating—do not supervene without intermission on successive nights, because the air will always hold in solution a certain quantity of vapour which varies according to its temperature, and when the air is not saturated, it may be cooled without parting with its vapour. Yes, I know. My Right Hon. Friend, the Member



for West Birmingham, with his usual acumen—which I am sure we all recognise—asks me, In what circumstances do fogs occur at night? I am much obliged to him for reminding me of the point.



Fogs happen at night, when the air has been saturated with vapour during the day. When this is the case, it deposits some of its superabundant moisture in the form known in rural districts—as my Hon. Friend, the Member for the Bordesley Division, is well aware—as dew. In the Metropolis it is more familiar as fog. This process of deposition commences as soon as the capacity of the air for holding vapour is lessened by the coldness of advancing night. I think I have now answered the question of my Noble Friend fully, and, I trust, frankly. He will, I am sure, upon consideration, see that this is not a matter with which a Royal Commission could be expected successfully to cope, and, therefore, I may add, Her Majesty's Government do not, after full consideration of their duty to the QUEEN and Country, think it desirable to adopt the suggestion thrown out by my Noble Friend."

Feeling his Way through the Fog. remained very quiet for rest of sitting; told me at ten minutes to eleven he thought he was beginning to grasp OLD MORALITY'S meaning. "Yes," he added, with more cheerfulness, "I'm feeling my way through the fog."

*Business done.*—STANSFELD'S Franchise Resolution negatived by 291 Votes against 189.

*Thursday.*—In Lords to-night, three white figures fluttered down gently on to red Benches, like virgin flakes of snow. But, unlike snow, they didn't melt. On close examination, turned out to be three new Bishops; two of them old friends, with new titles.

"Like *Bottom*, translated," BRAMWELL growls.

Dr. MAGKE, walking out Bishop of Peterborough, comes back Archbishop of York. The ceremony of their installation not nearly so comic as that of ordinary Peers of Parliament. Garter King-at-Arms does not appear; nor Black Rod; nor is there any game of Follow-my-leader round the Benches.

"No, no," said the MARKISS, who Mr. G. quite unjustly says has no strain of reverence in his disposition, "that would never do. Must be careful with our Bishops."

So the three new-comers, having paid their respects to the LORD-CHANCELLOR, straightway took their seats on the Episcopal Bench, folded their hands over their surpliced knees, and lent an added air of peace and purity to the precincts.

DENMAN bustling about, weighed down with cares of State. Had promised to bring into Lords ATKINSON'S Muffin-Bell Bill, limiting duration of Speeches. But Bill stuck in the Commons, whilst ATKINSON turned his attention to his Dowagers Bill.

"ATKINSON'S a good fellow," said DENMAN. "Have sometimes thought an alliance between him and me, a sort of coalition

between two estates of the realm, might work great things. But I'm beginning to lose confidence in him. At certain periods of the lunar month he's too comprehensive in his legislative ambition. Why wasn't he content with his Muffin-Bell Bill? Why drag in the Dowager? These Dowagers, dear TORR, have, if I may say so—using the phrase strictly in Parliamentary sense—got their arms round the neck of my friend ATKINSON, and will pull him down. It's a pity, for I think, between us, we could have put things straight generally."

*Business done.*—Navy Estimates in Commons.

*Friday.*—PHILIPPE EGALITÉ very rarely troubles House with ordered speech. A good deal on his mind looking after JACOB, and keeping the Party straight. But his silence doesn't arise from incapacity to speak. This shown to-night in his speech on Railway



The Inflammable Liquor Bill.

Rates and Charges. Full of good matter, admirably delivered. After this, Dr. CLARK proposed to discuss Home Rule; but House didn't seem to care about it particularly. So at Half-past Eight was Counted Out. This was the chief *Business done*.

## THE FINE YOUNG GERMAN EMPEROR.

(A New Song to an Old Tune.)

I'LL sing to you a brand new song, made by a modern pate,  
Of a fine young German Emperor, an Oracle of State,  
Who kept up his autocracy at the bountiful old rate,  
With the aid of Socialism for the poor men at his gate;

This fine young German Emperor, all of the modern time.

His ancestors had "kept their fingers on the pulse of time"  
(He said), and he'd do ditto in a fashion more sublime;  
For, as BACON said of Nature, he who'd rule her must obey.  
And that with modern "tendency," is the new imperial way,  
Of this fine young German Emperor, &c.

He'd "mastered the new Spirit," which (how kind!) "he'd not  
Social reform or Education he'd not treat as foes, [oppose,"  
But keep step with the "Tendencies" which else might trip his  
toes,

And thus he'd "head the movement," and would lead it (by the  
This fine young German Emperor, &c. [nose?],

Now surely this is better far than all the old parade  
Of tyranny in mufti, and of greed in masquerade;  
And of this young German Emperor, whatever may be said,  
Or of his new vagaries, you'll allow *he knows his trade*,  
Does this fine young German Emperor, &c.

There were some who did not like it,—there are always such, one  
knows,

Who Ancient Order patronise, and Modern Style oppose.

Particularly one Old Man, who plainly did not see  
Laying down his long-held power, and submitting tranquilly  
To this fine young German Emperor, &c.

He was no CINCINNATUS, and he did not love the plough,  
So he talked, inspired the Papers, and, in fact, roused lots of row.  
For this man of Blood and Iron, when thus laid upon the shelf,  
Found that long control of others did *not* mean control of self,  
Or this fine young German Emperor, &c.

Then this fine young German Emperor, who aims to lead the dances,  
Has a very trying *vis-à-vis*, that fractious dame, *La France*,  
To keep step with that lady, without treading on her train,  
Would tax Terpsichore herself; *he* finds the effort vain;  
Does this fine young German Emperor, &c.

So this fine young German Emperor has got a stiffish task,  
That all his strength will occupy, and all his tact will task.  
Let us wish him patriot wisdom, and respect for Elder Fame,  
And then he'll give his country peace, and leave a noble name,  
This fine young German Emperor, all of the modern time!

## A ROUGH CROSSING.

THAT military-looking gentleman, with his arm in a sling, and his head covered with bandages, has, I suppose, just returned from fighting the Dacoits in Upper Burmah?

I certainly *am* surprised when you inform me that he has only tried to cross a London street in a fog.

Do you really mean to say that the vehicle that just thundered past at twenty miles an hour, in the mist, was *not* a fire-engine, but only a covered Van?

Yes, I believe it is a fact that special beds in all the Hospitals are now reserved for Van-victims.

Of course it is difficult for a man in the Van to look to the Rear; still he need not swoop down on pedestrians quite so much like a highwayman, saying, "Your collar-bone or your life!"

If things go on as they are now doing, every covered Van will have to carry its own Surgeon and ambulance about with it.

What is that crowd for, and why is somebody shouting angrily? Oh, I suppose the old gentleman, who has been run over by the Coal-wagon and is lying bleeding on the asphalt, is remonstrating with the driver?

What? Can it really be the case that the driver is abusing the old gentleman for his stupidity in getting in his way?

I have heard that the Insurance Companies now insert in their policies a condition forbidding the crossing of any street in London, except under police escort.

And, finally, as nearly six thousand persons were run down in the streets of the Capital last year, is it not almost time that something were done to check the Van Mazeppa-Juggernaut in his wild career?



## MY LADY.

SHE is not fair to outward view  
As many maidens be;  
(And into such a rage she flew  
On learning this from me:)  
And yet she's lovely, may divine,  
Judged by her own peculiar line.  
She's deeply read. She knows as  
much  
As average sixth-form boys;  
But not the greatest sage could  
touch  
The high, aggressive joys [prey,  
That imp her wing, like bird of  
When in my dates I go astray.

Not only learning's pure serene  
Her soaring mind can charm;  
The tradesman, shrinking from a  
Regards her with alarm, [scene,  
And many a 'bus conductor owns  
The pow'r of her metallic tones.  
Contentiously content, she takes  
Her strident way through life,  
And goodness only knows what  
makes  
Her choose to be my wife.  
Courage, poor heart! Thy yearn-  
ings stifle.  
She's not a girl with whom to trifle.

## KENSINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

I.

INSTEAD of the Sub-Kensington Gardens Railway scheme as proposed, why not a Sub-Serpentine Line? Start it from the South



Kensington Station, District-cum - Metropolitan system, run it with one station well-underground in the middle of Exhibition Road, whence an easy ascent to the Imperial Exhibition, when passengers would come up to "carp the vital airs," then right away again, branching off left and right, thus bringing the mild Southerners into rapid, easy communication, at all reasonable hours, and at reasonable prices, with the rugged denizens of the Northern districts, East and West. If Kensington Gardens are to be touched at all—and, not being sacred groves, there is no reason why they should not be, *faute de mieux*—a transverse tunnelling from Kensington High Street to Queen's Road would do the trick. We will be happy to render any assistance in our power, and are,—Yours truly,  
WILL HONEYCOMB, MOLE, FERRET & CO.,  
(Burrow-Knights.)

II.

O SIR,—Please don't let us ave 'no nasty railwaies and tunels in Kinsinton Gardins, were we now are so skuldud, and the childern can play about, an no danger from nothink sep dogs, wich is mosley musseled, or led with a string, an we ain't trubbled about them, an can ave a word to say to a friend, or a cuzzin, you unnerstan, unner the treeses, so nice an quite, wich it wold not be wen disterbd by ingins, an smoke, skreeges, an steem-wizzels. O, Mr. P., don't let um do it.  
Yours obeegentleee,  
SARA JANE,  
(Unner Nursrymade.)

III.

SIR,—The Railway underneath Kensington Gardens won't be noticed if only taken down deep enough below the surface. No blow-holes, of course. No disfigurement. Take it under the centre path, where there are no trees, then turn to the left outside the gate and burrow away to S. Kensington Station. I can then get across the park in three minutes for a penny; and now I have to walk, for which I haven't the time, or take a cab, for which I haven't the money.  
Yours,  
A PRACTICAL PAUPER.

IV.

SIR,—I take this opportunity of pointing out that if anything at all is to be done with Kensington Gardens, why not make a real good Rotten Row there? That would be a blessing and a convenience. We're all so sick and tired of that squirrel-in-a-cage ride, round and round Hyde Park, and that half-and-half affair in St James's Park. No, Sir; now's the time, and now's the hour. There's plenty of space for all equestrian wants, without interfering with the sylvan delights of nurserymaids, children, lovers of nature, and all sorts of lovers too. For my part, if this is not put forward as an alternative scheme, I shall vote for tunnelling under the Gardens out of simple cussedness. If the reply, authoritatively given, be that the two schemes can go and must go together, then I will vote for both, only let's have the equestrian arrangement first.  
Yours,  
JOHN TROT, JR.,  
Captain 1st Lights and Liver Brigade.

## THE TRIUMPH OF BLACK AND WHITE.

"AFTER all, the best of KEENE's life-work is to be found in the innumerable cuts which he contributed to *Punch* during a period of nearly forty years; and still more in the originals of these the masterly pen-and-ink drawings which are now for the first time shown in a collected form to the Public."

So says Mr. CLAUDE PHILLIPS, in his "Prefatory Note," to the "Catalogue of a Collection of Drawings of the late CHARLES KEENE," now on view at the Rooms of the Fine Arts Society, 148, New Bond Street.

If the British Public possess that "taste for Art" and that "sense of humour" which some claim for and others deny to it, it (the B. P.) will throng the comfortable and well-lighted Gallery in New Bond Street, where hang some hundreds of specimens of the later work of the most unaffected humorist, and most masterly "Black-and-White" artist of his time. Walk up, Ladies and Gentlemen, and see—such miracles of delineation, such witcheries of effect, as were never before put on paper by simple pen-and-ink!

It is difficult to realise sometimes that it is pen and ink, and that only—all the delightful display of fresh English landscape and unsophisticated British humanity, teeming with effects of distance, hints of atmosphere, and suggestions of colour. Many a much-belauded brush is but a fumbling and ineffective tool, compared with the ink-charged crowquill handled by CHARLES KEENE. Look at "Grandiloquence!" (No. 220.) There's composition! There's effect! Stretch of sea, schooner, PAT's petty craft, grandiloquent PAR himself, a nautical Colossus astride on his own cock-boat, with stable sea-legs firmly dispread, the swirl of the sea, the swish of the waves, the very whiff of the wind so vividly suggested!—and all in some few square inches of "Black-and-White!"

Look, again, at the breadth of treatment, the power of humorous characterisation, the strong charm of *technique*, the colour, the action, the marvellous ease and accuracy of street perspective in No. 16 ("The Penny Toy!"). Action? Why, you can see the old lady jump, let alone the frog! Fix your eye on the frightened dame's foot, and you'll swear it jerks in time to the leap of the "horrid reptile."

Or at that vivid bit of London "hoarding," and London low life, and London street-distance in "Andicapped!" (No. 25.) Good as is the "gaol-bird," is not the wonderfully real "hoarding" almost better?

Who now can draw—or, for that matter, *paint*—such a shopkeeper, such a shop, such a child customer as those in "All Alive!" (No. 41), where the *Little Girl* a-tip-toe with a wedge of cheap "Cheddar" at the counter, comes down upon him of the apron with the crusher. "Oh, mother's sent back this piece o' cheese, 'cause father says if he wants any bait when he's goin' a fishin', he can dig 'em up in our garden!"

Are you a fisherman, reader? Then will you feel your angling as well as your artistic heart warmed by No. 75 ("The Old Adam") and No. 6 ("Wet and Dry"), the former especially! What water, what Scotch boys, what a "prencipled" (but piscatorial) "Mee-nister"! Don't you feel your elbow twitch? Don't you want to snatch the rod from SANDY McDUGGAL's hand, and land that "fush" yourself, Sawbath or no Sawbath?

But, bless us, one wants to describe, and praise, and purchase them all! A KEENE drawing, almost any KEENE drawing, is "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever" to everyone who has an eye for admirable art and adorable drollery. And good as is the fun of these drawings, the graphic force, and breadth, and delicacy, and freshness, and buoyancy, and breeziness, and masterly ease, and miraculous open-airiness, and general delightfulness of them, are yet more marked and marvellous. Time would fail to tell a tithe of their merits. An essay might be penned on any one of them—might, but fate forbid it should be, unless a sort of artistic CHARLES LAMB could take the task in hand. Better far go again to New Bond Street and pass another happy hour or two with the ruddy rustics and 'cute cockneys, the Scotch elders and Anglican curates, the stodgy "Old Gents" and broad-backed, bunohy middle-class matrons, the paunchy port-swiggling-buffers, and hungry but alert street-boys, the stertorous cabbies, and chatty 'bus-drivers, the "festive" diners-out and wary waiters, the Volunteers and *vauriens*, the Artists and 'Arries, the policemen and sportsmen, amidst the incomparable street scenes, and the equally inimitable lanes, coppices, turnip-fields and stubbles, green glades and snow-bound country roads of wonderful, ever-delightful, and—for his comrades and the Public alike—all-too-soon-departed CHARLES KEENE!

Nothing really worthy of his astonishing life-work, of even that part of it exhibited here, could be written within brief compass, even by the most appreciative, admiring, and art-loving of his sorrowing friends or colleagues. Let the British Public go to New Bond Street, and see for itself, in the very hand-work of this great artist, what he made manifest during so many years in the pages of *Punch*, namely, the supreme triumph of "Black-and-White" in the achievements of its greatest master.



## KING STORK AND KING LOG.

AN OLD FABLE REVERSED.



THE Frogs, who lived a free and easy life  
 (As in the ancient fable)  
 Though not quite clear from internecine strife,  
 Fancied they were well able  
 To do *without* a King. Batrachian wisdom  
 Disdains the rule of fageydom and quizardom,  
 And Frogs as soon would take to bibs and  
 corals,  
 As ask a "King who might inspect their  
 morals"  
 From Jupiter. Then 'twas *Juventus Mundi*;  
 The true King-maker now is—Mrs. GRUNDY,

And *she* insisted that our modern Frogs  
 Should have a King—the woodenest of King  
 Logs.  
 At first this terrified our Frogs exceedingly,  
 And, sometimes passionately, sometimes  
 pleadingly,  
 They grumbled and protested;  
 But finding soon how placidly Log rested  
 Prone in the pool with mighty little motion,  
 Of danger they abandoned the wild notion,  
 Finding it easy for a Frog to jog  
 On with a kind King Log.

But in the fulness of the time, there came  
 A would-be monarch—Legion his fit name;  
 A Plebs-appointed Autocrat, Stork-throated,  
 Goggle-eyed, Paul-Pry-coated;  
 A poking, peering, pompous, petty creature,  
 A Bumble-King, with beak for its chief  
 [feature].  
 This new King Stork,  
 With a fierce, fussy appetite for work;  
 Not satisfied with fixing like a vice  
 Authority on Town and Country Mice,  
 Tried to extend his sway to pools and bogs,  
 And rule the Frogs!



But modern Frogdom, which had champions  
Had read old Æsop's fable, [able,  
And of King Stork's appearance far from  
amorous,

Croaked forth a chorus clamorous  
Of resonant rebellion. These, upreared  
On angry legs, waved arms that nothing  
feared;

King Log defending. Great CRAUGASIDES,  
Among batrachian heroes first with ease,  
With ventriloquial vehemence defied  
The long-beaked base usurper. At his side  
His fond companion, PHYSGNATHUS 'swelled  
Cheeks humorously defiant;

The ruddy giant  
CRAMBOPHAGUS, as tall as is a Tree,  
Flouted King Stork with gestures fierce and  
free,

Sleek CALAMINTHIUS, aper deft of eld,  
Against the foe a pungent dart impelled;

HYDROCHARIS too, [brave  
(Most Terrible to view),  
Fared to the front, whilst smaller, yet as  
Tiny batrachian brethren, dusk of hue,  
PRASSOPHAGUS, PRASSEUS, staunch and true,

Webbed hands did wildly wave  
With the frog-host against the beaky bird—  
"He be our King?" they loudly cried.  
"Absurd!

"Not Mercury, nor Jupiter we beg  
For a devouring despot, lank of leg,  
Of prying eye, and frog-transfixing beak;  
Though singly we seem weak,  
United we are strong to smite or scoff.  
Off, would-be tyrant, off!!!"

CHURCH AND STAGE.—Let no rabid Church-  
men, of any school of thought, ever again take  
exception to the irreligious character of play-  
house entertainments. Let them read the  
advertisement of the Lyceum Theatre in *The  
Times* for March 13:—"During Holy Week  
this theatre will be closed, re-opening on  
Saturday, March 28, with *The Bells*, which  
will also be played on Easter Monday night."  
Could any arrangement be more thoroughly  
in harmony with general ecclesiastical prac-  
tice? Any liturgical student knows that the  
bells are played once on Holy Saturday, and  
that they should be played on Easter Monday  
is a matter of course.

#### TRACKS FOR THE TIMES.

[A Magistrate has just decided that the Police  
have a right to interfere with the growing practice  
of using the public roads of the Metropolis at night-  
time as running-grounds for athletes.]

I come from haunts of smoke and grime,  
I start in some blind alley,  
And race each night against Old Time  
Enthusiastically!

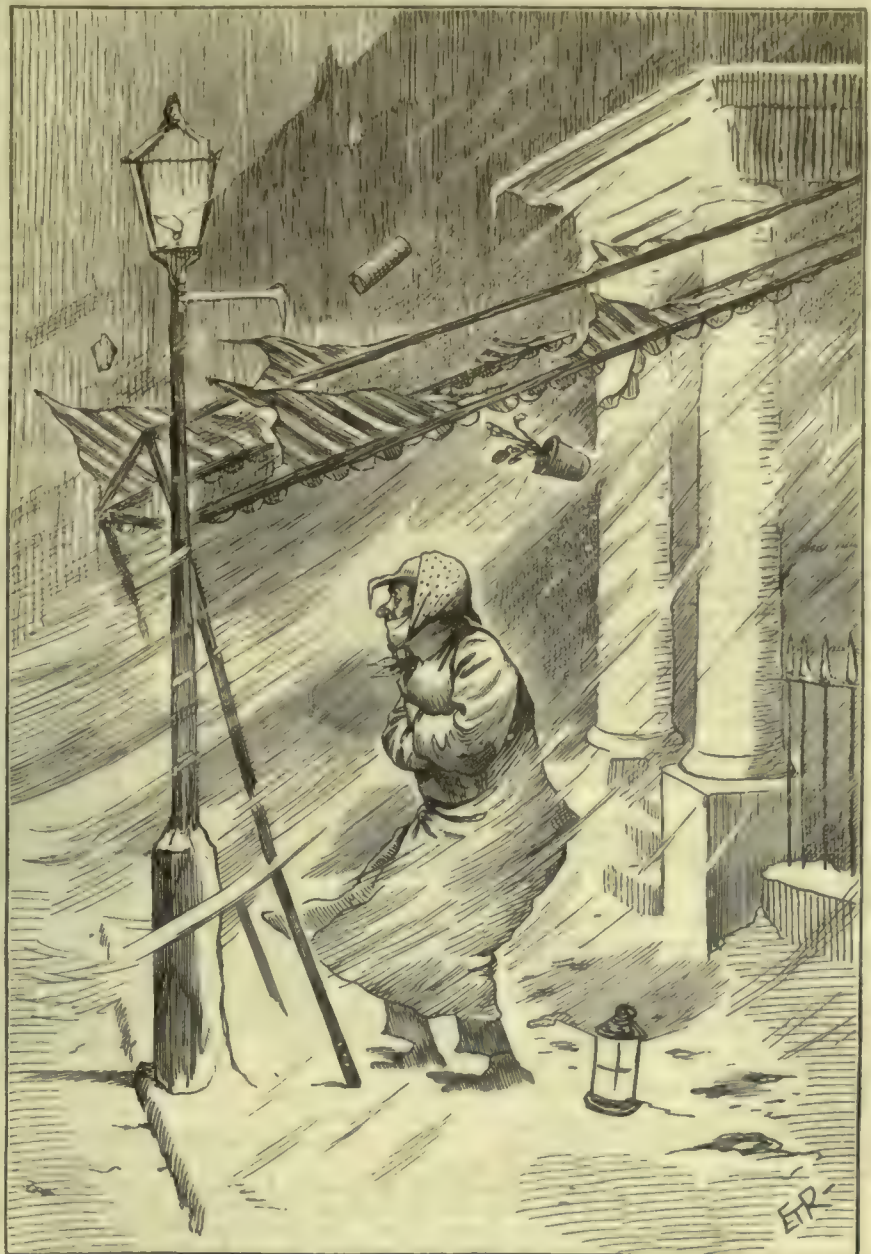
I dodge past frightened City gents,  
And sometimes send them flying,  
Which makes them cherish sentiments  
Not wholly edifying.

I wind about, and in and out,  
Along the crowded pavement,  
While here and there the mockers flout  
My costume and behaviour.

I slip, I slide, I flash, I flee  
Amid the teeming traffic,  
And drivers often use to me  
Idioms extremely graphic.

I murmur when a Lawyer's view  
Absurdly tries to hinder  
My turning public roads into  
A private path of cinder.

Yet still to "spurt," agile, alert,  
Shall be my one endeavour;  
For Cits may stare, and Jehus swear,  
But I run on for ever!



#### THE BLIZZARD.

MRS. SELDOM-FESTIVE "AT HOME" (AND THE BEST PLACE TOO!), MARCH 9, 1891.  
(10 to 1 Nobody turns up.)

#### A DIARY OF DOVER.

March, 1891.—Fearful storm in the Channel, when the *Victoria* is all but lost. Proposals  
in all the newspapers for the immediate commencement of an adequate harbour.

April, 1892.—Hurricane in the Channel, when seventeen ships are lost, and the  
Club Train Boat (without passengers) is carried, high and dry, as far as Amiens,  
by the force of the weather. Renewed suggestions for the immediate building of an  
adequate harbour.

May, 1893.—Cyclone in the Channel, in which the British Fleet disappears. The news-  
papers once more urge the immediate commencement of the proposed adequate harbour.

June, 1894.—Disaster in the Channel. Every single vessel swamped, owing to the  
terrific weather. Again the Press invites commencement of an adequate harbour.

July, 1895.—Members of both Houses of Parliament, invited to take part in a State  
function at Calais, having been put to considerable inconvenience, immediate orders are  
given for the prompt commencement of the much-needed adequate harbour at Dover.

August, 19—.—Proposed adequate harbour having employed the hands, night and day,  
of thousands of workmen, at enormous expense (owing to urgent pressure), is at length opened  
to the public, amidst universal rejoicing.



## MR. PUNCH'S POCKET IBSEN.

(Condensed and Revised Version by Mr. P.'s Own Harmless Ibsenile.)

## No. I.—ROSMERSHÖLM.

## ACT I.

*Sitting-room at Rosmersholm, with a stove, flower-stand, windows, ancient and modern ancestors, doors, and everything handsome about it. REBECCA WEST is sitting knitting a large antimacassar which is nearly finished. Now and then she looks out of a window, and smiles and nods expectantly to someone outside. Madam HELSETH is laying the table for supper.*

*Rebecca (folding up her work slowly). But tell me precisely, what about this White Horse?*

*Madam Helseth. Lord forgive you, Miss!—(fetching cruet-stand, and placing it on table)—but you're making fun of me!*

*Rebecca (gravely). No, indeed. Nobody makes fun at Rosmersholm. Mr. ROSMER would not understand it. (Shutting window.) Ah, here is Rector KROLL. (Opening door.) You will stay to supper, will you not, Rector, and I will tell them to give us some little extra dish.*

*Kroll (hanging up his hat in the hall). Many thanks. (Wipes his boots.) May I come in? (Comes in, puts down his stick, sits down, and looks about him.) And how do you and ROSMER get on together, eh?*

*Reb. Ever since your sister, BEATA, went mad and jumped into the mill-race, we have been as happy as two little birds together. (After a pause, sitting down in arm-chair.) So you don't really mind my living here all alone with ROSMER? We were afraid you might, perhaps.*

*Kroll. Why, how on earth—on the contrary, I shouldn't object at all if you—(looks at her meaningly)—h'm!*

*Reb. (interrupting, gravely). For shame, Rector; how can you make such jokes!*

*Kroll (as if surprised). Jokes? We do not joke in these parts—but here is ROSMER.*

*[Enter ROSMER, gently and softly.]*

*Rosmer. So, my dear old friend, you have come again, after a year's absence. (Sits down.) We almost thought that—*

*Kroll (nods). So Miss WEST was saying—but you are quite mistaken. I merely thought I might remind you, if I came, of our poor BEATA's suicide, so I kept away. We Norwegians are not without our simple tact.*

*Rosmer. It was considerate—but unnecessary. REB—I mean, Miss WEST and I often allude to the incident, do we not?*

*Reb. (strikes Tändstickor). Oh, yes, indeed. (Lighting lamp.) Whenever we feel a little more cheerful than usual.*

*Kroll. You dear good people! (Wanders up the room.) I came because the Spirit of Revolt has crept into my School. A Secret Society has existed for weeks in the Lower Third! To-day it has come to my knowledge that a booby-trap was prepared for me by the hand of my own son, LAURITS, and I then discovered that a hair has been inserted in my cane by my daughter HILDA! The only way in which a right-minded Schoolmaster can combat this anarchic and subversive spirit is to start a newspaper, and I thought that you, as a weak, credulous, inexperienced and impressionable kind of man, were the very person to be the Editor.*

*[REB. laughs softly, as if to herself. ROSMER jumps up and sits down again.]*

*Reb. (with a look at Rosmer). Tell him now!*

*Rosmer (returning the look). I can't—some other evening. Well, perhaps—(To KROLL.) I can't be your Editor—because (in a low voice) I—I am on the side of LAURITS and HILDA!*

*Kroll (looks from one to the other, gloomily). H'm!*

*Rosmer. Yes. Since we last met, I have changed my views. I am going to create a new democracy, and awaken it to its true task of making all the people of this country noblemen, by freeing their wills, and purifying their minds!*

*Kroll. What do you mean?*

*[Takes up his hat.]*

*Rosmer (bowing his head). I don't quite know, my dear friend; it was REB—I should say, Miss WEST's scheme.*

*Kroll. H'm! (A suspicion appears in his face.) Now I begin to believe that what BEATA said about schemes—no matter. But, under the circumstances, I will not stay to supper.*

*[Takes up his stick, and walks out.]*

*Rosmer. I told you he would be annoyed. I shall go to bed now.*

*I don't want any supper. [He lights a candle, and goes out; presently his footsteps are heard overhead, as he undresses. REBECCA pulls a bell-rope.]*

*Reb. (to Madam HELSETH, who enters with dishes.) No, Mr. ROSMER will not have supper to-night. (In a lighter tone.) Perhaps he is afraid of the nightmare. There are so many sorts of White Horses in this world!*

*Mad. H. (shaking). Lord! lord! that Miss WEST—the things she does say! [REB. goes out through door, knitting antimacassar thoughtfully, as Curtain falls.]*

## ACT II.

*ROSMER'S study. Doors and windows, bookshelves, a writing-table.*

*Door, with curtain, leading to ROSMER'S bedroom. ROSMER discovered in a smoking-jacket cutting a pamphlet with a paper-knife. There is a knock at the door. ROSMER says, "Come in." REBECCA enters in a morning wrapper and curl-papers. She sits on a chair close to ROSMER, and looks over his shoulder as he cuts the leaves. Rector KROLL is shown up.*

*Kroll (lays his hat on the table and looks at REB. from head to foot). I am really afraid that I am in the way.*

*Reb. (surprised). Because I am in my morning wrapper and curl-papers? You forget that I am emancipated, Rector KROLL.*

*[She leaves them and listens behind curtain in ROSMER'S bedroom.]*

*Rosmer. Yes, Miss WEST and I have worked our way forward in faithful comradeship.*

*Kroll (shakes his head at him slowly). So I perceive. Miss WEST is naturally inclined to be forward. But, I say, really you know—However, I came to tell you that poor BEATA was not so mad as she looked, though flowers did bewilder her so. (Taking off his gloves meaningly.) She jumped into the mill-race because she had an idea that you ought to marry Miss WEST!*

*Rosmer (jumps half up from his chair). I? Marry—Miss WEST! my good gracious, KROLL! I don't understand, it is most incomprehensible. (Looks fixedly before him.) How can people—(looks at him for a moment, then rises.) Will you get out? (Still quiet and self-restrained.) But first tell me why you never mentioned this before?*

*Kroll. Why? Because I thought you were both orthodox, which made all the difference. Now I know that you side with LAURITS and HILDA, and mean to make the democracy into noblemen, and accordingly I intend to make it hot for you in my paper.*

*Good morning! [He slams the door with spite as REBECCA enters from bed-room.]*

*Rosmer (as if surprised). You—in my bedroom! You have been listening, dear? But you are so emancipated. Ah, well! so our pure and beautiful friendship has been misinterpreted, bespattered! Just because you wear a morning wrapper, and have lived here alone for a year, people with coarse souls and ignoble eyes make unpleasant remarks! But what really did drive BEATA mad? Why did she jump into the mill-race? I'm sure we did everything we could to spare her! I made it the business of my life to keep her in ignorance of all our interests—didn't I, now?*

*Reb. You did—but why brood over it? What does it matter? Get on with your great, beautiful task, dear, (approaching him cautiously from behind), winning over minds and wills, and creating noblemen, you know—joyful noblemen!*

*Rosmer (walking about, restlessly, as if in thought). Yes, I know. I have never laughed in the whole course of my life—we ROSMERS don't—and so I felt that spreading gladness and light, and making the democracy joyful, was properly my mission. But now—I feel too upset to go on, REBECCA, unless—(Shakes his head heavily.) Yes, an idea has just occurred to me—(looks at her, and then runs his hands through his hair)—oh, my goodness, no—I can't.*

*[He leans his elbows on table.]*

*Reb. Be a free man to the full, ROSMER—tell me your idea. Rosmer (gloomily). I don't know what you'll say to it. It's this. Our platonic comradeship was all very well while I was peaceful and happy. Now that I'm bothered and badgered, I feel—why, I can't exactly explain, but I do feel that I must oppose a new and living reality to the gnawing memories of the past. I should, perhaps, explain that this is equivalent to an Ibsenian proposal.*



*Reb. (catches at the chairback with joy). How? at last—a rise at last! (Recollects herself.) But what am I about? Am I not an emancipated enigma? (Puts her hands over her ears as if in terror.) What are you saying? You mustn't. I can't think what you mean. Go away, do!*

*Rosmer (softly). Be the new and living reality. It is the only way to put BEATA out of the Saga. Shall we try it?*

*Reb. Never! Do not—do not ask me why—for I haven't a notion—but never! (Nods slowly to him and rises.) White Horses would not induce me! (With her hand on door-handle.) Now you know!*

*[She goes out.]*

*Rosmer (sits up, stares thunderstruck at the stove, and says to himself). Well—I am—*

*[Quick Curtain.]*

*[The remaining two Acts of this subtle psychological study unavoidably held over.]*

## "KEEP YOUR HARE ON!"

IN not following the advice given in the headline to this article, clever Mr. PINERO has made a mistake. *Lady Bountiful* with only a very little HARE is a disappointment. The majority of those who go to "Hare's Theatre" (they don't speak of it as "The Garrick")



Hare's Theatre.

go to see the Lessee and Manager in a new part: and they go to see a lot of him: they don't ask merely for a small piece of HARE, if you please, though they might be satisfied with HARE in a small piece. Everyone goes expecting to see him in a good part in a good Comedy, his good part being equal to the better part of the whole entertainment; and if they don't so see him, they are disappointed. Why was Mr. GRUNDR's happy translation of *Les Oiseaux* peculiarly successful? because it was a light, fresh, and pretty piece, wherein the occasional phrase in a minor key was so artistically introduced as to be a relish to our enjoyment of the humour of the characters and of the situations; but all this would have gone for comparatively little had it not been for the excellence of Mr. HARE's rendering of the first-rate part of *Goldfinch*, which did not consist of occasional flashes, only to collapse and disappear in the penultimate Act, but continued right through to the end, dominating everything and everybody. This is not so with *Lady Bountiful*. The appearance of *Roderick Heron*, who is no creation of the Author's, as he admits, but merely *Mr. Skimpole* under another name, raises hopes at the commencement, which are blighted long before the finish. The part gutters out, as does Mr. CHARLES GROVE's *John Veale*, another "promise of spring." Young Mr. GILBERT HARE makes a most creditable first appearance as *Sir Lucian Brent*. He is easy and natural.

For the greater part of the educated audience, it might have been more useful if *Sir Richard Philliter, Q.C.*, had gone about with an old Eton Latin Grammar in his pocket, instead of a *Horace*; and if Miss KATE RORKE had divided with him the quotation, "*Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit.*" He, being rejected, might have commenced, "*Nemo mortalium,*" and she might have continued, "*omnibus horis;*" then, both together, "*sapit.*" Or when she had snubbed him, he might have made some telling remark about "*Verbum personale,*" and so forth. The introduction of a quotation from *Horace* is likely rather to be resented than appreciated by the victims of a superior education. What a bad quarter of an hour or so Paterfamilias will have when Materfamilias asks him for the translation of these lines from *Horace*? Poor Pater will pretend not to have "quite caught them;" or "not been attending;" but to himself he will own how entirely he has forgotten his Latin, and perhaps he will make a good resolution to himself to "look up his *Horace* again." Then the learned young lady will be asked by her Mamma, or by her sharp young bothering sister, "what that Latin means," and though she might be able to construe it when she sees it, to translate it offhand at one hearing is a difficulty, and she will evade the question by saying, "Please, don't talk! I want to listen to the piece."

The youth in the Stalls, fresh from college or school, will be about as much equal to the translation offhand as is young *Sir Lucian Brent* when asked by Mr. CATHCART to give the meaning of the Latin on the ancient brasses in the old church, and they won't thank you for bringing school studies into playtime. On the whole, nothing is gained by this Dr. Panglossian introduction of Latin quotation; it doesn't help the action, nor emphasise a character, nor does it strengthen a situation, to bring in even the most appropriate lines which are not "in a language understood of the people." *Sir Richard Philliter, Q.C.*, might be known in private life to his friends as *Sir HORACE DAVUS (Non Œdipus)*. Mr. CATHCART's *Pedgrift*, parish clerk and sexton, is an excellent little character-sketch, as is also that of *Mrs. Hornutt*, the pew-opener.

As for Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON and Miss KATE RORKE, they

seemed to me to be what the author had made them—i.e., stagey. Miss DOLORES DRUMMOND, as *Mrs. Veale*, is very good, and Miss MARIE LINDEN, except in one stagey bit in the Third Act, plays with great care and judgment. The interior of the old country church (Act III.) is a masterpiece of scenic art and stage arrangement,—a perfect picture by Mr. W. HARTFORD. I wish I could say the same of the dénouement of the interrupted marriage, which strongly reminded me of a pictorial heading to some exciting chapter in a penny novelette or *The London Journal*. It is a very weak finish, and not strengthened or improved in any way by the line *Sir Richard Philliter, Q.C.*, has to say, on which the Curtain descends. And what does everybody exclaim afterwards? Simply, "Why there's nothing for HARE to do in it. We thought we should see him again, and that he would come out all right at last." That's the feeling. They can't bear the idea of their favourite first-class Comedian being a sordid, swindling old villain, unless the character be exceptionally amusing. *Lady Bountiful* might be termed "A bald piece," because it has so little HARE.

## THE BOAT-RACE TEN YEARS HENCE!

*(When no doubt it will be conducted on strictly scientific principles.)*

THE crews were met together on the day fixed for the event in the Council Room of the Combined Universities Barge moored at Putney. Fifteen of the athletes wore the usual training mufti, which contrasted strongly with the garb of the sixteenth—a complete suit of flannels. "To quote our ancestors—'Why this thushness?'" asked the Camford Stroke, as he recognised one of his own men in this strange apparel.

"Why not?" replied the other; "surely we are not going to pull in tweeds?"

"We are not going to pull at all," explained the leader of the Oxbridge Eight, courteously; "I think we can manage the matter in a more satisfactory fashion. It was all very well in the Nineties to race in real earnest, but now that we have reached the Twentieth Century our civilisation teaches something better."

"Certainly!" returned the Camford Stroke; "and I think we had better get at once to business. Who has the sworn information of our respective coaches?"

"I have," replied the Hon. Solicitor to the rival Boating Clubs; "and, if you will allow me, I will produce them—or rather it, for the coaches have affirmed jointly."

All present bowing acquiescence, the man of law, putting on his spectacles, and opening a brief-bag, produced a document, and read as follows:—

"It is our opinion that Oxbridge, as the heavier crew, has an advantage over Camford, which is only lessened, and certainly not entirely removed, by the better training of the latter. Moreover, the steering of the Oxbridge coxswain is infinitely preferable to the steering of his rival. The times of the various trials, too, have in every instance given a distinct advantage to Oxbridge. Again, they have a better boat. So, given fine weather, the result is a foregone conclusion. Oxbridge must win, although no doubt Camford would make a good fight for it, and come in a respectable second."

"I suppose we may add, 'barring accidents'?" suggested the Camford Stroke, with rather a forced laugh.

"Sir!" exclaimed the Hon. Solicitor, with some severity. "In a company of gentlemen like those present, accidents always are barred!"

"Quite so," admitted the Camford champion, "and I suppose our committee of the latest Senior Wrangler and the youngest Double First have considered what I may call the atmospheric conditions under which the race would have taken place?"

"Yes, Sir, we have, and those conditions are all unfavourable to the success of Camford," was the ready reply.

"Then I think we have but one more thing to do—to give three hearty cheers for our opponents," said the Oxbridge Stroke, and a minute later the rafters rang with loud applause.

"But why shouldn't we have rowed it out?" asked the gentleman in flannels—he was a Freshman—a little later. "Surely that would have been more satisfactory."

"Not at all," was the reply. "The plan is merely a survival of the fittest!" and his answer afforded general satisfaction.

Shelley Revised.

Most rhyming men  
Are cradled into poetry by fashion,  
And learn as formula what they print as passion.

THE *Development of Africa*, by A. S. WHITE, is advertised. This is White on Black, and no player in hand. It should be immediately followed by *Black on White*, or *Who takes the Pool?* Exciting match, with one life each.





### CONFUSION WORSE CONFOUNDED.

Jones. "CON-FOUND IT ALL! SOMEBODY'S TAKEN MY HAT, AND LEFT THIS FILTHY, BEASTLY, SHABBY OLD THING INSTEAD!"  
Brown. "A—I BEG YOUR PARDON, BUT THAT HAPPENS TO BE MY HAT!"

### KEPT IN THE STABLE.

*Head Groom B-l-f-r loq. :-*

KEPT in! Yes, by thunder! Be't prudences or blunder,  
Gov's fondness for *Tithe*, or bad weather, or what,  
You're kept in the stable, though fit, ay, and able  
To lead the whole field and to win by a lot.  
A hunter I never bestrode half as clever!

*Tithe*? Pooh! He's not in it, my beauty, with you.  
You've breed, style, and mettle, and look in rare fettle.  
If I had to settle, you know what I'd do!

These gentlemen-riders deem all are outsiders  
Save them; as if gent ever made A 1 jock!  
Ah! ADAM L. GORDON,\* poor chap, had a word on  
Such matters. I'll warrant he sat like a rock,  
And went like a blizzard. Yes, beauty, it is hard  
To eat off your head in the stable like this.  
Too long you have idled; but wait till you're bridled!  
The hunt of the season I swear you won't miss.

It has been hard weather, although, beauty, whether  
'Tis that altogether your chance that postponed,  
Or whether Boss BOLLY committed a folly—  
No matter! A comelier crack he ne'er owned,  
Although 'tis I say it who shouldn't. The way it  
Has snowed and has frozen may be his excuse;  
But when you're once started, deer-limbed, lion-hearted,  
I warrant, my beauty, you'll go like the deuce.

"A lean head and fiery, strong quarters, and wiry,  
A loin rather light, but a shoulder superb,"  
That's GORDON's description of *Iseult*. (All whip shun  
When riding such rattlers, and trust to the curb.)  
That mare was your sort, lad. I guess there'll be sport, lad,  
When you make strong running, and near the last jump.  
And you, when extended, look "bloodlike and splendid."  
Ah! poor LINDSAY GORDON was sportsman and trump.

\* ADAM LINDSAY GORDON, the ardent, horse-loving Australian poet.

I see your aleek muzzle in front! It will puzzle  
Your critics, my boy, to pick holes in you then:  
There's howling "*HISTORICUS*,"—he's but a sorry cuss!  
Weg, too, that grandest of all grand old men;  
He's ridden some races; of chances and paces,  
Of crocks *versus* cracks he did ought to be judge.  
He sees you are speedy; when MORLEY sneers "*Weedy*,"  
Or LAB doubts your staying, WEG knows it's all fudge!

We're biding our time, lad. Your fettle is prime, lad;  
Though we're frost-bound now, open weather must come,  
At least after Easter; and, beauty, *when* we stir,  
And forge to the front, lad, we'll just make things hum.  
In spite of much ruction concerning Obstruction,  
I wish—in a *whisper*—we'd started before,  
And, forcing the running, discarding all cunning,  
Romped in—as we will—'midst a general roar!

### MORE IBSENITY.

*GHOSTS* at the Royalty. "Alas, poor Ghosts!" A shady piece.  
"No money taken at the doors" on this occasion, which is making a  
virtue of necessity. This being the case, *Ghosts* was, and if played  
again will, be witnessed by an audience mainly composed of "*Dead-*  
*heads*." Lively this. The Critics have spoken out strongly, and  
those interested in this Ibsenity should read the criticisms pre-  
sumably by Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT in *The Telegraph* and Mr. MOR  
THOMAS in *The Daily News*. Stingers; but as outspoken as they  
are true and just in all their dealings with this Ibsenian craze.

"LES OISEAUX."—Mrs. RAM says she pities any unfortunate man  
whose wife has a fearful temper. She knows one such husband who  
quite quails before his wife, "and I'm not surprised," adds Mrs. R.,  
"for I know her, and she's a regular ptarmigan."

THE COMING CENSUS.—CARLYLE said, "The population of the  
British Empire is composed of so many millions, mostly fools."  
Will the Census be taken on the First of April?





## KEPT IN THE STABLE.

HEAD GROOM. "AH, MY BEAUTY!—YOU HAVEN'T HAD MUCH CHANCE YET—BUT WE SHALL HAVE SOME  
OPEN WEATHER *AFTER EASTER!*"







## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron can highly recommend *The Wages of Sin*, by LUCAS MALET. "I am informed," says the B. DE B.-W., "that this is the *nom de plume* of an Authoress. This MALET should be Femalet." Be this as it may, the Baron, who is discretion itself, will not attempt



to penetrate beyond the veil. Some of the writing is a bit tall; but thank heaven, my old æsthetic friend, "O-the-pity-of-it" occurs only once; and O the pity of it when he does so, and gives a "MAUDLE and POSTLETHWAITE" tone to the passage in question. What does "huffie" mean? (Vol. III., p. 82.) Genius has a right to create words; and when Genius does so, the very sound of the word conveys its meaning with and frequently without the context. "But I'm huffed," says the Baron, "if I understand it here." Still "huffed" is a good-substitute for strong lan-

guage, when you're ruffled. Don't let the light-hearted reader be deterred by the slow pace of Volume One; but stick to it, and avoid skipping. A selfish mean onus is the "hero," so to style him; and personally, the Baron would consider him in Society as a first-class artistic bore. The character is drawn with great skill, as are they all. The description of *Mrs. Crookenden's* after-dinner party is as life-like as if it were a well-staged scene in a well-written and well-cast Drama.

"I have been dipping into *Country House Sketches*, by C. C. RHYA," says the Baron, "and have come to the conclusion that if the author, youthful I fancy, would give himself time, and have the patience to 'follow my LEVER,' the result would be a *Jack Hinton Junior*, with a smack of *Scapvy Sponge* in it." The short stories are all, more or less, good, and would be still better but for a

certain cocksureness about them which savours of the man in a country house who will insist on telling you a series of good stories about himself, one after the other, until the guests in the smoking-room, in sheer despair of ever getting their turn of talking about themselves, or of turning on the tap of their own good stories, light their candles, yawn, and go pensively to bed.

My "Faithful Co." informs me that he has been reading some very excellent *Sketches of England*, by a "Foreign Artist," and a "Foreign Author." The latter is no less a person than the genial representative of the *Journal des Débats* in London, Mons. P. VILLARS. My "Co." says that, take it all round, this is one of the best books upon *La Perfide Albion* he has ever read. Both scribe and illustrator are evidently fond of the "Foreigners" they find in the British Isles. Mons. VILLARS, however, makes one startling assertion, which has taken my "Co." by surprise. The "Foreign Author" declares that "laughter never struck his ears." Now our Monsieur is an admirable *raconteur*, and if he ever told one of his capital stories to an Englishman of average intelligence, he must have heard laughter. He has also read a rather strange work called, *What will Mrs. Grundy say?* My "Co." declares that, considering its subject, the book, which is not without merit, might be recommended as a disciplinary exercise during Lent.

Says "Co. Junior," to the Baron, "Sir, I've just come across AUSTIN DOBSON and his *Four Frenchwomen*." "Hold!" cries the Baron, frowning. "No scandal." "Nay, Sir," quoth "Co. Junior," nervously. "'tis but the title of a book." "That is another thing," says the Baron, waving his hand, "proceed!" "It is about Mlle. DE CORDAY, Madame ROLAND, the Princesse DE LAMBALLE, and Madame DE GENLIS. I recommend it, Sir. *Tolle, Legs!*" And with a bow "Co. Junior," withdraws from the presence.

Quoth the Baron, "I was looking again into *Saint Monica*, just to see if I might like it any better than I did on the first occasion—which, 'with me hand upon me heart,' as Doctor O'Q. says, I cannot say I do,—when I came upon the following misprint,—'This woman, nevertheless, worshipped him as the god of her idollary.' It's a beautiful word, 'idollary,' and so much better than the ordinary way of spelling it. So, after all, there is more in *Saint Monica* than I had expected. In fact, its chief fault is that it is too much spun out; and, just at this time, *Saint Monica* mustn't be associated in any sort of way with the House at Cambridge where they spin.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

## TO A DÉBUTANTE.

FAIR Maiden of unclouded brow  
Who, gaily, 'mid the gay the gayest,  
To England, Home, and Duty now  
Oblation payest.

Gay seeming,—if the milliner's  
Can cheer, the florist's homage slightly;  
And yet, unless my fancy errs,  
Thou shudderest slightly.

Is it a sigh for childhood's bliss,  
A dread of what is coming, come what  
May matrimonially—or is  
It draughty somewhat?

St. James's corridors are long  
As Art, as Life thy raiment brief is  
(Except the train, of course)—and strong  
Mamma's relief is.

In vulgar phrase, "Your mother knows  
You're out," at length. Such triumphs  
too dear  
Are sometimes purchased. I suppose  
She fidgets you, dear.

"The Countess!—bow, child, to the Earl!—  
Those terrible HYDE PARKERS! Their poses  
Look quite too vulgar; cut them, girl.  
How red your nose is!

"Quick! take the powder-puff, my love—  
Not on your bouquet or your hair now!—  
Don't bungle so; you'll drop that glove—  
Please take more care now.

"You stoop like any *bourgeoise* chit.  
Who'd think you educated highly?  
No, not so stiff. Do blush a bit,  
And simper ably."

Ah! Maiden fair of cloudless air,  
This kind of thing is hardly pleasant.  
Indeed, I'm thankful not to wear  
Thy shoes at present!

## "THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM, TRA-LAI!"



In the *Times* for March 12th appeared a notice of The Spring Flower Show, wherein it was stated that a silver medal was awarded to Mr. BARR for his "pretty collections, which included the *spurius Henry Irving*." There's an "o" omitted, of course, but it's the same word. Who is the "*spurius HENRY IRVING*"? Where does this flower of the Drama

flourish, away from the Lyceum Theatre? What and where does HENRICUS SPURIUS play? Does he appear in the Hare-Bells? Is he to bloom in Covent Garden? or is it, after all, only a plant? There is only one HENRICUS IRVINGUS, and he's not "*spurius*."

## QUEER QUERIES.

HEALTH.—I am not an invalid, but I suffer from giddiness, a feeling of suffocation, with excruciating pains, and apparent cessation of the heart's action. I am also so nervous, that, whenever the door is opened, I begin to scream loudly. My mental feebleness finds vent in puns that have alienated my oldest friends. Could some Correspondent explain these symptoms? I do not believe in Doctors, but am taking "Soft-sawder's Emulgent Balsam of Aconitine." It does not seem to have done me much good yet, but that is probably due to my not having tried it long enough.—RATHER ANXIOUS.

A DANCING-ON-NOTHING GIRL.—Talk of *The Dancing Girl* at the Haymarket—of course people will talk—why she's nothing to the girls who dance to M. JACOB's inimitable ballet-music at the Alhambra. Here they have a magic show, which "puzzles the Quaker;" and I don't mind admitting that I was the quaker when I saw a fair and comely young lady up in the air standing still and dancing on nothing at all! Certainly "Aerolithe" is as good as any of her marvellous predecessors, the Vanishing Girl included. As a conjuror, Mr. CARL HERTZ, who I take to be the inventor of the above illusion, is also uncommonly neat, and this "Ten o'Clock," to all lovers of the marvellous, can be recommended by

THE FACULTY FOR AMUSEMENT.





**RANDOM ALADDIN.**

HIS ADVENTURES IN MASHONALAND. AN ARABIAN NIGHT'S DREAM. SNOOZE No. 1.



### "OH, NO, WE NEVER MENTION HIM!"

[HER MAJESTY in the evening witnessed the performance of *The Gondoliers*, a Comic Opera, composed by Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, in the Waterloo Chamber, by the Savoy Theatre Company, under the management of Mr. R. D'O'LY CARTE.—From the *Times* Court Circular, Monday, March 9.]

"A Comic Opera, composed by Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN." Quite so. But where does W. S. GILBERT come in? Let us see. After giving the programme, and after giving all the characters and the supers, the words "*Dramatis Personæ*" occur as an after-thought, and underneath are the names of the Musical Director, Stage Manager, Wig Provider, &c., &c. Well, "W. S. G." doesn't come in here. After the highly successful performance, R. D'O'LY CARTE, says the *Times* C. C., "had the honour of being presented to HER MAJESTY, who expressed her warm appreciation of the manner in which the performance was conducted." Did R. D'O'LY think of mentioning that "the words" were by W. S. G.? And then it is told how D'O'LY refused to take any payment for the performance. Noble, generous-hearted, large-minded, and liberal D'O'LY! Sir ARTHUR COURTLY SULLIVAN's name was to the Bill, and so his consent to this extra act of generosity may be taken for granted. But what said Sir BRIAN DE BOIS GILBERT? By the merry-makings, but an he be not pleased, dub me knight Samingo! Will D'O'LY be dubbed Knight? And what sort of a Knight? Well, remembering a certain amusing little episode in the more recent history of the Savoy Theatre, why not a "Carpet Knight"?

A MERE SUGGESTION FOR NEXT TIME.—Last Tuesday, under the heading of "To-day," the *Times* announced that "at the Society of Arts Mr. J. STARKIE GARDNER, as Cantor Lecturer, would discourse on 'Enamelling and Damasceining,' Professor H. HERKOMER being in the Chair." Our excellent Bushian Professor was the right man in the right place, being so interested in theatrical matters; but, at the same time, wouldn't the lecture on "Damasceining," or "How to Dam-a-scene," have been more suitably given at the Playwreckers' Club, with Mr. JERUMKY JERUM in the Chair?

SONG OF THE BELLS OF RICHMOND.—"Turn again, WHITTAKER, First Mayor of Richmond."

### ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, March 9.—Naval Estimates on again. Approach delayed by action of CAMERON; House been Counted Out on Friday; necessary for Government to set up Supply again; formal Motion made by JACKSON; CAMERON objects; deeply distressed to think that Government should have fallen so low as to permit Count Out. "It's really shocking," he said. "Here we are brought from our peaceful homes to London at this inclement season, to do the work of the nation. Assembled as usual on a Friday night; important business on; Ministers and their friends go off to dinner; and, it being found there are not Forty Members present, House is Counted Out at half-past eight. Night absolutely lost; Sitting criminally chucked away."

"Ah!" I said, sympathetically; "must have been very hard upon you, sternly attending to your duty whilst others gambolled in the shade. And then to be suddenly Counted Out! How many of you were there when the Count was made?"

"Well—er—you see, Tony," said CAMERON, almost blushing; "the fact is I wasn't there myself, though that, of course, does not deter me from invoking censure on Ministers. Indeed I am not sure that the circumstance doesn't place



"Count" Cameron.



### A NEW SECT.

"AND IS THE NEW CURATE MARRIED, MRS. JENKINS?"

"OH NO, MA'AM. HE'S WHAT THEY CALL A CHALYBEATE!"

me in a more favourable position. Outsiders, you know, see most of game. I was outside; had, in fact, comfortably gone off to dinner, expecting other people would stop to make House. But they didn't, and I feel I'm just the man to make it hot for OLD MORALITY and his friends, who ought to have been here."

Other people didn't seem to see it in quite that light. Condemnatory Motion negatived by 184 Votes against 42.

House thereupon took up Naval Estimates. Instantly Commodore HARCOURT appeared in offing; landed on Front Opposition Bench, diffusing unwonted smell of stale mussels and seaweed. Commodore looked very imposing pacing down quarter-deck towards Maec, with telescope under his arm, sou'wester pulled well over his ears, and unpolished square-toed boots rising above his knees. A blizzard outside; snow and wind; bitterly cold; but the Commodore soon made it hot all round. Fell upon JOKIM spars and sails, stem and stern. "Regularly claw-hammered him," as GEORGE HAMILTON said, drawing on naval resources for adequate adjective. Accused him of making a speech that would have become CHARLES THE FIRST. Talked about levying Ship Money; threatened a revolution; hinted at HAMPTDEN, and, unrebuked by the SPEAKER, called unoffending Prince ARTHUR the "youthful STRAFFORD."

Splendid performance, only wanting an audience. But the storm inside House burst as suddenly as the blizzard without. Nobody knew that the Commodore was close-hauled, and meant business. Few present to witness the perturbed scene on the Treasury Bench:—OLD MORALITY huddled up against GEORGE HAMILTON, who was nervously tearing sheet of paper into measured strips; JOKIM shaking in every limb, and white to the lips; Prince ARTHUR most successful of the group in maintaining his self-possession, though evidently not liking the reference to STRAFFORD. The Commodore, looking in his tarpaulins considerably more than six foot high, stormed and raged what time the snow and sleet beat a wild accompaniment on the melancholy windows.

Business done.—Commodore HARCOURT goes again on the rampage.

Tuesday.—HOWARD VINCENT rather staggered to-night. Favoured by fortune and the ballot, had secured first place for Motion on Friendly Societies. Useful thing for coming General Election to be



remembered as advocate of cause of Working Man. Bestowed much care on terms of Resolution; invited Government to encourage more general voluntary provision for sickness and old age. Then adroitly



Herbert Maxwell  
Performed his task well.  
*Anon.*

dragged in the axiom that "Sound principles of provident Insurance should be included in the subjects prescribed by the Education Code for instruction in elementary schools." That meant to draw OLD MORALITY; succeeded *à merveille*.

"To be, dear boy," he said to me, half closing his eyes, and folding his arms, whilst a far-away look melted into newer softness his kindly countenance, "that reminds me of old days. Many a time have I written out in my copy-book, 'Take care of your Neighbour's Pence, and your own Pounds will Take Care of Themselves.' 'Borrow an Umbrella, and put it away for a Rainy Day.' 'Half a Currant Bun is better than No Bread'; 'A Bird in a Pigeon Pie is better than three in the Bush.' Got heaps of copy-books filled with these and similar words of wisdom. HOWARD VINCENT is quite right. If there was more of this in our elementary schools, there would be, if I may say so, more men like me. You remember what Who's-This said, 'Let me write their copy-book headings, and I don't care who makes their laws.' HOWARD VINCENT is on the right tack; think we shall accept his Resolution."

So it would have been, if that eminent strategist had foregone his speech. If he had laid Resolution on the table, and

said, "There you are," Government would have accepted it, and he would have had a night of triumph. But he would speak. Spoke for an hour, and utterly ruined chances of the Resolution he recommended.

HERBERT MAXWELL, put up from Treasury Bench to reply for Government, did his work admirably. After fearful *fiasco* with CHAPLIN last Friday, OLD MORALITY checked disposition to give young Ministers opportunity of distinguishing themselves. If MAXWELL made a mull of this, following on Friday week's catastrophe with CHAPLIN, it would be serious. MAXWELL won more than negative credit of not making mistake. He delivered excellent speech, showing complete mastery of subject.

*Business done.*—House Counted Out again.

*Thursday.*—An Irish night at last. Quite a long time since we talked of the distressful country. Wouldn't guess that Ireland was to the fore by looking at the Irish quarter. Usual when Prince ARTHUR is on his feet expounding and defending his policy for Irish camp to be bristling with contradiction and contumely. To-night only five there, including BRER RABBIT. BRER FOX promised to come, but hasn't turned up. Understood to be engaged in composition of new Manifesto. Towards midnight Prince ARTHUR, wearied of the quietude, observed that he didn't believe there was a single Irish Member present. Whereupon NOLAN, waking from sleep, under shadow of Gallery, indignantly shouted out, "What?" TANNER, just come in, roared, "Oh!" "Ah!" said Prince ARTHUR, and the conversation terminated.

Explanation of singular abstention is, that business under discussion is Vote on account of Relief of Distress in Ireland. Prince ARTHUR asks for £55,000 for that purpose; wouldn't do for Irish Members to obey their first instinct, and oppose Vote moved by Chief Secretary. If they were there, they might be expected to say, "Thank you," so they stay away, one or two just looking in to contradict T. W. RUSSELL.—"Roaring" RUSSELL, SARK calls him—when he gave an account of what he saw during a recent visit to Ireland.

*Business done.*—Relief voted for Irish Distress.

*Friday Night.*—Lo! a strange thing happened. Fell asleep just now, amid deadly dullness, depth of which no one outside House can comprehend. Woke up, hearing familiar voice. 'Twas the voice of Prince ARTHUR, I heard him complain; something about Ground-rents in London. Not quite his subject; voice, too, didn't seem to come from Treasury Bench. But no mistaking it; same tone; same inflection. Now I come to think of it, more like way he used to talk before he came to govern Ireland. Opened eyes; looked down; behold! it was brother GERALD, opposing STUART's Motion on Land Tax. Very odd; think I'll go to sleep again.

*Business done.*—Slept.

## THE SONG OF THE BACILLUS.

[Not a week passes without our hearing of a fresh agent to destroy the Bacillus.]

ONCE I flourished unmolested, now my troubles never cease: Man, investigating monster, will not let me rest in peace. I am ta'en from friends and kindred, from my newly-wedded bride, And exposed—it's really shameless—on a microscopic slide. Sure some philbacillio person a Society should start For Protection of Bacilli from the Doctor's baleful art.

KOCH the evil game first started, and his lymph came squirming in, But, 'twixt you and me, Bacilli did not care a single pin. We went elsewhere in the body, and it only made us roam, But it's hard, you must admit it, to be worried from your home, And methinks the hapless patient had much rather we had rest, When he finds us wildly rushing up and down his tortured breast.

Then came BERNHEIM and his dodges; his specific is to flood All the circulation freely with injections of goat's blood. That is really rather soothing, and it doesn't seem to hurt, Though they lacerate your feelings with an automatic squirt; Time will show if it's effective, but 'twill be revenge most sweet If the patients take to butting every single soul they meet.

Next fierce LIEBERKUH, quite a savage, has declared that we shall die Shattered and exacerbated by attacks of Spanish fly.

We should like to ask the patient if he thinks he'll live at ease, With his system impregnated with that vile cantharides? We perchance may fall before it, waging an unequal strife, But it's any odds the patient will be blistered out of life.

Therefore, O my friends, take heart, and these indignities endure, Although every week brings news of an iniquitable cure; We have lived and flourished freely ever since the world began, And our lineage is as ancient surely as is that of man; While I'll venture the prediction, as a wind-up to my song, That, despite these dreadful Doctors, we may haply live as long.

## BLONDEL UP TO DATE.

(A Fragment from a History of the Future.)

AND so it happened that the King was taken and imprisoned, no one knew whither. His followers, saying one, treated the matter very calmly. The exception, who was supposed to be wanting in his wits (he played on the barrel-organ), determined to do his best to rescue his Royal Master; and an idea occurred to him. He had noticed that when he performed on his musical instrument those who, perforce, were obliged to listen to him acted strangely. Some of his audiences had frowned, others had shaken their fists at him, and all had gone quickly away. Only once had a loiterer stayed behind, smiling a sweet smile, as if he were enjoying the music. To his regret, BLONDEL subsequently ascertained that the apparently charmed listener was stone deaf. So he argued that if his music had so great an effect upon the population of his native village it would work marvels in the wide world without. And thus, with a heart full of hope and courage, he started on his travels.

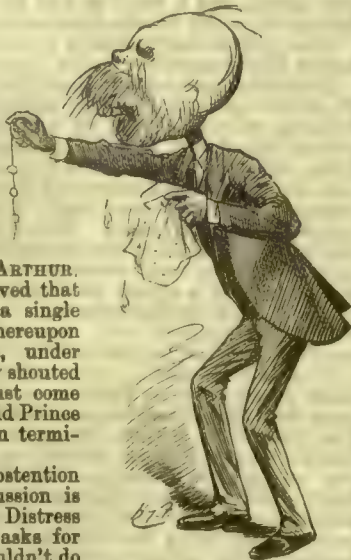
He wandered, turning the handle of his organ, for many a weary mile. He passed through towns, hamlets, and cities; the people put their heads out of their windows, and urged him imperiously to be gone; and as he hurried away he gazed at their faces, hoping to have seen the King, his Master, but without avail. He felt, that were His Majesty to hear his music, there would be a further supply of language savouring rather of the dicing-house than the cathedral. But, alas! his search was in vain. At length, he reached London, and found it as silent as the grave! There were no German bands, no Niggers, not even a hurdy-gurdy! Greatly surprised, BLONDEL asked a policeman the meaning of this strange, this unlooked-for quietude!

"Strike up that organ of yours," said the constable, surlily, "and I will soon show you!"

BLONDEL turned his handle, and was immediately arrested.

"What for?" echoed the policeman; "why, for infringing the provisions of the Jacobi Street Music Prohibition Act!"

And with this brief explanation BLONDEL was carried off to prison!



Mr. Swift McNeill "prating."



## THE G. P. O. CUCKOO.



It was a gallant Postmaster that armed him for the fray,  
And, oh, his eyes were gleaming as he summoned his array;  
To North and South the message went, to W. and E.,  
And where, 'mid piles of ledgers, men make money in E.C.;  
From Highgate Hill to Putney one cry the echoes wakes,  
As the Postmen don their uniforms and shout aloud for RAIKES.

"Brave Postmen," spake an officer, who gazed upon the throng,  
"Ye tramp the streets by day and night, your hours are very long;  
Yet since you love the G. P. O. that thus your feet employs,  
We must not see you flouted by a perky pack of boys.  
Swift rally round the Master who quavers not nor quakes,  
Our Red Knight of the Pillar-Box, the adamant RAIKES.

"What? 'The Public want the Messengers'? We'll teach the  
Public sense,  
Which consists in looking pleasant while we pocket all their pence.  
Though the papers rave, we care not for their chatter and their fuss.  
They must keep at home their messages, or send them all through Us.  
And we'll crush these boy-intruders as a mongoose crushes snakes.  
They have sown, but we shall reap it—'tis the will of Mr. RAIKES."

But *Punch* was there, and listened, and his angry face grew red,  
Like the tape that RAIKES delights in, and he shook his ancient head.  
"RAIKES," he cried, "I doubt your wisdom, and I much incline to  
scorn

Those who trespass on their neighbour's land, and cart away his corn.  
Let the man who makes the oven and laboriously bakes  
Take the profit on the loaves he sells, nor yield it all to RAIKES.

"You say you'll do the thing yourself: Monopoly decrees  
That, if boys go making honey, they must lose it, like the bees.  
But, oh, be warned, my Postmaster, it's not a pleasant thing  
To incur a bee's resentment and to suffer from its sting:  
And (to change my humble parallel) I like not him who takes  
A nest prepared by others, like the Cuckoo-Postman RAIKES!"

SOUND AND SAFE.—We hear that Mr. W. H. GRIFFITHS is to be  
the new Lessee of the Shaftesbury. Years ago, to the popular inquiry,  
"Who's GRIFFITHS?" there was but one answer, "The Safe Man."  
Good omen for the Shaftesbury.

## BAR BARRED!

SCENE—A Parliamentary Committee Room. Committee sitting  
at horse-shoe table. Bar crowded at table covered with plans,  
custards, buns, agreements, and ginger-beer. Huge plans hang-  
ing to walls. View in distance of St. Thomas's Hospital. East-  
West Diddlesex Railway Extension Bill under consideration.  
Expert Witness standing at reading-desk under examination.

Junior Counsel (for Promoters). You have told us that there is  
a cutting at Burnt House Mill, coloured red in plan—in your opinion  
do you think that the road passing by Hoggsborough, coloured  
green, could be so diverted as to avoid the necessity of throwing a  
bridge over the River Crowe, coloured yellow?

Expert Witness (with great deliberation, and illustrating his  
remarks by references to a large plan). In my opinion I think the  
necessity of building a bridge over the River Crowe may be avoided  
by skirting the Swashbuckler Estate, and by making a new road  
that would cross the proposed line by a level crossing at Twaddle-  
comb, and ultimately reach Market Goosebury, coloured blue, by  
following the course of the Raisensworth, coloured black.

Junior Counsel. Thank you—that will do. [Sits down.]

First Cross-Examining Q.C. (suddenly entering from another  
Committee Room, looking for his Junior—aside). Where on earth  
have we got to?

Chairman of Committee. Is this witness cross-examined?

First C.-E. Q.C. Certainly, Sir. Now I think you say that it is  
necessary to make a bridge over the River Crowe, coloured red in  
plan?

Expert Witness. No; I say that if the Swashbuckler Estate is  
skirted, &c., &c. [Repeats the answer he has already given.]

Second Cross-Examining Q.C. (entering hurriedly, as his learned  
brother sits down). One moment, please. Now you say that it is  
absolutely necessary to 'pass the River Crowe, in plan coloured red,  
by a bridge?

Expert Witness. On the contrary, I say that if the Swashbuckler  
Estate, &c., &c. [Repeats his answer for the third time.]

Third C.-E. Q.C. (entering hurriedly, as his predecessor resumes  
his seat). And now, Sir, that my learned friends have asked you  
their questions, I have to ask you mine. Be kind enough to say,  
for the benefit of the Right Hon. Chairman and the Hon. Members  
of the Committee, whether, in your opinion, in the construction of  
the proposed line, where the road reaches the neighbourhood of—  
(consulting plan)—Market Goosebury, coloured blue in the plan,  
and, as you will see, runs through the—(inspects plan closely)—  
Swashbuckler Estate—yes, the Swashbuckler Estate—and comes,  
as you will see, if you refer to the chart, near Twaddlecomb—having  
now sufficiently indicated the locality, I repeat, will you be kind  
enough to say whether, in your opinion, the necessity of building  
a bridge over the River Raven—(is prompted by Junior)—I should  
say, over the River Crowe—could be avoided?

Chairman of Committee (interposing). I would suggest that, as  
this question has been answered three times, the witness be excused  
further examination at the hands of Counsel not present at the  
examination-in-chief.

First C.-E. Q.C. (warmly). I consider this an infringement of the  
privileges of the Bar. The Right Hon. Chairman must remember  
that it is possible that a single reference in the examination-in-chief  
may only require cross-examination on the part of the Clients whom  
we represent. Besides, an expert witness's examination-in-chief is  
very seldom shaken, and all we can possibly want is a note taken by  
a learned friend who has acted as a Junior. All of us are occasion-  
ally wanted elsewhere.

Second C.-E. Q.C. (indignantly). Yes; and how can we attend  
to our Clients' interests if we are not allowed to be in two places at  
once?

Third C.-E. Q.C. (furiously). You have no right to act upon  
an old ruling that was never enforced. Why, such a regulation  
would ruin us—and many of us have wives and children!

[Exeunt defiantly, to return, later on, ready to brave imprison-  
ment in the Clock Tower, if necessary. N.B.—Up to date  
the Tower is untenanted.]

"IN THE NAME OF THE LAW—PHOTOGRAPHS!"—MR. A. BRIEFLESS,  
JUNR., having received a respectful invitation from some Brook Street  
Photographers to favour them (without charge) with a sitting, "to  
enable them to complete their series of portraits of distinguished legal  
gentlemen," regrets to say that, as he has already sat for another Firm  
making the same request (see *Papers from Pump-handle Court*), he  
is unable to comply with their courteous request. However, he is  
pleased to hear that a similar petition has been forwarded to others  
of his learned friends, one of whom writes to say, he "possesses a  
wig, and the right to wear it, but that there his connection with the  
Law begins and ends." Mr. A. BRIEFLESS, JUNR., wishes the indus-  
trious Firm every success in their public-spirited undertaking.



## GOSCHEN CUM DIG.: OR, THE (FAR FROM) DYING SWAN.

(A LONG WAY AFTER LORD TENNYSON.)



"WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THIS RECESS IS ITS PERFECT QUIET!"

"Were I to go further into detail, I should show you that the floodgates of (financial) abuse have been opened even to a much larger extent than I have described. We are getting into a system under which Parliament is treated, and the country is treated, to the exhibition of fictitious surpluses of revenue over expenditure."

*Mr. Gladstone (at Hastings) on Mr. Goschen's Finance.*

I.

THE backwater was snug and fair,  
And the gay Canoeist cavorted there.  
Thinks he, "I have built up everywhere  
A reputation for pluck and stay!"  
Amidst the reeds the river ran;  
Behind them floated a Grand Old Swan,  
And loudly did lament

The better deeds of a better day;  
Ever the gay Canoeist went on,  
Making his memos. as he went.

II.

"My foes are piqued, I must suppose,  
But cannot see their way to a 'Cry.'  
(So mused the man with the Semite nose,  
As up the backwater he swept.)



"What I like" (said he) "in this nook so shy,  
Is that I am quiet, and free as a swallow,  
Squaring accounts at my own sweet will,  
With never a fear of the Big Swan's Bill!  
The Swan's as quiet as though he slept.  
I fancy I've funk'd the fierce old fellow!"

## III.

The Grand Old Swan came out of his hole,  
Snorting with furious joy.  
Hidden by rushes he yet drew near,  
Behind the Canoeist, until on his ear  
Those snortings fell, both full and clear.  
Floating about the backwater shy,  
Stronger and stronger the shindy stole,  
Filling the startled Canoeist with fear;  
And the jubilant jobating voice,  
With menaces meaning and manifold,  
Flowed forth on a "snorter" clear and bold  
(As when a party-procession rejoice  
With drums, and trumpets, and with banners of gold),  
Until the Canoeist's blood ran cold,  
And over his paddle he crouched and rolled;  
And he wished himself from that nook afar  
(If it were but reading the evening *Star*):  
And the Swan he ruffled his plumes and hissed,  
And with sounding buffets, which seldom missed,  
He walloped into that paddler gay  
(Bent on enjoying his holiday).  
He smote him here, and he spanked him there,  
Upset his "balance," rumbled his hair.  
"I'll teach you," he cried, with pounding pinions,  
"To come intruding in *my* dominions!"  
And the frightened flags, and the startled reeds,  
And the willow-branches hoar and dank,  
And the shaking rushes and wobbling weeds,  
And the wave-worn horns of the echoing bank,  
And the Grand Old Swan's admiring throng  
(Who yelled at seeing him going so strong)  
Were flooded and fluttered by that Stentor song!

THE PROPOSED OLD ETONIAN BANQUET.—"*Floreat Etona*," by all means, and may "HENRY's holy shade" never be less! But doesn't it seem rather like a contradiction in terms, for Old Etonians to sit down to an Eaten Dinner?—Yours, once removed.

A SIXTH-FORMOSUS PUER.



## FORM!

"GOOD HEAVENS WHAT A SWELL! WHAT IS IT! TEA-FIGHT! WEDDING BREAKFAST?"

"OH NO; ONLY GOING TO MY TAILOR'S. *MUST* BE DECENTLY DRESSED WHEN I GO TO SEE HIM. HE'S SO BEASTLY CRITICAL!"

## ABOUT THE COURT.

At the Royal Court Theatre, which, as I read on the illustrated House Programme, is "Licensed by the London County Council to the Proprietors, Mrs. JOHN WOOD and Mr. A. CHUDLEIGH,"—is the LORD CHAMBERLAIN out of it in this quarter? (how can there be a Court without a Lord Chamberlain?), and, "under which king, Bezonian?" Was it in the days of *The Happy Land*?—but nomatter. To resume. At the aforesaid Court Theatre is now being performed an original Farce, in Three Acts, written by Mr. R. R. LUMLEY. Ah! Ah! LUMLEY, this isn't quite up to your other piece, *Aunt Jack*. Mrs. JOHN WOOD is invaluable, and keeps the game alive throughout; while ARTHUR CREIL's *Duke of Donoway*—not a Comedy Duke, but a Duke in farcical circumstances—is excellent. WEEDON GROSSMITH is funny, but in make-up, tone of voice, and mannerisms, the part seems mixed up with one or two others that he has played, and is very far from being in the same category (with *Aunt Jack*'s crushed Solicitor. BRANDON THOMAS as *Captain Roland Gurney*, R.N., is very natural. *The Office Boy* of Master WILSON and the little *Gridd* of Master WESTGATE (very near Birchington when the boy is in Mrs. WOOD's hands), are capital. Miss CARLOTTA LECLERCQ's *Duchess* is equal to the occasion. The two girls' parts are unnatural and uninteresting. What ought to make the success of the piece is the scene where WEEDON GROSSMITH volunteers to sing "*The Wolf*," and everyone talks and chatters until the Babel ends in an explosion. It convulses the house with laughter; and if this situation had been so contrived,—as it might have been, allow me to say,—as to end the Act, the Curtain falling on the climax, the dashing down of the enraged musician's song and the exit of the Duke, the run of *The Volcano* would have been insured from now to Christmas. Is it too late to retrieve this? To quote the title of one of ANTHONY TROLLOPE's novels, "I say No!" There is so much that is genuinely funny in the piece, that if the alteration is done with a will, *hic et nunc*, why within a week the piece could be fixed securely in its place for the London season, and beyond it. Let funny little WEEDON reconsider his make-up, and come out as the

flaxen-headed M.P. of a Saxon constituency. And a word in his ear,—SOTHERN fashioned *Lord Dundreary* out of a worse part than this. *The Volcano* shouldn't "bust up." That's my opinion, as  
A FRIEND AT COURT.

## A SCHOOL OF CRITICISM.

From the *Queen*. A Correspondent writes:—

"JOURNALISM.—I want to become a Dramatic Critic; how should I begin? I am fond of going to the theatre, but find it difficult to remember the plot of the play afterwards. What kind of notices do Editors prefer?—*Histrionica*."

Isn't it Mr. DAVID ANDERSON who has set up a flourishing School for Journalists? Why shouldn't there be a School for Critics? The Master would take his pupils to the Theatre regularly, and could lecture on the Play as it proceeded. Should Managers and Actors be so blind to the best interests of their Art as to refuse to allow the play to be stopped from time to time to allow of the Instructor's remarks, then he would have to wait until after each Act, and retire with his pupils into some quiet corner of the Refreshment-room, where he could give his lecture. Or teacher and pupils could hear a Scene or an Act every night,—and if they paid for their places (a reduction being made for a quantity), the particular drama they patronised would be considerably benefited by this plan.

There might be a uniform or an academic costume for these critical scholars—say Shakspearian collars, Undergraduate gown, and portable mortar-board, to fold up, and be sat upon. There might be a row reserved for them at the back of the Dress Circle, and twenty-five per cent. reduction on tickets for a series. The M.C., or Master of Critics, would take a fee for a'course from each pupil. Fee to include seat at theatre, instruction, and supper afterwards.

IMPORTANT CONTRIBUTION TOWARDS THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.—"Hallo!" being the recognised telephonic summons in use between companies and individuals of all nationalities, may be already considered as "Hallo'd by a variety of associations."



## MR. PUNCH'S POCKET IBSEN.

(Condensed and Revised Version by Mr. P.'s Own Harmless Ibsenite.)

## No. I.—ROSMERSHÖLM (CONCLUDED.)

## ACT III.

*Sitting-room at Rosmersholm. Sun shining outside in the Garden. Inside REBECCA WEST is watering a geranium with a small watering-pot. Her crochet antimacassar lies in the arm-chair. Madam HELSETH is rubbing the chairs with furniture-polish from a large bottle. Enter ROSMER, with his hat and stick in his hand. Madam HELSETH corks the bottle and goes out to the right.*

Rebecca. Good morning, dear. (A moment after—crocheting.) Have you seen Rector KROLL's paper this morning? There's something about you in it.

Rosmer. Oh, indeed? (Puts down hat and stick, and takes up paper.) H'm! (Reads—then walks about the room.) KROLL has made it hot for me. (Reads some more.) Oh, this is too bad! REBECCA, they do say such nasty spiteful things! They actually call me a renegade—and I can't think why! They mustn't go on like this. All that is good in human nature will go to ruin if they're allowed to attack an excellent man like me! Only think, if I can make them see how unkind they have been!

Reb. Yes, dear, in that you have a great and glorious object to attain—and I wish you may get it!

Rosmer. Thanks. I think I shall. (Happens to look through window, and jumps.) Ah, no, I shan't—never now. I have just seen—

Reb. Not the White Horse, dear? We must really not overdo that White Horse!

Rosmer. No—the mill-race, where BEATA—(Puts on his hat—takes it off again.) I'm beginning to be haunted by—no, I don't mean the horse—by a terrible suspicion that BEATA may have been right after all! Yes, I do believe, now I come to think of it, that I must really have been in love with you from the first. Tell me your opinion.

Reb. (struggling with herself, and still crocheting.) Oh—I can't exactly say—such an odd question to ask me!

Rosmer (shakes his head). Perhaps; I have no sense of humour—no respectable Norwegian has—and I do want to know—because, you see, if I was in love with you, it was a sin, and if I once convinced myself of that—

[Wanders across the room.]

Reb. (breaking out). Oh, these old ancestral prejudices! Here is your hat, and your stick, too; go and take a walk.

[ROSMER takes hat and stick, first, then goes out and takes a walk: presently Madam HELSETH appears, and tells REBECCA something. REBECCA tells her something. They whisper together. Madam H. nods, and shows in Rector KROLL, who keeps his hat in his hand, and sits on a chair.]

Kroll. I merely called for the purpose of informing you that I consider you an artful and designing person, but that, on the whole, considering your birth and moral antecedents, you know—(nods at her)—it is not surprising. (REBECCA walks about, wringing her hands.) Why, what is the matter? Did you really not know that you had no right to your father's name? I'd no idea you would mind my mentioning such a trifle!

Reb. (breaking out). I do mind. I am an emancipated enigma, but I retain a few little prejudices still. I don't like owing to my real age, and I do prefer to be legitimate. And, after your information—of which I was quite ignorant, as my mother, the late Mrs. GAMVIK, never once alluded to it—I feel I must confess everything. Strong-minded advanced women are like that. Here is ROSMER. (ROSMER enters with his hat and stick.) ROSMER, I want to tell you and Rector KROLL a little story. Let us sit down, dear, all three of us. (They sit down, mechanically, on chairs.) A long time ago, before the play began—in a voice scarcely audible—in Ibsenite dramas, all the interesting things somehow do happen before the play begins—

Rosmer. But, REBECCA, I know all this. KROLL—(looks hard at her). Perhaps I had better go?

Reb. No—I was short—this was it. I wanted to take my share in the life of the New Era, and march onward with ROSMER. There was one dismal, insurmountable barrier—to ROSMER, who nods

gravely)—BEATA! I understood where your deliverance lay—and I acted. I drove BEATA into the mill-race . . . There!

Rosmer (after a short silence). H'm! Well, KROLL—(takes up his hat)—if you're thinking of walking home, I'll go too. I'm going to be orthodox once more—after this!

Kroll (severely and impressively, to REB.). A nice sort of young woman you are! [Both go out hastily, without looking at REB.]

Reb. (speaks to herself, under her breath). Now I have done it. I wonder why. (Pulls bell-ropes.) Madam HELSETH, I have just had a glimpse of two rushing White Horses. Bring down my hair-trunk. [Enter Madam H., with large hair-trunk, as Curtain falls.]

## ACT IV.

Late evening. REBECCA WEST stands by a lighted lamp, with a shade over it, packing sandwiches, &c., in a reticule, with a faint smile. The antimacassar is on the sofa. Enter ROSMER.

Rosmer (seeing the sandwiches, &c.). Sandwiches? Then you are going! Why, on earth, I can't understand!

Reb. Dear, you never can. Rosmersholm is too much for me. But how did you get on with KROLL?

Rosmer. We have made it up. He has convinced me that the work of ennobling men was several sizes too large for me—so I am going to let it alone—

Reb. (with her faint smile). There I almost think, dear, that you are wise.

Rosmer (as if annoyed). What, so you don't believe in me either, REBECCA—you never did! [Sits listlessly on chair.]

Reb. Not much, dear, when you are left to yourself—but I've another confession to make.

Rosmer. What, another? I really can't stand any more confessions just now!

Reb. (sitting close to him). It is only a little one. I bullied BEATA into the mill-race—because of a wild uncontrollable—(ROSMER moves uneasily.) Sit still, dear—uncontrollable fancy—for you!

Rosmer (goes and sits on sofa). Oh, my goodness, REBECCA—you mustn't, you know!

[He jumps up and down as if embarrassed.]

Reb. Don't be alarmed, dear, it is all over now. After living alone with you in solitude, when you showed me all your thoughts without reserve, little by little, somehow the fancy passed off. I

caught the ROSMER view of life badly, and dulness descended on my soul as an extinguisher upon one of our Northern dips. The ROSMER view of life is ennobling, very—but hardly lively. And I've more yet to tell you.

Rosmer (turning it off). Isn't that enough for one evening?

Reb. (almost voiceless). No, dear. I have a Past—behind me!

Rosmer. Behind you? How strange. I had an idea of that sort already. (Starts, as if in fear.) A joke! (Sadly.) Ah, no—no, I must not give way to that! Never mind the Past, REBECCA; I once thought that I had made the grand discovery that, if one is only virtuous, one will be happy. I see now it was too daring, too original—an immature dream. What bothers me is that I can't—somehow I can't—believe entirely in you—I am not even sure that I have ennobled you so very much— isn't it terrible?

Reb. (wringing her hands). Oh, this killing doubt! (Looks darkly at him.) Is there anything I can do to convince you?

Rosmer (as if impelled to speak against his will). Yes, one thing—only I'm afraid you wouldn't see it in the same light. And yet I must mention it. It is like this. I want to recover faith in my mission, in my power to ennoble human souls. And, as a logical thinker, this I cannot do now, unless—well, unless you jump into the mill-race, too, like BEATA!

Reb. (takes up her antimacassar, with composure, and puts it on her head). Anything to oblige you.

Rosmer (springs up). What? You really will! You are sure you don't mind? Then, REBECCA, I will go further. I will even go—yes—as far as you go yourself!

Reb. (bows her head towards his breast). You will see me off? Thanks. Now you are indeed an Ibsenite.

[Smiles almost imperceptibly.]

Rosmer (cautiously). I said as far as you go. I don't commit myself further than that. Shall we go?

Reb. First tell me this. Are you going with me, or am I going with you?

Rosmer. A subtle psychological point—but we have not time to think it out here. We will discuss it as we go along. Come!





[ROSMER takes his hat and stick, REBECCA her reticule, with sandwiches. They go out hand-in-hand through the door, which they leave open. The room (as is not uncommon with rooms in Norway) is left empty. Then Madam HELSETH enters through another door.

Madam H. The cab, Miss—not here! (Looks out.) Out together—at this time of night—upon my—not on the garden-seat? (Looks out of window.) My goodness! what is that white thing on the bridge—the Horse at last! (Shrieks aloud.) And those two sinful creatures running home!

Enter ROSMER and REBECCA, out of breath.

Rosmer (scarcely able to get the words out). It's no use, REBECCA—we must put it off till another evening. We can't be expected to jump off a footbridge which already has a White Horse on it. And, if it comes to that, why should we jump at all? I know now that I really have ennobled you, which was all I wanted. What would be the good of recovering faith in my mission at the bottom of a mill-pond? No, REBECCA—(lays his hand on her head)—there is no judge over us, and therefore—

Reb. (interrupting gravely). We will bind ourselves over in our own recognisances to come up for judgment when called upon.

[Madam HELSETH holds on to a chair-back. REBECCA finishes the antimacassar calmly as Curtain falls.

## A GRAND OLD WETTERUN!

I AIN'T bin werry well lately, and, to crown the hole, I was cort in the Lizzard, I think, as they called it, on that awful Munday nite, and that was pretty nearly a settler for both my old bones and my breth, and might ha' bin quite so, if one of the werry kindest Members of the old Cop-pershun as I nos on, who had bin a dining with a jolly party on 'em, hadn't kindly directed my notice to about a harf bottle-full of werry fine old Port, with the remarkable kind words, "That's just about what you wants, Mr. ROBERT, to take you ome safely this most orful nite!" And so it were, and I didn't waste a single drop on it.

However, I was obligated to have a good long rest, which I took out mostly in sleep; but, jest as I was preparing to set out for the "Grand Hotel," in comes my Son; and he says to me, "Guvnor," says he—I notice as he allers calls me Guvnor on it. "I wants you to do me the favour to ask Mr. Punch for to do you a favour." "Why, what do you mean?" says I. "Why, this is what I means," says he. "About the grandest feller as ewer in the hole world gave up fifty years of his useful life to trying to make hundreds of stupid boys into clever boys, and hundreds of bad boys into good boys, and hundreds of dull boys into witty boys, is a going for to have a testimonial given him by sum of them hundreds of boys, me among 'em, to sallybrate his Jewbilly, same as the QUEEN had the other day. Ewery one of us as lives in London will jump at the chance; but the boys as he turns out from the great City of Lunden Skool is such reel fustraters, that they gits snapped up direckly by Merchants and people, and sent all over the world for to manigize their wariuous buzzinesses there, so we don't know how to get at 'em; but as Mr. Punch goes wherever any smart, clever English chap goes, if he wood most kindly let this littel matter be mentioned, the grandest, and suck-sessfullest, ay, and wittiest Skool Master of modern times wood get his dew reward."

So says my Sun, and prowd I was to lissen to his words; and this is what I can add to them from my own knowlidge. There's sum of the old boys, as ain't quite as yung as when they left Skool, as has formed a club to dine together sumtimes, and tork of old times, like senserbel fellers as they is; and Mr. JOSEPH HARRIS, the gennelman in question, is allers there, and allers has to make a speech, and I am amost allers there too; and, to hear the joyful shouts of arty welcome with which his old pupils greets him when he rises for to speak, and their roars of larfter at his wit, and his fun, and his good-humer, while he is a speaking, is so very remarkable, that I sumtimes wonders whether it doesn't, a good deal of it, rise from the fact of his great School being so close to Mr. Punch's own horfice. But this is over the way, as the great writer says. May I be alowd to had that my speshal frend, and hewerybody's speshal frend, Mr. COOKER, is reddy to receive any number of subakriphuns at 30, New Bridge Street, E.C. ROBERT.

"A NEW PROVIDENCE.—"My life is in your hands," as the Auto-biographist said to his Publisher.

## THE JOLLY YOUNG WATERMAN.

(Latest Version; suggested by a Case at the London Sessions.)

AND did you not hear of a jolly young Waterman,  
Who on the river his wherry did ply?  
When rowing along with great skill and dexterity,  
A Cask of Madeira it caught his pleased eye.  
It looked so nice, he rowed up steadily,  
Transferred that cask to his boat right readily;  
And he eyed the dear drink with so eager an air,  
For the name on the cask not a jot did he care.

When smart EDDARD SAILL got that cask in his wherry,  
He cleaned it out—partly—with swiggings not small,  
And with his companions—what wonder?—made merry;  
Madeira's a wine that's not tipped by all.  
One fancies one hears 'em a laughing and cheering,  
Says EDDARD, "My boys, this is better than beering!  
A Waterman's life would be free from all care  
If he often dropped on treasure trove like that there."

And yet but to think now how strangely things happen!  
They copped him for "larceny by finding,"—that's all!  
But SAILL couldn't read, and the jury was kindly,  
So EDDARD got off, though his chance appeared small.  
Now would this young Waterman keep out of sorrow,  
No derelict casks let him—shall we say, borrow?  
Madeira is nice, but you'd best have a care,  
Before swigging the wine, that it's yours fair and square!

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Childhood and Youth of Dickens, a sort of short postscript to FORSTER's Life, very well got up by its publishers HUTCHINSON & Co., will interest those who for the third or fourth time are going through a course of DICKENS.

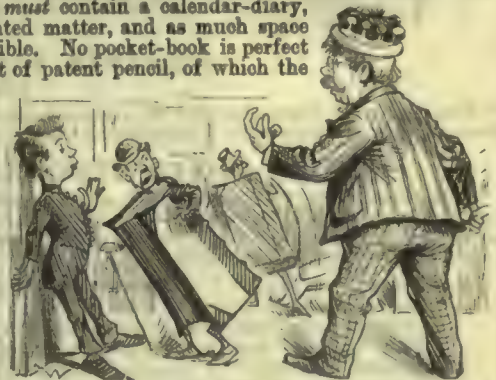
The Baron is an amateur of pocket-books and note-books. The best pocket-book must contain a calendar-diary, and as little printed matter, and as much space for notes, as possible. No pocket-book is perfect without some sort of patent pencil, of which the writing-metal, when used on a damp surface, will serve as well as do pen and ink on ordinary paper. Such a pocket-book with such a pencil the Baron has long had in use, the product of JOHN WALKER & Co., of Farringdon House. It should be called *The Walker Pocket-book, or Pedestrian's Companion*: for, as "He who runs may read," so, with this handy combination, "He who walks may write." The Baron is led to mention this *à propos* of a novelty by T. J. SMITH AND DOWNES, called *The Self-registering Pocket Note-book*, a very neat invention, *quid* Note-book only, but of which only one size has the invaluable patent pencil. The ordinary pencil entails carrying a knife, and, though this is good for the outler—"I know that man, he comes from Sheffield"—yet it is a defect which is a constant source of worry to the ordinary note-taker. Otherwise, Messrs. SMITH AND DOWNES' artfulness in making the pencil serve as a marker, so that the latest note can at once be found, is decidedly ingenious, and may probably be found most useful. *Experientia docet: Baronius tentabit.*

While on the subject of pocket-books, the Baron must thank Messrs. CASSELL & Co. for the pocket volumes of the *National Library* edited by HENRY MORLEY, and ventures to recommend as a real travelling companion, *Essays, Civil and Moral*, by Francis Bacon. In the eighteenth Essay "Of Travel," the chief Diarists, "LETTS AND SON," might find a motto for their publications. The Baron directs their attention to this side of BACON from which this is a slice,—"*Let Diaries, therefore, be brought in use.*" A new reading for advertising purposes would change "Let" into "Letts," or Letts could be interpolated in brackets. "A cheeky way of treating BACON," says the Baron's friend little FUNNIMAN (Author of *Funniman's Poor Jokes*); but, if nothing worse than this can be said against the Baron's suggestion, why, "Letts adopt it," says

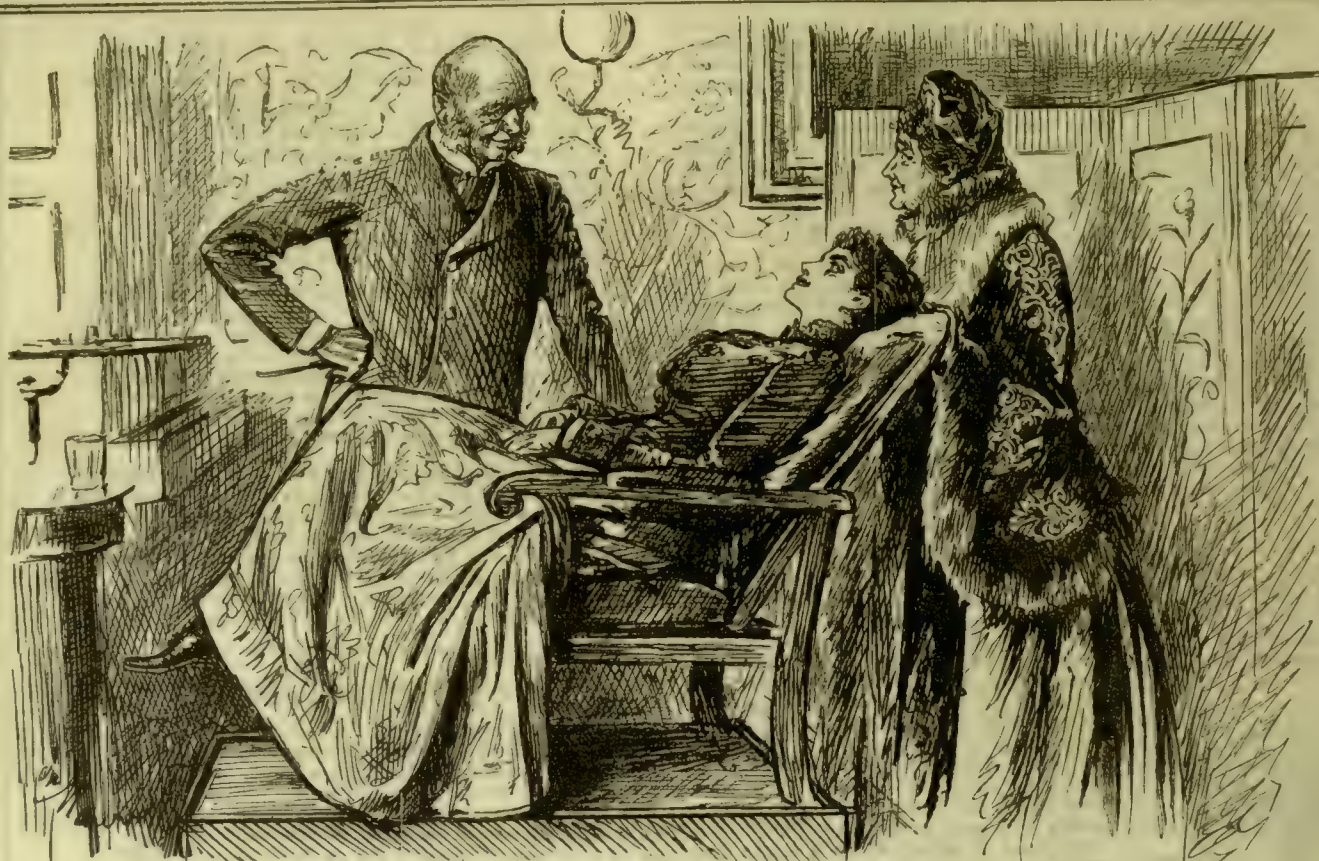
THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



The "Tipper's" Strike.







### MOMENTS WHEN LIFE IS REALLY WORTH LIVING.

(The Annual Visit to the Family Dentist.)

"WELL, MY DEAR YOUNG LADY, I'VE LOOKED VERY CAREFULLY, AND THERE'S ABSOLUTELY NOTHING FOR ME TO DO TO YOU THIS YEAR!"

### PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

"In the words of the Postmaster-General, spoken yesterday (March 18th) from his room in St. Martin's-le-Grand, and distinctly heard by the head of a corresponding department in Paris, the triumph of the International Telephone is an accomplished fact."—*Daily News*.

*HALLO!—are you there?* That's the cue international,

Henceforth we'll hope, and we trust it may lead  
To colloquies pleasant, relations more rational.

May "saucers" and tubes telephonic succeed

In setting the world "by the ears," in a fashion

Not meant by the men who invented that phrase.

May nail-biting nagging and rancorous passion

Die out, like a craze!

Why, bless us, and save us! We ought to behave us

A little bit better for all our new light.

From incurable savagery nothing can save us

If Science can't cool down our fondness for fight.

With so many chances of "talking things over,"

Like comrades in council, across the broad sea,

Nations ought to be nice, as a girl and her lover

At five o'clock tea!

Eh? *Vox et præterea nihil?* What matter

How close ears may seem if the hearts are apart?

Humph! Nothing so easy as cynical chatter;

Distrust's diplomatic, and satire sounds "smart."

But, as RAIKES suggests, there is something in hearing

The "great human voice" o'er some three hundred miles,

In spite of the scorn that's so given to sneering,

The hate that reviles.

One wonders what TALLEYRAND, subtle old schemer!

Would think of the Telephone were he alive.

Wits sniff at the *savant*, and mock at the dreamer,

Who else, though, so hard for humanity strive?

BELLONA's sworn backers are woefully numerous;

Peace, let us pray, may claim this as her friend;

The "Sentiment" flouted by swashbucklers humorous  
Sways, at the end.

If language was given our thoughts for concealing,

The Telephone—'tis but a travelling Voice!—

Need not be the agent of reckless revealing,

And caution must often be candour's wise choice.

Unwisdom is sure to be sometimes caught napping,

And tongues may wag foolishly e'en through the wire.

Facilities freer for summary snapping

No sage can desire.

Great diplomats, proud of their "able dispatches,"

From trusting the tube with their wisdom may shrink.

The brain that in secret shrewd policies hatches,

May not care to canvas 'oute schemes "o'er a drink."

Yet times must be many when sense will be winner,

By chatting of trifles, which nations have riled,

As freely as though *vis-à-vis* at a dinner,

And carefully "tiled."

Now England and France can thus gossip together,

And CARNOT and SALISBURY thus hob-a-nob,

We'll hope for set-fair international weather.

Our RAIKES and their ROCHE appear well "on the job."

The Telephone's triumph at least is not sinister.

Things should go easier somehow—with care,

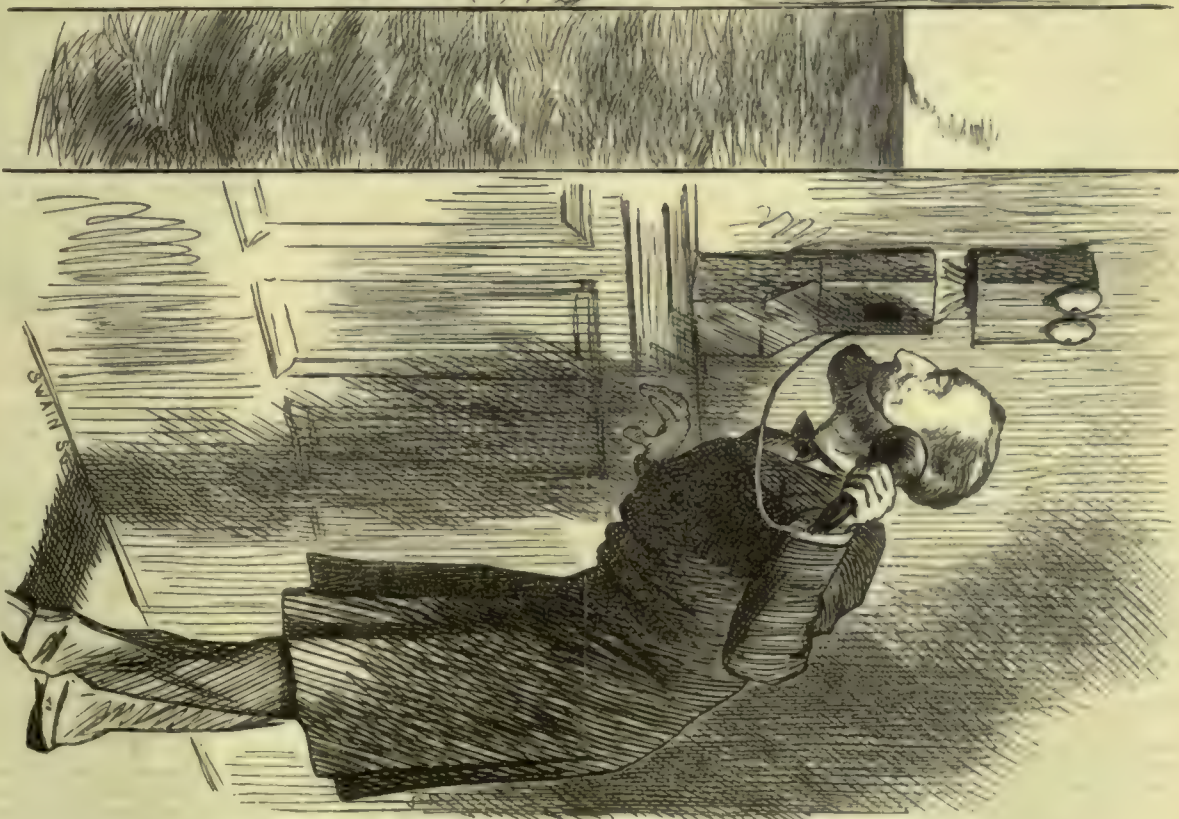
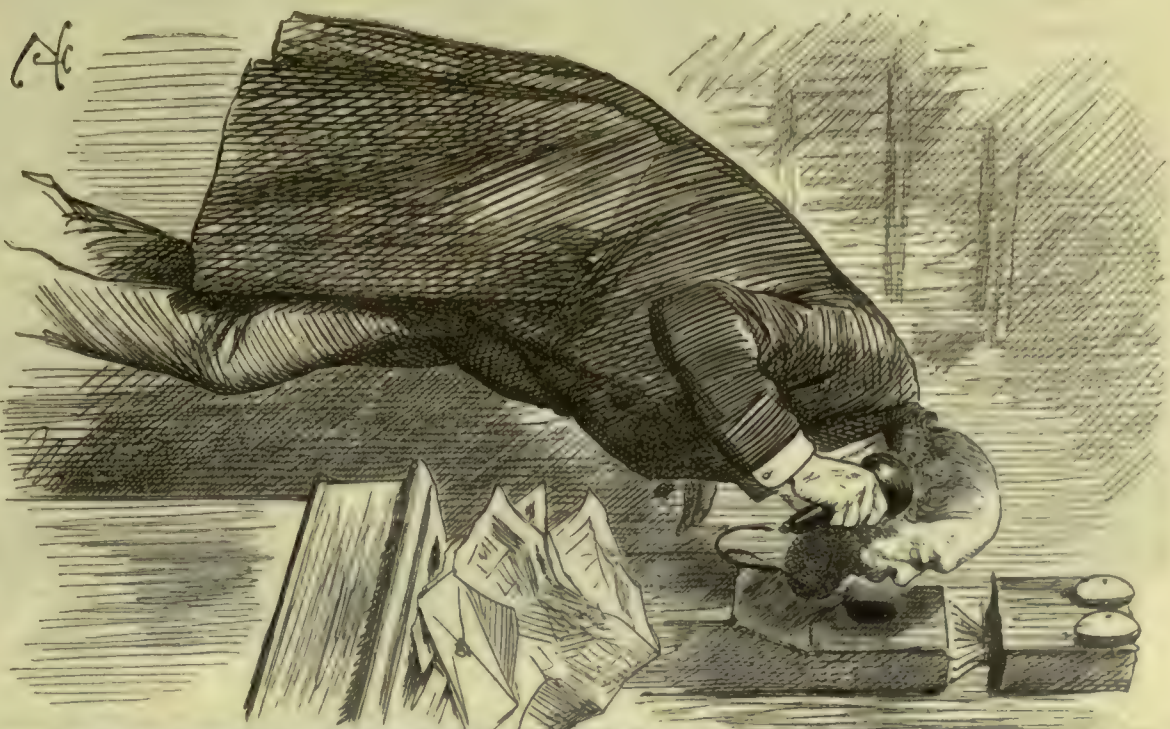
When patriot Minister greets patriot Minister,

"*Hallo!—are you there?*"

ANOTHER TELEPHONIC SUGGESTION.—Connect the Theatres and Opera Houses by Telephone with all the Clubs. On payment of a fixed charge, any member should be able to hear just as much of the piece or Opera as he might require. Something above the price of a Stall to be the maximum charge for one person to hear entire Opera. For half the Opera, say six shillings; for a quarter of it, three-and-six. For hearing one song in it, eighteen-pence; and, if certain songs be in great demand, the prices could be raised.

EPIGRAMMATIC DEFINITION OF MOST PUBLIC BANQUETS WITH POST-PRANDIAL ORATORY.—"Stuff and Nonsense."





## PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

Lord Salisbury. "HALLO!"

M. le Président. "HALLO!"

Lord Salisbury. "CAN YOU SUGGEST AN ENTRÉE FOR DINNER?"

Lord Salisbury. "YOU THERE?"

M. le Président. "ALL THERE!"

M. le Président. "HOWARD AT GRATIN,—AND, BY THE WAY, HOW ABOUT NEWFOUNDLAND AND LOBSTER QUESTION?"

Lord Salisbury. "NOT BY TELEPHONE, THANK YOU!!!"

[Telephone between London and Paris opened, Monday, March 23rd.









### SUFFERING ON THE "SILVER STREAK."

THESE GENTLEMEN (AFTER A FEW HOURS' REST) DECLARED UNANIMOUSLY IN FAVOUR OF THE PROPOSED CHANNEL TUBULAR RAILWAY.

### HANDS AS THEY ARE SHOOK.

(New Style.)

In healthier times, when friends would meet  
Their friends in chamber, park, or street,  
Each, as hereunder, each would greet.

Your level hand went forth; you clasped  
Your crony's; each his comrade's grasped—  
If roughly, neither friend was rasped.

Such was the good old-fashioned one  
Of honest British "How d'ye do?"  
I think it manly still—don't you?

But now, when smug acquaintance hails  
A set that would be "smart," but fails,  
Another principle prevails.

The arm, in lifted curve displayed,  
Droops limply o'er the shoulder-blade,  
As needing some chiron's aid:

The wrist is wrenched of JONES and BROWN,  
Those ornaments of London Town;  
Their listless fingers dribble down:

BROWN reaches to the knuckle-bones  
Of thus-excruciated JONES;  
BROWN's hand the same affliction owns.

At length his finger-tips have pressed  
The fingers of his JONES distressed:  
Both curvatures then sink to rest.

A sort of anguish lisp'd proceeds  
From either's mouth, but neither heeds  
The other's half-heroic deeds.

Exhausted, neither much can say;  
Complacent, each pursues his way;  
And JONES and BROWN have lived to-day.

For both have sought by strenuous strain  
To demonstrate, in face of pain,  
That friends they were, and friends remain.

Ah, wonderful! Can Poets deem  
Self-sacrifice a fading dream?  
Are salutations what they seem?

Is BROWN some Altruist in disguise,  
And JONES an Ibsenite likewise,  
That thus they flop and agonise?—

Or are the pair affected fools,  
Who catch by rote the silly rules  
Of third-rate fashionable schools?

### COURT COLD!

(A Page from the Diary of a Chaperon.)

THEY commanded her to rise early. She knew that the day's doings would be a terrible ordeal, but she came of a bold and sturdy race, and felt herself equal to any emergency. And so as the morning broke—as daylight crept through the foggy air—she prepared for the sacrifice. Yes, sacrifice; for was it not a sacrifice to barter away youth, pride, nay, life itself! And I had a hand in the matter! Ah, me—but away with vain regret!

I have been told since that they were hours and hours arranging her toilette. So long did it take that she was scarcely able to break her fast. She had, I believe, a cup of tea, and if rumour is to be credited, a couple of slices of thin bread-and-butter! Well, it is over now, and I can think of it almost without tears!

I called for her shortly after noon—for the lot had fallen upon me, and I was destined to attend her to her doom—she was very calm, and even smiled as I kissed her. She shivered a little as she sank beside me. I bade her to wrap her shawl more closely around her, and after she had complied with my command she seemed more at ease.

And now our conveyance had come to a full stop. We were surrounded by a sea of vulgar, hideous faces, grinning and mocking at us! My charge clung to me for protection. The laughter and the jeers increased tenfold. Then I cast her away from me roughly, whereupon followed yells mixed with savage laughter. She, poor girl, regained her

composure, and gazed at the multitude with the dignity of an outraged queen. And *they* laughed the more! Laughed the more!

At length we were set free, and made our way to a large apartment, where we were divested of our wraps, and left in costumes better adapted to late June than to early March, or mid-December. We were then ordered to advance. We were driven from one bitterly cold room to another, until we knew not whether the blood was circulating in our veins, or had frozen. We had many fellow-sufferers, and these poor creatures pushed against us, and fought with us. The great object of everyone was to get to the end of our journey!

She staggered bravely along, until at last they took away the yards of satin she carried round her arm, and spread it out behind. Then her name was uttered, or, rather, mispronounced. She sank on her knees; and, on regaining her feet, was hustled away, to follow a number of fellow-victims who had been treated with like indignity.

Once more there was the bitter cold. This time the draughts were met in that hall, and endured, until the conveyance arrived to move us on—she to stand for a couple of hours amidst gossiping friends, and I to go to bed.

But the seeds of death were sown! She never recovered the shock, and an addition to the inscriptions above the family-vault tells of her early decease!

And who was this poor girl? A homeless one, wandering the streets of London? or a political prisoner, on her way to Siberia? Neither! She was merely a *débutante*, attending her first (and last) Spring Drawing-room at Buckingham Palace!

NOTE (by Our Own Noodle).—Father Buonaparte, at the Olympic, judging from the account of it in the *Times*, seems to consist of "a part" for our WILSON BARRETT, the remainder being skeletonish, or "boney."





"MATTHEWS AT HOME." (NEW VERSION OF AN OLD ENTERTAINMENT.)



**RAIKES REX!**

SOMEBODY once said that ultimately the Solar System would probably become a branch of the General Post Office. The present Postmaster-General is obviously of opinion that that state of things has already come about.

To rule a realm as limitless as space,  
With the great G. P. O. as Central Sun,  
RAIKES is the man. Of Great Panjandrum race,  
He's Autocrat and Oracle in one.  
The Universe indeed were no great shakes  
Without RAIKES Rex for Ruler. *Vivat RAIKES!!!*

**ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.**

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 16.—House of Commons really looked to-night as if it meant fighting. No lack of matter for quarrel. Even before public business was reached, Orders bristled with Motions raising controversial points. Lord CHUNNEL-TANNEL, that man of peace, was to the fore; his Bill, extending Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway into London *via* Lord's Cricket Ground, down for Second Reading. That redoubtable Parliamentary Archer BAUMANN also on alert. Has taken under his personal charge the social and material welfare of Metropolis; at one time HARRY LAWSON, on other side of House,

disputed supremacy of position with him. But, as SARK says, BAUMANN has immense advantage of making Liberal speeches from Conservative side.

"If," says SARK, "I had to begin my Parliamentary life again, I would sit for a Tory borough, and advocate Radical notions. If it were possible, I would, with such a programme, like to represent one of the Universities, Oxford for choice. There's a sameness about fellows who get up from Liberal benches and spout Radicalism, or about men who talk Toryism from the Conservative camp. It's what was expected; what the House of Commons enjoys is the unexpected. GRANDOLPH knows that very well. If he'd come out as a Liberal, he wouldn't have been half the power he is. The secret of success in political life, my young friend, is to sit in darkness, and clothe yourself with light. The thing doesn't hold good in the converse direction. A man sitting on Liberal benches, and talking Toryism, will gain cheers from other side, but not much else. Look at HORSMAN in the past; look at JOKIM in the present. Certainly he is CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER; but, even with that, I

suppose you wouldn't call him a political success?" SARK a little proxy and opinionated; otherwise a good fellow. Whilst his homily in progress ground considerably cleared. Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Bill put off till to-morrow; Kensington Subway Bill withdrawn; BAUMANN triumphant. Still remained public business; OLD MORALITY led off with proposal to take Tuesdays and Fridays for morning sittings and Opposition mustered in great force; Mr. G. present, glowing with his own eulogy on ARTEMIS. OLD MORALITY moved Resolution with deprecatory deferential manner; only desire was to do his duty to QUEEN and Country and meet the convenience of Honourable Gentlemen sitting in whatever part of the House they might find themselves. Evidently expected outburst of indignant refusal, long debate, and a big division. Some indignation, but little debate and no division. Everyone on Opposition Benches seemed to expect some one else to declare himself irreconcilable. When question put, a pause; no one rose to continue the successive brief speeches; before you could say JAMES FERGUSON, Government had, on this 16th of March, practically secured all working time for remainder of Session.

"I feel like CLIVE," said OLD MORALITY; "or was it WARREN HASTINGS? Anyhow I am amazed at my own moderation."

*Business done.*—Morning Sittings arranged for rest of Session.

Tuesday.—"Lords" and Commons came in conflict to-day under novel circumstances. Lord TANNEL-CHUNNEL, pending settlement of question about making his Channel Tunnel, is promoting new trunk line of railway. Means to bring the Manchester, Sheffield and Lincoln line straight into London; terminus comes in by Lord's Cricket Ground; invades the sweet simplicity of St. John's

Wood; artistic population of that quarter up in arms; shriek protest in Lord CHUNNEL-TANNEL's ear, and shake at him the angry fist. But TANNEL-CHUNNEL not a Baron easily turned aside from accomplishment of his projects. Squares Committee of "Lords"; impresses into support of his scheme representatives of all the big towns on the route; Manchester, Nottingham, Leicester, all cheer him on; Liberals, Conservatives, Dissident Liberals, swell his majority. Second Reading of Bill carried by more than two to one. "How's that, Umpire?" CHUNNEL-TANNEL asked, carrying out his bat. "Well played, indeed!" said the SPEAKER.

Seemed at one time as if blood would flow, and gore would stain the floor of House. BARNES and WIGGINS were in it, but what it was all about not quite clear. Something to do with a coal-truck. As far as could be made out from choked utterances of BARNES, there had at some remote period been a coal-truck despatched to London by the Midland route. Something happened to it; either it was delayed, or it arrived empty, or it didn't arrive at all. However, it was quite clear to BARNES that the time had come when a new line of railway giving direct access to London from the Midlands was an urgent necessity. WIGGINS observed to be wriggling in his seat during the BARNES oration. Made several attempts to catch SPEAKER's eye; at length succeeded; his suppressed fury was terrible to behold; his rage Titanic. Heat least knew all about that coal-truck; though, as far as House was concerned, he did not succeed in lifting the mystery in which BARNES had enveloped it. Whether it was WIGGINS's coal, or merely WIGGINS's truck; whether WIGGINS happened to be in the truck when it went astray; or whether it was BARNES that was in it; or whether nothing was in it but the coal; or whether, coming back to an earlier point, there was



THE LORDS IN THE COMMONS.



no coal in the truck when it did (or did not) arrive at St. Paneras: these were questions the House vainly pursued, withered, as it was, under the wrath of WIGGINS. The only point clearly perceived was, that WIGGINS is a Director of Midland Railway.



In ordinary circumstances there are not to be found in House two more affable men than BARNES and WIGGINS. Amongst many other virtues, WIGGINS is, SARK tells me, one of the best judges of cigars in House, and is never without a sample in his case. It is sad to think that a man so gifted by nature, so favoured by fortune, should let his angry passions rise round a coal-truck. House, contemplating the episode, glad to shut it out by rushing off to Division Lobby.

*Business done.*—Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Bill, Read a Second Time, by 212 Votes to 103.

*Thursday.*—House engaged in considering Lords' Amendments to Tithes Bill. Things as dull as usual; House nearly empty; walk about corridors through tea-room, newspaper-room, and library; almost deserted; in smoking-room came upon little group playing cards; three of them; SOLICITOR-GENERAL, CHARLES RUSSELL, and ASQUITH, LOCKWOOD looking on.

"About that Coal Truck?" "I suppose," I said, "they're playing whist; why don't you make up the hand?" "Whist! it's not whist!" LOCKWOOD whispered, keeping his eye closely fixed on game. "It's Baccarat. (Ah! CLARKE! I saw you. Come, pay up. You did that very clumsily.) It's the Tranby Court case you know. I'm not in it, but my learned brethren here hold briefs on either side, and they say they are bound, in the interests of their clients, to master the intricacies of the game. I must say they have managed very successfully to subordinate their horror of gambling. RUSSELL, you know, has a positive distaste for any game of chance. But as he says, a Barrister must sometimes put his prejudices in his pocket. ASQUITH brings to the game a serious aspect that positively sanctifies it. As for EDWARD CLARKE, he's wonderfully nimble. He was trying *la poussette* just now when I called out to him. As everything turns upon this, my learned friends say they must make themselves acquainted with it. But I hope it won't lead to any breaking up of families. I'm told the Judges who are likely to be trying cases in London before Whitsuntide, impelled by a similar sense of duty, are also studying Baccarat. The L.C.J. is reported to have developed a wonderful talent. As a family man, and Recorder of Sheffield, I'm glad I'm not briefed in the case."

*Business done.*—Tithes Bill.

*Friday.*—Young HARRY LAWSON, with his beaver up, moved Resolution approving the opening for certain hours, and under special regulations, of the National Museums and Galleries, closed in London to the public on Sundays, made capital and convincing speech; supported by men like JOHN LUBBOCK, and, from Conservative side, MAYNE and ELCHO. Earlier in sitting, the voice of Whitechapel, Hoxton, Shoreditch, and Bethnal Green, had been heard by petition, praying for the boon. But dear old ROBERT FOWLER knows better what is good for the people. Opposed Motion. OLD MORALITY, who never goes into his picture gallery at Greenlands after midnight on Saturday, whipped up Government forces; Motion lost by 166 against 39.

Mr. BUNG, who had been watching Debate from Distinguished Strangers' Gallery, hugely delighted. "S'elp me," he said, "that'll stop their little game for this Parliament, at least. What do they mean hinterfiring with honest tradesmen? If you go opening your bloomin' mooseums and pieter galleries on Sunday afternoons, *what's to become of ME?*"

*Business done.*—Mr. BUNG's; and very effectively, too.

"Flat, Stale, and Unprofitable."

HAMPDEN, farewell! Ere this you may have found The World you swore was flat is really round. But many a man, with brains beneath his hat. Swears that the World is round, and finds it flat.



"Young Harry."

## THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.

(March 21. Oxford won by half a length.)

GREAT ZEUS! was ever such a race since 1829, When WORDSWORTH, SELWYN, MERIVALE began the mighty line, First of the stalwart heroes who matched their straining thews, And on great Thames's tide have fought the battle of the Blues? Who writes of pampered softness? Confusion on his pen: Still is there pluck in England, and still her sons are Men. And still the lads go gaily forth in snow, or wind, or rain, With hearts elate to row the race, and spurt, and spurt again. A health to you, brave AMPHILL; the cheering echoes far; For FLETCHER and the NICKALLS' lads—*nobile fratrum par*. A shout goes up for WILKINSON, the stalwart and the strong, For REGGIE ROWE, and dauntless KENT, who kept the stroke so long. For POOLE, the tidy bowman, and HEYWOOD—LONSDALE too; Thrice thirty cheers for all of them, that gallant Oxford Crew. Nor,—though the years speed onward, and others wield the oar, Though others race and win or lose where we have raced before; Though others, while we watch the sport, should play as we have And scorn us prosy greybeards—shall ELIN's glory fade? [played, NOBLE, and LORD, and FRANKLYN, they each shall have their cheer, And BRADDON, small, but quick of eye, who craftily did steer, And ROWLATT, and FOGG—ELLIOTT, and LANDALE, of the Hall, And FISON, sturdy Corpus man—we cheer and praise them all. *Punch* loves all sturdy men and true, by whom great deeds are done, And toasts and cheers with all his might the Crews of '91.

## LEGAL MAXIMS.

(Suggestions for alteration and adaptation to Modern Manners and Customs, after the Jackson decision by the Court of Appeal.)

*Common Law.*—"The tradition of ages shall prevail," save when it runs counter to the opinions of a leader-writer of a daily paper.

*Equity.*—(1.) "No right shall be without a remedy," save when it is sentimentally suggested that somebody's right may be somebody else's wrong.

(2.) "Equity follows the law," at such a distance that it never comes up with it.

(3.) "Equity is equality," save when a man's wife is literally his better half.

(4.) "Where there is equal equity the law must prevail," in any view it pleases to take at the instance of the Lord Chancellor for the time being.

(5.) "Where the equities are equal the law prevails," in any course it likes to pursue.

(6.) "Equity looks upon that as done which is agreed to be done," especially when, after obtaining legal relief, the suitor ultimately finds himself sold.

*Contracts.*—(1.) "All contracts are construed according to the intentions of the parties," save where one of them subsequently changes his mind.

(2.) "The construction should be liberal" enough to suit the fancy of the Judge who enforces it.

(3.) "It should be favourable" to a long and angry correspondence in all the principal newspapers.

(4.) "The contract should in general be construed according to the law of the country where made," but certainly not in particular.

(5.) "That testimony cannot be given to vary, but may to explain a written contract," save when someone suggests that this practice shall be reversed.

(6.) "He who employs an agent does it himself," unless it is considered advisable to take an opposite view of the matter.

*Parent and Child.*—"A father shall have the custody of his children," except when they get beyond his control and defy his authority.

*Landlord and Tenant.*—"A landlord has a right to receive his rent," if the tenant does not spend the money on something else.

*Husband and Wife.*—"A man has a right to the society of his wife," when she does not prefer to give her company elsewhere.

*Bright of an Englishman.* (Popular traditionally, but strictly speaking supplementary.)—"An Englishman's house is his castle," but only the *piet à terre* of the lawfully wedded sharer of his income.

OLD FATHER ANTIC.



QUEER QUERIES.—CLIMATE OF THE BRITISH ISLES.—As the Gulf Stream produces such an effect on the English climate, would it not be feasible to add to the heat of the water in some way—say, by erecting powerful furnaces somewhere on the south coast of Florida, or by turning the lava from a volcano in the neighbourhood of the Gulf into the sea? I am not a man of science, but I should be glad to hear your opinion of the scheme.—SUFFERER FROM COLD.



## MR. PUNCH'S POCKET IBSEN.

(Condensed and Revised Version by Mr. P.'s Own Harmless Ibsenite.)

## No. II.—NORA; OR, THE BIRD-CAGE (ET DIKKISVÖIT).

## ACT I.

A Room tastefully filled with cheap Art-furniture. Gimcracks in an étagère; a festoon of chenille monkeys hanging from the gaselier. Japanese fans, skeletons, cotton-wool spiders, frogs, and lizards, scattered everywhere about. Drain-pipes with tall dyed grasses. A porcelain stove decorated with transferable pictures. Showily-bound books in book-case. Window. The Visitors' bell rings in the hall outside. The hall-door is heard to open, and then to shut. Presently NORA walks in with thots; a Porter carries a large Christmas-tree after her—Nora puts down. NORA gives him a shilling—and he goes out grumbling. NORA hums contentedly, and eats macaroons. Then HELMER puts his head out of his Manager's room, and goes on eating macaroons cautiously.

Have ye playfully. Is that my little squirrel twittering—that rat, asking in here? Salamp! (To herself.) I have only been married eight years, w marital amenities have not yet had time to pall!

(Threatening with his finger.) I hope the little bird has surely not been digging its beak into any macaroons, eh?

Nora (bolting one, and wiping her mouth). No, most certainly not. (To herself.) The worst of being so babyish is—one does have to tell such a lot of taradiddles! (To H.) See what I've bought—it's been such fun!

(Hums.

Helmer (inspecting parcels). H'm—rather an expensive little lark!

(Takes her playfully by the ear. Nora. Little birds like to have a flutter occasionally. Which reminds me—(Plays with his coat-buttons.) I'm such a simple ickle sing—but if you are thinking of giving me a Christmas present, make it cash!

Helmer. Just like your poor father, he always asked me to make it cash—he never made any himself! It's heredity, I suppose. Well—well!

(Goes back to his Bank. NORA goes on humming.

Enter Mrs. LINDEN, doubtfully.

Nora. What, CHRISTINA—why, how old you look! But then you are poor. I'm not. TORVALD has just been made a Bank Manager. (Tidies the room.) Isn't it really wonderfully delicious to be well off? But, of course, you wouldn't know. We were poor once, and, do you know, when TORVALD was ill, I—(tossing her head)—though I am such a frivolous little squirrel, and all that, I actually borrowed £300 for him to go abroad. Wasn't that clever? Tra-la-la! I shan't tell you who lent it. I didn't even tell TORVALD. I am such a mere baby I don't tell him everything. I tell Dr. RANK, though. Oh, I'm so awfully happy I should like to shout, "Dash it all!"

Mrs. Linden (stroking her hair). Do—it is a natural and innocent outburst—you are such a child! But I am a widow, and want employment. Do you think your husband could find me a place as clerk in his Bank? (Proudly.) I am an excellent knitter!

Nora. That would really be awfully funny. (To HELMER, who enters.) TORVALD, this is CHRISTINA; she wants to be a clerk in your Bank—do let her! She thinks such a lot of you. (To herself.) Another taradiddle!

Helmer. She is a sensible woman, and deserves encouragement. Come along, Mrs. LINDEN, and we'll see what we can do for you.

(He goes out through the hall with Mrs. L., and the front-door is heard to slam after them.

Nora. (opens door, and calls). Now, EMMY, IVAR, and BOB, come in and have a romp with Mamma—we will play hide-and-seek. (She gets under the table, smiling in quiet satisfaction; KROGSTAD enters—NORA pounces out upon him). Boo! . . . Oh, I beg your pardon. I don't do this kind of thing generally—though I may be a little silly!

Krogstad (politely). Don't mention it. I called because I happened

to see your husband go out with Mrs. LINDEN—from which, being a person of considerable penetration, I infer that he is about to give her my post at the Bank. Now, as you owe me the balance of £300, for which I hold your acknowledgment, you will see the propriety of putting a stop to this little game at once.

Nora. But I don't at all—not a little wee bit! I'm so childish, you know—why should I?

Krogstad. I will try to make it plain to the meanest capacity. When you came to me for the loan, I naturally required some additional security. Your father, being a shady Government official, without a penny—for, if he had possessed one, he would, presumably, have left it to you—without a penny, then, I, as a cautious man of business, insisted upon having his signature as a surety. Oh, we Norwegians are sharp fellows!

Nora. Well, you got Papa's signature, didn't you?

Krogstad. Oh, I got it right enough. Unfortunately, it was dated three days after his decease—now, how do you account for that?

Nora. How? Why, as poor Papa was dead, and couldn't sign, I signed for him, that's all! Only somehow I forgot to put the date back. That's how. Didn't I tell you I was a silly, un-businesslike little thing? It's very simple.

Krogstad. Very—but what you did amounts to forgery, notwithstanding. I happen to know, because I'm a lawyer, and have done a little in the forging way myself. So, to come to the point—if I

get kicked out, I shall not go alone! [He bows, and goes out.

Nora. It can't be wrong! Why no one but KROGSTAD would have been taken in by it! If the Law says it's wrong, the Law's a goose—a bigger goose than poor little me even! (To HELMER, who enters.) Oh, TORVALD, how you made me jump!

Helmer. Has anybody called? (NORA shakes her head.) Oh, my little squirrel mustn't tell naughty whoopers! Why, I just met that fellow KROGSTAD in the hall. He's been asking you to get me to take him back—now, hasn't he?

Nora (walking about). Do just see how pretty the Christmas-tree looks!

Helmer. Never mind the tree—I want to have this out about KROGSTAD. I can't take him back, because many years ago he forged a name. As a lawyer, a close observer of human nature, and a Bank Manager, I have remarked that people who forge names seldom or never confide the fact to their children—which inevitably brings moral contagion into the entire family. From which it

follows, logically, that KROGSTAD has been poisoning his children for years by acting a part, and is morally lost. (Stretches out his hands to her.) I can't bear a morally lost Bank-cashier about me!

Nora. But, you never thought of dismissing him till CHRISTINA came!

Helmer. H'm! I've got some business to attend to—so good-bye, little lark!

(Goes into office and shuts door.

Nora (pale with terror). If KROGSTAD poisons his children because he once forged a name, I must be poisoning EMMY, and BOB, and IVAR, because I forged Papa's signature! (Short pause; she raises her head proudly.) After all, if I am a doll, I can still draw a logical induction! I mustn't play with the children any more—(holly)—I don't care—I shall, though! Who cares for KROGSTAD?

(She makes a face, choking with suppressed tears, as Curtain falls.

N.B.—The tremendous psychological problem of whether NORA is as much of a doll, a squirrel, and a lark, as she seems, and if so, whether it is her own fault, or HELMER's or Society's, will be solved in subsequent numbers.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.—At last by the authority of the L. C. C. his Grace of BRIDFORD has been notified that within three months from now "Locks, bolts, and bars must fly asunder" in the parish of St. Pancras, where henceforth existence of all such obstruction is to cease. We hope that the gate-keepers, whose occupation is gone, have been amply provided for, as they will now have no gates, but only themselves to keep. Mr. Punch has persistently advocated the reform. And now, Gentlemen, how about Mud Salad Market, which, like Scotland in Macbeth's time, "stands where it did"?



## FASCINATION!

"APOLLONIUS, by some probable conjectures, found her out to be a serpent, a Lamia; and that all her furniture was, like Tantalus's gold described by HOMER, no substance, but mere illusion."—*Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.*



A LAMIA, this? Nay, obvious coil, and hiss most unequivocal,  
betray the Snake;  
As fell ophidian as in fierce meridian of Afric ever lurked in swamp  
or brake;  
And yet Corinthian LYCIUS never doted on the white-throated  
charmer of his soul  
With blinder passion than our fools of Fashion  
Feel for this gruesome ghoul.

Poor LYCIUS had excuse. Who might refuse worship to Lamia,  
"now a lady bright"?  
But foul-fanged here, fierces-eyed, a shape of fear, the serpent stands  
revealed to general sight,  
A loathly thing, close-knotted ring on ring, of guise unlovely, and  
infectious breath;  
And yet strong witchery draws to those wide jaws  
Whose touch is shameful death.



See how the fluttering things on painted wings, foolish as gnat-swarms near the shrivelling blaze,  
Flock nearer, nearer! Forms, too, quainter, queerer, frog-dures of folly, rabbit-thralls of craze,  
Butterfly triflers, gay-plumed would-be riflers of golden chalices, of poisoned flowers,  
Flitter and flutter in delirium utter,

As drawn by wizard powers.

Oh, "Painted Lady," Summer coverts shady, the greenwood home, the sweep of sunny fields,  
A butterfly besit; but where's the wit that mire-befouled to the swamp-demon yields?

Oh, birds of Iris-glitter, black and bitter will be the wakening when those gaudy plumes

Fall crushed and leaden, as your senses deaden

In poisonous Python fumes!

Ye *gobemouche* creatures of batrachian features, who "go a-wooing" such a fate as this,

Have ye no vision of that doom's decision? Have ye no ear for rattle or for hiss?

Salammbô's craving, morbid and enslaving, was sanity compared with your mad love,

As well the swallow the fierce shrike might follow,

Or hawk be chased by dove!

Tantalus' gold is all such Lamias hold; 'tis Devil's dice such Mammon vassals throw;

A sordid fever fires each fool-believer in the gross glitter, the unholy glow.

Vile is your Dagon! Circe's venomous flagon embruted less than doth the Lamia's wine,

Than Comus' cup more perilous to sup—

As snakes are worse than swine.

The poet's snake enchanted, who so flaunted her borrowed robes amidst the daffodils,

Hath piteous touches. She, from Fate's clutches, free some brief space, "escaped from so sore ills,"

Moves our compassion. But this modern fashion of Snake Enchanter looks unlovely all.

Greedy's inspiration its sole fascination.

Low selfishness its thrall.

"A Serpent!" So the Sophist murmured low, and "LYCIUS' arms were empty of delight,"

LAMIA had fled! Would that some sage cool head, some modern APOLLONIUS, with the might

Of sense magnanimous, would banish thus the bestial Lamia of our later day,

Whose fascination draws a noble nation

To sordid slow decay!

DANTE NOT "IN IT"!—The Italian language is to be excluded from the Indian Civil Service Examination. "The story is extant, and written in very choice Italian," said *Hamlet*, and SHAKESPEARE knew that the reference would be intelligible to his audience. But *Hamlet* "up to date" in this "so-called nineteenth century" would be compelled to give the speech thus, "The original story, I believe, is written in the Italian language, with which none of us here are acquainted." But, after all, the candidates may be inclined to adapt the Gilbert-Sullivan words and music to the occasion, and sing—

"So, in spite of all temptation,

At the next examination

They'll bar I-tal-i-an!"

Though, years hence, it may happen that they'll be sorry they weren't compelled to get up Italian as one of the subjects.

"O WOMAN, IN OUR HOUR OF EASE!"—which line would make a suitable motto for our very useful, chatty, and interesting weekly contemporary entitled *Woman*. *A propos* of "headings," the only one in the above-mentioned publication to which objection can possibly be taken "on the face of it" is "Wrinkles." Wouldn't "Whispers" be better? It is quite enough for *Woman* to appear with lines, but it's too bad that wrinkles should be added while she is yet so young.

"CHARLES OUR FRIEND."—Once again occurs an illustration of the applicability of Dickensian characters to modern instances. In last Thursday's *Times*, by special Razzle-Dalziel wire, we read of the return of another great Arctic explorer, Mr. WASHBURTON PIKE, after having braved dangers demanding the most dauntless courage. Here, then, are two single gentlemen rolled into one: it is *Pike* and *Pluck* combined.



### BEATUS POSSIDENS.

"I'VE COME ABOUT A JOB. I HEARD THERE WAS A BOY WANTED."  
"OH, YOU'RD AS THERE WAS A BOY WANTED, DID YER? THEN YOU'RE JUST TOO LATE, 'COS MASTER'S SOOTED!"

### WANTED FOR THE ETON LOAN COLLECTION.

1. The earliest specimen of the Birch. (*Suggested by a Merry Swiss Boy.*)
2. Salt-cellar used for holding the Salt at Montem time.
3. Specimen of Haberdashery, from an Eton "Sock" shop.
4. Model of the most powerful "Long-glass" from "Tap."
5. Chips from the Earliest Block, with authentic history of Etonian Original Transgression, or "First Fault."
6. Documents tracing the connection between "Pop" and the Pawnbroking business.
7. Specimen of Lower Boy's Hat, with motto, "*Sub Tegmine Fag-I!*"
8. Portraits of Eminent "Sitters" on Fourth of June and Election Saturday in the early part of present century.
9. Skull of a "Wet-Bob" originally feathered.
10. A copy (perfect and signed) of another boy's verses. (*N.B.* Not very scarce.)
11. Portraits of eminent Landlords who, acting on *SHERIDAN'S* advice, have "kept up the Xtopher."
12. Also, portrait, with life and times of the crabbed old Thames Waterman, known on the river as "Sarly HALL."

[Any future suggestions that may be sent to us will be entirely at the service of the Duke of FIFE and others interested in promoting this most interesting exhibition.]

A PUBLISHER AND HIS FRIENDS.—In order to worthily celebrate the hearty reception, by the critics and the public generally, of this most interesting and successful work, the present representatives of the great publishing firm of MURRAY will give a grand banquet, and, with SMILES, will sing in chorus the once popular refrain, "We are a Murray family, we are, we are, we are!" *Prosit!*

TO THOSE IT MAY CONCERN.—In reply to several Correspondents, *Mr. Punch* begs to suggest that ANTHONY TROLLOPE would certainly have observed, "*I say Yes!*" had he been told that WILKIE COLLINS had written "*I Say No!*"



## THE WAY OF WESTMINSTER.

(A Story of the Parliamentary Bar.)

"You will not forget, Sir," said my excellent and admirable clerk, "that to-morrow you have to appear before a Committee of the House of Commons, in the matter of the Glogsweller Railway Extension?"



I glanced somewhat severely at PORTINGTON, but was gratified to find that his face was quite free from any suggestion of levity. I was the more pleased with the result of my investigation, as, truth to tell, the delivery of a brief in the matter of the Extension of the Glogsweller Railway Company had been somewhat of an event in my life. I had never before had the honour of practising at the Parliamentary Bar. So for months my mind had been entirely occupied with the date fixed for my appearance in the Committee Room of the House of Commons, known technically, I believe, at St. Stephens, as "upstairs."

"You will be sure to meet me there, to-morrow, PORTINGTON?" I observed.

"Certainly, Sir," replied my clerk. "But, as I have to be down at the Mayor's Court

with Mr. CHARLES O'MULLIGAN in the morning, I daresay you won't mind if I come with [your sandwiches and sherry, Sir, at two, or thereabouts."

I acquiesced, somewhat unwillingly. O'MULLIGAN shares with me the good offices of PORTINGTON, but generally contrives to secure the lion's portion of his services. I had arranged—understanding that no adjournment was made for luncheon—that some refreshment should be conveyed to me during the day's proceedings, so that my voice should lose none of its wonted resonance (owing to famine-produced weakness) when the time arrived for my advocacy of the cause of my clients. Those clients had, so to speak, but a collateral interest in the day's proceedings. The great North-East Diddlesex Railway were promoting a Bill to carry a new line into the neighbourhood of the Glogsweller Extension, and my duty was confined to cross-examining one of the expert witnesses that I knew would be asked to support the G. N. E. D. R. To be candid, we had a goods depot near their suggested terminus, and were fearful that their proposed proximity would damage our mineral traffic. The matter was simple enough, but I had taken months in carefully studying a small library of charts, Encyclopædias, and Parliamentary Blue Books, in mastering it.

On the morning following my conversation with PORTINGTON, duly robed (I had put on my wig and gown in Chambers), I travelled by hansom to Westminster, and presented myself at the side entrance to St. Stephen's Hall. I had no difficulty in finding the Committee Room devoted to the consideration of the alleged necessities of the Great North-East Diddlesex Railway. It was a large and pleasant apartment, with a distant view through the windows of St. Thomas's Hospital. At a horse-shoe table sat the Committee, some four or five gentlemen, who might have filled equally appropriately any one of the pews reserved in the Royal Courts for the accommodation of a Special Jury. I took my place amongst a number of my learned brethren, who were perfect strangers to me. The table in front of us was littered with plans, charts, and documents of all descriptions. A Q.C. brought with him a large bag of buns, and two cups of custard, and there were other refreshments mingled with the exhibits before us. On chairs at the side were Solicitors; at our back, separated from us by a bar, were the Public. On the walls were hanging huge charts, giving in pantomimic proportions the proposed progress of the projected line. In the corners of these charts were explanations why such a part was coloured green, or red, or blue. During the day's proceedings an attendant was told off to trace the course of a counsel's harangue by pointing out, with a lecturer's wand, the various places referred to in his speech.

I was gratified to find that the expert whose evidence it was my duty to test by cross-examination, was soon in the witness-box. He was a gentleman of considerable bulk, which gave one of my learned friends, who was the first to take him in hand, the opportunity of saying, that he was a "witness of great weight," a remark which caused much laughter—even the Chairman of the Committee, a somewhat austere person, indulging in a stealthy smile at the ingenious ally. Such waggish flashes as this, I need scarcely say, were most welcome, and afforded, when they came, a pleasant relief to the necessary dryness that characterised, perforce, the proceedings. As the hands of the clock progressed, waiters carried into the Committee various light refreshments, such as brandy-and-sodawater, sandwiches, and buns. My colleagues, too, when not actively engaged in the declamatory duties of their profession, partook of the viands with which they had provided themselves before the com-

mencement of the day's labours. Thus the cups devoted to custard soon were empty, and the paper bags, once occupied by buns, crumpled up and discarded. I gazed at the clock. It was past two, and I was getting terribly hungry. I felt that my voice was becoming weak from famine. This would never do, and might endanger my clients' interests. I looked round eagerly for PORTINGTON. He was nowhere to be seen. I whispered to a colleague, "would the examination-in-chief last much longer?" and was told it could not possibly be concluded within a quarter of an hour. I made up my mind to hasten to a refreshment-bar I had seen in the corridor before I had entered the room, and hurriedly left my seat. I pushed my way through the public, and had scarcely got outside when I found my faithful clerk laden with sandwiches and sherry making post-haste towards me.

"Get back, Sir, as quick as you can," he cried, as he thrust the invigorating ingredients of my midday meal into my hands; "run, Sir, run; I hope they haven't noticed your absence!"

Rather offended at the peremptory tone adopted by my subordinate I returned to my seat, and was pleased to find that the examination-in-chief was nearly ended. I pulled myself together. I drank a glass of sherry and finished a sandwich. My voice was in excellent tone, and I felt that the crisis of my life had indeed been reached. I knew that it was now or never. I had this great chance of distinguishing myself by pleasing my clients and securing a practice at the Parliamentary Bar, which might mean hundreds, nay, thousands a-year. I imagined my children at Eton, my wife in a carriage and pair, my address in Grosvenor Place. All I had to do to secure these tardily-attained luxuries was to protect my clients by my careful attention to their interests. The moment at length arrived. I rose to cross-examine.

"And now, Sir," I said; feeling that I was master of the situation, and that my voice had a magnificent resonance, which was striking terror into the heart of the witness before me, "I am going to put a few questions to you!"

"I beg pardon," said the Chairman, promptly—"you will do nothing of the sort. You were not present during the whole of the witness's examination-in-chief, and so we decline to hear you!"

I could have wept! The momentary search for sandwiches and sherry had ruined me! Eton and Grosvenor Place vanished together (in the carriage and pair) for ever!

Pump-Handle Court. (Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

OLLENDORFF IN LONDON;  
OR, THE COCKNEY'S FAMILIAR PHRASE-BOOK.

No. I.—AT THE ESTATE AGENT'S.

HAVE you some nice houses to let furnished?—Here is our Catalogue, Sir.—I perceive that most of these are Queen Anne houses; "sanitation perfect;" where is the satisfactory explanation of the fine advertisement?—It is in Spain with the other castles (idiom).—What is "Queen Anne"?—Victoria comes first, Elizabeth second, but Queen Anne is (the) last.—Is then sanitation also something?—It is the little game of the big builder; it is all your (my, his, her,) eyes.—Can we have some nice furniture?—You can have (the furniture of) Chippendale, Sheraton, M'Adam, or Louis-Quinze.—It is too dear.—No, Sir; my brother bought it yesterday of the clever carpenter.—I was done by you or by your brother; I require a room for my mother-in-law (neutral).—The good mother-in-law sleeps in the chamber of boxes (box-room), but the evil mother-in-law prefers the best bed-room.—How many persons are you?—We are sixteen.—You are, indeed, suited, Sir; it is an eight-roomed house.—Is not the noble drawing-room smaller than we have a mind to?—On the contrary, it is very lofty. There is room near the chandelier.—Where is the "moderate-sized garden"?—It is on the leads with the broken flower-pots, the capital smuts, and the industrious cats (masculine or feminine).—Is it then much larger than a postage-stamp?—Decidedly not, Sir. It is also nearly as sticky. Much rain produces weeds.—Where are "the bath-rooms"? I only perceived a watering-pot.—Any rooms in which you put baths are bath-rooms.—What is then the price?—The exorbitant client of the first-class agent demands four hundred guineas for the season.—It is too much.—He would take less in some minutes; but my commission will rest the same.—Here are "Commanding mansions," "Bijou maisonettes," and "Desirable residences."—It is not difficult; the mansion that has a back-staircase is commanding, the "Bijou" is for the newly-married, or the actress, but the "Desirable residence" is what you desire.—What is then the "square hall"?—It is neither round nor oblong; therefore it is square. It is likewise in a square.—Is it geometrically the same as the Bridge of Asses?—I do not know, Sir.—Where is the capital accommodation for the poor servants?—It resembles the dark kennel of the sad dog.—What are dilapidations and electric light?—The first, Sir, is what you break; the second is what breaks you.—If I were to let my own house, and then to myself take it,



would it be on the same terms?—No, the buyer is usually sold, but the seller loves the first of April.—If another agent were to let my house, would you, likewise, expect commission?—Why not? I am the best friend of the little lawyer with the long nose.—I was inquiring of you about flats.—It were better that you should be sharp, Sir.—I was not born yesterday (proverb).—Right (adjective) you are, Sir; we will write (verb) to you till you take or let something, not alone I, but also some others; if you refuse me something, I will be very discontented.—Have you ever let well alone? (idiom).—We have let many things alone (bare), but you must, notwithstanding, pay for the fixtures.—I think I will be going.—Here are pens, paper, and a form of an attorney.—No, I thank you.—We shall not charge for this interview, but one must live.—I do not see the necessity (*v. Anecdotes in Appendix*).—The Necessity is the mother of the Inventory.—Who is the Caretaker?—She is the great-grandmother of the superannuated laundress. She becomes sleepy during the Winter. Shall we send her to your house?—Not if I know it (expletive). Receive the assurance (insurance) of my highest consideration. By the bye (interjection), which is the topmost storey?—The topmost story is the last thing you have heard me mention. I salute you, Sir.

### TAKEN UPON TRUST.

(A Fair-and-Unfair Story, Founded upon a Magic Act.)

ONCE upon a time there existed two fatherless and motherless orphans, who were just old enough to work for their living. Unfortunately they did not know how to dig, were too proud to beg, and had conscientious scruples that prevented them from stealing.



Besides, one of the two was a girl; and there were not many openings for her. And matters would have gone very hard with them, indeed, had not a distant, but benevolent relative, kindly died and left them as a legacy a sum of money, of which they were to have the interest until they attained their majority, when it was to be divided equally between them. They were overjoyed, and rushed to the executor, who happened to be a lawyer.

"Yes," said the man of costs, "I am indeed charged with the execution of the trust, and for your own sakes I hope you will not give me much trouble, as I shall, under the conditions of the will, have to make you pay for it."

And after he had entered their visit (which he called an attendance) in his diary, to be subsequently copied into a ledger, he bowed them out.

So the two orphans disappeared a little crestfallen; and they soon discovered that their legacy had the faculty of diminishing. The lawyer immediately transferred the money, which was invested in what he called "second-rate securities," into Consols, and this cost something, and considerably diminished their income. When the two orphans remonstrated, the lawyer said, that as he made scarcely more than out-of-pocket expenses in the matter, he did not feel justified in incurring the slightest risk.

"I am only a simple girl," murmured one of the orphans, with a nervous blush; "but does not a recent statute give trustees power to invest the funds of their *cestui que trusts* in securities yielding a larger return than 2½ Goschens?"

"Do not bandy words with me, Miss," replied the lawyer, angrily; "I shall act as I please, and if you or I ask for the estate to be administered, it will cost you a pretty penny."

"Which no doubt will find its way into your pocket," returned the maiden, simply. "But surely a 4½ mortgage on real property can be obtained without risk, if you do not act contrary to the provisions of the Trustee Relief Act?"

But the lawyer was very angry, and threatened her that if she made any further complaint he would appeal to the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice, which would mean, probably, the absorption of the entire estate in a gigantic bill of costs.

So, with a sigh, the maiden and her brother retired. That night, as she was sitting over the fire, before retiring to rest, she had a dream, when a nice-looking old gentleman appeared before her, and asked her "why she was so sad?"

"Because we have a lawyer for our trustees, who is most unobliging, and expensive. I am afraid, kind Sir, you cannot help us."

"Do not say so until you have perused this scroll," he replied, with a benevolent smile, and he gave her a paper. "To-morrow, if your trustee again threatens you, and offers to retire, take him at his word. If I replace him, I will do all you wish—enter into mortgages, invest your capital to the best possible advantage, and make myself generally amiable."

"But how shall we pay you for so much kindness?" asked the now overjoyed maiden.

"By a tariff fixed by the Government. It will be my duty to do

my best for you, and I shall have no personal interest in running up costs like the common (or garden) kind of family Solicitor."

So the next day, when the lawyer began to threaten to resign, the orphans took him at his word, and all that the nice-looking old gentleman had foretold came to pass. And when the orphans were getting the best possible interest for their money, at a trifling expense, the maiden looked at the scroll which had been given to her, and found it was inscribed, "The Public Trustee Act."

And, so far as the lawyer, who had been discarded, know (or cared), the maiden and her brother lived happily ever afterwards.

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MORE about DICKENS. By the loving hand of PERCY FITZGERALD the Bookmaker, not sporting, but literary. Of making books, with PERCY FITZ there is no end. He is the king of the Bookmakers, *Per se Fitz*. This time it is the *History of the Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*, published by CHAPMAN AND HALL, and "inscribed"—why not "dedicated?"—to HENRY FIELDING DICKENS, son of "The Only One," the Master. Interesting? Of course it is, anything about DICKENS, specially in connection with the immortal *Pickwick*, must be interesting, and for chatty, gossiping book-making we only say, "Give us FITZ." He is to the manor born. He is neither romancer nor poet: "*poeta nascitur non 'FITZ'.*" Occasionally FITZ is aggravatingly reticent. For instance, at page 16 we read, "Two or three years ago"—which? two or three?—"a curious and amusing coincidence brought the author's son, a barrister in good practice"—Which son? His name? There were more sons than one; were they all barristers? And was this one the only one in good practice?—"into connection with his father's famous book. It occurred at a trial on the Circuit." Which Circuit? Which is "the Circuit"? The Baron, who is now the Last of the Barons but one, only asks because the phrase "on Circuit" would not have required his query; but "on the Circuit" is another pair of shoes. "A trial." What trial? When? At p. 17, "The Judge entered into the humour of the thing"—what Judge? The Baron is of opinion that in the well-known advertisement about the Waverley Pen, quoted in a note at p. 25, the correct order should be, "The *Pickwick*, the *Owl*, and the *Waverley Pen*,"—not *Pickwick* last. Did CHARLES DICKENS ever write to FORSTER that he was "getting on like a house o' fire"? Surely this should be a "house a-fire," or "a house on fire"; for a "house o' fire" means a "house of fire," which is not what the expression is intended to convey. At p. 51, in a note, FITZ says, "Phiz, Whizz, or something of that kind, was T. HOOD's joke." Was it? If so, where does the joke come in?

My friend, the late GEORGE ROSE, better known as "ARTHUR SKETCHLEY," used to say that DICKENS took *Sam Weller* from (as I understood him) a character in one of O'KEEFE's comedies. This statement was given on the authority of Mr. BAYLE BERNARD. But I am bound to say I can find nothing like *Sam* in O'KEEFE's; but I have found DICKENS there bodily. It is in *Sc. 1, Act I. of Life's Vagaries; or, The Neglected Son*. "Oh! exclaims FANNY, 'if my papa was to see me—oh!' (*Seeing DICKENS, runs; he stops her.*)" And, oddly enough, in this edition of 1798, frequently as the above-mentioned character appears, it is "on this occasion only" that the name is spelt with an "x."

Mr. FITZGERALD, at p. 136 of this book, says, that an actor named SAM VALE, appearing as *Simon Splatterdash*, in a piece called *The Boarding-House*, was in the habit of "interlarding his conversation with metaphorical illustrations"—and then follow the examples. *The Boarding-House*, however, is not by O'KEEFE, but, as appears from a note in *Sketches by Bos*, was being performed when DICKENS's short tale of *The Boarding-House* appeared. For my part, I long ago came to the conclusion that *Sam Weller* was absolutely an original creation, as far, that is, as anything outside the immaterial realms of fancy and fairland can be an original creation. Our FITZ gives CALVERLEY's Examination Paper, and also an Oxford imitation of it, which, however, is not by any means up to the CALVERLEY-BLADES mark. There is also a preface to *Pickwick*, specially interesting, as not being found in later editions. Then our FITZ informs us how many dramatic versions of *Pickwick* there have been, some with and some without music, bringing the list down to the latest "Dramatic Cantata" (it oughtn't to have been so described, as there was dialogue in it), the music of which will always hold a first place among the compositions of the Musical Baron's friend claiming to be the gifted descendant of the Wise and Musical King SOLOMON.

Altogether a vote of thanks should be presented to Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD for his entertaining, instructive, and most readable book on the immortal *Pickwick*, says THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.







### TELEPHONIC COMMUNICATION.

*Husband (off to Paris).* "DON'T CRY, DARLING. IT'S TOO SAD TO LEAVE YOU, I KNOW! BUT YOU CAN TALK TO ME THERE JUST AS IF WE WERE TOGETHER—ONLY BE CAREFUL, AS IT'S EXPENSIVE!"

*Wife.* "IS IT, DARLING! HA-HA—HADN'T YOU BETTER LEAVE ME A FEW BLANK CHEQUES?"

### TALKING BY TIME.

THE growing pressure of the business having already obliged the Belgium Postal Authorities to cut down the time allowed for a telephonic communication between Paris and Brussels, from five minutes to three, it is to be presumed that the rush of public patronage that may be expected when the wire is opened between London and the French Capital, will soon necessitate the substitution, in place of the promised ten minutes, of an allowance to each speaker of a minute, or at most a minute and a half for his interview, which it may con-

fidently be expected will not unfrequently take the following shape:—

*Inexorable Official.* Now, Sir; your turn next.

[*Shuts intending London Talker in, and switches him "on."*]

*London Talker.* Dear me! How quick they are, one hardly knows what one is about. I wonder how loud, now, one ought to speak. Better shout. Anyhow, I'll try that first. (*At the top of his voice through the tube.*) Hello! Hi! I say. Are you there?

*Paris Listener (replying).* Oh! don't bawl like that. Of course I'm here, I've been

waiting quite half a minute; thought you were never going to begin. But I suppose it is JONES I am speaking to?

*London Talker.* Oh yes, I'm JONES. It's all right. But can't you recognise my voice?

*Paris Listener.* Not when you bawl fit to break the drum of one's ear. But come, now, get on quick with what you want to say.

*London Talker.* All right—I'll get on. But now tell me, do I pitch my voice about right now? Can you catch distinctly all I say?

*Paris Listener.* Oh yes! Bother! But do get on. Times go fast.

*London Talker.* What? I didn't catch that last word. Time's what?

*Paris Listener (very distinctly, with emphasis).* I said—that—time—was—going fast. Can you hear that?

*London Talker.* Oh yes, I can hear that, and most distinctly. Really, it is a most wonderful invention.

*Paris Listener.* Oh, bother the invention! Do come to business! What did you want me for?

*London Talker.* Oh, of course. Well, it was just this. I thought—

*Inexorable Official.* Time's up, Sir. Trouble you to make room for this Lady.

[*Switches him "off," and turns him out.*]

### "THAT CON—FOUNDLAND DOG!"

MR. JOHN BULL *loquitur* :—

"LOVE me, love my Dog!" Well, I don't want to flog

The fine but excitable fellow.

With a nip on his tail e'en a Bull wouldn't fail To bounce round a bit, and to bellow.

I'd do my square best with the greatest good will,

If only he'd—just for a moment—stand still.

Stand still, with a nip like crocodile's grip

On one's caudal appendage? Ah, just so!

I know 'tis a task that seems too much to ask.

I'm reasonable,—or I trust so.

But there is the Lobster, it's holding on fast, And—hang it! this state of affairs cannot last!

How came it about? That's a matter of doubt,

Which there isn't much use in discussing, To part them's my aim; I would manage that same

Without either fighting or fussing.

Newfoundland or not, there's no dog finds it nice

To live very long with its tail in a vice!

I want to get near if I can, but, oh dear!

The Dog to my call won't attend. I

Conceive, if he would, it might be for his good,

I'd hit on some *modus vivendi*.

But if Dog won't stand still, and if Lobster won't loose,

My heartiest help cannot be of much use.

One ANDROCLES bold eased a lion of old

Of a thorn in his foot—a great worry!

But ANDROCLES, sure, would have failed of a

GUIN

If poor Leo had kept on the scurry,

As you, my dear Dog, do at present. *Verb. sap!*

Do just let me get at the Lobster, old chap!

While it's fast to your tail, and you wriggle and wail,

And romp all around, the best master, And kindest of heart, Dog and Lobster can't

part.

Don't think I deride your disaster!

The pinch of it might make an elephant prance;

No, all that I ask is—just give me a chance!





“THAT CON—FOUNDLAND DOG!”

JOHN BULL. “IF I COULD ONLY GET HIM TO STAND STILL, I COULD SOON SETTLE THE LOBSTER!”







## A TEN MINUTES' IDYL.

LIFE is a farce, a dreary round,  
A fraud—of that there's not a doubt,  
Although I've only lately found  
It out.

Bad boldly masquerades as good,  
Fruit turns to ashes in the taking,  
Unpleasant very is the rude  
Awaking.

'Tis Spring, when something, so one learns,  
Seems to affect the burnished dove,  
And when a young man's fancy turns  
To love.

With window open to the breeze,  
The tramp of passers-by unheeding,  
I sit reclining at mine ease,  
A-reading.

I've read enough—and not amies  
I rather fancy now would be  
A little rest—ah! what is this  
I see?

A sight that's almost past belief,  
And makes me think I must be raving,  
For there a girl a handkerchief  
Is waving!

Like to a light that in the black  
And inky night shines o'er the main,  
It disappears, and then comes back  
Again.

I know the house quite well—I've heard  
Her father's something in the City,  
And she's a blue-eyed girl absurd-  
ly pretty.

By Jove! she does it with a whirr,  
It's clear this inexpressive she  
Is given to the fortifier

*In re.*

Of course it's forward—and indeed  
It's worse—it's shockingly imprudent  
Thus to encourage me, a need-  
y student.

Her form is shadowy—I must  
Get out my glasses, so to bring  
Her nearer. Yes—the range is just  
The thing!

Life is a farce, without a doubt!  
The cause of all this fuss and fluster  
Is just a housemaid shaking out  
Her duster!

## IN THEIR EASTER EGGS.

*Lord Salisbury.*—Allegorical Cartoon representing BRITANNIA astonished at the success of her recent Foreign Policy.

*Mr. Gladstone.*—Pocket Edition of Cyclopaedia of Universal Information, copiously illustrated, for the use of veteran Statesmen.

*The Emperor of Germany.*—Prize Homily on the Art of Governing, with special reference to the science as applied to the subordination of "temper."

*Mr. Parnell.*—Sculptured Group representing the Reptile of Egotism turning the tables on St. Patrick, and endeavouring to drive him out of Ireland.

*The President of the United States.*—An Italian Iron—over-heated.

*Ex-King Milan of Serbia.*—A Monthly Cheque for amusement and travelling expenses, but not including a return ticket to Belgrade.

*The Post-Master-General.*—One hundred Receipts for getting into hot water.

*Mr. Sheriff Augustus Harris.*—Draft Proposal for buying up and working the British Government with duly audited Schedule, showing how the "takings" could be more than doubled by spirited management.

*Mr. Jackson of Clitheroe.*—Prize Farce entitled, "Lynch Law and Conjugal Rights."

## MEN WHO HAVE TAKEN ME IN—TO DINNER.

(By a Dinner-Belle.)

NO. III.—THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

HE was a dapper, dumpy thing,  
With nought decisive on him graven  
But smiles, like footlights flickering  
O'er visage shaven.

And it, that kind of social myth  
Where every guest (and each a rum one)  
Is Somebody, because the kith  
Or kin of Someone.

The Great Siberian Victim's Aunt,  
The Godfather of Colonel CODY,  
And some affinity I can't  
Recall to DAUDET.

In fine, a Tussaud's once removed,  
Not waxworks, but their far connections;  
The names, the attitudes, approved,  
But mere reflections.



Our hostess, wont to pedigree  
Her portents, slurred his surname sweetly;  
So up my smiler tripped—to me  
Unknown completely.

Thus mystified, I needs must bruit  
The weather—"It was rainy, rather."  
"Yes," he rejoined, "It does not suit  
My Post-father:

"Strange how the damp affects great men;  
My nephew, not the Wit, the Artist,  
You know paints always smartest when  
It rains the smartest."

"In water-colours?" feebly next  
I faltered, falling quite to pieces:  
"No, no," he murmured mildly vexed,  
"You mean my nieces."

"Those delicate young paintresses  
Of Idyls in Cobalt and Bistre,  
Though for Impressionist success,  
Give me my sister."

"My nephew, he's inspired of course,  
Divine, quite *autre chose*: *en bref* you—  
Forgive an uncle's pride—perforce  
Adore my nephew."

Reeling with Relatives, I quite  
My compass lost: to shift our bearing,  
"Who is the Lady on your right?"  
Quoth I, despairing.

"That Beauty, like the portraits I've  
For sale beheld of Miss BELLE BILTON."—  
"She? She's the representative  
The last, of MILTON!"

This was too much: what could I try  
To burst from such a tangled tether?

The shops for neutral ground, thought I,  
Eclipse the weather.

The shops! The very thing. I dared  
The shops. "How wonderful was WHITE-  
LEY!"

Dazed at the Wizard's name he stared,  
And shuddered slightly.

A silence froze his ready twang:  
No more he smiled—from that fell minute,  
HENRY THE FIRST—to speak in slang—  
Was scarcely in it.

That smilelessness! What meant the curse?  
Who could the skein unravel? I did.  
This was the Diner "Univers-  
ally provided."

Renowned, if nameless—hired to be  
Salvation of a banquet's ruin,  
"Monsieur Le Quatorzième" took me,  
And may take you in.

## THE MERRY GREEN WOOD.

An "Epping Forest" Chorus.

"For ever and again the Corporation of London send down their *protégés*, the young City sportsmen who may, or may not, know how to load a gun, but who are very keen on 'Sport.' Then the herds are driven by beaters towards the gallant huntmen, the forest re-echoes with the report of guns, and next day you can trace the whereabouts of the wounded bucks and deer by tracks of blood among the bushes, and by impressions on the grass where the maimed creature has fallen in its fight for life."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

*Chorus of Huntsmen.*

Oh, we like,—we love the Merry Green Wood,  
As should Huntsmen bold of the proper sort!  
And we would hit the stag if we possibly  
could,—

As is meet with such palpable sons of Sport.  
Away to the forest we cheerily run,

And wait for the beaters' welcome cry;  
And though we are new to the use of a gun,  
What matters? At anything we'll let fly!  
So Sing hey, sing ho, for the startled deer;  
We warrant we'll hit him, if he comes near  
And we'll send him lame and limping away,  
With a shot he'll remember for many a day!  
For marry come up! But it would be absurd  
To expect a bold Sportsman to bag the whole  
herd!

So he blazes away; and he hits one or two;  
And they hobble away in some thicket to lie,  
And, after a day or two's suffering, die;  
We don't see precisely what more we could do,  
Than shout that "we love the Merry Green  
Wood!"

And would settle the stag,—if we possibly  
could!

THE following advertisement appears in the *Standard*:—

A Lady wishes to have twice from the country  
A SUPPLY of LIVE SPARROWS, for a  
favourite cat.—Address, &c.

There is an uncomfortably blood-thirsty look about this "Lady's" desire to supply her favourite cat with some downright real Sport. For it is to be presumed that she intends her well-cared for pet literally to do the unhappy sparrows to death in the most approved fashion. How will she manage it? Clip their wings, and set them on the drawing-room floor; or tie strings to their legs, and let the favourite cat "go for them?" Cats must be fed. But it is not necessary to provide them with a "Supply of Live Sparrows" twice, or even once. We submit the subject to the notice of the S.P.C.A.

ONE POUND NOTES.—Probable rate that a fashionable *prima donna* will charge for a song in the near future.





## APRIL FOOLS.



## OUR OPENING (SUN) DAY!

*Emancipated Blue-Ribboned British Workman loquatur:—*

YESH, HARRY LAWSHUN mosh entirely righ'!  
WILFRIDSH mush bleash his nameshake! Had a frigh'  
Only lash Shundaysh. Fanshied I saw snakesh.  
Frigh'ful to watch 'em wriggling, when one wakeash  
Over the quilterpane—I mean counterquilt.  
Liquorsh are lovely, when you're that waysh built;  
But snakesh ish pizen! So ish liquorsh, too—  
Leastwaysh, so WILFRIDSH LAWSHON and hish crew  
Always declareash! No matter! Nash'ral Museum,  
Mush better than the Jim-Jamash! Engh! I shee 'em!  
All eyesh and limbsh, all twistsh, and twirlsh, and  
twiddlesh;

Tails like long corkscrewsh, goggleash in thei- middlesh;  
Big headsh, and bony bodysh—frigh'fully frisky!  
Fancy sush things living in Irish Whishky,  
Like animalsh—what's it? in—hic—water!  
No matter! I've sworn offsh! POLLY, my daughter,  
Made me Good Templarsh! No more horrorsh now!  
To Heaven's broad blue vault I lift my brow,  
A shober Br—Bri'sh Workman! So old DUMPER,  
The lecturer, putsh it. He'sh a rare tub-thumper!  
Itsh Easter Shunday, and I am not tigh'!  
Bri'sh Workman—Nash'ral Museum! Thatsh or'rig'h'.  
Feelsh bit unsteadsh! That dashed ginger-beer  
Gassysh—go i' my head an' makesh me queer!  
One nipsh!—no, no! won't do! Wherream I? Lor!  
Strai' on, the plishman saysh, through tha' there door.  
Doorsh blessedh wide, and these're big shop-cases  
With bitsh o' stone and beedlesh!—Yah! Thosh faces!  
Thosh eyesh, thosh limbsh, thosh bodysh, big and bony!  
Thosh wrigglewigglesh! I'll bet a pony  
Thish ish no Nash'ral Museum—Nash—hic—ral Hishtory!  
Look at 'em! Look at 'em!! Oh, herash a mystery!  
POLLYSH,—whereare yer? Where'sh that blessedh bottle?  
I'vesh got a peek o' March dust down my throttle.  
Give ush that gin—ger beerash, o' course, I mean.  
Look, POLLY!—shee that creature long and lean,  
Crawling towardsh us! Jim-Jamash are not in it  
With thish 'ere Bri'sh Museum! Wai' a minute!  
Where am I? Whersh tha' girl? Can't read this lingo!  
“Mega—” It movesh! Got 'em again, by Jingo!!!



## AN EASTER OBJECT LESSON.

(At the Natural History Museum.)

Visitor. “HULLO! I SAY, I’VE GOT ‘EM AGIN! GI’ ME THE BLUE RIBBON!”

## LEAVES FROM A CANDIDATE'S DIARY.

March 10.—It has come at last, and I'm free to confess I don't care for it half as much as I thought I should. I got the letter five days ago. Here it is:—

45, Main Street, Billsbury, March 4, 18—.

SIR,—I have been in communication with headquarters, and I am informed that you are looking out for a Constituency at the next General Election. We have been for some time past endeavouring to find a Candidate for this Borough, and should be glad to hear if we may submit your name to the consideration of our local Council. The political history of Billsbury must be known to you. Up to the date of the last election we have always been represented by a Conservative. In fact, Billsbury was always looked upon as an impregnable fortress of sound Constitutional opinion.

Our late Member, however, was unable to devote to the Constituency the time and attention it required. Moreover, I may mention in strict confidence, that his conduct over the Billsbury Main Drainage Scheme alienated a considerable number of his supporters, and the consequence was that at the last election Sir THOMAS CHUBSON, the Liberal Candidate and present Member for Billsbury, was elected by a majority of 279. Since then, however, the Party has rallied, the divisions in our ranks have been healed, the registrations have been very much in our favour, and there is no reason to doubt that, as soon as Billsbury has the chance, she will return to her ancient allegiance. I shall be in London the day after to-morrow (Thursday, March 6), and shall do myself the honour of calling upon you. Kindly let me know where and when I can see you. I shall be glad to afford you any further information.

Yours faithfully, JAMES TOLLAND,

To RICHARD B. PATTLE, Esq., President Billsbury Conservative Association.  
Dr. Johnson Buildings, Temple, E.C.

I dashed off at once to the Central Association. They urged me to accept, and told me that even if I failed, which they said was extremely unlikely, my fight would give me “an irresistible claim on the Party.” Afterwards saw VULLIAMY, the Member for one of the Pinkshire Divisions. He said “Take it? Of course you must. Ridiculous to hesitate. A youngster like you, who only left College four years ago, ought to be proud of the chance. If you're beaten

you'll have a claim on the Party, and mind you don't let 'em forget it. Curse them, they never think of a man's valuable services if he doesn't keep on reminding them himself;” and then he drivelled on for a quarter of an hour about all he'd done for the Party, and how “the shabby beggars” had refused his nephew the Morterton Recordiership. It seems the other side manage their business much better. Next I called on Uncle HENRY in the City. He said he'd stick to his promise of paying half my expenses, but wouldn't help me to nurse the place. However, I daresay that won't cost much. Eventually wrote to Old TOLLAND, and asked him to call at my Chambers on Thursday at 3 o'clock. Then went home and told my mother. She said, “My darling boy, I knew you would be distinguished. I knew it all along. If your dear father had only lived, he would have been a proud man to-day. Now, mind you have that horrid grating removed from the Ladies' Gallery.” And with that she kissed me and rang for cook to tell her the news. I sloped.

On Thursday Old TOLLAND called. It seems he's an Alderman, and I only addressed him as plain Esquire. He wanted to know, What were my views on the Labour Question? Was I an Eight Hours' man? How about Vaccination and Woman's Suffrage? and all kinds of other rubbish. I had to beat about a good deal, and answer generally, but at last I consented to address the Council, and to-morrow was fixed as the day. If accepted, I shall have to come before a Mass Meeting, and go through it all again. It all seems rather roundabout, but I suppose it's the usual way.

(To be continued.)

## The Rights of Counsel.

(By a Client.)

OH, what are the “rights” of the Q.C.?

The point of the question but few see.

Those rights are to do

What suits him, if not you!

Faith! that's the whole business in nuce!

JOKIN'S LATEST.—“The Surplus will be anything but a dry subject this year, as it is owing to a steady or (probably) unsteady consumption of Drink!”



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 23.—Easter Holidays begin to-morrow; to-night last rally round RAIKES; Postmaster harried from both sides of House; the Contumacious COBB begins it; comments on Coroner's conduct beginning to pall on accustomed appetite; references to delicate investigation in judicial circles falling flat; so turns upon POSTMASTER-GENERAL. Wants to know about the Boy Messengers? Pack in full cry; RAIKES pelted with newspapers, assailed with over-weighted letters; late at night CAMERON comes up quite fresh, desiring to "call attention to the position taken up



"Wonderful!"

by the POSTMASTER-GENERAL with regard to the Electric Call and Boy Messenger System," just as if he had at the moment made the discovery.

In course of lecture CAMERON produces sort of pocket-pistol; explains it's the thing you work the electric call with. You press a button here, and up comes a tumbler of milk and soda; another button, and you have a sausage and a hot potato; a third, and your boots are suddenly pulled off by an unseen agency; a fourth, and you find yourself seated in a hansom cab, with eighteenpence pressed into your hand to pay your fare withal; a fifth, and you're awakened at four o'clock in the morning with an apology. Something, you learn, went wrong with the machine, and it was the gentleman on the next floor who ought to have been called at this hour.

GANE, Q.C., with hands folded on knees, sat entranced, listening to this interesting narrative, and watching the illustrations rapidly produced by CAMERON, as he touched the various buttons.

"Wonderful!" cried GANE, Q.C.

"Never knew anything like it since I read *Arabian Nights*," "What's RAIKES' loss is our GANE," says WILFRID LAWSON. Must think this over during the Recess.

For awhile RAIKES had peace; quite forgotten whilst House, falling into GANE's attitude, listened to CAMERON's fairy tale.

"It's only postponed, TOBY," he said, wearily, CAMERON (having accidentally touched the wrong button) being promptly carried off to bed in the middle of a sentence; "they'll be at me again to-morrow, and will begin once more, like giants refreshed, when



The Pillary Post.

they come back from the holidays. It's an old story; the House of Commons must always have its whipping-boy. Don't know whether you've sat long enough for Barks to remember ARXON? A dead set was made against him, and he was not only driven out of office, but forth from public life. It's generally the HOME SECRETARY who is fastened on. There was WALPOLE, chronically reduced to tears. BRUCE was chivied by the cabmen, and had his hat blocked by the publicans. The blameless HARCOURT didn't go scot free whilst he

was at the Home Office. MATTHEWS has had a long run, with the hounds after him. Now they've turned aside from him, and are yelping after me. It's very well for MATTHEWS, but a little worrying for me. Of course I don't claim to be perfect. As HARCOURT once admitted of himself, I'm almost human. I try to do my duty, and protect the interests of Department committed to my charge. They come in touch with all classes, and naturally there is friction. Just now the howling is persistent, and, I fancy, organised. Perhaps it'll fall away by-and-by. In the meanwhile, it's rather wearing, so pitilessly monotonous. As you said the other day, a new constitutional maxim has been established. Once OLD MORALITY used to write in his copybook, 'THE QUEEN can Do no Wrong.' Now he may add this other, 'THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL Does Nothing Right.' Business done.—Miscellaneous.

Tuesday Afternoon.—Winding up business before holiday; rather a scramble at the end. OLD MORALITY, as usual, piled up heap of work to be got through. "Quite easy, you know," he said. "Tithes Bill, Electoral Disabilities Removal Bill, Savings Bank Bill, take them in your stride. What does the poet say? Line upon Line; Little by Little; Here to-day and gone To-morrow. Those are the sound economical principles that should guide a man through life."



"Stole Away!"

At one time seemed that whilst we were certainly here to-day, we wouldn't be gone till to-morrow. Tithes Bill in last stage took a lot of fighting over. House wouldn't have Electoral Disabilities Removal Bill or the Savings Bank Bill at any price.

"Then I'll move the adjournment," said OLD MORALITY, in despair.

"Not till you've heard my speech," said Dr. CLARK; pulled out manuscript from breast coat-pocket, began descending on the under-pay of Civil Servants in Scotland, whilst TYSEN AMHERST folded his tent like the Arab, and as silently stole away. Example followed generally by Members

in all parts of the House. CLARK thoroughly enjoying himself, composedly went on to end of speech, and then adjournment. SPEAKER "kept in" till Thursday to take part in ceremony of Royal Commission. Rest off, and won't be back till Monday, 6th of April.

Business done.—Wound up for Easter Holidays.

## CRITICISING THE CALENDAR.

SIR,—The suggestion of your Correspondent "EASTER EGG," who wishes Easter to be a fixed festival, always coming on April 20, is excellent. At present, Easter-tide, like the other tide, depends on the moon. What a humiliating confession! Why should we any longer consent to be the slaves of the (so-called) Science of Astronomy?  
Yours, REFORMING SPIRIT.

SIR,—What's all this fuss about Easter being too early this year? It isn't half early enough. It ought to have come last Christmas, and Whitsuntide the same, and then we should have polished off three public holiday seasons—public nuisances, I call them,—at once.  
Yours, gloomily, TRUE PHILANTHROPIST.

SIR,—I have just been horrified to hear that one of my boys now at home from school remains with us for a three weeks' vacation! The early date of Easter is the paltry excuse offered by his Headmaster for this infliction. Anybody can see through such a flimsy pretext. His brother is to have his holiday four weeks later. The result is that the boys will see nothing of each other during their holidays, while their parents will see a great deal too much. How can brotherly affection—I say nothing of fatherly affection,—that priceless blessing, which I flatter myself I always conspicuously display—be expected to continue under these depressing conditions?  
Yours, exasperatedly, FOND PARENT.

SIR,—As people are riting lettres to you about the Easter holidays, I should like you to put in what old BOREHAM—he's our Principul—has been doing. We all think it a thundring shame. He kept us grinding away right through Good Friday, Easter Monday, and means us to go on several weeks afterwards! The result was we had about half a Hot Cross-Bun each! Old BOREHAM akshally fixed Easter Monday for going over all the Latin irreglur verbs. Please would you say something in your valyable collums about old BOREHAM, and oblige  
Yours, obediently, SMITH (Tertius), Rodchester.



## MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELS.

No. XVI.—GERMFOOD.

(By MARY MORALLY, Author of "Ginbitters!" "Ardart," &amp;c., &amp;c.)

[The MS. of this remarkable novel was tied round with scarlet ribbons, and arrived in a case which had been once used for the packing of bottles of rum, or some other potent spirit. It is dedicated in highly uncomplimentary terms to "*Messieurs les Marronneurs glacés de Paris*." With it came a most extraordinary letter, from which we make, without permission, the following startling extracts. "Ha! Ha! likewise Fe Fo Fum. I smell blood, galloping, panting, whirling, hurling, throbbing, maddened blood. My brain is on fire, my pen is a flash of lightning. I see stars, three stars, that is to say, one of the best brands plucked from the burning. I'm going to make your flesh creep. I'll give you fits, paralytic fits, epileptic fits, and fits of hysteria, all at the same time. Have I ever been in Paris? Never. Do I know the taste of absinthe? How dare you ask me such a question? Am I a woman? Ask me another. Ugh! it's coming, the demon is upon me. I must write three murderous volumes. I must, I must! What was that shriek? and that? and that? Unhand me, snakes! Oh!!!!—M. M."]

## CHAPTER I.

I WAS asleep and dreaming—dreaming dreadful, horrible, soul-shattering dreams—dreams that flung me head-first out of bed, and

then flung me back into bed off the uncarpeted floor of my chamber. But I did not wake—why should I?—it was unnecessary—I wanted to dream—I had to dream and therefore I dreamt. I was walking home from a cheap restaurant in one of the poorer quarters of Paris. "Poorer quarters" is a nice vague term. There are many poorer quarters in a large city. This was one of them. Let that suffice to the critical pedants who clamour for accuracy and local colour. Accuracy! pah! Shall the soaring soul of a three-volume be restrained by the debasing fetters of a grovelling exactitude? Never! I will tell you what. If I choose, I who speak to you, *moi qui vous parle*, the Seine shall run red with the blood of murdered priests, and there shall be a tide in it where no tide ever was before, close to Paris itself, the home of the *Marrons Glacés*, and into the river I shall plunge a corpse with upturned face and glassy, staring, haunting, dreadful eyes, and the tide shall turn, the tide that never was on earth, or sky, or sea, it shall turn in my second volume for one night only, and carry the corpse of my victim back, back, back under bridges innumerable, back into the heart of Paris. Dreadful, isn't it? *Allons, mon ami. Qu'est-ce-qu'il-y-a. Je ne sais quoi. Mon Dieu!* There's idiomatic French for you, all sprinkled out of a cayenne pepper-pot to make the local colour hot and strong. Bah! let us return to our muttons!

## CHAPTER II.

WHAT was that? Something yellow, and spotted—something sinuous and lithe, with crawling, catlike motion. No, no! Yes, yes!! A leopard of the forest had issued from a side-street, a *cul de sac*, as the frivolous sons of Paris, the Queen of Vice, call it. It was moving with me, stopping when I stopped, galloping when I galloped, turning somersaults when I turned them. And then it spoke to me—spoke, yes, spoke, this thing of the desert—this wild phantasm of a brain distraught by over-indulgence in *marrons glacés*, the curse of *ma patrie*, and its speech was as the scent of scarlet poppies, plucked from the grave of a discarded mistress.

"Thou shalt write," it said, "for it is thine to reform the world." I shuddered. The conversational "thou" is fearful at all times; but, ah, how true to nature, even the nature of a leopard of the forest. The beast continued—"But thou shalt write in English."

"Spare me!" I ventured to interpose.

"In English," it went on, inexorably—"in hysterical, sad, mad,

bad English. And the tale shall be of France—France, where the ladies always leave the dinner-table before the men. Note this, and use it at page ninety of thy first volume. And thy French shall be worse than thy English, for thou shalt speak of a *frissonnement*, and thy friends shall say, "*Nous blaguons le chose*."

"Stop!" I cried, in despair, "stop, send!—this is too much!" I sprang at the monster, and seized it by the throat. Our eyes, peering into each other's, seemed to ravage out, as by fire, the secrets hidden in our hearts. My blood hurled itself through my veins. There was something clamorous and wild in it. Then I fell prone on the ground, and remembered that I had eaten one *marron* for dinner. This explained everything, and I remembered no more till I came to myself, and found the divisional surgeon busily engaged upon me with a *pompe d'estomac*.

## CHAPTER III.

Mr father, M. le Duc Di SPEPSION, belonged to one of the oldest French families. He had many old French customs, amongst others that of brushing his bearded lips against my cheek. He was a stern man, with a severe habit of addressing me as "*Mon fils*." Generally he disapproved of my proceedings, which was, perhaps, not unnatural, taking all the circumstances of the case into consideration. Why have I mentioned him? I know not, save that even now,

degraded as I am, memories of better things sometimes steal over me like the solemn sound of church-bells pealing in a cathedral belfry. But I have done with home, with father, with patriotism, with claret, with walnuts, and with all simple pleasures. *Ça va sans dire*. They talk to me of Good, and Nature. The words are meaningless to me. Are there realities behind these words—realities that can touch the heart of a confirmed *marronneur*? Cold and pitiless, Nature sits aloft like a mathematician, with his balance regulating the storm-pulses of this troubled world. Bah! I fling myself in her teeth. I brazen it out. She quails. For, since the accursed food passed my lips, the strength of a million demons is in me. I am pitiless. I laugh to think of the fool I once was in the days when I fed myself on *Baba au Rhum*, and other innocent dishes.

Now I have knowledge. I am my own good. I glance haughtily into—[Ten rhapsodical pages omitted.—Ed. *Punch*.] But there came into my life a false priest, who was like the ghost of a fair lost god—and because he was a fair lost, the cabmen loved him not—and he had to die, and lie in the Morgue—the Morgue where murdered men and women love to dwell—and thus he should discover the Eternal Secret!

## CHAPTER IV.

AGAIN—again—again! The moon rose, shimmering like a *Marron Glacé* over Paris. Oh! Paris, beauteous city of the lost. Surely in Babylon or in Nineveh, where SEMIRAMIS of old queened it over men, never was such madness—madness did I say? Why? What did I mean? Tush! the struggle is over, and I am calm again, though my blood still hums tumultuously. The world is very evil. My father died choked by a *marron*. I, too, am dead—I who have written this rubbish—I am dead, and sometimes, as I walk, my loved one glides before me in aerial phantom shape, as on page 4, Vol. II. But I am dead—dead and buried—and over my grave an avenue of gigantic chestnuts reminds the passer-by of my fate: and on my tombstone it is written, "Here lies one who danced a cancan and ate *marrons glacés* all day. Be warned!"

THE END.

QUITE EXCEPTIONAL THEATRICAL NEWS.—Next Thursday at the Vaudeville, the Press and the usual Free-Admissionaries will be let in for *Money*.





## MORE KICKS THAN HALFPENCE.

"The root of Volunteer inefficiency is to be ascribed to the Volunteer officer. The men are such as their officers make them . . . The force is 1,100 officers short of its proper complement."—*Times*.



General Redtape (of the Intelligence Department, W.O.) "WHAT! GOING TO RESIGN!"  
 Volunteer Officer. "YES. WHY SHOULD I ONLY GET YOUR KICKS FOR MY HALFPENCE?"



## MORE KICKS THAN HALFPENCE.

*Volunteer Officer, loquutus:—*

Yes, take back the sword! Though the *Times* may expostulate,

Tired am I wholly of worry and snubs.

You'll find, my fine friend, what your folly has cost you, late,

Henceforth for me the calm comfort of Clubs!

To lounge on a cushion and hear the balls rattle [cloth,

'Midst smoke-fumes, and sips on the field of green

Is better than leading slow troops to sham battle,

In stupid conditions that rouse a man's wrath.

Commissions, they say, go a-begging. Precisely!

Incapables take them, but capables shy.

For twenty-one years you have harried us nicely.

And now, like the rest, we're on Strike, Sir. And why?

The game, you old fossil, is not worth the candle,  
Your kicks for my halfpence? The bargain's too bad!

If you want bogus leaders sham soldiers to handle,  
You'll now have to take duffers, deadheads, and cads!

The *Times* wisely says you should make it attractive,

This Volunteer business. But that's not your game.

You're actively snubby, or coldly inactive:

We pay, and you pooh-pooh! 'Tis always the same.

We do not mind giving our time and our money,

Or facing March blasts, or the floods of July;

But till nettles bear grapes, Sir, or wasps yield us honey,

You won't get snubbed men to pay up and look spry.

The "multiplication of camps and manoeuvres"?

All right! Let us learn in a *soldierlike* school;

But what is the good of your Bisleys and Dovers.

If the whole game resolves into playing the fool?

To play that game longer and pay for it too, Sir,

Won't suit me at all. I'm disgusted and bored.

Your kicks for my halfpence? No, no, it won't do, Sir!

And therefore, old Tapenodde—take back the sword!



## TRUE SENTIMENT.

"I'M WRITING TO MRS. MONTAGUE, GEORGIE,—THAT PRETTY LADY YOU USED TO TAKE TO SEE YOUR PIGS. HAVEN'T YOU SOME NICE MESSAGE TO SEND HER!"

"YES, MUMMIE; GIVE HER MY LOVE, AND SAY I NEVER LOOK AT A LITTLE BLACK PIG NOW WITHOUT THINKING OF HER!"

## LEAVES FROM A CANDIDATE'S DIARY.

(CONTINUED.)

March 11.—I shall have to be pretty careful in my speech to the Council. Must butter up Billsbury like fun. How would this do? "I am young, Gentlemen, but I should have studied the political history of my country to little purpose if I did not know that, up to the time of the last election, the vote of Billsbury was always cast on the side of enlightenment, and Constitutional progress. The rash and foolish experiments of those who sought to impair the glorious fabric of our laws and our Constitution found no favour in Billsbury. It was not your fault, I know, that this state of things has not been maintained, and that Billsbury is now groaning under the heavy burden of a distasteful representation. Far be it from me to say one word personally against the present Member for Billsbury. This is a political fight, and it is because his political opinions are mistaken that you have decided to attack him"—&c., &c., &c. Must throw in something about Conservatives being the true friends of workingmen. CHURCHSON is not an Eight Hours' man, so I can go a long way. What shall I say next? Church and State, of course, Ireland pacified and contented, glorious financial successes of present Government, steady removal of all legitimate grievances, and triumphs of our diplomacy in all parts of the world. Shall have to say a good word for Liberal-Unionists. TOLLAND says there are about thirty of them, all very touchy. Must try to work in the story of the boy and the plum-cake. It made them scream at the Primrose League meeting at Crowdale.

By the way, Uncle HENRY said, "What about the Bar?" I told him I meant to keep on working at it—which won't be difficult if I don't get more work. I got just two Statements of Claim, and a Motion before a Judge in Chambers, all last year, the third year after my call. Sleepy. To bed.

March 12, "George Hotel," Billsbury.—Left London by 2:15 to-day, and got to Billsbury at 5:30. TOLLAND met me at the station with half a dozen other "leaders of the Party." One was Colonel CHORKLE, a Volunteer Colonel; another was Alderman MOFFATT, a Scotchman with a very broad dialect. Then there was JERRAM, the Editor of the *Billsbury Standard*, "the organ of the Party in Billsbury," so TOLLAND said, and a couple of others. I was introduced to them all, and forgot which was which immediately afterwards, which was most embarrassing, as I had to address them all as "you," a want of distinction which I am afraid they felt. Tipped

two porters, who carried my bag and rug, a shilling each. They looked knowing, but old TOLLAND had hinted that the other side had got a character for meanness of which we could take a perfectly proper advantage without in any way infringing the Corrupt Practices Act. Must look up that Act. It may be a help. From the station we went straight to the "George." There I was introduced to half a dozen more leaders of the Party. Can't remember one of them except BLISSOP, the Secretary of the Association, a chap about my own age, who told me his brother remembered me at Oxford. There was a fellow of that name, I think, who came up in my year, a scrubby-faced reading man. We made hay in his room after a Torpid "rag," which he didn't like. Hope it isn't the same. I said I remembered him well. Dined with TOLLAND; nobody but leaders of the Party present, all as serious as judges, and full of importance. CHORKLE, who drops his "h's" frightfully, asked me "ow long it would be afore a General Election," and seemed rather surprised when I said I had no information on the matter.

The meeting of the Council came off in the large hall of the Billsbury Beaconsfield Club. TOLLAND was in the chair, and made a long speech in introducing me. I didn't take in a word of it, as I was repeating my peroration to myself all the time. My speech went off pretty well, except that I got mixed up in the middle, and forgot that blessed story. However, when I got into the buttering part, it took them by storm. I warmed old GLADSTONE up to-rights, and asked them to contrast the state of England now with what it was when he was in power. "Hyperion to a Satyr," I said. Colonel CHORKLE, in proposing afterwards that I was a fit and proper person to represent Billsbury, said, "Mr. PATTLE's able and convincing speech proves 'im not only a master of English, but a consummate orator, able to wield the hamoury" (why he put the "h" there I don't know) "of wit and sarcasm like a master. I'm not given to boasting," he continued. "I never indulge in badinage" (query, braggadocio?); "but, with such a Candidate, we must win." JERRAM seconded the resolution, which was carried *nem. con.* Must get local newspapers, to show to mother. She'll like that. Shall go back to London to-morrow.

"FORTNIGHTLY" v. SO-CALLED "NINETEENTH CENTURY."—Change of Author's name. Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON to be known in future as "FREDERIC HARRASIN" KNOWLES."

(Signed) *Speltzpr.*



## MR. PUNCH'S POCKET IBSEN.

(Condensed and Revised Version by Mr. P.'s Own Harmless Ibsenite.)

No. II.—NORA; OR, THE BIRD-CAGE (ET DIKKISVÖIT).

## ACT II.

*The Room, with the cheap Art-furniture as before—except that the candles on the Christmas-tree have guttered down and appear to have been lately blown out. The cotton-wool frogs and the chenille monkeys are disarranged, and there are walking things on the sofa. NORA alone.*

*Nora (putting on a cloak and taking it off again). Bother KROGSTAD! There, I won't think of him. I'll only think of the costume ball at Consul STENBORG's, over-head, to-night, where I am to dance the Tarantella all alone, dressed as a Capri fisher-girl. It struck TORVALD that, as I am a matron with three children, my performance might amuse the Consul's guests, and, at the same time, increase his connection at the Bank. TORVALD is so practical. (To Mrs. LINDEN, who comes in with a large cardboard box.) Ah, CHRISTINA, so you have brought in my old costume? Would you mind, as my husband's new Cashier, just doing up the trimming for me?*

*Mrs. L.* Not at all—is it not part of my regular duties? *(Sewing.)* Don't you think, NORA, that you see a little too much of Dr. RANK?

*Nora.* Oh, I couldn't see too much of Dr. RANK! He is so amusing—always talking about his complaints, and heredity, and all sorts of indescribably funny things. Go away now, dear; I hear TORVALD.

*(Mrs. LINDEN goes. Enter TORVALD from the Manager's room. NORA runs trippingly to him.)*

*Nora (coaxing).* Oh, TORVALD, if only you won't dismiss KROGSTAD, you can't think how your little lark would jump about and twitter!

*Helmer.* The inducement would be stronger but for the fact that, as it is, the little lark is generally engaged in that particular occupation. And I really must get rid of KROGSTAD. If I didn't, people would say I was under the thumb of my little squirrel here, and then KROGSTAD and I knew each other in early youth; and when two people knew each other in early youth—*(a short pause)*—h'm! Besides, he will address me as, "I say, TORVALD"—which causes me most painful emotion! He is tactless, dishonest, familiar, and morally ruined—altogether not at all the kind of person to be a Cashier in a Bank like mine.

*Nora.* But he writes in scurrilous papers,—he is on the staff of the Norwegian *Punch*. If you dismiss him, he may write nasty things about you, as wicked people did about poor dear Papa!

*Helmer.* Your poor dear Papa was not impeccable—far from it. I am—which makes all the difference. I have here a letter giving KROGSTAD the sack. One of the conveniences of living close to the Bank is, that I can use the housemaids as Bank-messengers. *(Goes to door and calls.) ELLEN! (Enter parlourmaid.)* Take that letter—there is no answer. *(ELLEN takes it and goes.)* That's settled—so now, NORA, as I am going to my private room, it will be a capital opportunity for you to practise the tambourine—thump away, little lark, the doors are double! *(Nods to her and goes in, shutting door.)*

*Nora (stroking her face).* How am I to get out of this mess! *(A ring at the Visitors' bell.)* Dr. RANK's ring! He shall help me out of it! *(Dr. RANK appears in doorway, hanging up his great-coat.)* Dear Dr. RANK, how are you? *(Takes both his hands.)*

*RANK (sitting down near the stove).* I am a miserable, hypochondriacal wretch—that's what I am. And why am I doomed to be dismal? Why? Because my father died of a fit of the blues! Is that fair—I put it to you?

*Nora.* Do try to be funnier than that! See, I will show you the flesh-coloured silk tights that I am to wear to-night—it will cheer you up. But you must only look at the feet—well, you may look at the rest if you're good. *Aren't they lovely? Will they fit me, do you think?*

*RANK (gloomily).* A poor fellow with both feet in the grave is not the best authority on the fit of silk stockings. I shall be food for worms before long—I know I shall!

*Nora.* You mustn't really be so frivolous! Take that! *(She hits*

*him lightly on the ear with the stockings; then hums a little.)* I want you to do me a great service, Dr. RANK. *(Rolling up stockings.)* I always liked you. I love TORVALD most, of course—but, somehow, I'd rather spend my time with you—you are so amusing!

*RANK.* If I am, can't you guess why? *(A short silence.)* Because I love you! Yo. 'an't pretend you didn't know it!

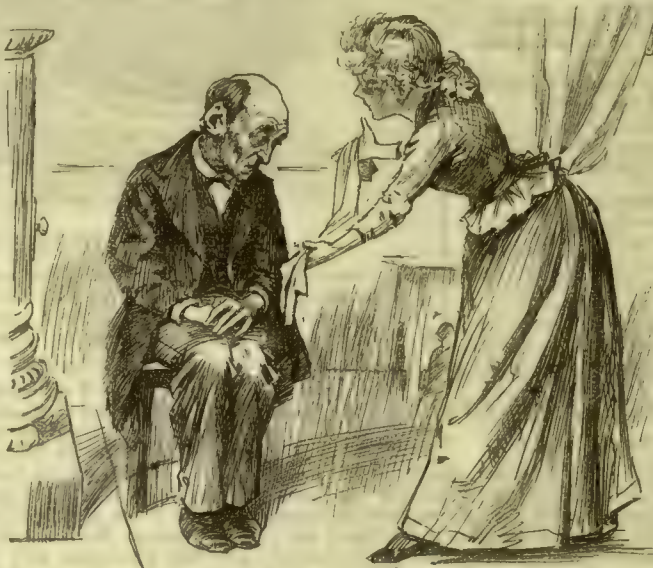
*Nora.* Perhaps not—but it was really too clumsy of you to mention it just as I was about to ask a favour of you! It was in the worst taste! *(With dignity.)* You must not imagine because I joke with you about silk stockings, and tell you things I never tell TORVALD, that I am therefore without the most delicate and scrupulous self-respect! I am really quite a good little doll, Dr. RANK, and now—*(sits in rocking-chair and smiles)*—now I shan't ask you what I was going to!

*Nora (terrified).* Oh, my goodness! *(ELLEN comes in with a card.)*

*Dr. RANK.* Excuse my easy Norwegian pleasantry—but—h'm—anything disagreeable up?

*Nora (to herself).* KROGSTAD's card! I must tell another whopper! *(To RANK.)* No, nothing, only—only my new costume. I want to try it on here. I always do try on my dresses in the drawing-room—it's cosier, you know. So go in to TORVALD and amuse him till I'm ready.

*[RANK goes into HELMER's room, and NORA bolts the door upon him, as KROGSTAD enters from hall in a fur cap.]*



"A poor fellow with both feet in the grave is not the best authority on the fit of silk stockings."

*Krogs.* Well, I've got the sack, and so I came to see how you are getting on. I mayn't be a nice man, but—*(with feeling)*—I have a heart! And, as I don't intend to give up the forged I.O.U. unless I'm taken back, I was afraid you might be contemplating suicide, or something of that kind; and so I called to tell you that, if I were you, I wouldn't. Bad thing for the complexion, suicide, and silly, too, because it wouldn't mend matters in the least. *(Kindly.)* You must not take this affair too seriously, Mrs. HELMER. Get your husband to settle it amicably by taking me back as Cashier; then I shall soon get the whip-hand of him, and we shall all be as pleasant and comfortable as possible together!

*Nora.* Not even that prospect can tempt me! Besides, TORVALD wouldn't have you back at any price now!

*Krogs.* All right, then. I have here a letter, telling your husband all. I will take the liberty of dropping it in the letter-box at your hall-door as I go out. I'll wish you good evening!

*[He goes out; presently the dull sound of a thick letter dropping into a wire box is heard.]*

*Nora (softly, and hoarsely).* He's done it! How am I to prevent TORVALD from seeing it?

*Helmer (inside the door, rattling).* Hasn't my lark changed its dress yet? *(NORA unbolts door.)* What—so you are not in fancy costume, after all? *(Enters with RANK.)* Are there any letters for me in the box there?

*Nora (voicelessly).* None—not even a postcard! Oh, TORVALD, don't, please, go and look—promise me you won't! I do assure you there isn't a letter! And I've forgotten the Tarantella you taught me—do let's run over it. I'm so afraid of breaking down—promise me not to look at the letter-box. I can't dance unless you do.

*Helmer (standing still, on his way to the letter-box).* I am a man of strict business habits, and some powers of observation; my little squirrel's assurances that there is nothing in the box, combined with her obvious anxiety that I should not go and see for myself, satisfy me that it is indeed empty, in spite of the fact that I have not invariably found her a strictly truthful little dicky-bird. There—there. *(Sits down to piano.)* Bang away on your tambourine, little squirrel—dance away, my own lark!

*Nora (dancing, with a long gay shawl).* Just won't the little squirrel! Faster—faster! Oh, I do feel so gay! We will have some champagne for dinner, won't we, TORVALD?

*[Dances with more and more abandonment.]*

*Helmer (after addressing frequent remarks in correction).* Come, come—not this awful wildness! I don't like to see quite such a larkly little lark as this . . . Really it is time you stopped!

*Nora (her hair coming down as she dances more wildly still, and swings the tambourine).* I can't . . . I can't! *(To herself, as she*



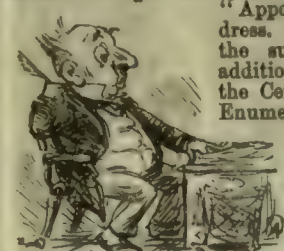
dances.) I've only thirty-one hours left to be a bird in; and after that—(shuddering)—after that, KROGSTAD will let the cat out of the bag!

N.B.—The final Act,—containing scenes of thrilling and realistic intensity, worked out with a masterly insight and command of psychology, the whole to conclude with a new and original dénouement—unavoidably postponed to a future number. No money returned.

## TAKING THE CENSUS.

(A Story of the 6th of April, 1891.)

As I have but a limited holding in the Temple, and, moreover, absent on the evening of the 5th of April at Burmah Gardens, I considered it right and proper to fill in the paper left me by the



"Appointed Enumerator" at the latter address. And here I may say that the title of the subordinate officer intrusted with the addition of my household to the compilation of the Census pleased me greatly—"Appointed Enumerator" was distinctly good. I should

have been willing (of course for an appropriate honorarium) to have accepted so well-sounding an appointment myself. To continue, the general tone of the instructions "to the Occupier" was excellent. Such words as "erroneous," "specification," and the like, appeared frequently, and must have been pleasant strangers to the householder who was authorised to employ some person other than himself to write, "if unable to do so himself." To be cautious, I might have been better pleased had the housemaid who handed me the schedule been spared the smile provoked by finding me addressed by the "Appointed Enumerator" as "Mr. BEEFLESS," instead of "Mr. BRIEFLESS." But this was a small matter.

I need scarcely say that I took infinite pains to fill in my paper accurately. I have great sympathy with the "Census (England and Wales) Act, 1890," and wished, so far as I was personally concerned, to carry out its object to the fullest extent attainable. I had no difficulty about inserting my own "name and surname," and "profession or occupation." I rather hesitated, however, to describe myself as an "employer," because the "examples of the mode of filling-up" rather suggested that domestic servants were not to count, and for the rest my share in the time of PORTINGTON, to say the least, is rather shadowy. For instance, I could hardly fairly suggest that in regard to the services of my excellent and admirable clerk, I am as great an employer of labour as, say, the head of a firm of railway contractors, or the managing director of a cosmopolitan hotel company. Then, although I am distinctly of opinion that I rightly carried out the intentions of the statute by describing myself as "the head of the family," my wife takes an opposite view of the question. In making the other entries, I had no great difficulty. The ages of my domestics, however, caused me some surprise. I had always imagined (and they have given me their faithful and valuable services I am glad to say for a long time) that the years in which they were born varied. But no, I was wrong. I found they were all of the same age—two-and-twenty. To refer to another class of my household—I described my son, SHALLOW NORTH BRIEFLESS (the first is an old family name of forensic celebrity, and the second an appropriate compliment to a distinguished member of the judicial Bench, whose courtesy to the Junior Bar is proverbial) as a "scholar," but rejected his (SHALLOW's) suggestion that I should add to the description of his brother (one of my younger sons, GEORGE LEWIS VAN TROMP CHESTER MOTE BOLTON BRIEFLESS—I selected his Christian names in anticipated recognition of possible professional favours to be conferred on him in after-life) the words "imbecile from his birth," as frivolous, untrue, and even libellous. We had but one untoward incident. In the early morning of Monday we found in our area a person who had evidently passed the night there in a condition of helpless intoxication. As she could offer no satisfactory explanation of her presence, I handed her over to the police, and entered her on the Census Paper as, "a supposed retired laundress, seemingly living on her own means, and apparently blind from the date of her last drinking-bout." I rejected advisedly her own indistinctly but frequently reiterated assertion that "she was a lady," because I had been warned by "the general instructions" to avoid such "indefinite terms as Esquire or Gentleman."

As I wished to deliver my completed schedule to the "Appointed Enumerator" in person, I desired that he might be shown into my study when he called for the paper.

"Excuse me, Sir," he said, after looking through the document at my request; "but you see there is a fine of a fiver for wilfully giving false information."

"Yes," I returned, somewhat surprised at the suggestion; "and the proposed penalty has rendered me doubly anxious to be absolutely accurate. Do you notice any slip of the pen?"

"Well, Sir," he answered, with some hesitation, "as the young chap who does the boots tells me that he has never heard of you having had a single brief while he's been with you, and that's coming three years, hadn't you better put 'retired' after 'Barrister-at-Law'?" It will do no harm, and certainly would be safer!"

Put "retired" after Barrister-at-Law! "Do no harm!" and be "safer!"

I silently intimated by a dignified gesture to the "Appointed Enumerator" that our interview was at an end, and then, taking my walking-stick with me, went in earnest and diligent search of "the young chap who does the boots!" (Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump-Handle Court, April 7, 1891.

## "UP, GUARDS, AND ACT 'EM!"

THE "them" in this adapted quotation must be taken to mean "Burlesques;" and if these gay and lighthearted soldiers continue their histrionics as victoriously as they have done up to now, they will become celebrated as "The Grinny-diers-and-Burlesque-Line-Regiments." Private MCGREEVY, as a cockatoo, capital: his disguise obliterated him, but as Ensign and Lieutenant WAGGIBONE stealthily observed, "What the eye doesn't see, the heart doesn't MCGREEVY for." The music, by the talented descendant of Israel's wise King SOLOMON, was of course good throughout, and in the Cockatoo Duet better than ever. The ladies were exceptionally good. Mrs. CRUTCHLEY defied the omen of her name, which is not suggestive of dancing, and "Jigged away muchly Did Mrs. CRUTCHLEY." The Misses SAVILE CLARKE, —the Savilians among the Military,—were charming. Lieutenant NUGENT is an old hand at this, and his Paul Prior was not a whit behind his former performances. There's one more Guard O, Major RICARDO. He played *Crucos*, And well did he do so! Three cheers for everybody! With the Guards' Burlesque, we fear no foe. Chorus, Gentlemen, if you please, "We fear no foe!"

THE OLD (CRICKETING) 'OSS AND THE YOUNG (GLOUCESTER) COLTS.

FIFTY, not out! A good start beyond doubt,

In a Twenty-four field, Doctor W. G.

And may Ninety-one bring us lots of good fun,

With you at the Wickets for Figures of Three,

To see the Old 'Oss stir in good time to foster

The coming-on "Colts," should give courage to Glo'ster!

## "Such a Dawg!"

THE enclosed was out from *The Field* of last week:—

R. ——— WANTS some friend to give him a small BULLDOG with a smile, for a house pet.—To be sent for inspection to, &c.

It is to be hoped that the advertiser will not get an animal that (to quote from *Hamlet*) "may smile and smile and be a villain!"

## Ignotus.

PRATE not about Fame! I've addressed half the world,

In Court and in cottage, in Castle and slum!

I've been warbled, and chorussed, and tootled, and skirled,

Yet, for kudos, I might just as well have been dumb.

Though familiar to all men, I'm wholly unknown;

You're inclined to pooh-pooh, and to say I am wrong?

Nay, listen, and you my correctness will own:

'Tis I wrote the words of a Popular Song!

NEW AND INTERESTING WORK.—As a companion to Dr. WRIGHT's *The Ice Ages in North America and its bearing upon the Antiquity of Man*, will shortly appear *The Penny-Ice Age in London and its bearing on the Youth of the Metropolis*.

## A Brummagem Bolus.

(By an elite Liberal-Unionist.)

AN "ill-starred abortion" WEG christened our party;

At present, as JOE hints, that sounds quite ironic.

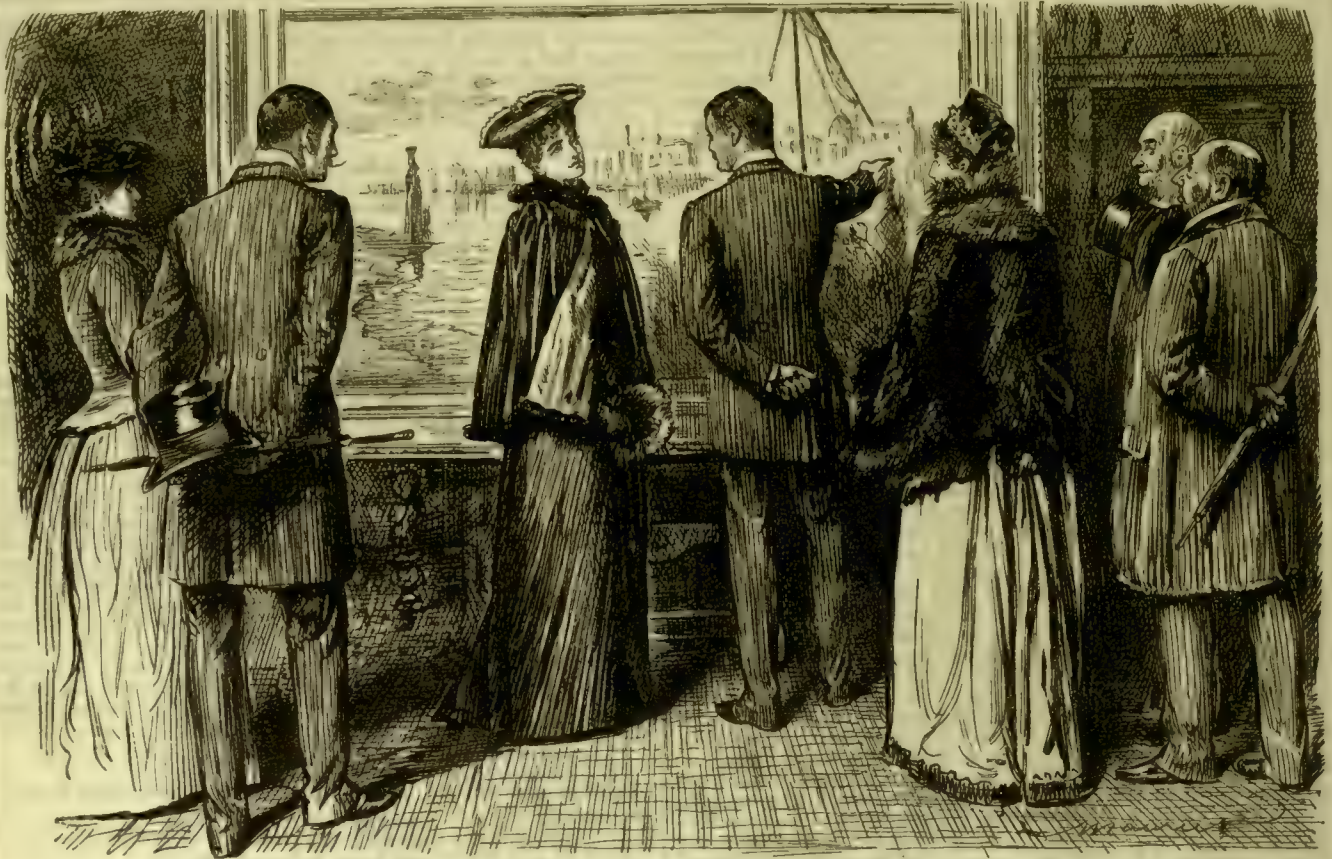
True, lately our health did appear far from hearty,

But Aston has acted As-tonic!

NOTE FOR CRITICS.—How can any of us expect the truth from a historian who himself tells us that he merely "transcribes from MSS. lying before him!"

WHAT THE ITALIANS SEEK TO WANT IN LOUISIANA.—An unfair field, or no FAVA!





### PICTURE SUNDAY.

(What Our Artist has to put up with.)

*Fair Damsel (to Our Artist, who is explaining the beauties of his Picture). "CHARMING! CHARMING! BUT, OH, MR. FITZMADDER, WHAT A DELIGHTFUL ROOM THIS WOULD BE FOR A DANCE,—WITH THE MUSICIANS IN THE GALLERY, AND ALL THE EASELS AND PICTURES AND THINGS CLEARED AWAY!"*

### A FAIR EXCHANGE.

HOSEA BIGLOW speaks up on the situation:—

HERE we stan' on the Constitution, by thunder!  
State rights won't be hurried by any one's  
hoofs;

UMBERTO, old hoss, would you like, I wonder,  
To 'pologise first, and then bring up yer  
proofs?

"Uncle SAM is free, and he sez, sez he:—

"The *Mafta's* no more

Right to come to this shore,

No more'n the Molly Maguires," sez he.

Uncle SAM ain't no kind o' bisness with  
nothin'

Like stabs in the back,—that may do for  
alaves.

We ain't none riled by their frettin' an' frothin'  
Who shriek, in Italian, across the waves.

Uncle SAM is free, but he sez, sez he:—

"He will put down his foot

On the right to shoot

As claimed by the *Mafta* gang!" sez he.

Freedom's keystone is Law, yes; that there's  
no doubt on,

It's suttin' that's—wha' d'ye call it?—  
divine,—

The brutes who break it hain't nutthin' to  
boast on

On your side or mine o' the seethin' brine.

Uncle SAM is free, and he sez, sez he:—

"If assassins gang 'em

I'm game to hang 'em,

An' so git rid on 'em soon," sez he.

'Tis well for sleek cits for to lounge on their  
soffies,

And chat about "Law and Order," an' sich.

A formula pleasant for them in office,

Home-stayin' idlers, well-guarded rich.

Uncle SAM is free, but he sez, sez he:—

"Whar life's a fight,

Law, based on right,

May need the 'strong arm' of a Man," sez he.

Now don't go to say I'm the friend of force;

Best keep all your spare breath for coolin'  
your broth;

And when just Law has a fair clar course,

All talk of "wild justice" is frenzy and  
froth.

Uncle SAM is free, but he sez, sez he:—

"If he gits within hail

Of the Glan-na-Gael,

Or the *Mafta* either, he shoots," sez he.

This ain't no matter for sauce or swagger—

Too summary judgment both scout, I  
hope;

Though ef it's a chice betwixt rope and  
dagger,

I can't help sayin' I prefer the rope.

Uncle SAM is free, and he sez, sez he:—

"At a pinch I'll not flinch

From a touch of Lynch,—

That is—at a very hard pinch!" sez he.

But Lynch Law, UMBERTO, or Secret Society,

Both are bad, though the latter's wust;

We'll soon get shunt of *either* variety,

You and me, UMBERTO, or so I trust.

Uncle SAM is free, but he sez, sez he:—

"Assassination

Won't build a nation,

Nor yet the *unlegalised* rope," sez he.

Withdraw your Ambassador! Wal, that *air*  
summary!

Italian irons so soon git hot!

Ironclads? Sure that's mere militant flum-  
mery.

Don't want to rile, but I'll tell you what:

Uncle SAM is free, but he sez, sez he:—

"Let FAVA stay,

Take the *Mafta* away,

And we'll call it a right square deal!" sez he.

PRESENTED AT COURT.—Acting upon the suggestions made in these columns a week ago, the Author of *The Volcano*, and the company of the Court Theatre have effected the most valuable alterations in the play of the evening. The Second Act now concludes with the interrupted singing of *The Wolf*, which brings down the Curtain with a roar of laughter, and the Third Act is also generally improved. Mrs. JOHN WOOD is seen at her best as the interviewing lady-journalist, which is condensing in a sentence a volume of praise. Mr. ARTHUR CECIL, as the Duke, is equally admirable; and Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH, although scarcely in his element as a Member of Parliament of noble birth, is distinctly amusing. Altogether, *The Volcano* causes explosions of merriment in all parts of the house, and has entirely escaped the once-impending danger of fizzling out like a damp squib.





## A FAIR EXCHANGE.

UNCLE SAM. "SEE HERE, UMBERTO!—GIVE US BACK YOUR 'MINISTER,' AND TAKE AWAY THAT DARN'D 'MAFIA,' AND WE'LL CALL IT A SQUARE DEAL!"







## A COMPLAINT OF THE CENSUS.

(By a Disappointed Duke.)

[For the first time the sixth column in the Census Schedule is simply headed "Profession or Occupation."]

OH! I'm a reg'lar rightdown Duke:  
The trying part I act and look  
Right nobly, so they tell me.  
Yet I would have you understand  
Why I am thoroughly unmanned  
At what of late befell me.

A week or something less ago,  
A schedule came to let me know  
The Census Day was Sunday.  
The many details, one and all,  
Must be filled in, and then they'd call  
To fetch it on the Monday.

I found it easy to contrive  
To answer columns one to five—  
I filled them up discreetly;  
But when I came to column six  
I got into an awful fix,  
And lost my head completely.

For "Rank" alas! had disappeared.  
I'd never for an instant feared  
It wouldn't really be there.  
Your "Occupation" you could state,  
"Profession," too, you might relate,  
But I—a Duke—had neither!

His Grace the Duke of PLAZA-TOR  
Would call himself, I'm pretty sure,  
A "public entertainer."  
But I and my blue-blooded wife,  
We lead a simple blameless life,  
No life could well be plainer.

In such a plight what could I do?  
I searched the paper through and through,  
Each paragraph I read. You'll  
Scarce credit it but those who "live  
On their own means" had got to give  
This statement in the schedule!

I put it, but my dual pen  
I saw distinctly sputtered when  
I did so. All of which he  
Will please remember when I say  
I thought it in a minor way  
Unkind of Mr. RITCHIE!

## MICKY FREE IN PARIS.

As to the incident which recently appeared in the papers under the head-line "Insulting an Ambassador," our old friend MICKY writes us as follows:—"Be jabbers then, ye must know the truth. Me and Count MUNSTER was drivin' together. The Count's every bit a true-born son of Ould Ireland for ever, and descended from the Kings of Munster by both sides, and more betoken wasn't he wearin' an Ulster at the very moment, and isn't he the best of chums with the Dukes of CONNAUGHT and LEINSTER? Any way we were in our baroosh passin' the time o' day to one another as we were drivin' in the Bore, when whack comes a loaf o' bread, shied at our heads by an unknown military blaygaird. It missed me noble friend, the Count, and, as if to give him a lesson in politeness, it just took off the hat of a domestic alongside the coachman on the box. 'Tunder and turf!' says I, preparing to descend, and give the scoundrels a taste of my blackthorn all round. 'Whist! be aisy now, MICKY,' says the Ambassador to me, in what is, betune ourselves, his own native tongue; and with that he picks up the loaf, sniffs at it, makes a wry face ('it's a rye loaf,' says I), and then says he, ent loud, with a supercilious look, 'Ill-bred!' Be-

gorra, there was a whoop o' delight went up all round, which same was a sign of their pur-liteness, as divil a one of the ignoramuses could understand a wurrd the Court said in English or German, let alone Irish. 'Goot,' says MUNSTER to me, dropping into his German accent, which, on occasion, comes quite natural to him—the orator! 'I'll give the loaf to the dog;' and he whistles up the mastiff, own brother to BISMARCK's. 'Eh, MICKY, ye gossoon, isn't the proverb, "Loaf me, loaf my dog"?' Ah! then was cheers for ould Ireland, and a mighty big dhrink entirely we had that same night.

"Yours as ever, M. F."

## HERRICK UP TO DATE.

(After "The Bracelet to Julia.")

WHY tye I about thy wrist,  
JULIA, this my silken twist?  
For what other reason is't,  
But to show (in theorie)



Thou sweet captive  
art to me;  
Which, of course, is  
fiddlededee!  
Runne and aske the  
nearest Judge,  
He will tell thee 'tis  
pure fudge;  
When thou wiltest,  
thou mayst trudge;  
I'm thy Bonds-lave,  
Hymen's pact  
Bindeth me in law  
and fact;  
Thou art free in will and aot;  
'Tis but silke that bindeth thee,  
Snap the thread, and thou art free:  
But 'tis otherwise with me.  
I am bound, and bound fast so  
That from thee I cannot go.  
(Hah! We'll have this altered, though.  
Man must be a wing-clipp'd goose  
If he bows to Hymen's noose,—  
Heads you winne, and tails I lose!)

## MAGAZINE MANNERS.

Editor to Eminent Writer.—Review promises to be deadily slow next month. Can you do something slashing for us? Pitch into somebody or other—you know the style.

Eminent Writer to Editor.—Happy to oblige. Got old article handy advocating cession of Canada and India to the French. Never wrote anything more ripping. Pitches into everybody. Touching it up, and will let you have it in two days. By the bye, telegraph people put a x to my Christian name. Tell them not to do it again.

Editor to Eminent Writer (a week later).—Sorry about the x. Got your article. Not quite what I wanted. Style all right, but arguments idiotic. Can't you take the other side? Much more popular.

Eminent Writer to Editor.—Idea insulting. Any more telegrams of that sort, and I contribute in future to the *Shortsprightly Review*, not yours!

Editor to Eminent Writer.—No offence meant. Is there any other Review besides mine? Never heard of the one you mentioned.

Eminent Writer to Editor (a month later).—I say, what's this? Virulent personal attack on me in your Review, signed with your name! Pretends my article on giving up Canada, &c., was all a joke! Am I the sort of man who would joke about anything? Reply at once, with apology, or I skin you alive in next Number of *Shortsprightly*.

Editor to Eminent Writer.—Sorry you're offended. I thought my Article rather a moderate one. Quite true that I talk about

falsehood, hypocrites, effrontary, demagogues, Pharisees, and so on; but expressions to be taken in strictly Pickwickian sense, and of course not intended for you.

Eminent Writer to Editor.—Explanation unsatisfactory. You first insert contribution, and then slate it. Do you call yourself an Editor?

Editor to Eminent Writer.—Rather think I do call myself Editor. Couldn't insert that humbug about India and Canada without reply. By the bye, have forgotten if you spell Christian name with or without x? Important. Wire back.

Eminent Writer to Editor.—Yah! Look out for next *Shortsprightly*, that's all! Article entitled, "Editorial Horseplay." It'll give you fits, or my name isn't—FREDERIC, without the x.

## ANOTHER'S!

(A Once Rejected Address.)

Yes! Thou must be another's. Oh,  
Such anguish stands alone!  
I'd always fancied thou wert so  
Peculiarly mine own;  
No welcome doubt my soul can free;  
A convict may not choose—  
Yet, since another's thou must be,  
Most kindly tell me whose?

Is it the Lord of Shilling Thrills  
Who penned *The Black that Mails*—  
That martial man who from the hills  
Excoigitates his tales?  
Is it ubiquitous A. LANG?  
Nay, shrink not but explain  
To which of all the writing gang  
Dost properly pertain?

P perchance to some provincial churl,  
Who blushes quite unseen?  
Perchance to some ambitious Earl  
Or Stockbroker, I ween?  
Such things have frequently occurred,  
And gems like thee have crowned  
The titular and moneyed herd,  
And made them nigh renowned.

I know not, this alone is clear,  
Thou wert my sole delight;  
I pored on thee by sunshine, dear,  
I dreamed of thee at night.  
Thou wert so good—too splendid for  
The common critic's praise—  
And I was thy proprietor—  
And all the world must gaze!

But *Punch*, that autocrat, decrees  
That thou another's art:  
I cannot choose but bow my knees  
And lacerate my heart.  
Thou must be someone's else, alack!  
The truth remains confessed—  
For Mr. P. hath sent thee back,  
My cherished little Jest.

FROM A FLY-LEAF.—"Buzziness first, pleasure after," as the bluebottle said when, after circling three times about the breakfast-table, he alighted on a lump of sugar.

SALISBURY AT ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND.

How slow is fate from fatal friends to free us!  
Still, still, alas! 'tis "Ego et RAIKES meus."

"THE OXFORD MOVEMENT."—Not much to choose between this and the Cambridge movement in the last race.

PLACE OF BANISHMENT FOR MISTAKEN PERSONS.—The Isle of Mull.







## Earl Granville.

BORN IN 1816. DIED 31ST MARCH, 1891.

THE coarser Cyclops now combine  
To push the Olympians from their places;  
And dead as Pan seems the old line  
Of greater gods and gentler graces.  
Pleasant, amidst the clangour crude  
Of smiting hammer, sounding anvil,  
As bland Arcadian interlude,  
The courtly accents of a GRANVILLE!

A strenuous time's pedestrian muse  
Shouts pæans to the earth-born giant,  
Whose brows Apollo's wreath refuse,  
Whose strength to Charis is unpliant.  
Demos distrusts the debonaire,  
Yet Demos found himself disarming  
To gracious GRANVILLE; unaware  
Won by the calm, witch'd by the charmir g.

Bismarckian vigour, stern and stark  
As Brontes self, was not his dower;  
Not his to steer a storm-tost bark  
Through waves that whelm, and clouds  
that lower.  
To nper unstirred, unerring tact,  
Were his. He could not "wave the banner,"  
But he could lend to steely act  
The softly silken charm of manner.

Kindly, accomplished, with a wit  
Lambent yet bland, like summer lightning;  
Venomless rapier-point, whose "hit"  
Was palpable, yet painless. Brightening  
E'en party conflict with a touch  
Of old-world grace fight could not ruffle!  
Faith, GRANVILLE, we shall miss thee much  
Where kites and crows of faction scuffle!

AN IRISH DIAMOND.—The *Cork Examiner* of 28th ultimo contained an official advertisement, signed by the High Sheriff of the County of the City of Cork, requesting certain persons connected with the Spring Assizes to attend at the Model Schools, as the Court House had been destroyed by fire. Amongst those thus politely invited to be present on so interesting an occasion were the Prisoners!

## PATERFAMILIAS ON HIS CENSUS PAPER.

HEAD of the Family! That makes me quail.  
I am the Head—and thereby hangs a tale!  
This big blue paper, ruled in many a column,  
Gives rise to some misgivings sad and solemn.  
Relation to that Head? That Head's buzz-  
brained,  
And its "relations" are—just now—"much  
strained."

Citizen-duty I've no wish to shirk,  
But would the State do its own dirty work—  
(My daughters swear 'tis dirty). I'd be  
grateful.

Instructions? Yes! Imperative and fateful!  
But, oh! I wish they would "instruct" me  
how

To tell the truth without a family row.  
"Best of my knowledge and belief"! Ah  
well

If Aunt MEHITABEL her age won't tell;  
If Cook will swear she's only thirty-three,  
And rather fancies she was born at sea  
(Where I am now) my "knowledge and  
belief"

Are not worth much to the official chief,  
BRYDGES P. HENNIKER, if he only knew it.  
A True Return? Well, if it is not true, it  
is not my fault. Inquisitorial band,  
I've done my level best—Witness my Hand!  
The bothering business makes me feel quite  
Peace now—for ten years more! [biliary,  
PATERFAMILIAS.

## "FACTA NON VERBA"; OR, PIERROT IN LONDON.

"Of the best! of the very best!" as ZERO or CERO is perpetually affirming of everything eatable and drinkable that is for his own benefit and his customers' refreshment at the little bar, not a hundred miles from the Monte Carlo tables, where he himself and his barriers practise day and night; and, as this famous cutter of sandwiches and confectioner of



A BLACK AND WHITE EXHIBITION.

drinks says of his stock in trade, so say we of *L'Enfant Prodigue*, which, having been translated by HORATIUS COCLLES SEDGER from Paris to London, has gone straight to the heart and intelligence of our Theatre-loving public.

It is a subject for curious reflection that, just when the comic scenes of our English Pantomime have been crushed out by overpowering weight of gorgeous spectacle, there should re-appear in our midst a revival of the ancient *Pierrot* who pantomimed himself into public favour with the Parisians towards the close of the seventeenth century. Red-hot poker, sausages, and filching Clown have had their day, and lo! when everyone said we were tired of the "comic business" of Pantomime, here in our midst re-appear almost in their habits as they lived, certainly with their white faces and black skull-caps "as they appeared," a pair of marvellously clever *Pierrots*. Mlle. JANE MAY as *Pierrot Junior*, "the Prodigy son," and M. COURTES as *Pierrot Senior*, are already drawing the town to *Matinées* at the Prince of Wales's, causing us to laugh at them and with them in their joys, and to weep with them in their mimic sorrows. Yes! *Pierrot redivivus*!

Mind you, it is not a piece for children; make no mistake about that; they will only laugh at the antics, be ignorant of the story, and be untouched by its truth and pathos. All are good. We like the naughty *blanchisseuse* the least of the characters, and wish she had been *plus petite que ça*. But is it not in nature that the prodigal infant (veritable boy is Mlle. JANE MAY) should fall in love with a young woman some years his senior, and far beyond him in experience of the world? Why certainly. Then the Baron, played with great humour by M. LOUIS GOUGET, who wins the Mistress with his diamonds, and the inimitable Black Servant, M. JEAN ARCEUIL, who laughs at poor little *Pierrot*, and cringes to his wealthy rival and successor,—are they not both admirable? As for the acting of Madame SCHMIDT as *Madame Pierrot*, loving wife and devoted mother, it is, as it should be, "too good for words." Her pantomimic action is so sympathetic throughout, so—well, in fact, perfect. Who wants to hear them speak? *Facta non verba* is their motto. Yet with what gusto the Black, heavily bribed, mouths out the titled Baron's name, though never a syllable does he utter! It is all most excellent make-believe.

*Vive Pierrot à Londres!* We see him much the same as he was when he delighted the Parisians in 1830,—"*Avec sa grande casaque à gros boutons, son large pantalon flottant, ses souliers blancs comme le reste, son visage enfariné, sa tête couverte d'un serre-tête noir... le véritable Pierrot avec sa bonhomie naïve... ses joies d'enfant, et ses chagrins d'un effet si comique*"—and also so pathetic.

If this entertainment could be given at night, the house would be crammed during a long run; but afternoon possibilities are limited. More than a word of praise must be given to M. ANDRÉ WORMSER's music, which, personally conducted by Mr. CROOK, goes hand in hand with the story written by MICHEL CARRÉ FILS, and illustrated by these clever pantomimists. No amateur of good acting should fail to see this performance. *Verb. sap.*

In the *Salon* this year, the *Athenæum* says, "a *Grand Salon de Repos* will be provided." For pictures of "still life" only, we suppose. Will Sir FREDERICK, P.R.A., act on the suggestion, and set aside one of the rooms in Burlington House as a Dormitory?



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

AHA! special attraction in *The New Review*! "April Fool's Day Poem," by ALFRED AUSTIN, and, an announcement on the cover that "This number contains a Picture of Miss ELLEN TERRY in one of her earliest parts." Oh, dear! I wish it didn't contain this picture, which is a bleared red photograph of Misses KATE and ELLEN TERRY, "as they appeared" (as they never could appear, I'm sure) in an entertainment which achieved a great success in the provinces—but not with this red-Indian picture as a poster. Of course it may be intended as compliment-terry; it may mean "always entertaining and ever red-dy." However, the picture is naught, except as a curiosity; but the first instalment of our ELLEN's reminiscences is delightfully written, because given quite naturally, just as the celebrated actress herself would dictate—(of course she never has to "dictate," as her scarcely-breathed wish is a law)—to her pleasantly-tasked amanuensis. Next lot, please!

In *Macmillan's* for this month, ANDRÉ HOPE tells a fluttering tale in recounting "A Mystery of Old Gray's Inn." It would have come well from that weird old clerk, to whom Mr. Pickwick listened with



interest during the convivialities at the "Maggie and Stump." It should take a prominent place in the proposed new issue of *Half Hours with Jumpy Authors*.

The Baron has just read a delightful paper on "The Bretons at Home," by CHARLES G. WOOD, in the *Argosy*, for this month. The Baron who has been there, and still would go if he could, but, as he can't, he is contented to let "WOOD go" without him, and to read the latter's tales of a traveller.

*Turf Celebrities I have Known*, by WILLIAM DAY, is a gossip, snarly sort of book; casting a

rather murky or grey Day-light on a considerable number of Celebrities who were once on the turf, and are now under it. But the Baron not being himself either on the turf or under it, supposes that this DAY is an authority, as "was once upon a time, that is, only the other day, the Dey of ALGERIA. But this DAY is not of Algiers, but of All-gibes. Ordinarily it is true that "Every dog has his day." Exceptions prove the rule, and it would appear from this book—"not the first 'book,' I suppose," quoth the Baron, "that Mr. DAY has 'made' or assisted in 'making,'"—that every dog did not "have" this particular Day, but that some dogs did. The writer has missed the chance of a good title—not for himself, but for his book. He should have made it an autobiography, and then have called it, "*De Die in Diem*; or, *Day by Day*."

Everyone's truly, THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

## WHAT IT WILL COME TO!

(A fragment from a Military-Commercial Romance of the future.)

AND so Mr. ELLERSDEE approached his proposed recruit, and invited him to lunch to discuss the matter quietly.

"You are very good," returned the other, "but I can assure you I eat nothing before dinner. Won't you have a cigar?"

Mr. ELLERSDEE accepted the proffered kindness, and remarked upon the excellent quality of the tobacco.

"Yes," assented his companion, "it is not half bad, for we get all our supplies from the Stores; and now what can I do for you?"

Then Mr. ELLERSDEE unfolded his sad story. England was losing her commercial prosperity, owing to a scarcity of labourers, artisans, nay, even clerks. The Empire was in as bad a condition as those foreign countries in which forced military service was established. Like France and Germany, trade was being ruined by the Army. Would not the young man desert, and become a recruit in the Labour League?

"My dear friend," was the reply, "I hope I am as patriotic as most people, but I cannot sacrifice my just interest entirely to sentiment. What can you give me in exchange for my present life? I have recreation-rooms, libraries, polytechnics, and every sort of amusement?"

"But also drill and discipline," urged the other.

"Which I am told by my medical attendant (whose services by the way are gratuitous), are excellent for my health. This being so, I can scarcely complain of those institutions. Then I have excellent pay and ample food. Now, I ask you frankly, can the advantages offered by Trade compare for a moment with the privileges, as a soldier, I now enjoy? Tell me frankly, shall I improve my position by giving up the Army?"

And Mr. ELLERSDEE was compelled to answer in the negative!

## THE DIARY OF AN OLD JOKE.

(Posthumously Printed by kind Permission of Wit, Humour, & Co., Limited.)

April 1.—My birthday; have no idea which. Old as the hills, but not quite so pointed; venerable, but broken down, and used up; not the Joke I used to be; once the rich darling of Society: but it (Society) didn't pay, so had to work hard for a living. *Tit Bits*, the *National Observer*, and the Chancery Judges, have impoverished me. Never mind—I'll be revenged—resolve to keep a Diary—"weekly diary of a weakly"—oh dear! my old infirmity again. Must really be more careful.

April 2.—In with the rest of them, for a (North-) Easter outing. HACKING, in the train, tried to palm me off upon HORNBLOWER, who had actually the impudence to affect that he "couldn't see me"; as if I hadn't obviously made his reputation for years! The best of it is, that HORNBLOWER is always airing me in public, and dropping me in private. Blow HORNBLOWER!

April 3.—Out to dinner. What a hypocrite Society is! Everyone pretended never to have heard me before. I was allotted to Miss HORNBLOWER (worse luck!), and she positively called me "Her own!"—at my age, too! It's indecent. Complained to HORNBLOWER, who now faced round, and maintained that he was the first to bring me out. I could almost have cried. No wonder I fell flat, and injured myself. Why, Sir, SYDNEY SMITH was my godfather, and was always trotting me out as a prodigy, and trading on me. I supported him, Sir, when I was but an infant phenomenon; I supported him—but I can't support HORNBLOWER.

April 4.—Went to the theatre, as I was told I figured in the play; claimed a free pass to the Stalls from the box-office boy, who was rude; showed him my card; he looked scared, and said it was all right. The actors were full of me: very gratifying; but everybody laughed! Just like their cheek! There's nothing laughable. I should fancy, about anything so played out as I've become. Ugh! how I detest irreverence! HORNBLOWER and HACKING have both written to the papers, maintaining that I belong to them, and that the theatre has no right to have me impersonated on the Stage; they term it "Thought Transference," "The Brain-Wave," or something outlandish; and to think that HACKING, who reviews HORNBLOWER's effusions, once spoke of me as stale! They had better not try my patience too far, I can tell them.

April 5.—Sunday. Want change, and rest. Made for the O'WILDE's sanctuary. Cabman took the change, and O'WILDE the rest. Have known all the celebrities of the century, but like O'W. the most. For one so young, he's truly affable; made me quite at home; promised to put me up—or in, I forget which; and then he uttered this remarkable "preface"—"Jokes are neither old nor young: they are simply mine or thine—that is all." Nevertheless, I'm sure to be in his bad books before long.

April 6.—"Horrible outrage—an Old Joke, in trouble again"—so run the newspaper placards—was collared forcibly by two masked ruffians in Grub Street, and dispatched post-haste to *Punch* office. Mr. P., however, had known me from a boy, and was not to be imposed upon. He sent me back promptly, on Her Majesty's Service, warning me that, unless I went off, I should probably be knocked on the head. Dear EVERGREEN POLICINELLO! but not so evergreen as all that. He knows my constitution won't stand these liberties. The desperadoes turn out to be HORNBLOWER and HACKING, as I suspected. In defence they alleged I had *struck* them forcibly! Mr. P. vows he'll proceed against them for nuisance—interfering with Ancient Lights.

April 7.—Very weak, from effects of yesterday. The heart taken out of me. Consult my Doctor. To judge from the prints in his waiting-room, I'm popular enough still with his patients. Says I'm suffering from a bad attack of Printer's Devils, but can't make me younger; replied that my desire was to be older. He looked grave, and rejoined, "Impossible"; prescribed a course of Attic salts; as I came out, met Sir WILFRID LAWSON. He declares I don't look a day older than when he first knew me; but then, he's licensed to be sober on the premises! Ah, how I love the House of Commons!

April 8.—Worn to a skeleton; sinking fast, but I'll die hard. Make my will. Bequeath Autographs of TALLEYRAND and JOE MILLER to Madame Tussaud's; everything else to be sold for the foundation of an Asylum for Old Jokes. A knock at the door. Heaven help me!—two Interviewers! "Come in," I said, with the conventional "cheery voice." Anticipated the worst, but worse than I anticipated. HORNBLOWER and HACKING are brooding over me; assert they have been sent by the LORD MAYOR. "Thought Transference" again! Well, I should have committed suicide, and now I can be released without crime. It won't last long. If I might suggest my obsequies, I should like to be cremated in Type. HACKING begs my blessing, and pretends to weep at hearing the last of me. Hope I shall never have to haunt HORNBLOWER!

Editor's Postscript.—We have paid a pious visit to his last Jest-ing-place; on the urn is inscribed,—

PLEASE TO FORGET THE GHOST OF THE SAME OLD JOKE.



## LEAVES FROM A CANDIDATE'S DIARY.

(CONTINUED.)

March 13.—Left Billsbury this morning by nine o'clock train, and came back to London. Brought with me the *Billsbury Standard*, and the *Billsbury Meteor* (the Radical paper.) Both have accounts of last night's meeting. Rather different, though.

*Billsbury Standard.*

The era of indecision is past. In another column we give a full account of the important meeting of the Council of the Conservative Association, which was held last night for the purpose of selecting a Conservative Candidate for Billsbury. The proceedings were enthusiastic and unanimous... Mr. RICHARD B. PATTLE, the selected Conservative Candidate, is a young man of the highest promise. He had a distinguished career at Oxford, where he obtained honours in History, and represented his College in the Torpid races for eight-oared crews. Since then he has been called to the Bar, where he has already secured a lucrative practice... His speech last night had the right ring about it. It was eloquent, practical, convincing, modest and decided, thoroughly in harmony with the best traditions of the Conservative party, and remarkable for the proof it afforded of the devotion of Conservatives at all times to the highest interests of the working classes. We have no hesitation in declaring, as Colonel CHORLE did last night, that with such a Candidate to oppose him, the fate of Sir THOMAS CHURSON may be considered as already decided. If only all Conservatives will put their shoulders to the wheel and work hard, the stigma under which Billsbury now labours will be swept away. A Mass Meeting of Conservative electors will be held on an early date to ratify the decision of the Council, and inaugurate the period of hard work throughout the constituency.

*Billsbury Meteor.*

Last night the Conservatives gave their annual performance of the good old farce entitled, *Choosing a Candidate; or, Who's got the Money-bags?* We are glad to be able to congratulate this distinguished body of amateurs on the modest success which attended their efforts. Most of the performers are well-known to the Billsbury public. Alderman TOLLAND, as the heavy father, provoked screams of laughter by the studied pomposity of his manner. His unctuous rendering of the catch-phrase, "Constitutional Progress," has lost none of its old force. Mr. CHORLE was, perhaps, not so successful as we have sometimes seen him in his representation of a real Colonel, but the scene in which he attacked and routed LINDLEY MURRAY, went extremely well. Mr. JERRAM as a singing journalist, was admirable. We cannot help wondering why so remarkable an actor should confine himself to the provincial stage. We had almost forgotten to mention that the part of *The Candidate* was, on this occasion, assigned to a Mr. RICHARD PATTLE, a complete novice, whose evident nervousness seriously imperilled the success of the piece. He had omitted to learn his part adequately, and the famous soliloquy, "The country has need of me," was painfully bungled. Mr. PATTLE has few qualifications for the ambitious rôle he essayed, and his friends would be doing an act of true kindness if they insisted on his withdrawal from a profession for which he is in no way fitted. The performance will be repeated as usual next year.

I suppose the *Meteor* people think that witty. When I got home, an awful thing happened. Mother, of course, wanted to see the papers, so I gave her the *Standard*, with which she was much pleased. She said it was evident I had made a wonderful impression, and that the Billsbury Conservatives were particularly sensible people! But, by some mistake, I left the *Meteor* lying on the drawing-room table. It seems that, in the afternoon, that sharp-tongued old hag, Mrs. SPIGOT, called. She saw the *Meteor*, took it up, and said, "Dear me, is this something about your son?" Mother, thinking it was the *Standard*, said, "Oh yes—do read it, Mrs. SPIGOT; it's a wonderfully accurate account, RICHARD says;" and that old cat read it all through. She then smiled, and said, "Yes, very flattering indeed." After she had gone, mother took it up, and, to her horror, found what it was. She was furious. When I got home in the afternoon, I found her in a state of what Dr. BAKER calls "extreme nervous excitement," with the *Meteor* lying in little scraps all over the drawing-room, just as if a paper-chase had been through there. She said, "Don't let me ever see that infamous paper again, DICK. The man who wrote it owes you some grudge, of course. Such a scoundrel ought to be denounced." I said I quite agreed with her. Later on, met VULLIAMY at the Club. We spoke about Billsbury. He asked me, with a sort of chuckle, if I'd seen the *Star*, and advised me to have a look at it, as there was something about me in it. This is what I found in the column headed "Mainly About People":—

"Mr. RICHARD PATTLE, who is to be the Conservative Candidate for Billsbury at the next election, is a young man of twenty-six. At Oxford he was generally called 'PODGE PATTLE' by his friends.

He took a fourth class in History. His oratorical efforts at the Union were not very striking, but he rowed in his College Torpid, which was bumped four times.

"Mr. PATTLE, as may be inferred from his nickname, is neither tall nor thin. He is a member of the Middle Temple, but his eloquence has not yet astonished the Courts of Law. His father died five years ago, leaving him a considerable fortune, part of which he proposes to waste in the hopeless attempt to turn out Sir THOMAS CHURSON."

Confound the people, I wish they'd mind their own business and leave me alone!

March 17.—Haven't been down to Billsbury again yet, but go the day after to-morrow to speak at a Mass Meeting of Conservative electors. However, I've had shoals of letters from the place—nearly all of them asking for subscriptions. The Five Bars Cricket Club, the Lilies Cricket Club, the Buffaloes Cricket Club, and the Blue Horse Cricket Club have all elected me a vice-president, and solicit the honour of my support. The Billsbury Free Dispensary is much in want of funds, and the Secretary points out that Sir THOMAS CHURSON has subscribed £5 regularly every year. The United Ironmongers' Friendly Society wishes me to be an Honorary Member. CHURSON subscribes £2 2s. to them. The Billsbury Brass Band, and three Quoit Clubs (the game is much played there) have elected me a member. The Secretary of the former sent me a printed form, which I was to fill up, stating what instrument I meant to play, and binding myself to attend at least one Band practice every week. Three "cases of heartrending distress" have appealed to me, "knowing the goodness of my heart." I shall have to consult TOLLAND, or some one, about all this. I get the *Meteor* and the *Standard* every day. The former goes on chaffing. Don't think JERRAM, in the *Standard*, writes as smartly as the other chaps. Must try to get him stirred up a bit. Just received letter from TOLLAND, saying he wants to talk to me before meeting about "matters connected with the Registration." More money, I suppose. Romeike, and all kinds of Press-Cutting Associations, keep on sending me that extract from the *Star*, till I'm fairly sick of it. They all want me to subscribe for Press-Cuttings. See them blown first.

## WHAT IT MAY COME TO!

SCENE—The Central Criminal Court. The usual Company assembled, and the place wearing its customary aspect. "Standing room only" everywhere, except in the Jury Box, which is empty. Prisoner at the Bar.

Judge. This is most annoying! Owing to the refusal of the Jury to serve, the time of the Bar, the Bench, and, I may even add, the prisoner, is wasted! I really don't know what to do! Mr. TWENTYBON, I think you appear for the accused?

Counsel for the Defence. Yes, my Lord.

Judge (with some hesitation). Well, I do not for a moment presume to dictate to you, but it certainly would get us out of a serious difficulty if your client pleaded guilty. I suppose you have carefully considered his case, and think it advisable that he should not withdraw his plea?

Counsel for the Defence. No, my Lord, I certainly cannot advise him to throw up his defence. It is a serious—a deeply serious—matter for him. I do not anticipate any

difficulty in establishing his innocence before an intelligent jury.

Judge. But we can't get a jury—intelligent or otherwise.

Counsel for the Defence. If no evidence is offered, my client should be discharged.

Counsel for the Prosecution. I beg pardon, but I must set my friend right. Evidence is offered in support of the charge, my Lord.

Judge. Yes; but there is no properly constituted body to receive and decide upon its credibility. I am glad that the Grand Jury (to whom I had the privilege of addressing a few observations upon our unfortunate position) have ignored a larger number of bills than usual; still the present case is before the Court, and I must dispose of it. Can you assist us in any way, Mr. PEEPLEBAGGE?

Counsel for the Prosecution (smiling). I am afraid not, my Lord.

Judge. Well, I suppose I have no alternative but to order the Prisoner to be taken back to—

Prisoner. To the place I was in last night? No, thankes!—not me! Look here, gemmen all, we knows one another, don't we? Well, just to oblige you—as Darmoor ain't 'alf bad in the summer, and as in course I did do it—I plead guilty!

Judge (with a sigh of relief). Prisoner at the Bar, we are infinitely beholden to you! [Passes regulation sentence with grateful courtesy.]





## THE INVECTIVE OF H-RC-RT.

*(A Fragment in Hexameters, NOT by George Meredith.)*

HEIGH me! brazen of front, thou glutton for Ground Game, how  
 can one,  
 Servant here to thy mandates heed thee among the Tories?  
 Surely thy mission is fudge, oh, DAWNAY, Conservative Colonel!  
 I, Sir, hither I fared on account of the cant-armed Sportsmen,  
 Pledged to the combat; they unto me have in no wise a harm done,  
 Never have they, of a truth, come potting my Hares and my Rabbits,

Never in deep-soiled Hampshire, the nurser of heroes and H-RC RTs,  
 Ravaged; but if I found them among my trampled Carnations,  
 Hares or Rabbits, or gun-bearing Tories, by Jingo, I'd pot 'em!  
 O hugely shameless! These shall we follow to do an injustice  
 Unto the farmers, seeing the Hares a-munching their crops up?  
 I do not sit at the feet of the blatant Bordesley Gamaliel,  
 Or of the unregenerate Agricultural Minister.



Close time? Fudge! The Hares were intended at last to periah  
 Either by sounding gun or the gaping jaws of the greyhound.  
 Food for the people? Cant! The promotion of Sport is the purpose  
 Plain of this pestilent Bill, which neutralises the victory Won, with much labour, by Me, my gift to the sons of the furrow.  
 DAWNAY talks as though the Hare were a "domiciled animal."  
 Shows what a deal he knows of Hares—save the pleasure of killing 'em.  
 Shall I give the flourishing farmers up to this pillage? Nay, sure mine were the hands did most in the storm of the combat,  
 Ay, and when peradventure we share the booty amongst us, After the General Election, the Tories may find—but no matter-r-r!  
 Surely a time will come,—not a "close time" that for the Tories,—  
 I, being outraged, then will give them particular pepper!

### HEARTHILY WELCOME.

1900 (*Somewhere about*).—Introduction into London of new Patent Smokeless Fuel, as experimentally exhibited in 1891 before the Prince of WALES and Empress FREDERICK in York Road, King's Cross. A few public-spirited householders insist on their cooks using it in the kitchen. Cooks of public-spirited householders unanimously give warning. No quotation of Fuel Company's shares on Stock Exchange.

1900 (*Later*).—Very reforming Parliament just returned. Use of new Fuel made compulsory. Fuel shares go up from a nominal 2s. 6d. a share to £437 6s. 8d. at a bound.

1901.—London already much cleaner. Only two fogs (white) in whole of last winter. Consequent intense surprise of old residents, cabmen, link-boys, porters, and pickpockets.

1902.—Retirement of several individuals, who declare they "liked the good old London fogs," to Black Country. Statue in Parian marble of inventor of new Fuel blocks erected on Thames Embankment.

1904.—Government buys up patent rights of Company, at ruinous sacrifice. A Minister of Chimneyculture appointed, with Cabinet rank. Blocks reduced in price, and sold at all Post Offices across the counter. Postal messengers, on receipt of telephonic orders, bring truckfuls to any address within ten minutes.

1905.—Green veils come into general use this summer, to keep off glare from white stone houses and other buildings in West-End of London. Several cases of partial loss of sight from extreme whiteness of dome of St. Paul's. Dean ordered (by County Council) to have dome lamp-black. Dean declines. Vote of thanks to him from resident staff of Ophthalmic Hospital.

1906.—Owing to surprising and overpowering health of inhabitants (caused by total absence of smoke and fogs), County Council establishes Gymnasia, Rowing Matches, and free public Pugilistic Contests, in order to work off surplus muscular energies of population.

1907.—Emigration of 2000 Doctors (who have no work to do) to one of General BOOTH'S Colonies at South Pole. Show (in Temple Gardens) of delicate ferns and roses grown in atmosphere of Strand.

1908.—Strike of Whitewashers, Laundresses, and House Painters, against lack of employment. Go about singing, "Oh, call the Fog-Friend back to us!" with refrain, "Oh, when the Fogs were here with us, Would we had used them more!"

1909.—Last surviving Chimney-sweeper, provided with a well-ventilated chamber at Madame Tussaud's. Special charge of sixpence for adults, threepence for children, made for privilege of seeing him.

1910.—Rest of inhabitants of England, as well as foreign invalids, flock to London because of noted purity and salubrity of its climate. Riviera deserted. London a little over-crowded, but very clean.

### THREE ACRES AND AN EGG.

THE following pleasing announcement appears in the advertisement columns of the *East of Fife Record*:—

WANTED, COTTAGERS and others to HATCH EGGS. Liberal Terms. Apply, &c.

We are glad to see the men of Fife thus taking the lead in creating new openings for the agricultural labourer. Of course the weather



### OLD FRIENDS.

"DO YOU EVER SEE BOBBIE BOUNCER NOW?"

"OH DEAR NO! HE'S FAR TOO GREAT A SWELL! IF ONE PITCHES INTO ANYTHING HE DOES, HE CUTS UP ROUGH, IF YOU PLEASE, AND GIVES ONE THE COLD SHOULDER! THOSE VERY SUCCESSFUL FELLOWS ALWAYS DO!"

"AND BILL JAMES?"

"POOR OLD STICK-IN-THE-MUD! HAD TO DROP HIM! DOOED SIGHT TOO FOND OF TELLING ONE THE PLAIN TRUTH ABOUT ONESELF, WHEN ONE'S NOT INCLINED FOR IT, YOU KNOW! ALWAYS THE WAY WITH THOSE FELLOWS WHO DON'T GET ON!"

will have much influence upon the success of the new avocation. To sit out hatching eggs in one of such blizzards as we have had since Christmas would be exceedingly inconvenient, upon whatever "Liberal terms." But, given a fair summer day or a quiet autumn evening, there seems something quite idyllic in the picture of the agricultural labourer sitting out in his own Three Acres hatching eggs,—probably laid by the Cow.

### THE FRIEND OF LABOUR.

How doth the provident M.P.  
 Improve each shining hour,  
 And in the "Labour Question"

Hopes of return to power!  
 How skilfully he shapes his  
 "sell,"

How neatly spread his "fakes"!  
 On Labour's ear they sound right  
 well,  
 The promises he makes.

Skilled Labour, Labour without  
 skill,  
 He would have busy, too;  
 Nay, he would find some Labour  
 still  
 For idle "hands" to do.

Yet, Labour, whate'er he say,  
 To trust him be not fast;  
 Or you'll discover, some fine  
 day,  
 He'll diddle you at last!

QUEER QUERIES.—COMBUSTIBLES.—I have five hundred barrels of Kerosene Oil, and three hundred of Paraffin, stored in a large room in the basement of my premises. Upstairs, on the top floor, there are about two hundred assistants at work. I now want to use part of the same room for the manufacture of fireworks. The place I don't think is too dark, as I have it constantly lighted by naked gas-jets. Would there be any need to take out a licence? The surrounding property, although very crowded, is only of a poor description.—INSURED.



## MR. PUNCH'S POCKET IBSEN.

(Condensed and Revised Version by Mr. P.'s Own Harmless Ibsenite.)

No. II.—NORA; OR, THE BIRD-CAGE (ET DIKKISVÖIT).

ACT III.

The same Room—except that the sofa has been slightly moved, and one of the Japanese cotton-wool frogs has fallen into the fireplace. Mrs. LINDEN sits and reads a book—but without understanding a single line.

Mrs. Linden (laying down book, as a light tread is heard outside). Here he is at last! (KROGSTAD comes in, and stands in the doorway.) Mr. KROGSTAD, I have given you a secret rendezvous in this room, because it belongs to my employer, Mr. HELMER, who has lately discharged you. The etiquette of Norway permits these slight freedoms on the part of a female Cashier.

Krogs. It does. Are we alone? (NORA is heard overhead dancing the Tarantella.) Yes, I hear Mrs. HELMER's fairy footfall above. She dances the Tarantella now—by-and-by she will dance to another tune! (Changing his tone.) I don't exactly know why you should wish to have this interview—after jilting me as you did, long ago, though?

Mrs. L. Don't you? I do. I am a widow—a Norwegian widow. And it has occurred to me that there may be a nobler side to your nature somewhere—though you have not precisely the best of reputations.

Krogs. Right. I am a forger, and a money-lender; I am on the staff of the Norwegian Punch—a most scurrilous paper. More, I have been blackmailing Mrs. HELMER by trading on her fears like a low cowardly cur. But, in spite of all that—(clasping his hands)—there are the makings of a fine man about me yet, CHRISTINA!

Mrs. L. I believe you—at least, I'll chance it. I want some one to care for, and I'll marry you.

Krogs. (suspiciously). On condition, I suppose, that I suppress the letter denouncing Mrs. HELMER?

Mrs. L. How can you think so? I am her dearest friend; but I can still see her faults, and it is my firm opinion that a sharp lesson will do her all the good in the world. She is much too comfortable. So leave the letter in the box, and come home with me.

Krogs. I am wildly happy!

Engaged to the female Cashier of the Manager who has discharged me, our future is bright and secure!

(He goes out; and Mrs. LINDEN sets the furniture straight; presently a noise is heard outside, and HELMER enters, dragging NORA in. She is in fancy dress, and he in an open black domino.)

Nora. I shan't! It's too early to come away from such a nice party. I won't go to bed!

Helmer (tenderly). There's a naughty lil' larkie for you, Mrs. LINDEN! Positively had to drag her 'way! She's a capricious lil' girl—from Capri. 'Scuse me!—'fraid I've been and made a pun. Shan't 'our again! Splendid champagne the Consul gave us—'counts for it! (Sits down, smiling.) Do you knit, Mrs. COTTON? ... You shouldn't. Never knit. 'Broider. (Nodding to her, solemnly.) 'Member that. Always 'broider. More—(hiccupping)—Oriental! Gobblesh you!—goo'ni!

Mrs. Linden. I only came in to—to see NORA's costume. Now I've seen it, I'll go.

Helmer. Awful bore that woman—hate boresh! (Looks at NORA, then comes nearer.) Oh, you prillil squillikins, I do love you so! Shomehow, I feel sho lively thishevenin'!

Nora (goes to other side of table). I won't have all that, TORVALD!

Helmer. Why? ain't you my lil' lark—ain't thish our lil' cage? Ver-well, then. (A ring.) RANK! confound it all! (Enter Dr. RANK.) RANK, dear old boy, you've been (hiccupping) going it upstairs. Cap'tal champagne, eh? 'Shamed of you, RANK!

(He sits down on sofa, and closes his eyes gently.) Rank. Did you notice it? (with pride). It was almost incredible the amount I contrived to put away. But I shall suffer for it tomorrow (gloomily). Heredity again! I wish I was dead! I do.

Nora. Don't apologise. TORVALD was just as bad; but he is always so good-tempered after champagne.

Rank. Ah, well, I just looked in to say that I haven't long to live. Don't weep for me, Mrs. HELMER, it's chronic—and hereditary too. Here are my P.P.C. cards. I'm a fading flower. Can you oblige me with a cigar?

Nora (with a suppressed smile). Certainly. Let me give you a light?

[RANK lights his cigar, after several ineffectual attempts, and goes out.]

Helmer (compassionately). Poo' old RANK—he'sh very bad to-ni'! (Pulls himself together.) But I forgot—Bishness—I mean, bu-si-ness—mush be 'tended to. I'll go and see if there are any letters. (Goes to box.) Hallo! someone's been at the lock with a hairpin—it's one of your hairpins!

Nora (quickly). Not mine—one of Bob's, or IVAR's—they both wear hairpins!

Helmer (turning over letters absently). You must break them of it—bad habit! What a lot o' lettersh! double usual quantity. (Opens KROGSTAD's.) By Jove! (Reads it and falls back completely sobered.) What have you got to say to this?

Nora (crying aloud). You shan't save me—let me go! I won't be saved!

Helmer. Save you, indeed! Who's going to save Me? You miserable little criminal. (Annoyed.) Ugh—ugh!

Nora (with hardening expression). Indeed, TORVALD, your singing-bird acted for the best!

Helmer. Singing-bird! Your father was a rook—and you take after him. Heredity again! You have utterly destroyed my happiness. (Walks round several times.) Just as I was beginning to get on, too!

Nora. I have—but I will go away and jump into the water.

Helmer. What good will that do me? People will say I had a hand in this business (bitterly). If you must forge, you might at least put your dates in correctly! But you never had any principle! (A ring.) The front-door bell! (A fat letter is seen to fall into the box; HELMER takes it, opens it, sees enclosure, and embraces NORA.) KROGSTAD won't split. See, he returns the forged I.O.U.! Oh, my poor little lark, what you must have gone through! Come under my wing, my little scared song-bird. . . . Eh? you won't! Why, what's the matter now?

Nora (with cold calm). I have wings of my own, thank you, TORVALD, and I mean to use them!

Helmer. What—leave your pretty cage, and (pathetically) the old cock bird, and the poor little innocent eggs!

Nora. Exactly. Sit down, and we will talk it over first. (Slowly.) Has it ever struck you that this is the first time you and I have ever talked seriously together about serious things?

Helmer. Come, I do like that! How on earth could we talk about serious things when your mouth was always full of macaroons?

Nora (shakes her head). Ah, TORVALD, the mouth of a mother of a family should have more solemn things in it than macaroons! I see that now, too late. No, you have wronged me. So did Papa. Both of you called me a doll, and a squirrel, and a lark! You might have made something of me—and instead of that, you went and made too much of me—oh, you did!

Helmer. Well, you didn't seem to object to it, and really I don't exactly see what it is you do want!

Nora. No more do I—that is what I have got to find out. If I had been properly educated, I should have known better than to date poor Papa's signature three days after he died. Now I must educate myself. I have to gain experience, and get clear about religion, and law, and things, and whether Society is right or I am—and I must go away and never come back any more till I am educated!

Helmer. Then you may be away some little time? And what's to become of me and the eggs meanwhile?

Nora. That, TORVALD, is entirely your own affair. I have a higher duty than that towards you and the eggs. (Looking solemnly upward.) I mean my duty towards Myself!

Helmer. And all this because—in a momentary annoyance at finding myself in the power of a discharged Cashier who calls me "I say TORVALD," I expressed myself with ultra-Gilbertian frankness! You talk like a silly child!

Nora. Because my eyes are opened, and I see my position with the eyes of IBSEN. I must go away at once, and begin to educate myself.



"Oh, you prillil squillikins!"



Helmer. May I ask how you are going to set about it?

Nora. Certainly. I shall begin—yes, I shall begin with a course of the Norwegian theatres. If that doesn't take the frivolity out of me, I don't really know what will!

[She gets her bonnet and ties it tightly.]

Helmer. Then you are really going? And you'll never think about me and the eggs any more! Oh, NORA!

Nora. Indeed, I shall, occasionally—as strangers.

[She puts on a shawl sadly, and fetches her dressing-bag.] If I ever do come back, the greatest miracle of all will have to happen. Good-bye! [She goes out through the hall; the front-door is heard to bang loudly.]

Helmer (sinking on a chair). The room empty? Then she must be gone! Yes, my little lark has flown! (The dull sound of an unskilled latchkey is heard trying the lock; presently the door opens,

and Nora, with a somewhat foolish expression, reappears.) What? back already! Then you are educated?

Nora (puts down dressing-bag). No, TORVALD, not yet. Only, you see, I found I had only threepence-halfpenny in my purse, and the Norwegian theatres are all closed at this hour—and so I thought I wouldn't leave the cage till to-morrow—after breakfast.

Helmer (as if to himself). The greatest miracle of all has happened. My little bird is not in the bush just yet!

[NORA takes down a showily bound dictionary from the shelf and begins her education: HELMER fetches a bag of macaroons, sits near her, and tenders one humbly. A pause. NORA repulses it, proudly. He offers it again. She snatches at it suddenly, still without looking at him, and nibbles it thoughtfully as Curtain falls.]

THE END (with Mr. Punch's apologies to the Master).

## MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Type Writer.)

### No. XXIV.—THE GIVER OF PARTIES.

It may be that "Party," in the sense of a hospitable entertainment, is an obsolete word, and that those who speak of "giving a party" prove themselves, by the mere expression, to be fogeys whom the rushing stream of London amusements has long since thrown up on the sandy bank of middle age, there to grow dull and forget that their legs were ever apt for the waltz, or their digestions able to cope with lobster mayonnaise at 2 A.M. Yet, though he who thus speaks may not be as smart as a swell, or as much up to date as a church-parade-goer, the expression will serve, for it indicates comprehensively enough every variety of entertainment known to the London Season—the dance, the dinner, the reception, the music at home, the tea-party, and the theatre-party, for all these in her benevolence does the Giver of Parties offer to us, and all these does she find the world of London eager to accept. Now it would seem, one would imagine, to be the easiest thing in the world, if only the money be not wanting, to give a party. A hostess, so someone may say, has but to invite her friends, to light her rooms, to spread her tables, to set the champagne flowing, to order an awning, and to hire music and a linkman, and the thing is done. The result of all this will no doubt be a party—of a sort, but of a sort far different, however gorgeous it may be, from the splendid and widely-advertised gatherings which the genuine Giver of Parties organises. For in the one variety it is just possible that enjoyment may be one of the main objects sought and attained; in the latter it is certain that enjoyment, though it is not always absent, must yield the precedence to social success and promotion in the scale of Society. These are the objects that the Giver of Parties, as it is proposed to describe her, has at heart, and to their attainment she devotes herself with a persistent and all-embracing energy which no disappointment is capable of daunting. The envy of her friends, the smiles and the presence of Royalty, may be hers, but there is always some loftier height to which she must climb before she can say to herself, "J'y suis, j'y reste," and be thankful.

Her life has known many changes. Her parents were county people of good descent and position, but of a reduced income, for which they apparently sought compensation in an increasing family, mostly daughters. It was necessary that she should marry young, and she submitted to necessity by accepting the proposal of a man some ten years her senior, who had already come to be favourably spoken of for the success of his commercial ventures. It is needless to add that all her relations took good care to impress upon her mind the fact that the alliance was an honour to her husband, whose wealth, even though it might in time rival that of the ROTHSCHILDS, could never make him fit to be mentioned in the same breath with one who numbered among her remoter ancestors a BARON, who had fought and bled on many fields for KING CHARLES THE FIRST. However, the marriage took place in spite of the inequality of rank, and the much-honoured husband bore his wife with him to London, where for a time the modest comfort of a house in distant Bayswater satisfied them. Business prospered, and money came pouring in. The wife, who, it must be said, had undeniable beauty, excellent manners, and the trick of intuitively adapting herself to any society, was taken up by a great lady who happened to see her holding a stall at a large bazaar in which the fashionable world took some interest. Acting upon the great lady's suggestion, she was photographed in the becoming Tyrolean peasant's costume which she

wore as a stall-holder, and the photograph was in some mysterious way engraved in all the illustrated papers of the following week. Her name was enshrined in paragraphs, she was observed in the Royal Enclosure at Ascot, she was introduced to a Royal personage who was pleased to confer upon her the distinction of his smiles, and to mention her to the select circle of his intimates as "a very pretty, pleasant little woman." And thus she was started upon the thorny path of ambitious pleasure.

It is well known that the sacred fire of fashion burns—or is supposed to burn—in Belgravia alone. Its warmth drew her irresistibly. Bayswater became too cold to hold her, and early in the following year it was announced that a large house in the purlieus of Grosvenor Square had been purchased by her husband. However, she was content to climb by degrees, and, in her first season of social brilliancy, she restricted herself to a small and early dance, and a musical evening. At the dance, universal admiration was excited by the lavish profusion of the flowers with which her staircase was adorned, by the excellent quality of the champagne, and the inexhaustible supply of oysters. At the musical evening the music was as admirably rendered as it was completely neglected. And at both parties only those people were present as to whose social status and absolute "rightness" there could be no question. Indeed the dancer, whose foot had been trodden upon at the former, might console herself with the thought that none but a noble boot had caused her pain; while at the latter the sounds of heavy breathing, which mingled inharmoniously with Mlle. FALSETTI's bravura, were forgiven, in consideration of the exalted rank of their producer. Her success seemed now to be assured, and even the muttered discontent of a neglected husband, who was foolish enough to prefer comfort to smartness, began to subside. In the following year her entertainments became even more splendid, and less comfortable. She took a house at Ascot, and, triumph of triumphs! a scion of Royalty deigned to accept her hospitality.

After this, one would have supposed that she might have reposed for a space. But the penalty of social life is its never-ending necessity for movement. Jealous rivals abound to dispute a hard-won supremacy, and the least sign of faltering may involve extinction. Yet it must be said that she is kind to her own, even when she is most brilliant. She brings out a daughter to be the delight of young Guardsmen, and marries her to a widowed Peer; she furberishes up forgotten relations, and allows them to shine in the rays of her glory; she is charitable, after the manner of fancy fairs, and the hospitality of her house becomes proverbial. But, in the midst of all the bustle, the confusion, and the rattling turmoil of her career, she sometimes sighs for the undistinguished ease of her life in the pre-Royal days, sighs, and returns with fresh vigour to the struggle.

And so the pleasureless days of the pleasure-seeker follow one another, each with its particular legacy of little strivings, until, at the last, consolation may come from the thought that there is at least one place where there are many mansions, but no social ambitions.

NEW PRAYER-BOOK REVISION.—Several alterations will now have to be made in the marriage service. If it be permissible for the bride to omit her promise "to obey," as is reported to have been the case at a wedding last week, why should any undertaking "to love," "to honour," "to cherish," and so forth remain in the text? With all this left out, a marriage, which, of course, will no longer be an ecclesiastical rite, will hardly be a very civil ceremony. In course of time all the promises will be made either explicitly or implicitly conditional, the only question being what is the least possible obligation that can be incurred by both contracting parties at the smallest possible expense.







## FIN DE SIÈCLE CHILDREN.

He. "I SAY, HILDA. I SHOULD SO LIKE TO GIVE YOU A KISS!" She (who WILL pick up such strange expressions from the Boys). "WOULD YOU, INDEED? 'I LIKE YOUR CHEEK'!" He. "I'M SURE I SHOULD LIKE YOURS!"

## NOT CAUGHT YET!

THE Boy and the Bird! And the Bird looks so old;—  
Scarce the species of fowl to be easily "sold,"—  
And the Boy is so young! It seems almost absurd  
To suppose that that pinch is to capture that Bird!

An old form of chase, if the legends run right;  
Like that, much akin, of the wild goose in flight.  
But salt, just like chaff and the plainly spread net,  
Was never regarded as promising yet.

But now? Well, the Birds of the age, like its Boys,  
Its Wives, and its Weather, its Tastes and its Toys,  
Have suffered a change, not a sea-change, but one  
Which floors half the maxims, and spoils half the fun.

Simple SIMON? Well, that's not as clear as it looks.  
The typical noodles of nursery books  
Were podgy and chubby, or lanky and pale,  
And—they tried to drop salt on poor dicky-bird's tail!

A fat boy in tight breeks with a palpable bait  
May look a great fool; but I guess we must wait,—  
Before we bemock him as crass and absurd,—  
To see—what effect it will have on the Bird!

The trial's well timed, and the bait looks "not bad;"  
The Boy may "know his book," though he's only a lad.  
Birds sometimes fall victims to Boys on the prowl,  
And the Voter Bird is *not* the wariest fowl.

The Voter Bird shortly must show what he's worth.  
He may be the stupidest dicky on earth,  
Predestinate victim to salt-pinch or net;  
But then he may *not*,—and he is "not caught yet!"

AN AUTOGRAPHS ASPIRATION.—Pan-Slavism for Holy Russia, and  
Pan-Slav(e)ism for the rest of Europe.

## LAND AND BRAIN.

(A Page from a *Vade Mecum* for Political Economists.)

Question. Can you tell me how long an Author has a right to the profits arising out of his literary labours?

Answer. Forty-two years, or the term of his natural life plus seven years further, whichever may be the longer.

Q. And should Lord MONKSWELL'S Copyright Bill, which has been read a First Time in the House of Peers, become law, will not this right be extended to thirty years after the death of the Author?

A. It will, to his great advantage. The same measure contains other valuable provisions to secure to the Author the just profit of his brain-work.

Q. But will not these advantages be purchased at the price of a loss to the general good?

A. Very likely—the community will suffer for the benefit of the individual.

Q. In like manner a Patentee, who invents a most useful article, enjoys (for a consideration) a monopoly of its sale, does he not?

A. For fourteen years. This enables him to recoup himself for the thought and labour he has employed in the most useful article's construction.

Q. If Author and Inventor were allowed an absolute monopoly of the profits arising out of their brain-work, it would be immoral?

A. No doubt, as the individuals would benefit at the cost of the community.

Q. Why should a butterman, then, have an absolute right in the sale of his butter?

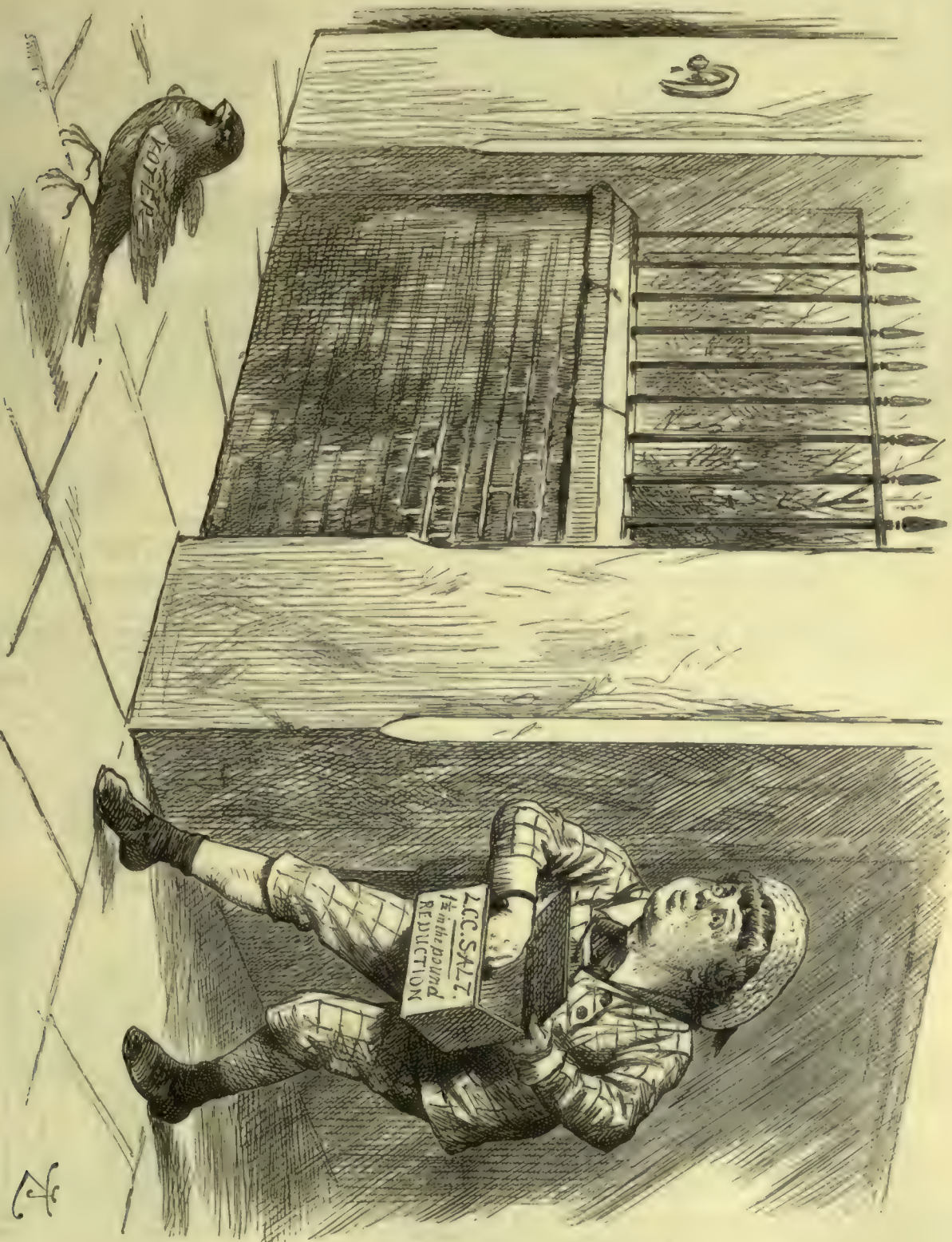
A. Because butter is butter, and brains are merely brains.

Q. And would it not be for the benefit of the community if the landowner of a freehold were deprived of his rights after a term of years, and his holding be given to the public?

A. Oh dear, no! Land, as RUDYARD KIPLING would say, "is quite another story!"

COUNSEL'S MOTTO (objected to in the Committee Rooms).—"Absence makes the fees grow stronger."





NOT CAUGHT YET!

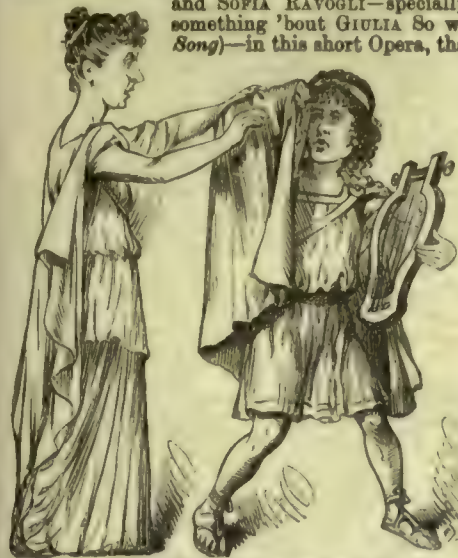






## OPERATIC NOTES.

THE first night of the Mixed Italian Opera Season, 1891. We open with GLÜCK's *Orfeo*, and, in a strong opera-glass, we drink to DRURIOLANUS OPERATICUS, and say, "Here's G-luck t' you!" Nothing can begin the season better than the appearance of GIULIA and SOPHIA RAVOGLI—specially GIULIA—"There's something 'bout GIULIA So werry peculiar!"—(Old Song)—in this short Opera, that is to say, an Opera



"Oh, I mustn't Catch the Speaker's Eye!"

sweet music, but in appreciative sympathy with the woes of *Orpheus* so sweetly expressed. The lines in *Bombastes* rise in my memory:—

"So ORPHEUS sang of old, or poets lie,  
And——"

On consideration, however, I will not quote the remainder, but will say simply that we were all charmed. Welcome, at the commencement of another season, to Mlle. BAUERMEISTER, appearing as *Cupid*. To-morrow she will be *Dame Marta*! Wonderful! "Time cannot stale her infinite variety." How is it, O *première danseuse*, my pretty pretty Polly Hop-kino PALLADINO, Principal Shade among all these Happy but Shady characters, that thou didst not choose a classic dance in keeping with the character of the music and of the ideal—I distinctly emphasise "*ideal*"—surroundings? What oughtest thou to represent in the Elysian Fields? A Salvationised "Dancing Girl," without bonnet and tambourine? Nay, not so; but rather the very spirit of classic grace and elegance, moving rhythmically to melodious measure. In such a Scene as this ought to be, we want as much idealism as your graceful art can lend,

which should be short were it not for the "waits" between the Scenes and Acts, which, as it is in the nature of weights to do, must always make even the lightest Operaseem heavy. Mlle. GIULIA sang and acted perfectly. Her rendering of the last song was most pathetic. This delicious melody the audience would have had over and over again, not in merry mood, for we are never merry in the hearing of such

otherwise we are only among our old friends, "the ladies and gentlemen of the Chorus"—bless em!—representing most substantially the "Shades of the Blessed," who appear to be Shades of every colour. GIULIA RAVOGLI, however, kept us entranced in the ancient classic land where once we used to wander. "*I live Lemprière!*"

*Second Night.*—*Faust*, with a new *Marguerite*. Gay dog, *Faust*. How many *Marguerites* have there been even in my time! Same old story. *Faust* not a whit improved by experience—going on just the



Talking about Marguerite behind her Back;  
or, "Tails" out of School."

same as ever. His new *Marguerite* does credit to his choice, for Mlle. EAMES—(isn't she Miss EAMES, and neither Mademoiselle nor Signora? And doesn't she hail from Columbia?—but no matter)—is a sweet-looking *Marguerite*, with a voice as true as is her heart to *Faust*. A genuine *Gretchen*, simple not brilliant. Brillianty she leaves to property diamonds, but awakes enthusiasm, by her judicious

acting over the inert body of *Valentina*, when she attempts no sudden Colwell-Hatchney shriek, always so perilous. Signor PEROTTI looked as *Faust* might have done, had he been elected an Alderman of the City of London and acted up to the character. If DRURIOLANUS had lent him his Sheriff's chain to wear, Signor PEROTTI would have been perfect, that is from this point of view. M. MAUREL excellent as *Mephisto* in a new suit of clothes. He appears now as "The Gentleman in Grey"—rather suggestive of his having become a Volunteer, and a member, of course, of "the Devil's Own." Imagine *Mephistopheles* re-dressed at last! On both nights Signor MANCINELLI, the Conductor, seemed pleased, and that's something.

Great feature in Covent Garden this year is the decoration of the Pit-tier Lobby. DRURIOLANUS, feeling happy at the Opera prospects,

and rejoicing in a full subscription, said to the Committee, "Gentlemen, let's have 'glasses round'!" Some officious person, hearing this, mistook the meaning of the great Chief, and straightway ran off and ordered looking-glasses all round for the Lobby! Grand effect! brilliant! dazzling!—too much so, in fact; several glasses too much. So, after a couple of nights' reflection, when the *habitués* came on Thursday, behold, two or three of the aristocratic mirrors or Peer-glasses had disappeared, the hat-pegs of former times had been restored, the wounded susceptibilities of the Stall-keepers whose occupation was partly gone, were healed, and where gloom was spreading, wreathed smiles once more prevailed. Even now these Opera-glasses are rather too powerful. Still, "let us see ourselves as others see us," is a good practical motto for the loiterer in the lobby, as he catches sight of himself, *en passant*, and wonders who that chap is, whose face he has seen somewhere before, but whose name he can't for the life of him recollect.

*Thursday.*—*Carmen*. Disappointed with JULIA RAVOGLI in this, though there are some fine bits of acting in it. Didn't care much about Sister SOPHIA as *Mickie the Maiden*. M. LUBERT's *Don José* good but not great; and M. CELLI, who, in default of M. DEVONON's not being able to appear, took the part of *Escamillo*, was great, but not very good. He was, however, well supported by Signor RANDEGGER and the Orchestra, and considering the difficulties he had to struggle with, including an apology in the bills, he came out of it safely.

*Saturday.*—Re-appearance of the great DE RESZKE Brothers, JOHN and NED (what's JOHN without an 'ed?) in *Lohengrin*. Admirable. JULIA RAVOGLI excellent as *Ortruda*, and M. MAUREL equally so as *Freddy*. But why did he "feather his skull," like the Jolly Young Waterman, in so remarkable a style? However, his *Freddy* is a feather in his cap with which he ought to be satisfied. Miss EAMES as *Elsa* even better than as *Marguerite*. Crammed house. "Friends in front" more than satisfied. Good start.



The New Faust, a mixture of Henry the Eighth and Colonel N—th.

## SONGS OF THE UN-SENTIMENTALIST.

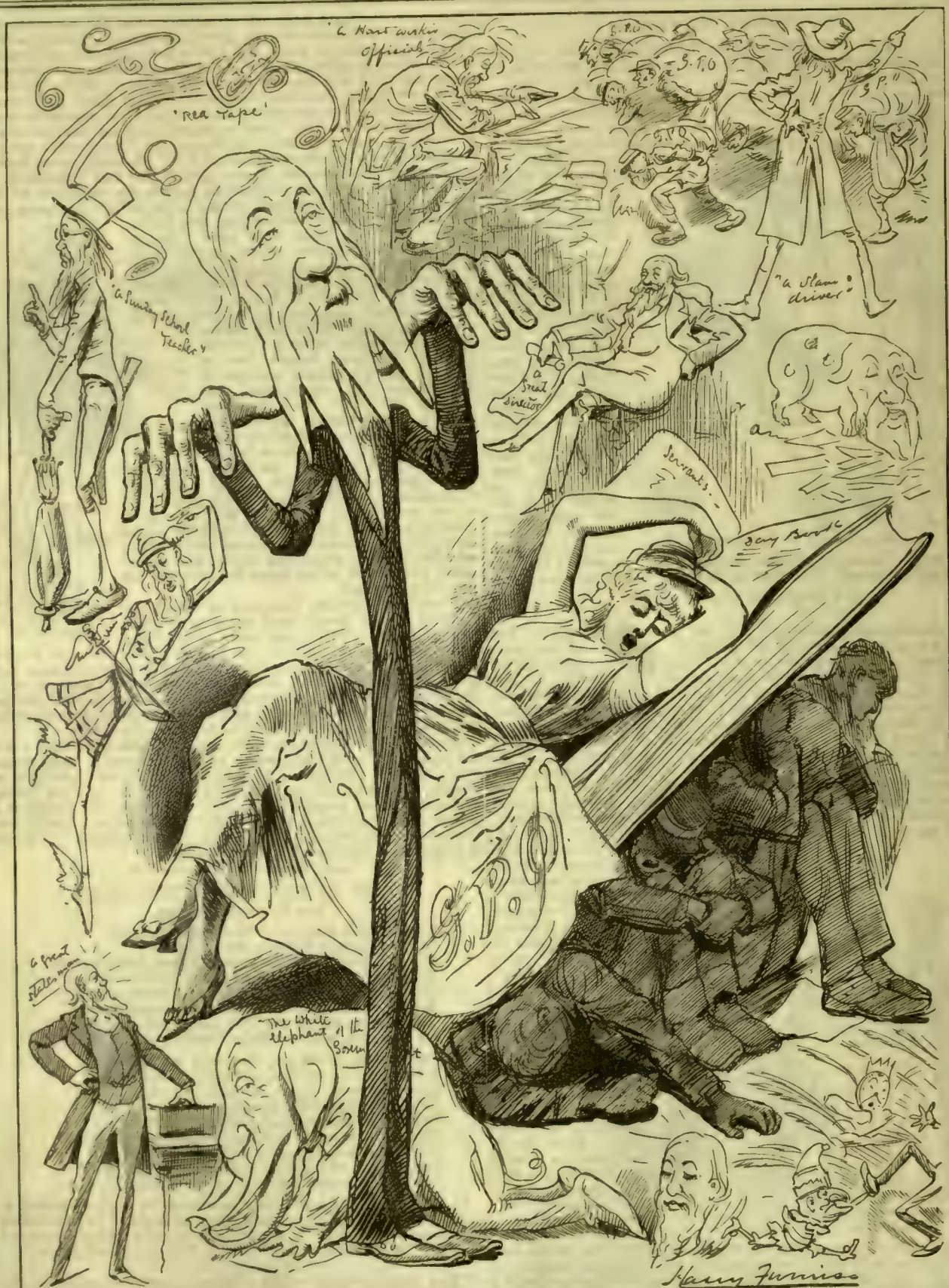
THE EARLY GREEN PEA.

Oh, the early green pea! the early green pea!  
Is the dish of all dishes to set before me!  
You may tell me of salmon caught fresh from the Tay,  
The beauties of plump white spring chicken display,  
The strawberry ripened three months before date—  
All these and much else you may set on my plate!  
But of them, no not one, stirs such rapture in me  
As the sweet, mellow taste of the Early Green Pea!  
Oh, the early green pea, the pea of my taste,  
Must be gently assisted, not forced in hot haste,  
Lest the flavour it yield prove delusive and flat,  
In no way suggesting the young Marrowfat!  
But if it do this, oh what more could I wish,  
Than to see a young duckling form part of the dish!  
So with such a banquet spread out before me,  
Can you ask why I worship the Early Green Pea!

IN MEMORIAM.—As a tribute expressive of the high estimation in which the late Mr. P. T. BARNUM was held in England, why not endow a "Barnum Exhibition" at one of the Colleges of either University? We have "Smith's Prizeman," why not "Barnum Exhibitioner"?

"THE PRODIGY SON."—The three-act pantomime play at the Prince of Wales's has "caught on," as we predicted it would. Manager SEDGER thinks of temporarily adopting as his motto for this theatre, "Speech is silver, silence is golden."





THE RAIKES' PROGRESS.



## SWORD VERSUS LANCET!

(An incident in the next War.)

"Now," said the Surgeon-Field-Marshal-Commanding-in-Chief, as he stood before his men; "I have the greatest confidence in your skill. There is not one of you present who cannot perform an operation as successfully as myself;" here there was a murmur of polite denial in the ranks. "Nay, it is no flattery—I mean it. These are my last instructions. We are few, the enemy are many. We are not only soldiers but medical men. And as medical men it is our business to cure the wounds that we inflict in our more strictly military capacity."

Again there was a murmur—this time of cordial approval. "Well, Gentlemen, as we have been taught in our drill, what the first rank breaks, the rear rank must bandage up. This would be all very well if our numbers were told by thousands, or even hundreds, instead of tens. But to-day we must use the bayonet rather than the lancet, the bullet in preference to the pill." Stealthy applause followed this observation. "But be careful. Common humanity calls upon us to do as little damage as possible. You know your anatomy sufficiently well to avoid inflicting a wound upon a vital part, and can so arrange that your blows shall incapacitate rather than functionally derange. And now, my friends, put your instrument-boxes and pharmacopias in your haversacks, and draw your swords. All ready? Yes! Then, 'Up, Guards, and at them!'"

With a wild cheer the Royal Regiment of Physicians and Surgeons (which had recently been admitted into the Service on the footing of the Royal Engineers) rushed forward. It was a beautiful sight to see them performing the most delicate operations in the kindest manner imaginable. The enemy trembled, wavered, and fled. In a moment the Royal Regiment had put up their swords and taken out their medical appliances. Their military duties done, and they were doctors once again, ready to help those who demanded their semi-civilian services. They had scarcely been engaged in this manner ten minutes when the Surgeon-Field-Marshal-Commanding-in-Chief cantered up to them. "Men," he cried, "drop your surgical instruments, and draw your swords. The enemy are again upon us! We must take their fort!"

In a moment the Royal Regiment was on the march. On their way, some of their comrades, wounded by the foe (in a bungling fashion), appealed to them for succour.

"Very sorry," replied the Surgeon-Field-Marshal-Commanding-in-Chief, in a tone of commiseration; "very sorry indeed, but we can't attend to you. At this moment we are acting in our strictly military capacity!" And the Royal Regiment of Physicians and Surgeons, full of enthusiasm (but in rather loose formation) continued their march to the fort.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*Tourmalin's Time Cheques*, drawn on the bank of eccentric imagination by ANSTEX-GUTHRIE, is well worthy of the author of *Vice Versa*. The construction of the story is as artful as it is

artistic, but the Baron cannot give his reason for this opinion without jeopardising the reader's pleasure. Still the Baron feels pretty certain that when the much-amused and greatly-chuckling but diligent and conscientious peruser of this light-hearted romance arrives at the last few pages, he will frown, rub his eyes, refer back to the very commencement of the story,—and then? Will he bless ANSTEX and blow GUTHRIE, or bless GUTHRIE and blow ANSTEX, or will he, being more tickled than ever, rush off to recommend it at

once to his best friends, anticipating renewed delight from their pleasure and perplexity? The Baron wishes that ANSTEX and GUTHRIE had settled between them to call it *Tourmalin's Time Bargains*; but it is very likely that if ANSTEX suggested it, GUTHRIE rejected it, or, if the Baron may be permitted to say so without infringement of copyright, "*vice versa*." It is a great satisfaction to know that unlike the ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN collaboration, the ANSTEX-GUTHRIE partnership cannot be dissolved. JEKYL-AND-HYDE can cease to be, and JEKYL may alone survive; but the Baron rejoices in the fact of the mysterious bond between ANSTEX and GUTHRIE being indissoluble. Read *Tourmalin's Time Cheques*, and remember the prognostications of

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



## A SWEEPING REFORM.

*Crossing Sweeper.* "WOT'S THIS HERE! WOT! DO AWAY WITH THE 'CLEAN-YOUR-DOOR-STEP' HAMATOOR, AND MAKE IT A PAID PURFESSION!! WHY, S'HELP ME, THEY'LL BE DOIN' AWAY WITH ME AND MY BROOM NEX', AND P'RAPE 'AVE THE CROSSIN'S SWEE' BY MASHEENERY! YAH!"

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, April 6.*—School reopened after Easter Holidays. OLD MORALITY duly in his place, but not many of the boys. Civil Service Estimates on; PLUNKET in charge on Ministerial side; SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE Leader of Opposition. Hammered away all night on old familiar lines. Ghosts of old acquaintances feebly crossed floor, disappearing behind SPEAKER'S chair. Kensington Palace, with its cost; Bushey House; Cambridge Cottage; admission to Holyrood Palace; the deer in Home Park at Hampton Court; the pheasants in Richmond Park; the frescoes in House of Lords; the Grille of the Ladies' Gallery; the British Consular House at Cairo—each came up in turn; talked about; protested against; explained; divided upon, and voted. PLUNKET left to himself on Treasury Bench; bore up with unflagging energy and perennial patience; has heard same points raised every year since he was First Commissioner; has made same replies, and has seen Votes passed. Long before he was in office same thing used to go on with other First Commissioners. That was before the SAGE had taken to politics. Good old RYLANDS—"Preposterous PETER"—was then the Grand Inquisitor. But it was the same deer, the same gas-bills, the same question of free residence for "that eminent warrior," as the SAGE to-night called him, the Dook of CAMBRIDGE.

Oddly enough, almost only flash of humour through long sitting came from GEORGE CAMPBELL. Gave graphic description of his hanging about Holyrood Palace hankering after admission. According to existing regulation, admission to be gained only after bang goes two saxpences. For sixteen years Sir GEORGE ever lured to vicinity; sometimes casually entered doorway, proposing to loiter past ticket-collector; stopped by demand of a shilling, had resisted temptation. That was sad, but what he felt most acutely was injury done to his nation. Americans visiting Edinburgh on their way to Paris went to Holyrood: charged a shilling. "Ha! ha!" they cried, "see these stingy Scotchmen. They charge a shilling before they throw open their one Palace door, whilst in England you may roam through the Palaces free of charge."



Night Mare.



"Sir," cried Sir GEORGE, his voice under generous excitement of the moment taking on rasping tone, "the arrangement is prejudicial to the reputation of Scotchmen."

"This," said the SAGE, "will, I think, be an opportunity of going out for another cigarette." *Business done.*—Handful of Votes in Supply.



"Another cigarette."

enter with sword by his side. But he would be free of the smoke-room; might posture in the Lobby; might read an evening paper in the tea-room, whilst others enviously glanced at his epanettes.

Here he was at ten minutes past nine standing in his favourite attitude at the Bar, no one having challenged his entrance. Fact is, House was up; not Counted Out, but having duly gone through the Orders and passed the Second Reading of an important measure. Such a day the Government had had! At Morning Sitting had ramped through the Orders, advancing Bill after Bill through critical stages. House nearly empty; Opposition effaced; Irish Members all absent except Brer RABBIT, who wanders about looking for Brer FOX. The only note of discord sounded in voice of GEORGE CAMPBELL. Report of Supply reached at a quarter to seven. At ten minutes to seven, in accordance with Rule ordering Morning Sitting, Debate must stop. One or two questions asked; quickly answered by PLUNKET; Vote after Vote agreed to on report stage. Then CAMPBELL gets up and wants to know about lighting the National History Museum at night?

Twelve minutes to seven.

PLUNKET looks anxiously at clock. If CAMPBELL would put his question and sit down he might be answered, and report stage got through. But CAMPBELL goes on till hand of clock points to ten minutes to seven.

"Order, order!" cries SPEAKER. Time limit reached; no more debate; CAMPBELL not finished yet; attempts to proceed; angry shouts of "Order! Order!" before which he subsides. Then, watching opportunity, suddenly bolts up again and wants to explain that he was not opposing the passage of report stage of Supply. "No, but you talked it out," said PLUNKET, with something less than his customary suavity.

This happened more than two hours ago. There has been the suspension of the Sitting, the resumption at nine o'clock, the Second Reading of the Rating of Machinery Bill; and now all is over, the guests are fled, the garlands dead, and all but NAPOLEON B. BOLTON departed. He, in fact, has only just arrived, and wishes he had not been in such a hurry to quit the circle where of late he was the object of awed admiration.

*Business done.*—Trenormous!

Thursday.—House filled up to-night; flowing tide evidently with us, including Mr. G., back after his holidays. Also Prince ARTHUR; been in training for some weeks in anticipation of long spurt in Committee on Irish Land Bill. Irish Members also returned in considerable force. Expected to find TIM HEALY arrive in fragments; but he's all there, much as usual.



Napoleon B. Bolton.

"How's Brer FOX?" I asked him, wishing to hear latest news from Ireland.

"Oh," said he, "PARNELL's looking up."

"What do you mean?" I asked, astonished at this testimony.

"I mean, he's on his back, and, being in that position, must of course be looking up, if he's looking anywhere at all."

Light-hearted TIM! Time does not wither, or DALTON O'BRIEN stale, his infinite variety.

Scotch Members on before Ireland was approached. Something about the Scotch Private Bill Procedure Bill. Formidable List of Amendments to LORD-ADVOCATE's proposal to nominate Committee. All the Clans muster. NOVAR moves Amendment; CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN objected that thirteen Scotch Members, including LENG and LYON PLAYFAIR, "would not make an adequate Committee." ROBERTSON brought against the LORD-ADVOCATE the grave charge that he was "interpolating an extraneous and alien body into this business."

LORD KINGSBURY, ex-Lord-Advocate, happened to be under Gallery on chance visit to House. Heard this remark with huge delight. Reminded him of the times when he used to sit through long nights with back fairly set against the Gangway post of Treasury Bench, invoking blessings on head of Duke of ARGYLL, and driving the Liberal Scotch Members wild with his perpetual smile of content.

*Business done.*—Committee on Irish Land Bill started.

Friday Night.—When House met at Morning Sitting OLD MORALITY discovered on Treasury Bench, looking more than usually guileless. Been badgered all week about Labour Committee. When going to disclose names of Commissioners and set forth terms of reference? Only yesterday Brer RABBIT put the question, intimating that whenever the announcement was made Adjournment of House would be moved in order to protest against omission of DAVITT's name. OLD MORALITY, answering, said it was possible he might be able to make the announcement to-day, but much more likely on Monday.

Everyone thought it would be Monday. "Interpolating an extraneous and alien body."

Brer RABBIT in his place to-day, but his men absent. OLD MORALITY, with positively a halo of innocence round his head, suddenly appeared at table; read out the list of Commissioners. Brer RABBIT's hand forced; must needs forthwith ask leave to move the Adjournment.

"Got your forty men?" asked the SPEAKER.

"Not quite," said Brer RABBIT, apologetically.

Only twenty-nine; so Brer RABBIT bowed out, and opportunity lost.

"Dear me!" said OLD MORALITY; "how very unfortunate. Now if I'd only waited till Monday, House would have been quite full; Brer RABBIT would have got his forty men twice over; we should have had an embarrassing Debate, and lost several hours of the sitting. As things have turned out, we can now go straight on with business."

*Business done.*—In Committee on Irish Land Bill.

THE RETURN OF THE WANDERER.—JOHNNIE has come marching home. JOHN LAWRENCE TOOLE, of the wide world generally, of London peculiarly, and of King William Street particularly, has returned. Divine WILLIAMS, always on the spot for any remarkable event, foresaw the happy day when, in *Henry the Eighth*, Act v., Sc. 3, he wrote, "The great TOOLE come!" May we venture to surmise that it will not be long ere we see the announcement of our favourite comedian's appearance in an entirely new and original farce entitled  *Ici on Parle Français*?

WHAT'S IN A NAME? (From a Correspondent).—Sir, I send you a cutting from a communication of J. MORTIMER GRANVILLE's, to *The Lancet*, No. 3,527, p. 798. Which when found make a note of:—"Instead of thallin I use a Periodohydromethylorochinolin, because that is better borne, and seems to be more effective than the Tetrahydroparaquinasol." These two words would be a good penn'orth in a telegram. Yours, EPIGRAMMATIST.

PREMIÈRE AND DERNIÈRE, OR SHORTEST RUN ON RECORD.

Dramatic Author (to very friendly critic). Seen my new piece? eh? *Première* last night.

Very friendly Critic. Dear me! "One night only!" Hope they've got something ready for this evening. [Exit, chuckling.]



## MR. PUNCH'S POCKET IBSEN.

(Condensed and Revised Version by Mr P.'s Own Harmless Ibsenite.)

## No. III.—HEDDA GABLER.

## ACT I.

SCENE—A Sitting-room cheerfully decorated in dark colours. Broad doorway, hung with black crape, in the wall at back, leading to a back Drawing-room, in which, above a sofa in black horsehair, hangs a posthumous portrait of the late General GABLER. On the piano is a handsome pall. Through the glass panes of the back Drawing-room window are seen a dead wall and a cemetery. Settees, sofas, chairs, &c., handsomely upholstered in black bombazine, and studded with small round nails. Bouquets of immortelles and dead grasses are lying everywhere about.

Enter Aunt JULIE (a good-natured looking lady in a smart hat).

Aunt J. Well, I declare, if I believe GEORGE or HEDDA are up yet! (Enter GEORGE TESMAN, humming, stout, careless, spectacled.) Ah, my dear boy, I have called before breakfast to inquire how you and HEDDA are after returning late last night from your long honeymoon. Oh, dear me, yes; am I not your old Aunt, and are not these attentions usual in Norway?

George. Good Lord, yes! My six months' honeymoon has been quite a little travelling scholarship, eh? I have been examining archives. Think of that! Look here, I'm going to write a book all about the domestic interests of the Cave-dwellers during the Deluge. I'm a clever young Norwegian man of letters, eh?

Aunt J. Fancy your knowing about that too! Now, dear me, thank Heaven!

George. Let me, as a dutiful Norwegian nephew, untie that smart, showy hat of yours. (Unties it, and pats her under the chin.) Well, to be sure, you have got yourself really up,—fancy that!

[He puts hat on chair close to table.

Aunt J. (giggling). It was for HEDDA's sake—to go out walking with her in. (HEDDA approaches from the back-room; she is pallid, with cold, open, steel-grey eyes; her hair is not very thick, but what there is of it is an agreeable medium brown.) Ah, dear HEDDA!

[She attempts to cuddle her.

Hedda (shrinking back). Ugh, let me go, do! (Looking at Aunt JULIE's hat.) TESMAN, you must really tell the housemaid not to leave her old hat about on the drawing-room chairs. Oh, is it your hat? Sorry I spoke, I'm sure!

Aunt J. (annoyed). Good gracious, little Mrs. HEDDA; my nice new hat that I bought to go out walking with you in!

George (patting her on the back). Yes, HEDDA, she did, and the parasol too! Fancy, Aunt JULIE always positively thinks of everything, eh?

Hedda (coldly). You hold your tongue. Catch me going out walking with your aunt! One doesn't do such things.

George (beaming). Isn't she a charming woman? Such fascinating manners! My goodness, eh? Fancy that!

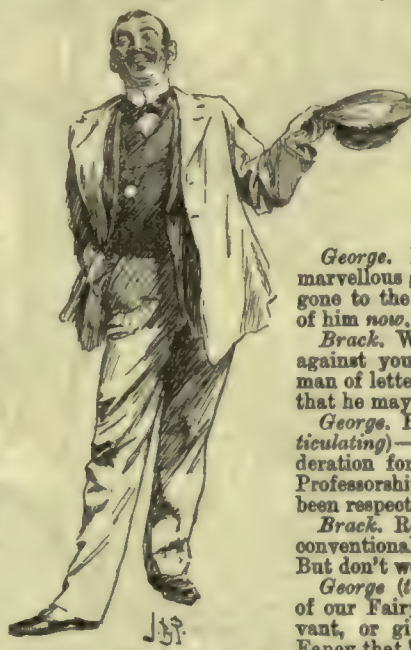
Aunt J. Ah, dear GEORGE, you ought indeed to be happy—but (brings out a flat package wrapped in newspaper) look here, my dear boy!

George (opens it). What? my dear old morning shoes! my slippers! (Breaks down.) This is positively too touching, HEDDA, eh? Do you remember how badly I wanted them all the honeymoon? Come and just have a look at them—you may!

Hedda. Bother your old slippers and your old aunt too! (Aunt JULIE goes out annoyed, followed by GEORGE, still thanking her warmly for the slippers; HEDDA yawns; GEORGE comes back and places his old slippers reverently on the table.) Why, here comes Mrs. ELVSTED—another early caller! She had irritating hair, and went about making a sensation with it—an old flame of yours, I've heard.

Enter Mrs. ELVSTED; she is pretty and gentle, with copious wavy white-gold hair and round prominent eyes, and the manner of a frightened rabbit.

Mrs. E. (nervous). Oh, please, I'm so perfectly in despair. ELBERT LÖVBORG, you know, who was our Tutor; he's written such a large new book. I inspired him. Oh, I knew I don't look like it—but I did—he told me so. And, good gracious, now he's in this dangerous wicked town all alone, and he's a reformed character, and I'm so frightened about him; so, as the wife of a Sheriff twenty years older than me, I came up to look after Mr. LÖVBORG. Do ask him here—then I can meet him. You will? How perfectly lovely of you! My husband's so fond of him!



"I am a gay Norwegian dog."

Hedda. GEORGE, go and write an invitation at once; do you hear? (GEORGE looks around for his slippers, takes them up and goes out.) Now we can talk, my little THEA. Do you remember how I used to pull your hair when we met on the stairs, and say I would scorch it off? Seeing people with copious hair always does irritate me.

Mrs. E. Goodness, yes, you were always so playful and friendly, and I was so afraid of you. I am still. And please, I've run away from my husband. Everything around him was distasteful to me. And Mr. LÖVBORG and I were comrades—he was dissipated, and I got a sort of power over him, and he made a real person out of me—which I wasn't before, you know; but, oh, I do hope I'm real now. He talked to me and taught me to think—chiefly of him. So, when Mr. LÖVBORG came here, naturally I came too. There was nothing else to do! And fancy, there is another woman whose shadow still stands between him and me! She wanted to shoot him once, and so, of course, he can never forget her. I wish I knew her name—perhaps it was that red-haired opera-singer?

Hedda (with cold self-command). Very likely—but nobody does that sort of thing here. Hush! Run away now. Here comes TESMAN with Judge BRACK. (Mrs. E. goes out; GEORGE comes in with Judge BRACK, who is a short and elastic gentleman, with a round face, carefully brushed hair, and distinguished profile.) How awfully funny you do look by daylight, Judge!

Brack (holding his hat and dropping his eye-glass). Sincerest thanks. Still the same graceful manners, dear little Mrs. HED—TESMAN! I came to invite dear TESMAN to a little bachelor-party to celebrate his return from his long honeymoon. It is customary in Scandinavian society. It will be a lively affair, for I am a gay Norwegian dog.

George. Asked out—without my wife! Think of that! Eh? Oh, dear me, yes, I'll come!

Brack. By the way, LÖVBORG is here; he has written a wonderful book, which has made a quite extraordinary sensation. Bless me, yes!

George. LÖVBORG—fancy! Well, I am—glad. Such marvellous gifts! And I was so painfully certain he had gone to the bad. Fancy that, eh? But what will become of him now, poor fellow, eh? I am so anxious to know!

Brack. Well, he may possibly put up for the Professorship against you, and, though you are an uncommonly clever man of letters—for a Norwegian—it's not wholly improbable that he may out you out!

George. But, look here, good Lord, Judge BRACK!—(gesticulating)—that would show an incredible want of consideration for me! I married on my chance of getting that Professorship. A man like LÖVBORG, too, who hasn't even been respectable, eh? One doesn't do such things as that!

Brack. Really? You forget we are all realistic and unconventional persons here, and do all kinds of odd things. But don't worry yourself! [He goes out.]

George (to Hedda). Oh, I say, HEDDA, what's to become of our Fairyland now, eh? We can't have a liveried servant, or give dinner-parties, or have a horse for riding. Fancy that!

Hedda (slowly, and wearily). No, we shall really have to set up as Fairies in reduced circumstances, now.

George (cheering up). Still, we shall see Aunt JULIE every day, and that will be something, and I've got back my old slippers. We shan't be altogether without some amusements, eh?

Hedda (crosses the floor). Not while I have one thing to amuse myself with, at all events.

George (beaming with joy). Oh, Heaven be praised and thanked for that! My goodness, so you have! And what may that be, HEDDA, eh?

Hedda (at the doorway, with suppressed scorn). Yes, GEORGE, you have the old slippers of the attentive Aunt, and I have the horse-pistols of the deceased General!

George (in an agony). The pistols! Oh, my goodness! what pistols?

Hedda (with cold eyes). General GABLER's pistols—same which I shot—(recollecting herself)—no, that's THACKERAY, not IBSEN—a very different person. [She goes through the back Drawing-room.]

George (at doorway, shouting after her). Dearest HEDDA, not those dangerous things, eh? Why, they have never once been known to shoot straight yet! Don't! Have a catapult. For my sake, have a catapult!

[Curtain.]

## Bow-Wow!

THE RAIKES' teeth were bared—a most terrible sight!—At the Messenger Companies. Now all seems joy For the Public, the P. O., the Co., and the Boy! The Dog in the Manger JOHN BULL did affright, But—his bark is perhaps rather worse than his bite!





### SONS OF BRITANNIA: OR THE UNITED SERVICE.

[THE Senior Admiral of the Fleet, SIR PROVO WILLIAM PARRY WALLIS, G.C.B., who was in the action between the British Frigate *Shannon* and the American Frigate *Chesapeake* on June 1st, 1813 (and took command of the *Shannon* after the disabling of her Captain PHILIP VERRÉ BROKE), celebrated the hundredth anniversary of his birthday on April 12th, 1891.

Lieutenant GRANT "displayed great bravery and judgment" (*Times*) in the defence of Thobal against the Manipuris, April, 1891.]



## SONS OF BRITANNIA.

1813—1891.

*Britannia loquitur:—*

FROM Boston Bay to Thobal fort  
Is a far cry, but bravery bridges  
The centuries, and of space makes  
sport.  
The shot that swept the salt  
sea-ridges  
When VERE BROKE of the *Shan-*  
*non* smote  
The foe, and, struck, left WAL-  
LIS smiting,—  
Sends echoes down the years that  
float  
To Thobal o'er the sounds of  
fighting.  
Memories of greatness make men  
great!  
Brave centenarian, you with  
pleasure  
May greet the youth who guard  
our State.  
You, whose long memories can  
measure  
So wide a sweep of England's  
war,  
Must joy to see her served as  
boldly  
As in those sad mad days afar,  
When, gazing on her children  
coldly,  
She alienated kindred hearts,  
Which might till now have  
beaten loyal.  
At least you both played well *your*  
parts,  
Though blunderers blind,  
official, royal,  
May then or now have marred the  
work  
Of arduous years, and gallant  
spirits,



## "GENERAL IDEA"

HITTING ON A NOVEL PLAN FOR OUR COAST DEFENCES.

My sons at least no peril shirk,  
Valour from age to age inherits.  
The old tradition, duteous stands  
For the old Flag, wherever  
flying!  
Brave WALLIS, gallant GRANT,  
clasp hands!  
My sons! Unfaltering, un-  
dying,  
Beneath grey hairs, or 'youth's  
brown locks,  
The spirit proud of patriot  
valour!  
Not desperate odds in war's wild  
shocks  
Shall strike its flush to craven  
pallor.  
Mud-fort, or "mealey" bastion,  
deck  
Of shot-torn ship, or red "death-  
valley,"  
What odds! Of danger nought I  
reck,  
Whilst thus my sons to me can  
rally.  
Come what, come will! Whilst  
centuried age  
And youth in Spring strike  
hands before me,  
Let foemen band, let battle rage,  
You'll keep my Flag still flying  
o'er me!

The Yankee Oracle on the  
Three-Volume Novel.

OUR people will not stand it—no!  
Of Fiction, limp or strong,  
Yanks want but little here below,  
Nor want that little *long!*  
(But oh! our (Saxon) stars one  
thanks,  
Romance is *not* (yet) ruled by  
Yanks!)

## SONGS OF THE UN-SENTIMENTALIST.

THE TAX-COLLECTOR'S HEART.

I KNOW his step, his ring, his knock,  
I hear him, too, explain,  
With emphasis my nerves that shock,  
That he "won't call again!"  
I know that bodes a coming storm—  
A summons looms a-head!  
I follow his retreating form,  
And note his stealthy tread!  
Some grace to beg, implore, beseech,  
'Twere vain! Let him depart!  
I know no human cry can reach  
That Tax-Collector's heart!  
He kept his word. To claim that rate  
He never called again,  
An outraged Vestry, loth to wait,  
Soon made their purpose plain.  
I know not how, I missed the day,—  
But that fell summons came.  
Two shillings costs it took to play  
That Tax-Collector's game!  
I own the outlay was not much!  
But, *that* is not the smart:  
'Tis that no anguished shriek can touch  
That Tax-Collector's heart!

"MORS ET VITA."—A fine performance,  
April 15, at Albert Hall, with ALBANI,  
HILDA WILSON, Messrs. LLOYD, and WATKIN  
MILLS, and Dr. MACKENZIE, as conductor or  
conductor. I should have given, writes our  
correspondent, a full and enthusiastic ac-  
count of it, but that I was bothered all the  
time by two persons near me, who would talk  
and wouldn't listen. Thank goodness, they  
didn't stay throughout the performance. In  
a theatre they'd have been hushed down, but

this is such a big place that a talking duet  
is heard only in the immediate neighbour-  
hood of the talkers; and then no one wants  
to have a row during the performance of  
sacred music. It's like brawling in church.

## QUEER QUERIES.

THE TITHES QUESTION.—I am the Vicar of  
a country Church in Wales; but owing to  
the total failure of my last attempt to  
distrain on the stock of a neighbouring  
farmer, on which occasion I was tossed over  
a hedge by an infuriated cow, my family and  
myself are starving. I wish to know if I  
can legally pawn the lectern, the ancient  
carved pulpit, and several rare old sedilia  
in the Church? Or they would be exchanged  
for an immediate supply of their value in  
groceries. —URGENT.

ANNOYANCE FROM NEIGHBOUR.—I live in a  
quiet street, and my next-door neighbour has  
suddenly converted his house into a Fried Fish  
Shop. Some of his boxes protrude into my  
front garden. Have I the right of seizing them,  
and eating contents, supposing them to be fit  
for human consumption? My house is per-  
petually filled with the aroma of questionable  
herrings, and very pronounced haddock. I  
have asked, politely, for compensation, and  
received only bad language. What should  
be my next step? —PERPLEXED.

DREED OF GIFT.—Upon my eldest son's  
marriage I wish to make him a really hand-  
some money present. My idea is to hand  
over to him £100, on condition that he repays  
me ten per cent. as long as I live, my age now  
being forty-five. Then as to security. Had  
I better get a Bill of Sale on the furniture,

which he has just had given him by his wife's  
father for their new house, or how can I most  
effectually bind him? —GENEROUS PARENT.

HOLIDAY TRIP.—Would one of your readers  
inform me of a locality where I can take my  
next summer's holiday of a month, for £3 10s.,  
fare included? It must be near the sea and  
high mountains, with a genial though bracing  
climate. Good boating and bathing. Strictly  
honest lodging-house keepers and romantic  
surroundings indispensable. —EASY TO PLEASE.

## COMING DRESS.

(Sweet Seventeen to the would-be Sumptuary  
Reformers at the Kensington Town Hall.)

VAINLY on Fashion you make war,  
With querulous Book, and quaint Bazaar,  
Good Ladies of the Higher Light!  
A Turkish Tea-gown, loose or tight,  
Won't win us to the Rational Cuff;  
Japanese skirts do but insult  
Our elder instincts, to which *Reason*  
Is nothing more nor less than treason.  
Your "muddy weather costume" moves us  
No more than satire, which improves us  
*Ad nauseam*, and for whose rebuff  
We never care one pinch of snuff.  
No, Ladies HARBERTON and COFFIN.  
Your pleading, like the critics' "scoffin  
Touches us not; have we not smiled,  
Mocking, at Mrs. OSCAR WILDE?  
And shall we welcome with delight  
Queer robes that make a girl "a fright?"  
Pooh-pooh! We're simply imperturbable,  
The Reign of Fashion's undisturbable.  
The "Coming Dress?"—that's all sheer  
humming,  
We only care for Dress *be-Coming!*



## MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Type Writer.)

## No. XXV.—THE ADULATED CLERGYMAN.

THE Adulated Clergyman possesses many of the genuine qualities of the domestic cat, in addition to a large stock of the characteristics which tradition has erroneously assigned to that humble but misunderstood animal. Like a cat, he is generally sleek and has become an adept in the art of ingratiating himself with those who wear skirts and dispense comforts. Like a cat, too, he has an insinuating manner; he can purr quite admirably in luxurious surroundings, and, on the whole, he prefers to attain his objects by a circuitous method rather than by the bluff and uncompromising directness which is employed by dogs and ordinary honest folk of the canine sort. Moreover, he likes a home, but—here comes the difference—the homes of others seem to attract and retain him more strongly than his own. And if it were useful to set out the points of difference in greater detail, it might be said that the genuine as opposed to the traditional cat often shows true affection and quite a dignified resentment of snubs, is never unduly familiar, and makes no pretence of being better than other cats whose coats happen to be of a different colour. But it is better, perhaps, at once to consider the Adulated Clergyman in his own person, and not in his points of resemblance to or difference from other animals.

He who afterwards becomes an Adulated Clergyman has probably been a mean and grubby schoolboy, with a wretched but irresistible inclination to sneak, and to defend himself for so doing on principle. It is of course wrong to break rules at school, authority must be respected, masters must be obeyed, but it is an honourable tradition amongst schoolboys that boys who offend—since offences must come—should owe their consequent punishment to the unassisted efforts of those who hold rule, rather than to the calculating interference of another boy, who, though he may have shared the offence, is unwilling to take his proportion of the result. A sneak, therefore, has in all ages been invested with a badge of infamy, which no amount of strictly scholastic success has ever availed to remove from him; and his fellows, recognising that he has saved his own skin at the expense of theirs, do their best to make up the difference to him in contempt and abuse. Schoolboys are not distinguished for a fastidious reticence. If they dislike, they never hesitate to say so, and they have a painfully downright way of giving reasons for their behaviour, which is apt to jar on a temperament so sensitive that its owner always and only treads the path of high principle when self-interest points him in the same direction.

The school career of the future pastor was not, therefore, a very happy one, for at school there are no feeble women to be captivated by heartrending revelations of a noble nature at war with universal wickedness, and all but shattered by the assaults of an unfeeling world. Nor, strange to say, do schoolmasters, as a rule, value the boy who ranges himself on their side in the eternal war between boys and masters. However, he proceeded in due time to a University. There he let it be known that his ultimate destination was the Church, but he had his own method of qualifying for his profession. He was not afflicted with the possession of great muscular strength, or of a very robust health. Neither the river nor the football-field attracted him. Cricket was a bore, athletic sports were a burden; the rough manners of the ordinary Undergraduates made him shudder. However, since at College there are sets of all sorts and sizes, he soon managed to fashion for himself a little world of effete and mincing idlers, who adored themselves even more than they worshipped one another. They drank deep from the well of modern French literature, and chattered interminably of RICHÉPIN, GUY DE MAUPASSANT, PAUL BOURGEOIS, and the rest. They themselves were their own favourite native writers; but their morbid sonnets, their love-lorn elegies, their versified mixtures of passion and a quasi-religious mysticism, were too sacred for print, though they were sometimes adapted to thin and fluttering airs, and sung to sympathisers in private. Most of these gentlemen were "ploughed" in their examination, but the hero of this sketch secured his degree without honours, and departed to read for the Church.

Soon afterwards he was ordained, was plunged ruthlessly into an East-End parish, and disappeared for a time from view. He emerged, after an interval of several years. The occasion was the inaugural meeting of a Guild for the Conversion of Music-hall Artists, which is to this day spoken of amongst the irreverent as the Song and Sermon Society. The sensation of the meeting was caused by the fervent speech of a clergyman, who announced that he himself had been for some months a professional Variety Singer,

attached to more than one Music-hall, and that, having studied the life *de près*, he knew all its temptations, and was therefore qualified to speak from experience as to the best means of elevating those who pursued it. The details of his story, as they fell from the mouth of the reverend speaker, were highly spiced. His hearers were amused, interested, and stirred; and, when a daily newspaper gave a headlined account of the speech, with a portrait of the speaker, the professional fortune of the Adulated Clergyman (for it was he) was assured.

Shortly afterwards his biography appeared in a series published in a weekly periodical under the title of *Unconventional Clerics*, and he himself wrote a touching letter on "The Plague Spots of Nova Zembla," in which an eloquent appeal was made for subscriptions on behalf of the inhabitants of that chill and neglected region. Ladies now began to say to one another: "Have you heard Mr. So-and-So preach? Really, not? Oh, you should. He's so wonderful, so convincing, so unlike all others. You must come with me next Sunday," and thus gradually he gathered round him in his remote church a band of faithful women, drawn from the West End by the fame of his unconventional eloquence. A not too fastidious critic might, perhaps, have been startled by a note of vulgarity in his references to sacred events, as well as by the tone of easy and intimate familiarity with which he spoke of those whose names are generally mentioned with bated breath, and printed with capital letters; but the most refined women seemed to find in all this an additional fascination. His sermons dealt in language which was at the same time plain and highly-coloured. He denounced his congregation roundly as the meanest of sinners. To the women he was particularly merciless. He tore to rags their little vesture of self-respect, shattered their nerves with emotional appeals, harrowed all their feelings, and belaboured them so violently with prophecies of wrath, that they left church, after shedding gallons of tears and emptying their expiatory purses into the subscription-plate, in a state of pale but pious pulp. In the drawing-rooms, however, to which he afterwards resorted, his manner changed. His voice became soft; he poured oil into the wounds he had inflicted. "How are you to-day?" he would say, in his caressing way. "Is the neuralgia any better? And the dulness of spirits? Has meditation prevailed over it? Ah me! it is the lot of the good to suffer, and silence, perhaps, were best." Whereupon he is treated as a Father Confessor of domestic troubles, and persuades young married women that their husbands misunderstand them.

It is unnecessary to add that his subscription-lists flourished, his bazaars prospered, his missions and retreats overflowed with feminine money, and his Church was overloaded with floral tributes. The brutal tribe of men, however, sneered at him, and perversely suspected his motives; nor were they reconciled to him when they saw him relieving the gloom of a generally (so it was understood) ascetic existence by dining at a smart restaurant with a galaxy of devoted women, whom he proposed to conduct in person to a theatre. Such, then, is, or was, the Adulated Clergyman. It is unnecessary to pursue his career further. Perhaps he quarrelled with his Bishop, and unfrocked himself; possibly he found himself in a Court of Law, where an unsympathetic jury recorded a painful verdict against him.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

My faithful "Co." says he has been reading the latest novel by "JOHN STRANGE WYNTER," called, *The Other Man's Wife*, as the French would observe, "without pleasure." As a rule he rather enjoys the works of the Author of *Bootie's Baby*, and other stories of a semi-ladylike semi-military character; but the newest tale is one too many for him. The "man" is a mixture of snob and cad,—say "a snad,"—the "other man" a combination of coward and bully, the "wife" a worthy mate to both of them. The plot shows traces of hasty construction, otherwise it is difficult to account for the "man's" intense astonishment at inheriting a title from his cousin, and the far-fetched clearing up of a sensational West-End murder. My "Co." fancies that the peerage given to the "man," and the *vendetta* of the Polish Countess, both introduced rather late in Vol. II., must have been after-thoughts. However, the end of the story is both novel and entertaining. The feeble, fickle heroine is made to marry, as her second husband, the man who (as an accessory after the fact) has been the murderer of her first! And the best of the joke is—she does not know it! My "Co." has also been much amused by a brightly-written Novel, in one volume, called *A Bride from the Bush*. Mr. E. W. HORNUNG evidently knows his subject well, and has caught the exact tone, or rather nasal twang of our





Australian cousins. My "Co." says that "the Bride" is "a particularly pleasant young person, thanks to her youth, good heart, and beauty. However, it is questionable—taking her as a sample—whether her "people" would "pan out" quite so satisfactorily. On the whole it would seem that Australians who have "made their pile" by buying and selling land are better at a distance—say as Aborigines!

It is also the opinion of my faithful "Co." that the Clarendon Press series of *Rulers of India*, has never contained a better volume than the *Life of Mayo*, a work recently contributed by the Editor, Sir WILLIAM WILSON HUNTER. Admirably written, the book gives in the pleasantest form imaginable, a most eventful chapter in the History of Hindostan. But more, the pages have a pathetic personal interest, as the subject of the memoir was for many years misunderstood, and consequently misrepresented. Even the *London Charivari* was unfair to the great Earl, but as Sir WILLIAM hastens to say, "at his death stood first in its generous acknowledgment of his real desert, as it had led the dropping fire of railleury three years before." The author has, by publishing this most welcome addition to a capitally edited series, added yet another item to the long list of services he has rendered to our Empire in the distant East.

Since Miss FLORENCE WARDEN's *House on the Marsh*, says the Baron, I have not read a more exciting tale than the same authoress's *Pretty Miss Smith*. It should be swallowed right off at a sitting, for if your interest in it is allowed to cool during an interval, you may find it a little difficult to get up the steam to the high-pressure point necessary for the real enjoyment of a sensational story.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

### SILENT SHAKSPEARE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

THE great success that has attended the production of *L'Enfant Prodigue* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre has encouraged me to make a suggestion in the cause of English Art. Why not SHAKSPEARE in dumb show? The Bard himself introduced it in "The Play Scene." Allow me to suggest it thus:—

SCENE—A more remote part of the Platform in Elsinore Castle.

Enter GHOST; then HAMLET.

*Hamlet (in dumb show).* "Where wilt thou lead me? Speak!" (*In dumb show.*) "I'll go no further."

*Ghost, by kissing his hand towards the horizon, shows that his hour is almost come, when he is bound to render himself to sulphurous and tormenting flames. The latter part of his description is composed of his shrinking about the stage, as if suffering from intense heat.*

*Hamlet buries his face in his hands, and sobs pitifully, expressing "Alas, poor Ghost!"*

*Ghost repudiates compassion by turning up his nose, and throwing forward his hands; and then, by pointing from his mouth to his ear, demands HAMLET's serious attention.*

*Hamlet touches his own lips, points to GHOST, slaps his heart, and bows, intimating that the GHOST is to "Speak!" and he is "bound to hear."*

*Ghost explains that he is his father's spirit by stroking HAMLET's face, and then his own, and then shrinks about the stage to weird music, descriptive of his prison-house. He concludes by appealing to HAMLET's love for him by pressing his clasped hands to his own heart, and then pointing towards the left-hand side of his son.*

*Hamlet jerks his hands passionately upwards, as if saying, "Oh Heaven!"*

*Ghost then asks for revenge by touching his dagger, and pointing towards the sky. He acts the murder in the garden, showing the serpent who stung him by gliding about the stage on his chest, like the boneless man. He shows his murderer to be of his own blood by walking up and down as himself, and then in the same way, but with a slight limp, as if he were his brother.*

*Hamlet might here exhibit "Zadkiel's Almanack" as "prophetic," and slap the sole of his shoe for "soul;" for "my Uncle" it would be sufficient to produce a pawnbroker's ticket:—"Oh my prophetic soul! Mine Uncle!"*

*Then the Ghost in great detail acts the murder in the orchard, imitating the apples and the singing birds, the setting sun, &c., &c. He shows the composition of the poison after its plucking from a bush, and its arrival in the laboratory. He represents the actual pouring of the poison in his ear. He hints too (by suggesting the action of the bell-ringer) that he was never really mourned, and concludes a most spirited Ballet d'Action by a rapid sketch of the paling of the ineffectual fires of the glow-worm. As he leaves to the music of "Then you'll Remember Me," HAMLET imitates cock-crow, which brings the entertainment to an appropriate termination.*

Surely this would be an improvement upon the conventional reading? In this case where speech is silvery, silence would be golden.

Trusting some Manager will take the matter up,

I remain, always yours sincerely, A DUMB WAITER.

### OPERATIC NOTES.

*Monday.—Faust and Foremost.* Miss EAMES better even than she was last week. NED DE RESZKÉ not so diabolical a *Mephistopheles* as M. MAUREL.

NEDDY RESZKÉ  
Not so goblinske,

and a stouter sort of demon, but of course a "bon diable."

*Wednesday.—Roméo et Julietta.* JACK and NED DE RESZKÉ *Roméo* and *The Friar*. Why the waltz alone, which ought to be on every organ besides Miss EAMES's, but which, strange to say,



Cards held by Druriolanus Operaticus.

isn't thoroughly popular, should be enough to make an Opera; but it's like the proportion of one swallow in the composition of a summer, and, however well sung, it does not do everything. It's a dull Opera.

*Thursday.—Carmen again.* House not immense. Persons "of note" chiefly on the stage. JULIA same as before; therefore refer to previous notice. Cab and carriage service after the theatres everywhere wants reforming altogether. We may not be worse off than in any other capital of Europe, but we ought to be far ahead of them.

Somebody or other complained of my writing "GLÜCK" instead of "GLUCK." He didn't like the two dots; one too many for the poor chap already in his dotage; so to relieve him and soothe him, I'll write it "GLÜCK," and then he can go to the proprietor of "DAVIDSON'S Libretto Books" and ask him to take the dotlets off the "ü" in GLÜCK. I wonder if my strongly-spectacle'd fault-finder writes the name of HANDEL correctly? I dare say so correct a person never falls into any sort of error; or if he does, never admits it. I like it done down to dots, as "HANDEL," myself; it looks so uncommonly learned.

*Saturday.—Tannhäuser.* Full and appreciative house to welcome the *entrées* of Madame ALBANI, who was simply perfection and the perfection of simplicity as the self-sacrificing heroine *Elizabeth*. From a certain Wagnerian-moral point of view, no better impersonator,—dramatically at least, if not operatically,—of the sensual Falstaffian Knight could be found than Signor PEROTTI; and, from every point of view, no finer representation of the Cyprian Venus than Mlle. SOFIA RAVOGLI. M. MAUREL was admirable in every way as the moral *Wolfram*, and Signor ABRAMOFF the gravest of Landgraves. The full title of this Opera should be *Tannhäuser; or, The Story of a Bard who sang a questionable kind of Song in the highest Society, and what came of it.*

Fine effect at end of First Act, when prancing steeds, with second-hand park-hack saddles, at quite half-a-crown an hour, are brought in, and, on a striking tableau of bold but impeccunious warriors refusing to mount, the Curtain descends.

Then what pleasure to see *Albani-Elizabeth* receiving the guests in Act II., varying the courtesies with an affectionate embrace whenever a particular friend among the ladies-of-the-court-chorus came in view. My LORD CHAMBERLAIN, viewing the scene from his private box, must have picked up many a hint for Court etiquette from studying this remarkable scene. Then how familiar to us all is the arrangement of the bards all in a row, like our old friends the Christy Minstrels, *Tannhäuser* being the Tambourine, and *Wolfram* the Bones! Charming. Great success. Repeat it by all means.





## CHIVALRY AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

"NOW, COOK, JUST YOU LOOK HERE! LOOK AT THAT PIECE OF BACON I'VE JUST GIVEN YOUR MISTRESS! IT'S THE THICKEST AND WORST CUT I EVER SAW IN MY LIFE!—AND THIS PIECE I'M JUST GOING TO TAKE MYSELF IS ONLY A LITTLE BETTER!"

## "PLEASE GIVE ME A PENNY, SIR!"

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

*Poor Income-Tax Payer, loquitor:—*

PLEASE give me a Penny, Sir!  
My hope is almost dead;  
You hold the swag in that black bag,  
And high you lift your head.  
Some years I have been asking this,  
But no one heeds my plea.  
Will you not give me *something* then,  
This year, good Mister G.?  
Oh! please give me a Penny!

Please give me a Penny, Sir!  
You won't say "no" to me,  
Because I'm poor, and feel the pinch  
Of dreadful "Schedule D"!  
You're so high-dried, and so correct,  
So honest and austere!  
Remember the full "Tanner," Sir,  
I've stumped up year by year,  
And please give me a Penny!

Please give me a Penny, Sir!  
My Income is but small,  
And the hard Tax laid on our backs  
I should not pay at all.  
But I'm too feeble to resist,  
And do not like to lie;  
And Sixpence, under Schedule D,  
Torments me till I cry,  
Do please give me a Penny, Sir!

Consols, or Dividends, or Rents,  
Don't interest me much;  
"Goschens," reduced or otherwise,  
Are things I may not touch,

Two hundred pounds per year, all told,  
Leaves little room for "exes;"  
And 'tisn't only *public* men  
That "lack of pence" much vexes.  
So please give me a Penny, Sir!

The mysteries of High Finance  
I don't presume to plumb;  
So year by year my back they shear,  
Sure that they'll find me dumb.  
But the oft-trodden worm will turn;  
"Demand Notes" never slack;  
And "Schedule D" fast at twice three,  
Breaks the wage-earner's back.  
So please give me a Penny, Sir!

The moneyed swells who make "returns,"  
Much at their own sweet will,  
Don't gauge the poor clerk's scanty purse,  
The small shopkeeper's till,  
How hard 'tis to make both ends meet,  
When hard times tightly nip;  
Or how small incomes sorely feel  
The annual sixpenny dip.  
So please give me a Penny, Sir!

Please give me a Penny, Sir!  
'Tis heard on every side,  
Muttered by poverty's pinched lip,  
Silent so long—from pride.  
Ah! listen to their pleadings, Sir,  
And pity the true poor,  
Whose life is one long fight to keep  
The wolf from the house-door.  
Oh, please give me a Penny, Sir!

"ROOSE IN URBE."—Dr. ROBSON ROOSE has returned to town after a trip to Madeira.

## "SWEET STRIFE."

By an Unionist M.P.

WHEN PARNELL's mocked by HEALY,  
In strident voice and squealy;  
When HEALY's snubbed by PARNELL,  
In voice as from the charnel—  
I understand the windy  
Wild charm of WAGNER's shindy.  
Discord *may* be melodious,  
When Harmony sounds odious;  
Than *Israfel* more dear is  
Old Erin's latest *Eris*!

## THE IN-KERRECT KERR.

It was once said that Pianos may now be had on "MOORE and MOORE" easy terms every day. Mrs. WALTER found that those "easy terms" involved such pleasures as returning the instrument she had paid many instalments on, getting an order from the masterful Mr. Commissioner KERR to pay costs as well, and committal to prison for three weeks on the charge of "contempt of Court"—for disobeying an order which Justices SMITH and GRANTHAM declare the genial Commissioner had no sort of right to make!!!

If this is the "hire-purchase system," a piano-less life is infinitely preferable to braving its manifold perils and penalties. Easy terms, indeed? Yes,—about as "easy" as "easy shaving" with a serrated oyster-knife! Mrs. WALTER's fate should be a warning to would-be piano-purchasers, and, Mr. Punch would fain hope, to exacting System-workers and arbitrary Commissioners.





“PLEASE GIVE ME A PENNY!”

NEEDY INCOME-TAX PAYER (*loq.*). “HOPE YOU WON’T FORGET ME *THIS TIME*, SIR!!”







## FOR BETTER OR WORSE!

(Two Views of the Same Subject.)

## POSSIBLE ROMANCE.

SCENE—A Dungeon beneath the Castle Moat. Wife chained to a post, with bread and water beside her. Enter Husband, with cat-o'-nine-tails.

Husband. And now, after ten days' seclusion, will you make over your entire property to me, signing the deed with your life's blood?

Wife (in a feeble voice). Never! You may kill me, but I will defy you to the last!

Husband. Then die!

[He is about to leave the dungeon, when he is met by a Messenger from the Court of Appeal.

Messenger. In the name of the Law, release your prisoner!

Husband. Foiled!

[Joy of Wife, and tableau, as the Curtain falls.

## PROBABLE REALITY.

SCENE—The Door of a Fashionable Church. Wife bidding adieu to Husband.

Husband. Surely, now that my name and fortune are yours, you will reconsider your decision, and at least accompany me back to our wedding breakfast?

Wife (in a firm voice). Never! You may kill me, but I will defy you to the last!

Husband. This is rank nonsense! You must take my arm.

[He is about to leave the Church-porch, when he is met by a Messenger from the Court of Appeal.

Messenger. In the name of the Law, release your prisoner!

Husband. Sold! [Joy of Wife, and tableau, as the Curtain falls.

## "WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

THE "Cony" is feeble, the Bear's a rough bore,  
But CONYBEARE's both, and perhaps a bit more!



SMART NEW BOY IN CLOAK-ROOM HAS NOTED GENTLEMEN SHUTTING UP THEIR CRUSH HATS, AND PROMPTLY FLATTENS DE JONES'S BEST SILK TOPPER!

## THE OTHER MAN.

My health is good, I know no pain,  
I am not married to a wife;  
From all accounts I'm fairly sane,  
And yet I'm sick to death of life.



The path that leads to wealth and fame  
Cannot be traversed in a day;  
I find it twice as hard a game,  
Because a spectre bars the way.  
It has no terrors such as his  
Away from which the children ran;

It's not the Bogy, but it is  
The Other Man.

I met a girl, she seemed to be  
A kind of vision from above.  
She wasn't—but, alas! for me,  
I weakly went and fell in love.

Her father was a millionaire,  
Which didn't make me love her less.  
I thought her quite beyond compare,  
And gave long odds she'd answer "Yes."

She thrilled me with each lovely look  
She gave me from behind her fan,  
She took my heart, and then she took—  
The Other Man.

Farewell to Love! I thought I'd try  
My level best to get a post;  
The salary was not too high,  
Two hundred pounds a-year at most.  
Committeemen in conclave sat,  
Their questions all were cut and dried:

Oh, was I this? And did I that?  
And twenty thousand things beside—

As did I smoke? and could I play  
At golf? or did I get the gout?  
And—most important—could I say  
My mother knew that I was out?

Then two were chosen. Should I "do"?  
Perhaps!—and, just as I began  
To hope, of course they gave it to  
The Other Man.

All uselessly I've learnt to swear  
And use expressions that are vile;  
In vain, in vain I've torn my hair  
In quite the most artistic style.

Yet one thing would I gladly learn—  
Yes, tell me quickly, if you can—  
Shall I be also, in my turn,  
The Other Man?

## THE KEY TO A LOCK.

"[A lock of —'s hair, set in a small gold-rimmed case, and said to be an ancient family possession, was knocked down for forty pounds.]"

TAKE yonder lock of tangled hair,  
A silver seamed with sable,  
Dim harbinger from dreamland fair  
Of reverie and fable;

Yes, grandson mine, the treasure take,  
A trinket loved, if little,  
And wear it, darling, for my sake,  
In yonder locket brittle;

Small, as my banker's balance, small  
And faint—a touching token;  
My luck, the lock, the locket, all  
Seem, child, a trifle broken.

Investments, boy, are looking glum;  
They flit and fade; in fine a

Not inconsiderable sum  
Has gone to—Argentina.

Nay, chide me not; one day, refilled  
By these, may shine your pocket,  
And Fortune's resurrection gild  
The lock within the locket.

Because, you see, when strong and sage  
You grow, and all the serried  
Lights of the great Victorian age  
With me are quenched and buried;

When other men in other days  
Walk paramount—then shall you  
Submit the thing to such as praise  
The Past, its relics value.

The curl was worn, you'll tell your friends,  
By TENNYSON or BROWNING  
(The detail of the name depends  
On who is worth renouncing).

You'll vaunt that one who knew the grand  
Victorian Stars, and rather  
Deserved himself to join the band  
(In fact your father's father),

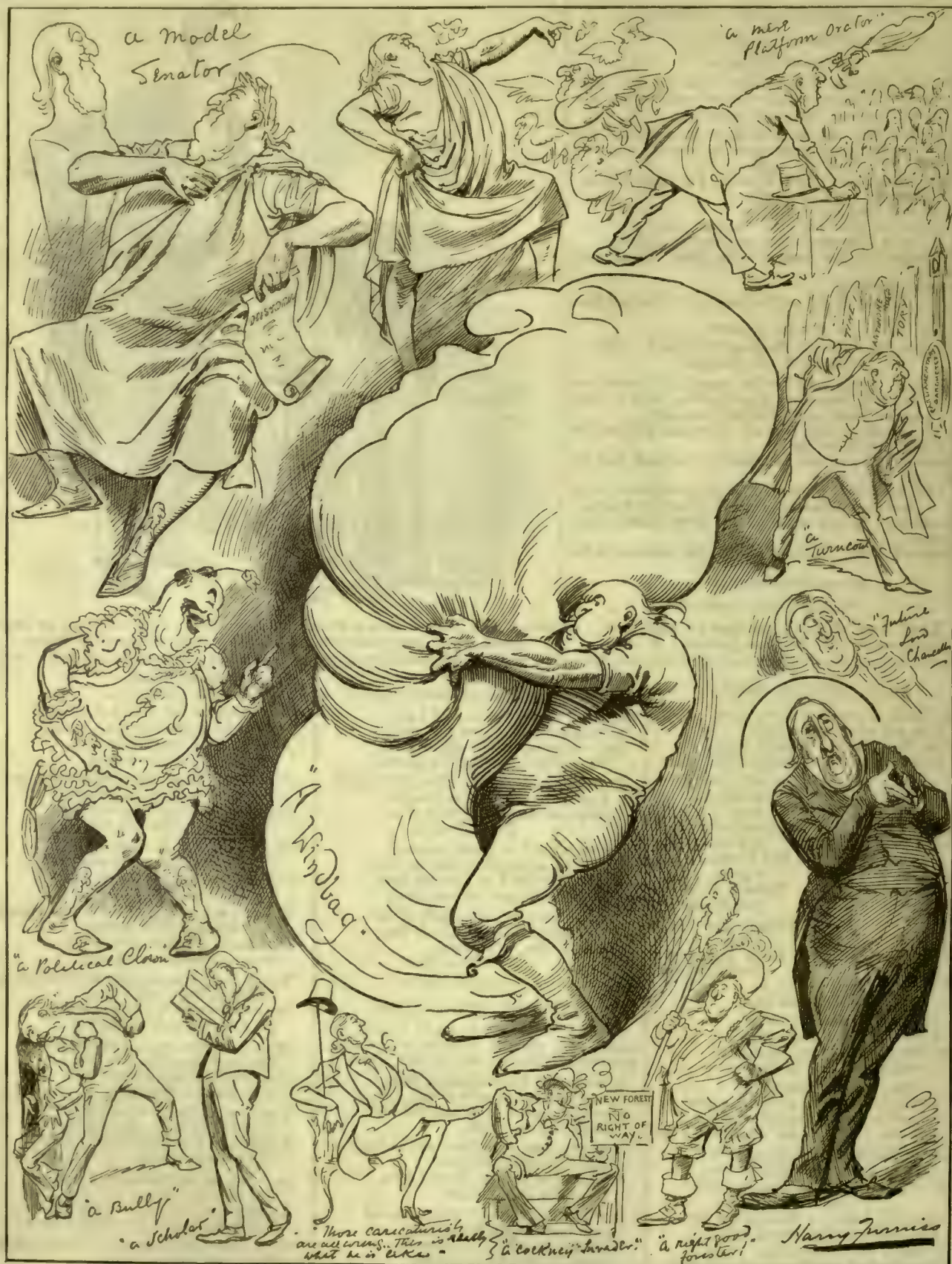
Who, past expression, loved whate'er  
The market cottons then to,  
Committed to your childish care  
This genuine memento.

You'll catalogue it, as befalls  
Your choice, my little gran'son;  
You'll bear it to the deathless halls  
Of CHRISTIE, WOODS, AND MANSON.

So, when the fateful hammer sounds,  
And you have cashed in rhino  
A cheque for, haply, forty pounds,  
You'll bless your grandsire, I know;

Who, while his fortunes failed, and much  
Was life's horizon o'ercast,  
Created souvenirs with such  
A keen, commercial forecast.





ALL-ROUND POLITICIANS—SIR WILLIAM VARIETY HARCOURT.



**BACCHUS OUTWITTED; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF SOBRIETY.**

(Fragment from a Romance founded upon evidence given before the Select Committee upon Dram-drinking.)

"I REALLY think the experiment should be made," said the Professor. "Our knowledge on the subject is so imperfect, that nothing definite can be accurately pronounced."

"True enough," replied one of his friends; "but although the end to be attained is excellent, may not the means be termed by the scrupulous 'questionable?'"

"By the over-scrupulous, perhaps," returned the Professor, with a smile.

"And the expense," observed a second of his intimates, "will be no small consideration. If we put the matter to a thorough test, a large quantity—a very large quantity of the necessary liquid will have to be purchased and disposed of. Am I not right in hazarding this supposition?"

"Undoubtedly," responded the Professor, "and the cost will be enhanced by the fact that the necessary liquids will have to be of the best possible quality. As Dr. PAVEY observed before the Committee 'It is not the alcohol in itself that is injurious, but the by-products.' Our aim must be to eliminate the by-products."

"I think the idea first-rate," said the third friend; and then he paused and added, seemingly as an after-thought, "Pass the bottle."

So the Professor and his three companions decided to make the investigation in the cause of scientific research. It was resolved that after a week they should meet again, and that in the meanwhile they should in their own persons carry on the experiment continuously. When this had been arranged the friends parted company.

At the appointed time the contemplated gathering became a concrete fact. The Professor's friends were the first to appear at the rendezvous. They were unsteady as to their gait, their neckties were in disorder and their hair falling carelessly over their eyes, added a fresh impediment to an eyesight that seemingly was temporarily defective. They sank into three chairs regarding one another with a smile that gradually resolved itself into a frown. Then they filled up the pause caused by the non-appearance of the Professor by weeping silently. Their emotion was not of long duration, as the originator of the experiment was soon in their midst. He seemed to be in excellent health and spirits.

"My dear friend," he said, and it was noticeable that he was prone to clip his words, and to use the singular, in lieu of the plural, when the latter would have been more conventional, "My dear friend, glad see you all. Hope you well."

His comrades received the well-meant greeting with a resentful frown, which ended in further weeping.

"This very painful," continued the Professor, resting his hand somewhat heavily on the back of a chair; "very painful indeed! Fact is, you been taking wrong things!"

His friends sorrowfully shook their heads negatively.

"Yes you have! Sure of it! You, Sir—imbibed whiskey! No harm in good whiskey—excellent thing, good whiskey! But injuriverius—should say, injurious—if has too much flavour of malt! Your whiskey too much flavour of malt! You took brandy—bad brandy—too much taste of grapes! You took rum—bad rum—too much mo—mo—molasses! Now I took all three—whiskey, brandy, rum, but pure—no by-products. No, not at all. Result! See! Sober as judge!"

And, succumbing to a sudden desire for slumber, the Professor, at this point of his discourse, joined his friends under the table!

**LEAVES FROM A CANDIDATE'S DIARY.**

March 20. "George Hotel," Billsbury.—Arrived here yesterday afternoon. Mother made up her mind to come with me, being very anxious, she said, to hear one of my splendid speeches. She brought luggage enough to last for a week, and insisted on taking her poodle Carlo, who was an awful nuisance, in the train. He growled horribly at old TOLLAND and BLISSOP when they came to see me at the Hotel before dinner. Very awkward. TOLLAND wanted to put before me the state of the case with regard to registration expenses. The upshot was that the Candidate is expected to subscribe £80 a year to the Association for this purpose, which I eventually agreed to do. Found fourteen letters waiting for me. No. 1 was from Miss POSER, the Secretary of the Billsbury Women's Suffrage League, asking me to receive a small deputation on the question, and to lay my views before them. No. 2 from the Anti-Vaccination League, stating that a deputation had been appointed to meet me, in order to learn my views, and requesting me to fix a date. No. 3 and No. 4, from two local lodges of Oddfellows, each declaring it to be of the highest importance that I should become an Oddfellow and proposing dates for my initiation. Nos. 5, 6 and 7 were from Secretaries of funds for the restoration or building of Churches and Chapels, appealing for subscriptions. Nos. 8, 9, and 10, from three more local Cricket Clubs, who have elected me an Honorary Member, and want

**CYCLING NOTES.**

He. "DO YOU BELONG TO THE PSYCHICAL SOCIETY!"

She. "NO; BUT I SOMETIMES GO OUT ON MY BROTHER'S MACHINE!"

subscriptions. No. 11 from a Children's Meat Tea Fund. No. 12 asked me to subscribe to a Bazaar, and to attend its opening in June. No. 13, from the local Fire Brigade, and No. 14 from the Secretary of the Local Society for improving the Breed of Bullfinches, recommending this "national object" to my favourable notice. Shall have to keep a Secretary, likewise a book of accounts. Where is it all going to end?

The Mass Meeting went off well enough. The Assembly Rooms were crammed. (The Meteor says, with its usual accuracy and good taste, "The attendance was small, the proceedings were dull. A wonderful amount of stale Jingoism was afterwards swept up by the caretakers from the floor. Our Conservative friends are so wasteful.") I was adopted as Candidate almost unanimously, only ten hands being held up against me. One or two questions were asked—one about local option, which rather stumped me—but I managed to express great sympathy with the Temperance party without, I hope, offending publicans.

Carlo somehow or other got out of the hotel and followed us to the meeting without being noticed. Poodles are all as cunning as Old Nick. He lay quite low in some corner or other, until Colonel CHORKLE was in the middle of a tremendous appeal to "the stainless banner which 'as so often been borne to triumph by Billsbury's embattled chivalry." The Colonel thumped on the table very hard, and Carlo, I suppose, had his eye on him and thought he was going to thump me. At any rate he sprang out and dashed at the Colonel, barking furiously. I had to seize him and take him outside. The Colonel turned quite pale. The Meteor says: "The war-like ardour which burns in the breast of Colonel CHORKLE was well-nigh extinguished by an intelligent dog, whose interruptions provoked immense applause." I had to apologise profusely to the Colonel afterwards. Mrs. CHORKLE looked daggers at me. Mother was delighted with the meeting. She has written about it to Aunt AMELIA.



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT. EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday Night, April 13.*—So long since Lord STALBRIDGE parted company from RICHARD GROSVENOR that he forgets manners and customs of House of Commons. Not being satisfied with choice made by Committee of Selection of certain Members on Committee dealing with Railway Rates and Charges, STALBRIDGE writes peremptory letter to Chairman, giving him severe wiggling; correspondence gets into newspapers; House of Commons, naturally enough, very angry. Not going to stand this sort of thing from a mere Peer, even though he be Chairman of North-Western Railway. Talk of making it case of privilege. Sort of thing expected to be taken up from Front Bench, or by WHITBREAD, or some other Member of standing. Somehow, whilst thing being thought over and talked about, SEXTON undertakes to see it through. As soon as questions over to-night, rises from below Gangway, and in his comically impressive manner, announces intention of putting certain questions to JOHN MOWBRAY, Chairman of Committee of Selection. Ordinary man would have put his questions and sat down. But this a great occasion for SEXTON. Domestic difficulties in Irish Party kept him away from Westminster for many weeks. No opportunity for Windbag to come into action; now is the time, as champion of privileges of House of Commons. Position one of some difficulty. Not intending to conclude with a Motion, he would be out of order in making a speech. Could only ask question. Question couldn't possibly extend over two minutes; two minutes, nothing with the Windbag full, bursting after compulsory quiescence since Parliament opened.

SEXTON managed admirably; kept one eye on SPEAKER, who from time to time moved uneasily in chair. Whenever he looked like going to interrupt, SEXTON lapsed into interrogatory, which put him in order; then went on again, patronising JOHN MOWBRAY, posing as champion of privileges of House, and so thoroughly enjoying himself, that only a particularly cantankerous person could have complained. Still, it was a little long. "This isn't SEXTON's funeral, is it?" HARCOURT asked, in loud whisper.

"No," said CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN; "it was meant to be STALBRIDGE's; but I fancy SEXTON will save him from full inconvenience of the ceremony."

So it turned out; House tired of business long before Windbag SEXTON had blown himself out. Poor JOHN MOWBRAY admittedly flabbergasted by the interminable string of questions under which SEXTON had tried to disguise his speech. STALBRIDGE got off without direct censure, and DONALD CAMERON abruptly turned the conversation in the direction of Opium.

*Business done.*—In Committee on Irish Land Bill.

*House of Lords, Tuesday.*—Lords met to-night after Easter Recess; come together with a feeling that since last they met a gap been made in their ranks that can never be filled. The gentle GRANVILLE's seat is occupied by another. Never more will the Peers look upon his kindly face, or hear

his lisping voice uttering bright thoughts in exquisite phrase.

KIMBERLEY sits where he was wont to lounge. K. a good safe man; one of the rare kind whose reputation stands highest with the innermost circle of those who work and live with him. To the outside world, the man in the street, KIMBERLEY is an expression; some not quite sure whether he isn't a territory in South Africa. Known in the Lords, of course; listened to with respect, much as HALLAM's *Constitutional History of England* is occasionally read. But when to-night he rises from GRANVILLE's seat and makes a speech that, with readjustment of circumstance, GRANVILLE himself would have made, an assembly not emotional feels with keen pang how much it has lost.

The MARKISS should be here. Perhaps for himself it is as well he's away. To him, more than anyone else in the House, the newly filled space on the Bench opposite is of direful import. The MARKISS has no peer now GRANVILLE is gone; the two were in all characteristics and mental attitudes absolutely opposed, and yet, like oil and vinegar, the mixing perfected the salad of debate. The lumbering figure of the black-visaged Marquis at one side of the

table talking at large to the House, but with his eye fixed on GRANVILLE; at the other, the dapper figure, with its indescribable air of old-fashioned gentlemanhood, the light of his smile shed impartially on the benches opposite, but his slight bow reserved for the MARKISS, as, leaning across the table, he pinked him under the fifth rib with glittering rapier—this is a sight that will never more gladden the eye in the House of Lords. GRANVILLE was the complement of the MARKISS; the MARKISS was to GRANVILLE an incentive to his bitter-sweetness. Never again will they meet to touch shield with lance across the table in the Lords. LYCIDAS is dead, not ere his prime, it is true;

"But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone,  
Now thou art gone, and never must return!"

It seemed in stumbling inadequate phrase that CRANBROOK, KIMBERLEY, DERBY, and SELBORNE strummed their lament. But, speaking from different points of view, without pre-concert, they struck the same chord in recognising the ever unruffled gentleness of the nature of LYCIDAS—a gentleness not born of weakness, a sweetness of disposition that did not unwholesomely cloy. Only Mr. G. could have fitly spoken the eulogy of GRANVILLE. After him, the task belonged to the MARKISS, and it was a pity that circumstances prevented his undertaking it. *Business done.*—Irish Land Bill in Commons.

*Wednesday.*—Brer Fox turned up today, unexpectedly. So did MAURICE HEALY, even more unexpectedly. Irish Sunday Closing Bill under discussion. Great bulk of Irish Members in favour of it. First note of discord introduced by Windbag SEXTON. Belfast Publicans, who find their business threatened, insist that he shall oppose the Bill; does so accordingly, separating himself from his party. Brer Fox quickly seized the opportunity; he, too, on the side of the Publicans, who hold the purse, and money (like some of their customers) is tight. So PARNELL lavishly compliments Windbag SEXTON on his "large and patriotic view"; hisses out his scorn for the Liberal Party; declares that Ireland abhors the measure, which he calls a New Coercion Bill.

Then, from bench below him, uprises a bent, slight figure, looking less like a man of war than most things. A low, quiet voice, sounds clearly through the House, and Mr. MAURICE HEALY is discovered denying Brer Fox's right to speak on this or any other public question for the constituency of Cork.

"If he has any doubt on this subject," the mild-looking young man continued, "let him keep the promise he made to me about contesting the seat."

That was all; only two sentences; but the thundering cheers that rang through House told how they had gone home.

*Business done.*—Irish Sunday Closing Bill read Second Time.

*Friday.*—GRANDOLPH looked in for few minutes before dinner. A little difficulty with doorkeeper. So disguised under beard, that failed to recognise him; thought he was a stranger, bound for the Gallery. But when GRANDOLPH turned, and glared on him, saw his mistake as in a flash of lightning.

"Same eyes, anyhow," said Mr. JARRATT, getting back to the safety of his chair with alacrity.

GRANDOLPH sat awhile in corner seat, stroking his beard, to the manifest chagrin of his jilted moustache.

"Awfully dull," he said. "Glad I'm off to other climes; don't know whether I shall come back at all. If Mashonaland wants a King, and insists upon my accepting the Crown, not sure I shall refuse."

"GRANDOLPH seems hipped," said WARING, watching him as he swung through the Lobby. "It's the beard. Never been the same man since he grew it."

"There was a Young Man with a beard,  
Who said, 'It is just as I feared!  
Two Owls and a Hen, four Larks and a Wren,  
Have all built their nests in my beard.'"

*Business done.*—Committee on Irish Land Bill Dropping into Poetry. again.



△ Cameron Man.



"The mildest-mannered Man."





## SONGS OF THE UN-SENTIMENTALIST.

## A DUSTMAN'S SILENT TEAR.

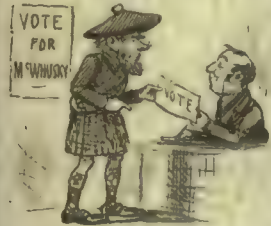
I KNOW not how that Dustman stirred my ire:  
He may have failed to call when due: but he—  
My breast being charged with economic fire,—  
Was mulcted of his customary fee.  
I was informed, at first he did not seem  
To grasp the cruel sense of what he heard,  
But asked, "Wot's this 'ere game?" as if some dream  
Of evil portents all his pulses stirred;  
Then, muttering, he turned, and went his way  
Dejected, broken! I had stopped his beer!  
Ah! from that Dustman who, alas! can say  
I did not wring a sad and silent tear!

I thought the matter o'er. I vowed no more,  
That I with grief would moisten any eye;  
Henceforth, whenever that Dustman passed my door,  
Upon his beer he knew he could rely!  
Nay more! For never heeding if my bin  
Were full or empty, I that Dustman hailed;  
His grateful smile my one desire to win;  
I felt I could not help it if I failed.  
Twice every week he came,—his twopences drew:  
That Dustman seemed to brighten with his beer,  
And, if he wept, thank Heaven, at least I knew  
With joy, not grief, he shed his silent tear!

## LEAVES FROM A CANDIDATE'S DIARY.

(CONTINUED.)

Thursday, April 16.—On looking through my book I find that I am now a member of ten Billsbury Cricket Clubs, to most of which I am a Vice-President. Not bad, considering that my average in my last year at school was four, and that I didn't play more than half-a-dozen times at Oxford. TOLLAND says there are many more Foot-ball Clubs than Cricket Clubs—a pleasant prospect for me in the Autumn. Have also had to subscribe to six Missions of various kinds, four Easter Monday Fêtes, six Friendly Societies, three Literary and Scientific Institutes, five Temperance Associations, four Quoit Clubs, two Swimming Clubs, seven Sunday Schools, five Church or



Chapel Building Funds, three Ornithological Societies, two Christian Young Men's Associations, three Children's Free Dinner Funds, one Angling Association, not to speak of Fire Brigade, Dispensaries, and Brass Bands. Have also given a Prize to be shot for by Volunteers, as CHUBSON gives one every year. What with £80 subscription to the Registration Fund, things are beginning to mount up pretty considerably.

Have spoken at three meetings since the Mass Meeting. TOLLAND said, "You needn't refer to Sir THOMAS CHUBSON yourself. Leave our people to do that. They enjoy that kind of thing, and know how to do it." They do, indeed. At our last meeting, HOLLEBONE, the Secretary of the Junior Conservative Club, went on at him for twenty minutes in proposing resolution of confidence in me. "Sir THOMAS," he said, "talks of his pledges. The less Sir THOMAS says about them the better. I can't walk out anywhere in Billsbury for two minutes without tripping over the broken fragments of some of Sir THOMAS's pledges. It's getting quite dangerous. Sir THOMAS, they say, made himself. It's a pity he couldn't put in a little consistency when he was engaged on the job. We don't want any purse-proud Radical knights to represent us. We want a straightforward man, who says what he means; and you'll agree with me, fellow-townsmen, that we've got one in our eloquent and popular young Candidate."

This went down very well. Next day, however, the *Meteor* "parallel-columned" Sir THOMAS CHUBSON's career and mine. Mine occupied six lines; Sir THOMAS's "Life of honourable and self-sacrificing industry" ran to nearly a column. "It will be observed," said the *Meteor*, "that there is a good deal of blank space in Mr. PATTER's comparative career; but this no doubt recommends him to his Conservative friends, who are quite equal to filling it brilliantly with their imaginative rhetoric about his chances of success."

Primrose Day, the day after to-morrow. We're going to have a great demonstration at Billsbury. Mother is going down with me to-morrow.

April 20th, "George Hotel," Billsbury.—The Demonstration yesterday was a splendid success. At ten o'clock in the morning the Conserva-

tive Band marched up to the Hotel and played patriotic airs under the window. Mother and I drove to the Beaconsfield Club in an open carriage and pair, escorted by the band. Mother's bonnet was all primroses, and she carried an immense bouquet of them. Carlo came with us and sat on the back-seat. His collar was stuck full of primroses, and small bunches were tied on to the tufts on his back and at the end of his tail. I wore a buttonhole of primroses, and carried a huge primrose wreath to be placed round the bust of LORD BEACONSFIELD, which stands in the hall of the Club. The coachman and horses too were all tricked out with bunches. TOLLAND and CHORKLE, and all the leaders of the Party, met us at the entrance of the Club, and the ceremony of depositing the flowers all round the bust began. CHORKLE, who once shook hands with DIZZY in the lobby of the House, made a great speech, mostly composed of personal reminiscences of our great departed leader. (By the way CHORKLE has six children, five of them being sons, whose names are BENJAMIN DISRAELI CHORKLE, CECIL SALISBURY CHORKLE, STRAFFORD THOROUGH CHORKLE, HOBBS LEVIATHAN CHORKLE, and RANDOLPH CHURCHILL CHORKLE.) The sixth, eighteen months old, is a girl. Her name is WILLIAMINA HENRIETTA SMITH CHORKLE. They were all present, covered with primroses. I added a few words about the inspiring effect that the contemplation of LORD BEACONSFIELD's career must have upon the youth of the country. Mother's bouquet kept falling off the place she had put it on, and two or three enthusiasts always dashed forward to pick it up, causing a good many collisions. In the middle of my speech, Carlo walked into the centre of the hall, sat down and proceeded to gnaw off the primroses which had been tied to his tail. He then ate them all solemnly, and after that rolled over on his back with his paws stuck straight out, pretending he was dead. I must tell Mother not to bring that dog again. There was a great banquet in the evening. VULLIAMY came down for it and spoke very kindly about me in his speech. Said he had followed my career with profound interest and pleasure from my earliest years. I've only known him a year.

## NOTHING LIKE DISCIPLINE!

(Extract from the Diary of PRIVATE ATKINS, Prince's Company, 4th Battalion, H.M.'s Gusslebeer Guards.)

Monday.—Joined the Regiment. Appeared on Parade, and was requested to come to "attention," although the Sergeant must have seen that I was "standing at ease." Expressed a desire that the Commanding-officer should rectify the mistake, when all ended amicably. Sergeant apologised, and promised that it should not occur again. Satisfied. Both Sergeant and Commanding-officer well up in their duties!

Tuesday.—Bugle sounded too early for Assembly. Sent a message to the Adjutant by his orderly (with my compliments) saying that I would feel much obliged if the Parade were postponed an hour. Adjutant returned his compliments, with a request that I would give in writing my reason for desiring a delay. Explained (by word of mouth) that I wanted to read the newspapers. Parade consequently postponed as requested. Obliging chap the Adjutant!

Wednesday.—Warned for Guard. Sent for the Major of my half-battalion (don't like bothering the Commanding-officer about every trifle), and explained that, although the Surgeon had seen me, and reported me fit, I had a presentiment that the easterly winds would play the very mischief with me if I went "Sentry Go." Major thought, perhaps it would be better if I were struck off duty. Excused Guard in consequence. Good sort Major of my half-battalion!

Thursday.—Sorry to find rations very unsatisfactory. Complained to the Officer of the day, who reported the matter to the Captain. Captain said he would have asked the entire company to dine with him at his Club had he not been engaged. He then passed us on to his Subs. The latter most obligingly gave us some food at a Restaurant. *Châteaubriand* excellent, *Sole à la Normande* decent, but *Potage à la bisque* too rich. Mistake to order the latter, as one can never get it really good, except on the Continent. Wine tol-lol. Pol Royer of '84. However, spent a very pleasant evening. Both Subs, when you know them, not half bad fellows!

Friday.—Rather a head, and felt generally out of sorts. Warned for Kit-inspection. Couldn't stand this, so called upon General Commanding District. Not at home, but was asked would I see his *locum tenens*? Replied in the negative, as I don't believe in go-betweens. Didn't return to barracks, as I thought I might get a breath of sea-air at Southend.

Saturday.—Arrested and conveyed to the Guard-room. Suppose I shall be released with a caution. At any rate, for the present, diary confiscated.





THE GARDEN OF SLEEP :  
OR, "PUT THAT IN YOUR PIPE AND SMOKE IT!"



*Miss India.* "EVIOT ME! WITH PLEASURE, SAHIB. BUT HOW ABOUT 'COMPENSATION FOR DISTURBANCE!'"

In the heart of fair Ind, which JOHN BULL hopes to keep,  
Trade planted a Garden—a Garden of Sleep;  
'Neath the hot Eastern sky—in the place of good corn—  
It is there that the baneful white Poppy is born,—  
Chinese Johnny's desire, lending dreams of delight,  
Which are his when the poppy-juice cometh in sight.  
Oh! the Mart hath no heart, and Trade laugheth to scorn  
The plea of friend PEASE, where the Poppies are born;

In this Garden of Sleep, where white Poppies are spread,  
Fair INDIA plucketh the opiate head.  
JOHN BULL says, "My dear, PEASE's tales make me creep,  
"He swears it, fills graves with 'pigtales,' who seek sleep!"  
Fair INDIA replies, "That may possibly be;  
But they Revenue bring, some Six Millions, you see! :  
Turn me out if you will, smash the Trade if you must;  
But—you'll make up the money somehow, Sir, I trust!"





### WANTED—A LOCAL HABITATION.

(Commended by Mr. Punch to the Patrons of British Art.)

*English Art (to Sir James L.-nt-n, Messrs. T.-le and Agn.-w). "Now, GENTLEMEN, THE GOVERNMENT HAS GIVEN THE SITE FOR MY HOUSE,—IT ONLY REMAINS FOR YOU TO BUILD IT."*

[The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER announced that the Government had assigned a site for the new Gallery of Modern Art, as he thought it would be unwise to risk the failure of the gift of £80,000 which had been offered to erect a building.]

### SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE.

IN view of the intense public excitement aroused by the statement that Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, in his expedition to Mashonaland, is only going to take two books with him—SHAKESPEARE and MOLIERE—an Inquiring Correspondent has recently written to several eminent persons on this subject, and has received—so he says—the following replies:—

SIR,—You ask me what books I should take if I were contemplating a visit to the Dark Continent, like Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. The question, in the abstract, and without reference to my own personality, is an interesting one, and no doubt human fallibility would, in the case you suppose, induce me to take several volumes of my own *Gleanings* with me,—not so much for their intrinsic merits, as because perhaps they might form a new kind of literature for native African potentates. HOMER, too, of course. At my time of life, however, I must be excused from grappling with any new Continents, dark or otherwise. I find that Ireland is quite dark enough for me just now. Excuse a card. Yours, W. E. GL-DST-NE.

SIR,—As I am not "contemplating an expedition to the Dark Continent," and have no sympathy with Hottentots, there seems to be no sufficient reason for my answering your questions, or for your asking them. S-L-SB-RY.

SIR,—Your question is ridiculous. The only books worth taking to Africa, or anywhere else, would be a bound copy of last year's *Review of Reviews*, GENERAL BOOTH's epoch-making volume, and—this is indispensable—SIR C. D-LKE's invaluable *Problems of Greater Britain*. When I went to Rome, I naturally took with me the "hundred best books in the world." They were a little heavy, but I thought the POPE would like to see them. However, circumstances prevented my presenting them to His Holiness. Yours, W. T. SR-D.

SIR,—I don't know much about books. I've just written rather a good one on *Cricket*, and I think if I were going to Africa I should take a supply. From all I've heard of TIPPOO TIB, I should think he would enjoy the game; at any rate TIPPOO ought to be able to master tip and run without much difficulty. W. G. GR-CE.

SIR,—Having consulted my relatives—also CAPTAIN M-L-SW-BTH—as to whether there would be any impropriety in giving a reply to your questions, I am happy to say that they seem to think there would be none, but that on the contrary it might even assist the takings at the Aquarium. I may therefore mention that if I were proceeding to Central Africa there is *only one book* I should dream of taking with me. That would be a copy of the Proceedings of the London County Council, since the joyful date of its advent on this planet. Yours obediently, Z-o.

SIR,—The one book I should take with me to Africa would be DR. PETERS' recent valuable work—*More Light on Dark Africa*. I should give it to the Dwarfs. It would make capital poisoned arrows. H. M. SR-NL-Y.

SIR,—The only book worth thinking about for such an expedition as you mention would be STANLEY's *In Darkest Africa*. Its Maps would be invaluable,—as presents for a rival explorer, whom one might desire to mislead as to his route. CARL P-T-BA.

### Mr. Herkomer and Mr. Pennell.

PROFESSOR HERKOMER defends the use of Photography for the engraver's purposes, and clearly thinks that what TENNYSON ought to have written, in *Locksley Hall*, was—

"And the thoughts of men are widened by a Process of the Sun's."

He also comforts himself with the reflection that being called over the coals in the *National Observer*, is one of the PENNELL-ties of success.



## MR. PUNCH'S POCKET IBSEN.

(Condensed and Revised Version by Mr. P.'s Own Harmless Ibsenite.)

## No. III.—HEDDA GABLER.

## ACT II.

SCENE—The cheerful dark Drawing-room. It is afternoon. HEDDA stands loading a revolver in the back Drawing-room.

Hedda (looking out, and shouting). How do you do, Judge? (Aims at him.) Mind yourself! [She fires.]

Brack (entering). What the devil! Do you usually take pot-shots at casual visitors? [Annoyed.]

Hedda. Invariably, when they come by the back-garden. It is my unconventional way of intimating that I am at home. One does do these things in realistic dramas, you know. And I was only aiming at the blue sky.

Brack. Which accounts for the condition of my hat. (Exhibiting it.) Look here—riddled!

Hedda. Couldn't help myself. I am so horribly bored with TESMAN. Everlastingly to be with a professional person!

Brack (sympathetically). Our excellent TESMAN is certainly a bit of a bore. (Looks searchingly at her.) What on earth made you marry him?

Hedda. Tired of dancing, my dear, that's all. And then I used TESMAN to take me home from parties; and we saw this villa; and I said I liked it, and so did he; and so we found some common ground, and here we are, do you see! And I loathe TESMAN, and I don't even like the villa now; and I do feel the want of an entertaining companion so!

Brack. Try me. Just the kind of three-cornered arrangement that I like. Let me be the third person in the compartment—(confidentially)—the tried friend, and, generally speaking, cook of the walk!

Hedda (audibly drawing in her breath). I cannot resist your polished way of putting things. We will conclude a triple alliance. But hush!—here comes TESMAN.

[Enter GEORGE, with a number of books under his arm.]

George. Puff! I am hot, HEDDA. I've been looking into LÖVBORG's new book. Wonderfully thoughtful—confound him! But I must go and dress for your party, Judge. [He goes out.]

Hedda. I wish I could get TESMAN to take to politics, Judge. Couldn't he be a Cabinet Minister, or something?

Brack. H'm!

[A short pause; both look at one another, without speaking. Enter GEORGE, in evening dress, with gloves.]

George. It is afternoon, and your party is at half-past seven—but I like to dress early. Fancy that! And I am expecting LÖVBORG.

[EJLERT LÖVBORG comes in from the hall: he is worn and pale, with red patches on his cheek-bones, and wears an elegant perfectly new visiting-suit, and black gloves.]

George. Welcome! (Introduces him to BRACK.) Listen—I have got your new book, but I haven't read it through yet.

Lövborg. You needn't—it's rubbish. (Takes a packet of MSS. out.) This isn't. It's in three parts; the first about the civilising forces of the future, the second about the future of the civilising forces, and the third about the forces of the future civilisation. I thought I'd read you a little of it this evening?

Brack and George (hastily). Awfully nice of you—but there's a little party this evening—so sorry we can't stop! Won't you come too?

Hedda. No, he must stop and read it to me and Mrs. ELVSTED instead.

George. It would never have occurred to me to think of such clever things! Are you going to oppose me for the Professorship, eh?

Lövborg (modestly). No; I shall only triumph over you in the popular judgment—that's all!

George. Oh, is that all? Fancy! Let us go into the back drawing-room and drink cold punch.

Lövborg. Thanks—but I am a reformed character, and have renounced cold punch—it is poison.

[GEORGE and BRACK go into the back-room and drink punch, whilst HEDDA shows LÖVBORG a photograph album in the front.]

Lövborg (slowly, in a low tone). HEDDA GABLER! how could you throw yourself away like this!—Oh, is that the ORTLER Group? Beautiful!—Have you forgotten how we used to sit on the settee together behind an illustrated paper, and—yes, very picturesque peaks—I told you all about how I had been on the loose?

Hedda. Now, none of that, here! These are the Dolomites.—Yes, I remember; it was a beautiful fascinating Norwegian intimacy—

but it's over now. See, we spent a night in that little mountain village, TESMAN and I!

Lövborg. Did you, indeed? Do you remember that delicious moment when you threatened to shoot me down—(tenderly)—I do!

Hedda (carelessly). Did I? I have done that to so many people. But now all that is past, and you have found the loveliest consolation in dead, good, little Mrs. ELVSTED—ah, here she is! (Enter Mrs. ELVSTED.) Now, THEA, sit down and drink up a good glass of cold punch. Mr. LÖVBORG is going to have some. If you don't, Mr. LÖVBORG, GEORGE and the Judge will think you are afraid of taking too much if you once begin.

Mrs. E. Oh, please, HEDDA! When I've inspired Mr. LÖVBORG so—good gracious! don't make him drink cold punch!

Hedda. You see, Mr. LÖVBORG, our dear little friend can't trust you!

Lövborg. So that is my comrade's faith in me! (Gloomily.) I'll show her if I am to be trusted or not. (He drinks a glass of punch.) Now I'll go to the Judge's party. I'll have another glass first. Your health, THEA! So you came up to spy on me, eh? I'll drink the Sheriff's health—everybody's health!

Hedda (stopping him). No more now. You are going to a party, remember. [GEORGE and TESMAN come in from back-room.]

Lövborg. Don't be angry, THEA. I was fallen for a moment. Now I'm up again! (Mrs. E. beams with delight.) Judge, I'll come to your party, as you are so pressing, and I'll read GEORGE my manuscript all the evening. I'll do all in my power to make that party go!

George. No? fancy! that will be amusing!

Hedda. There, go away, you wild rollicking creatures! But Mr. LÖVBORG must be back at ten, to take dear THEA home!

Mrs. E. Oh, goodness, yes! (In concealed agony.) Mr. LÖVBORG, I shan't go away till you do!

[The three men go out laughing merrily; the Act-drop is lowered for a minute; when it is raised, it is 7 A.M., and Mrs. ELVSTED and HEDDA are discovered sitting up, with rugs around them.]

Mrs. E. (wearily). Seven in the morning, and Mr. LÖVBORG not here to take me home yet! what can he be doing?

Hedda (yawning). Reading to TESMAN, with vine-leaves in his hair, I suppose. Perhaps he has got to the third part.

Mrs. E. Oh, do you really think so, HEDDA? Oh, if I could but hope he was doing that!

Hedda. You silly little nunny! I should like to scorch your hair off. Go to bed! [Mrs. E. goes. Enter GEORGE.]

George. I'm a little late, eh? But we made such a night of it. Fancy! It was most amusing. EJLERT read his book to me—think of that! Astonishing book! Oh, we really had great fun! I wish I'd written it. Pity he's so irreclaimable.

Hedda. I suppose you mean he has more of the courage of life than most people?

George. Good Lord! He had the courage to get more drunk than most people. But, altogether, it was what you might almost call a Bacchanalian orgy. We finished up by going to have early coffee with some of these jolly chaps, and poor old LÖVBORG dropped his precious manuscript in the mud, and I picked it up—and here it is! Fancy if anything were to happen to it! He never could write it again. Wouldn't it be sad, eh? Don't tell anyone about it.

[He leaves the packet of MSS. on a chair, and rushes out; HEDDA hides the packet as BRACK enters.]

Brack. Another early call, you see! My party was such a singularly animated soirée that I haven't undressed all night. Oh, it was the liveliest affair conceivable! And, like a true Norwegian host, I tracked LÖVBORG home; and it is only my duty, as a friend of the house, and cook of the walk, to take the first opportunity of telling you that he finished up the evening by coming to mere loggerheads with a red-haired opera-singer, and being taken off to the police-station! You mustn't have him here any more. Remember our little triple alliance!

Hedda (her smile fading away). You are certainly a dangerous person—but you must not get a hold over me!

Brack (ambiguously). What an idea! But I might—I am an insinuating dog. Good morning! [Goes out.]

Lövborg (bursting in, confused and excited). I suppose you've heard where I've been?

Hedda (evasively). I heard you had a very jolly party at Judge BRACK's. [Mrs. ELVSTED comes in.]

Lövborg. It's all over. I don't mean to do any more work. I've no use for a companion now, THEA. Go home to your Sheriff!

Mrs. E. (agitated). Never! I want to be with you when your book comes out!

Lövborg. It won't come out—I've torn it up! (Mrs. E. rushes out, wringing her hands.) Mrs. TESMAN, I told her a lie—but no





matter. I haven't torn my book up—I've done worse! I've taken it about to several parties, and it's been through a policeman with me—now I've lost it. Even if I found it again, it wouldn't be the same—not to me! I am a Norwegian literary man, and peculiar. So I must make an end of it altogether!

Hedda. Quite so—but look here, you must do it beautifully. I don't insist on your putting vine-leaves in your hair—but do it beautifully. (*Fetches pistol.*) See, here is one of General GABLER's pistols—do it with that!

Lübborg. Thanks!

[*He takes the pistol, and goes out through the hall-door; as soon as he has gone, HEDDA brings out the manuscript, and puts it on the fire, whispering to herself, as Curtain falls.*

## CAN A MAN IMPRISON HIS WIFE?

(An Autobiographical Consideration of the Question, by an Eminent Legal Authority.)

It may be remembered that (I trust) in deserved acknowledgment of my professional pre-eminence, I received, some little while ago, the appointment of a Deputy-Assistant-Revising-Barrister-ship. In performing the duties of this important office, I sometimes have to incur bodily risk—the more especially when I have to distinguish between the rival claims of the political parties that I am sorry to say have made Lambville-cum-Minton the antithesis of heaven upon earth. On the occasion to which I particularly wish to refer, I was accompanied by my Wife, to my secret annoyance, as I am afraid the Lady who does me the honour to share my name is unduly apprehensive of my safety, and, besides this general plea, I had yet another special reason for desiring her absence. To tell the truth, I had been greatly moved by a decision given in the Court of Appeal,



Summing Up.

whereby it seemed to me (and no doubt to many of my learned friends) the custody of a wife by her husband had become an empty phrase, signifying nothing. I felt that if, by any means, I could get this judgment set aside, I would not only confer upon myself, as a married man, a signal benefit, but, moreover, as a Counsel, obtain increased professional distinction. However, I was embarrassed by the presence of my Wife, when I came to consider the best mode in which marital authority might be assumed to raise the question of the right of *habeas corpus*. I had returned to my room before the opening of the Registration Court at Lambville-cum-Minton, in rather a disturbed frame of mind. Truth to tell, my Wife, having learned that political feeling was rising so high in the town that it was possible that the Deputy-Assistant-Revising-Barrister might be assaulted by either or both of the rival factions, had done her best to dissuade me from taking my customary seat.

"What shall I do, to say nothing of the darling children, if you are brought home on a hurdle?" she sobbed out.

I assured her that there was a very remote risk of my succumbing to such a fate, as the conveyance home on a hurdle raised the presumption that the victim had been hunting, a sport in which I seldom, I may say, never indulged. But this explanation did not reassure her, and she left me in tears. Her emotion caused me much pain, the more especially as my proposed task seemed to me, under the circumstances, a species of domestic treason. However, I hardened my heart, and sat down to consider the facts of the case. To allow the right of seizure to be argued, it would be necessary to take my Wife out of the custody of someone other than myself. Her mother, a most estimable old lady, with whom I have had many a pleasant and exciting game of backgammon, seemed a right and proper person to assist me in carrying out my project. But the objection immediately occurred to me that it would be an exceedingly difficult matter to induce her to hold my Wife from me unless I desired her to take such a course. But if I made this request, would not the proceeding savour of collusion? To meet this obstacle I came to the conclusion that I might get my Wife to pay a visit to her mother, and then, appropriately disguised, seize and carry her off. By looking her in the conveyance and riding on the box, I could preserve my incognito until reaching home, and then I might confine her in her own room with assumed harshness, and possibly (of this I had some doubt) get her to complain of her imprisonment. By keeping my Wife's domicile a close secret, her mother would be induced to visit me to ask my professional assistance in recovering her daughter. Thus approached it would be possible to so advise the old lady that in the result she would demand my Wife's presence in Court under a writ of *habeas corpus*. Then would come my opportunity. Of course I would produce my Wife, and having carefully prepared my

arguments, would deliver an oration that would fill columns of the newspapers, and hand down my name to generations to come as the authority on marital rights. I saw in the near future wealth and restored domestic happiness. But the first thing to do was to look up my Wife. And at this point it occurred to me that it was time for me to walk over to the Revision Court. I hastily gathered certain necessary articles into my brief-bag, and putting on my hat, grasped the handle of the door. To my surprise I found that I could obtain no egress. I rang the bell—and instead of a servant my Wife answered the summons. "The door is locked, dear," I observed, "and as the key seems to be on the other side, will you kindly open it, as I am in a hurry to be off."

"You will stay where you are," was the reply. "You are not going to get killed by attending a nonsensical Revision Court."

"But I must go," I explained; and then assuming a tone of authority I rarely adopt, I added, "and you will be good enough to open the door at once."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," replied my Wife, calmly. "I looked you in, and I shan't let you out."

"What, Madam," I exclaimed; "do you defy my authority?"

"Certainly!" was the immediate response. "You may say or think what you like, but you don't leave this house to-day as sure as I am your lawfully wedded Wife."

And as a matter of fact I didn't!

Pump-handle Court.

(Signed.) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

## OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday.—To see MADAME ALBANI as *Violetta* the consumptive heroine of "*La Traviata*." Charming and admirably, nay, most touchingly, acted. MAUREL excellent as *Germont Senior*, and MONTARIO quite the weak-minded masher *Alfredo*. What a different turn the story might have taken had it occurred to *Violetta* to have a flirtation with the handsome middle-aged *père noble*! At one time it almost seemed as if there had been some change in motive of the Opera since I last saw it, and that the above original idea was about to be carried out. But no; in another second *Germont-Maurel* as "*Old Maurelity*" (by kind permission of TONY, M.P.) had pulled himself together, and *Albani-Violetta* was in the depths of remorseful sorrow. In that gay and festive supper scene, where a physician, unostentatiously styled *Il Dottore* (he would probably be *Il Dottore* the morning after) is present to look after the health of the guests, and perhaps to "propose" it, I noticed with pleasure that, on the tables, DRUGIOLANUS ALDERMANICUS, mindful of civic feasts, had placed bottles of real champagne, or at least real champagne-bottles. This interested the audience much, and numerous were the glasses turned in the direction of the bottles—of course 'tis operaglasses I mean, yer honour,—in order to ascertain what particular wanity was *La Traviata's* favourite; but the bottles were so placed that only one unimportant word on the label was visible. Was it Pommery '80 *très sec*?—Or what was it? Impossible to see: it was not mentioned in the dialogue, so "Mumm" might have been the word. But at all events, if the wine is one which requires advertisement, the guests should be told to be very careful to leave the bottles in the same position as in the old prefatal stage-directions "the reader of the play" is supposed to be; i.e., "on the stage, facing the audience."



Wednesday.—*Rigoletto*. M. MAUREL as the Jester; acting good, voice too loud. ALBANI, as *Gilda*, overwhelmed with encores. M. MONTARIO's *Il Duca* is *Alfredo* over again, only confirmed in a vicious career. To obtain an encore for the great but now hackneyed song, "*La Donna è mobile*," a wonderful rendering is absolutely essential, and somehow something seems wanting to the success of *Rigoletto* when this song goes for nothing and is passed without a rapturous "*bis, bis!*" which makes a Manager rub his hands and smilingly say to himself, "Good business."

Thursday.—*Lohengrin* I believe, but wasn't there. Hope the Opera went all right without me. Can't be in more places than one at the same moment. Same remarks apply to Friday and Saturday.

TO MISS ALICE ATHERTON AT THE STRAND THEATRE.

To see her in *Our Daughters*! worth the money!

She 'ATH ER "TON" so genuinely funny!

Yes, ALICE, in such acting, dances, or song,

We recognise thy talent et ton "ton."

Of the Modern Bill of Costs, the Ancient "Bill of the Play," SHAKESPEARE, and the present representative of the Ancient Mariner, L.C.J. COLERIDGE, both observe, "Oh, reform it altogether!"





### WHAT OUR FIN-DE-SIÈCLISTS ARE GROWING TO.

"OH, OH, OH! CONFOUND IT!"

"WHAT IS THE MATTER, ALGY?"

"I JUST LET MY FOOT OUT OF THE STIRRUP, AND THIS BEAST OF A PONY'S TROD ON MY TOE!"

### HYMEN AND CUPID.

(*Fin-de-Siècle Version, some way after Moore.*)

HYMEN, late, his love-knots selling,  
Called at many a maiden's dwelling;  
But he found too well they knew him;  
None were prompter to pooh-pooh him.

"Who'll buy my love-knots?  
Who'll buy my love-knots?"

Soon as that old cry resounded,  
How his baskets were surrounded!

Maidens mocked, with laughter dying,  
Those fool-knots of HYMEN'S tying;  
Dames, who once with him had sided,  
Openly his wares derided.

"Who'll buy my love-knots?  
Who'll buy my love-knots?"

All at that old cry came flocking,  
Mocking in a style quite shocking.

"Here are knots," said HYMEN, taking  
Some loose nooses of Law's making.  
"Pooh!" the nymphs cried. "Who can  
trust 'em?"

We have changed your queer old custom.

"Who'll buy your love-knots?  
Who'll buy your love-knots?"

Women they bind not, nor tie men.  
You're a helpless gaoled, HYMEN!

"When the bargain is completed,  
We have but to cry, 'We're cheated!'  
And you'll find you're sold most sadly.  
Love-knots? Fools'-knots! They tie badly.

"Who'll buy your love-knots?"

"Who'll buy your love-knots?"

Burdens you would lay our backs on—  
Our reply is—TOLSTOI! JACKSON!"

HYMEN dropped his torch; its splutter  
Was extinguished in the gutter.

"At my torch and crown of roses  
These young minxes cock their noses.

Who'll buy my love-knots?

Who'll buy my love-knots?

What's the use? 'Twixt Law and Passion,  
HYMEN'S plainly out of fashion!

LOVE, who saw the whole proceeding,  
Would have laughed but for good breeding.

"Best join me," he cried, "Old Chappie!  
ISSEN read, be free, and happy!

Who'll buy your love-knots?

Who'll buy your love-knots?

Have a spree—all shackles scorning,  
Come! 'We won't go home till morning!'"

### A BACONIAN THEORY;

OR, TRYING IT ON.

SOLOMON isn't in it with Judge BACON.  
The point was whether Mrs. MANLEY had made  
Miss DOROTHY DENE's dresses to fit or not.  
"To fit or not to fit, that was the question."  
The Judge gave his decision after a fair trial  
of the two costumes—this might be remembered  
on both sides as "the trying-on case,"—  
that, according to the evidence of unimpeachable  
witnesses represented by the Judge's own  
common-sense and artistic eye for effect, two of  
the dresses and a cloak didn't fit, and that so far,  
the Defendant, Miss DOROTHY, must consider  
herself, in a dress-making sense, "non-suited."  
Mrs. MANLEY had, of course, undertaken to  
provide fits for her customers, and for having  
partially failed, her customers determined to  
return the compliment, by "giving her fits" if

possible. So the parties came before Judge  
BACON, and appealed to His Honour. And the  
learned Judge mindful of ancestral Baconian  
wisdom, "*Cast a severe eye upon the ex-  
ample*,"—that is, he examined the dresses most  
critically,—"*but a merciful eye upon the per-  
son*,"—for the fair Plaintiff and fair Defen-  
dant His Honour showed himself a most fair  
Judge, unwilling, as BACON, "to give beans"  
to either party, and so dismissing them with  
his beany-diction. But, *pauca verba*,—and  
may we always have nothing but praise to  
bestow on *Bacon's Essays*.

### A DISCLAIMER.

(*By an Unionist.*)

I "prefer PARNELL" ? Oh dear, no!  
There is no man I've hated so.  
But, since he turned a fierce derider  
Of him he calls the "Grand Old Spider;"  
Since he has "blown" the Home-Rule "gaff,"  
And whelmed the Gladstone gang with chaff;  
Since he has almost wiped out PIGOTT,  
Half justified the Orange bigot;  
Proved part of the *Times'* charge at least,  
And won the "Hill-men," lost the Priest;—  
Since then—why, hang it, 'tis such fun,  
I half forgive him all he's done;  
I'll back him, bet on him, and grin;  
Give him my vote, and hope he'll win.  
But I prefer him? Goodness gracious!  
Why can't Gladstonians be veracious?

SIR HENRY LOCH'S "STRAIGHT TIP" TO  
THE INTRUSIVE BOERS IN MASHONALAND.—  
"Play us none of your 'treks'!"





## HYMEN, FIN DE SIÈCLE.

“MAIDENS MOCKED, WITH LAUGHTER DYING,  
THOSE FOOL-KNOTS OF HYMEN'S TYING.”







## Moltke.

HELMUTH KARL BERNHARD VON MOLTKE.

Born, October 26th, 1803. Died, April 24th, 1891.

STRONG, silent Soldier, whom the unmarked years  
 Shaped to such service of the Fatherland  
 As seldom to one firm, unfailling hand,  
 A State hath owed; to-day a People's tears  
 Bedew the most illustrious of biers!  
 The waning century hastening to its close  
 Hath scarce a greater on its glory-roll,  
 Hope of thy land, and terror of its foes;  
 Of foresight keen, and long-enduring soul!  
 War's greatness is not greatest; there are heights  
 Of splendour pure mere warriors scarce may scale,  
 But thou wert more than battle's scourge and flail,  
 Calm-souled controller of such Titan fights  
 As mould man's after-history. When thy star  
 Shone clear at Königgrätz, men gazed and knew  
 The light that heralds the great Lords of War;  
 And when o'er Sedan thy black Eagles flew  
 And the bold Frank, betrayed and broken, drew  
 One shuddering gasp of agony and sank,  
 When thy long-mustered legions rank on rank  
 Hemmed the fair, fated City of men's love,  
 Then thy star culminated, shone above  
 All but the few fixed beacon-lights, which owned  
 A new compeer. Long steadfastly enthroned  
 In German hearts, and all men's reverence,  
 Suddenly, softly thou art summoned hence,  
 To the great muster, full of years and fame!  
 How thinks he, lord of a co-equal name,  
 Thine ancient comrade in war's iron lists,  
 Just left, and lone, of the Titanic Three  
 Who led the Eagles on to victory?  
 Calmest of Captains, first of Strategists.  
 BISMARCK must bend o'er thy belauded bier  
 With more than common grief in the unbidden tear!

JOKIM AND JOHN.—The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER is following Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD's example. The latter started "No fees" for Play-time, and the former advocates "No fees" for School-time.

## ROBERT AT THE CHILDREN'S FANCY BALL.

WELL, I've said it afore, and now I says it agane, as I don't bleeve as sich another both bewtiful and elligant site is to be seen in all the world, as is to be seen at these anniversary yearly festivals in our nobel Egipshun All at the honoured Manshun House.

Of course I don't no what sort of intertainment was held there when the ancient Egipshuns had it, or, weather they ewer was there at all—for I ain't much of a hantiquery; but, from what I've seen of some on 'em at the British Mewseum, I should think as there werry peculyar style of dress was not much spoted to such oocashuns.

I thinks, upon the hole, as the children's dresses on this speshal oocashun "beat the record," as the runners and jumpers says, both for illigance and wariety, and, should I atempt to describe 'em, where on airth should I begin! But, as I must begin sumwheres, I hopes as I shan't awake the biling jealousy of all the other mothers present when I says as I gives the Parm Tree to the two rayther youthfool Beef Eaters. As for the number of Angels and Fairys, with most lovy wings, they was so numerous, and so bewtiful, that ewen I, a pore Hed Waiter, couldn't help the thort, that they was a giving me my first glimpse of Pairadice. Then again I noticed as the grashus and hansom LADY MARESS—who I should ha liked to ha seen putting herself at the hed of them all, and leading em all round the bewtiful All—had mostkindly inwited a few poor crectures, such as nusses, and charity Gals, and plow boys, and setterer, just to let 'em see what they may sum day cum to be, if so be as they is all good.

There was a lot of Hartists a going about makin skitches of the werry prettiest dresses insted of the werry prettiest faces, as I shoold most suttlenly have done. One of 'em wanted for to take my picter, but as I couldn't bleeve it was for my bewty, and was quite sure it wasn't for my full heavening dress, and coud therefore only be for fun, I respекfully declined.



## A PROP OF THE DRAMA.

"WHAT, BACK ALREADY, ARCHIE! WAS IT A DULL PIECE, THEN?"

"DON'T KNOW. DIDN'T STOP TO SEE. JUST LOOKED ROUND STALLS AND BOXES, AND DIDN'T SEE A SOUL I KNEW!—SO I CAME AWAY."

It is roomered among us Hed Waiters, that the QUEEN's OWN Daughter, which she's a Hempress, has told her son, which he's the HEMPEROR of GERMANY, and is a comin here next July, that the werry loveliest site as the Grand Old Copperashun can posserbly show him, will be a reppytishun of the glorious seen as I seed with my own delited eyes on Wensdy last.

ROBERT.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"OH Willow! Willow!" Mr. GRACE's memories of Forty years of Cricket are full of interest, of enthusiasm, and of good stories. "My Early Cricket Days" will hugely interest young would-be Willow-wielders. "Cricketers I have Met" is excellent reading, the Champion being as generous in appreciation as keen in judgment. On the science of the game he, of course, speaks as one having authority. THACKERAY said he never saw a boy without wishing to give him a sovereign. The "Co." for some time to come will not look on an athletic lad without longing to give him a copy of "Cricket"; by W. G. GRACE. He hopes that lots of other "dasters" will feel the same yearning, and act upon it.

One of the "Co." reports that he has been reading a work on *Decorative Electricity*, by Mrs. J. S. H. GORDON, and a very pretty and original little book he found it, full of suggestions, ingenious, fanciful, and practical, all at once—a rare combination. "Those about to" instal—and most of us will find ourselves in that position, sooner or later—will gain some invaluable hints and ideas from this volume, which, in addition to its other merits, is charmingly illustrated. Before very long we shall all be modern Aladdins, and summon our Slave of the Lamp as a matter of course. But there is plenty of scope for imagination in devising the form of his appearance, notwithstanding, and Mrs. GORDON's book shows us how the Genius may be compelled to present himself in a variety of pleasing and fantastic shapes.

The Baron is of opinion that *The Seal of Fate*, by Lady POLLOCK and W. H. POLLOCK, is an interesting but somewhat discursive novel. Will it be followed by *The Fate of the Seal*, a tale of the Fishery Question?

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS &amp; Co.







## UPON AFRIC'S SHORE;

OR, THE BATTLE OF THE HEROES.

(Not by the Author of "The Battle of Limerick.")

Ye lovers of the nation,  
Who burn with indignation,  
And England's obfuscation perpetually de-  
plore;  
Ye flouters of our factions,  
And partisan distractions,  
How like ye the transactions upon Afric's  
shore?

Ye've all heard of the Lion  
Who a rival cast his eye on,  
(You'll find him in *Bombastes*) and thought the  
brute a bore.  
Such rival Leos flourish,  
And mutual hatred nourish,  
With a snapping almost curriah, upon Afric's  
shore.

Faith their manes are *always* waving,  
And their claws for contest craving,  
And their forms are always rampant, and  
they're ever at full roar,  
And in book and morning paper,  
They still clapperclaw and caper,  
And they worry, snarl and vapour about  
Afric's shore.

There was EMIN, sage pacific,  
The serene and scientific,  
Who a wondrous reputation in a hero-  
patriot bore,  
Until "rescued" by brave STANLEY,  
Who declared him weak, unmanly.  
Oh! 'tis strange how heroes *can* lie about  
Afric's shore.

Then BARTHELOT and TROUP,  
JEPHSON, JAMESON—a group  
Who each of each "made soup"—off each  
other tried to score;  
And in many a verjuiced "volum"  
STANLEY's jovial "Rear Column"  
Was discussed in manner solemn, anent  
Afric's shore.

Then the "foreign element"  
To it tooth and nail *they* went,  
And the Battle of the Heroes it grew livelier  
than before.

Now that man, and now this man,  
Now DE BRAZZA and now WISSMANN,  
Made it hot for poor Old England upon  
Afric's shore.

Now comes PETERS! He has slanged  
STANLEY awfully, and banged  
The "Rescue" party badly. It is getting a  
big bore,

When, with tempers hot as Indies,  
Heroes smash each other's windies,  
Pursuing of their shindies about Afric's  
shore.

It is doubtless "mighty fine,"  
Being what *Ti'marah* called "a line,"  
And it does Society's "sowl" good (no doubt)  
to hear him roar;  
But 'tis folly to suppose  
He must rush upon his foes,  
And hit them on the nose, upon Afric's shore.

EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT.—When Mr.  
SMITH proposed shutting up shop early on  
Tuesdays and Fridays, Sir ROBERT FOWLER  
was all for singing, "We won't go home till  
morning (*three times*), Till daylight doth  
appear." But, as *Falstaff* asks, "What doth  
gravity out of bed after midnight?" No, Sir  
ROBERT, doughty knight, take good advice,  
and his thee, armed *Night-cap-à-pie*, to thy  
couch. Don't get up till morning, Till (long  
after) daylight doth appear!



## IBSEN IN BRIXTON.

Mrs. Harris. "YES, WILLIAM, I'VE THOUGHT A DEAL ABOUT IT, AND I FIND I'M NOTHING  
BUT YOUR DOLL AND DICKEY-BIRD, AND SO I'M GOING!"

## THE PARTY PETER BELL.

A POTTERER, Sir, he was by trade,  
A Party Potterer, much respected,  
And every year, when Spring appeared,  
The yellow blooms, to birds endeared,  
In swarms by PETER were collected.

He roved among the vales and streams,  
In the green wood and hollow dell,  
And, upon April's nineteenth day,  
Big buttonholers made display  
Upon the heart of PETER BELL.

In vain through each succeeding year  
Did Nature mourn her lessening store.  
A Primrose on the river's brim  
A Party emblem was to him,  
And it was nothing more!

DISINFECTING THE WIGS. — "L'Enfant  
*Prodigue*," which is filling the Prince of  
Wales's Theatre day and night, has much

in it that is delightful. Perhaps there is  
nothing quite excels the subtle touch in the  
programme where it is written: "The theatre  
is disinfected by the Sanitas Company,  
Limited. *The Wigs by Clarkson.*"

CURIOUS, AND "MORE ANON!"—The *Evelyn*  
*v. Huribert* trial was as full of literary in-  
terest as a sale of old books and manuscripts.  
Specially valuable were copies of *Evelyn's*  
*Diary*; while, in spite of the pressing de-  
mand, *Murray's Memoirs* were uncommonly  
scarce. Victorious Mr. HURLBERT! Yet for  
all his triumph, he will be, for some time, a  
"very much Murray'd man."

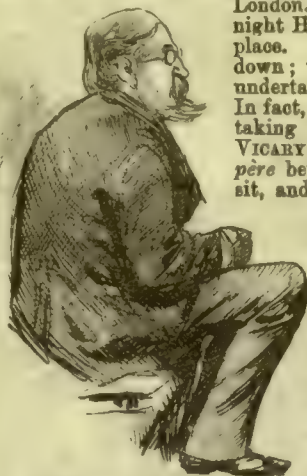
A SAVOY QUESTION.—The general idea of  
the forthcoming new Opera at the Savoy  
appears to be "all Dance to SOLOMON'S music."  
Is it to be a pantomime-drama, like *L'Enfant*  
*Prodigue*, or simply a ballet? If neither,  
where do song-words and dialogue come in?



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 20.—The other week T. C. BARING was sitting among us, one of the Members for the City of London. Now BARING is no more, and to-night HUCKS GIBBS comes in to take his place. VICARY G. brought his father down; watched him take oath and has undertaken generally to see him through. In fact, when GIBBS père hesitated about taking the proffered seat for the City, VICARY undertook to fill it; finally, GIBBS père being warmly pressed, consented to sit, and VICARY stood aside. But he will come in by-and-by, when he has given his father a turn.



Late Member for the City.

leave things as they are. ANTONY GIBBS & SONS known all over the world; always embarrassing to change style of an old firm; so, for the present, at least, we leave things alone. Come along, Pater; think I'll take you home now. Never rush wildly into new engagements; you've had the excitement of being sworn in, and signing the roll of Parliament. You hadn't been in the place ten minutes before TIM HEALY gave you a chance of voting on a London City Bill, and that's enough for one night. By-and-by you shall stay all night and enjoy yourself in Committee on Irish Land Bill."

So ANTONY GIBBS and Son went off before dinner. Didn't miss much; grinding away at Irish Land Bill; most soul-depressing experience of modern life; no heart in it; no reality; SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate brings up amendment after amendment, and makes successive speeches; SEYMOUR KEAY does ditto; SHAW-LEFFERE adds new terror to situation by taking voluminous notes which promise illimitable succession of orations; House empty; PRINCE ARTHUR has the full length of Treasury Bench on which to lounge. Occasionally Division-bell rings; Members troop in by the hundred; follow their leaders into Lobby right or left, deciding question they haven't heard debated, and mere drift of which two-thirds don't understand.

BREX FOX absent to-night, which precludes possibility of flare-up in Irish Camp. TIM faithful to his post, but lacks inspiration of contiguity to BREX FOX.

"PARNELL's played out," said TIM, referring in course of evening to BREX FOX's reception in his latest run through Ireland. "He may ramp and roar here, but his game's up in Ireland."

"And is he resigned to the situation?" I asked.

TIM looked at me, half winking his miraculously preserved right eye.

"Did you ever hear TOBY, what the weeping widow said to the parson, who asked, 'Was your husband resigned to die?' 'He had ter be,' she said, choking a sob."

Business done.—Very little in the Irish Land Bill.

Tuesday.—Mr. G.'s presence at Morning Sitting gave only possible fillip to interminable Debate on Land Purchase Bill. BREX FOX still away, so comparative peace reigns in Irish Camp. TIM HEALY no one to butt his head against; COLONEL NOLAN too busy deploying his army of five men; showing them how to retreat in good order when Division-bell rings, and how, when it is decided to vote, they shall pass out through one door, march in at the other, cross the floor, and look as much as possible as if they were ten instead of five. T. W. RUSSELL—"Roaring" RUSSELL, as his old colleague in Temperance fights, WILFRID LAWSON, calls him—frequently on his legs. At sound of his voice, Mr. G. gets his back up; interposes interjections and corrections; and presently, when he can stand it no longer, plunges into a speech.

Another time SAUNDERSON draws him. "I am very sorry," said Mr. G., who has been itching to speak for last half-hour, "that the hon. and gallant Gentleman has dragged me into debate by gross misstatements."

Being there, however, Mr. G. enjoys himself passably well, grinding SAUNDERSON to powder, and hewing RUSSELL to pieces before the Lord STRATHFERN and CAMPBELL, who are sleeping peacefully together in the Gallery. "Like the Babes in the Wood," said

PLUNKET, looking up smilingly at the face in the Gallery, which looks twice as wise when asleep as the ordinary man does in full possession of his senses.

"I know," Mr. G. continued, in measured accents of polite scorn, "that the eloquence of the hon. and gallant Gentleman (meaning SAUNDERSON) is as ungovernable as I am afraid it is sometimes unprofitable. In the exercise of the understanding which the Almighty has given him, he has represented me as being a supporter of this Bill."

Words cannot convey adequate impression of the subtlety of emotion conveyed by this unwonted, perhaps unprecedented, invocation. An unmistakable, though unspoken, indication of mingled feeling—pity for one so meagrely endowed, and marvel that, out of boundless stores, the Deity could, even in this instance, have been so chary of gifts.

Business done.—Still less in Committee on Irish Land Bill.

Thursday.—Rival shows in both Houses to-night. Lords running the Newfoundland Delegates at the Bar; in the Commons Budget on. On the whole, Commons drew the fullest House, to which JOKIM descended for nearly three hours. If he'd taken two, the speech would have been a third less long, and three times as successful. Still the Budget comes but once a year, and CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER feels bound to make the most of opportunity. Pretty plain sailing for first two hours. Then JOKIM ran aground. It was General STAMPS that did it all. Appeared unexpectedly in long list of details setting forth Estimates for Revenue in coming year. Nobody ever heard before of the General; thought, at least, he must belong to the Army Estimates. But JOKIM would have him in, spurs and epaulettes, and all.

"General STAMPS," he said, regardless of grammar, "have fallen off." JOKIM, in his loose way, omitted to say off what; presumed to be his horse. House not sorry to hear it; had enough of the mysterious warrior. But he was up again a few minutes' later. "General STAMPS," JOKIM continued, in his airy fashion, "apart from the Death Duties, I reduce from £6,700,000 to £5,900,000."

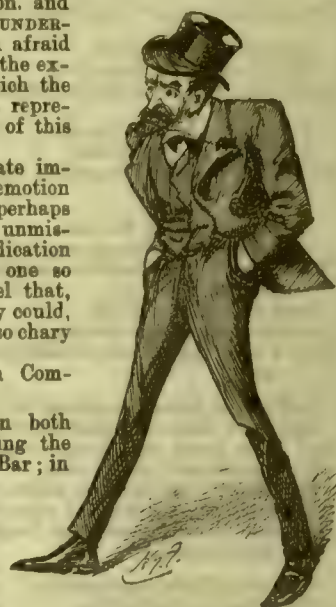
"Better reduce him to the ranks at once," said Admiral FIELD, who is a terrible martinet. But JOKIM took no notice of the suggestion; floundered along, bungling terribly. Committee tried to help him out; that didn't help matters much. To have a Member in one part of the House filling up an awkward pause by suggesting "dried fruit," another "coffee," a third "rum," and a fourth "probate duty," when after all, JOKIM was thinking of the Income Tax or General STAMPS, evidently not designed to advance matters.

"The Committee knows what I mean," JOKIM said, piteously, looking round out of a morass a little deeper than he'd been in lately. But that is exactly what the Committee didn't do. "Then," said JOKIM, "you'll understand the figures when you read them in the papers to-morrow." Something in that: House mollified; still can't help thinking that if it is to wait till next morning to read report of Chancellor's Budget Speech in order to understand his statements, some preliminary time might be saved in the evening.

Business done.—Budget brought in. Friday Night.—Missed OLD MORALITY from Treasury Bench; looked in his room; found him in arm-chair, collapsed, by fireplace, with copy of *Morning Advertiser* in his hand. "What's the matter?" I asked. "Surely you've not been reading JOKIM's Budget Speech right through!" He certainly looked as if he had.

"No, TOBY," he said; "it's not that; it's the Leader. Haven't you seen what the *Morning Advertiser* says about me? 'For the first time in our recollection he (that's me) bears on his political escutcheon a deep smudge of dishonour': and that's all because JOKIM wouldn't take a penny off a barrel of beer, and twopence off a gallon of spirits. It's the injustice I feel most acutely. It doesn't seem fair that Mr. BUNG should try to intimidate JOKIM by abusing me."

"It is hard," I said; "but it's no use sitting moping here. Come along into House; they're in Committee on the Land Bill; an hour or two of that'll freshen you up." And it did. Business done.—In Committee on the Irish Land Bill.



"Roaring" Russell.



## A FIRST VISIT TO THE "NAVERIES."

"SHIVER my timbers!" said the Scribe.

"Haul down my yard-arm with a marling-spike!" cried the Artist.

And with these strictly nautical expressions, two of *Mr. Punch's* Own entered the Royal Naval Exhibition, which now occupies the larger portion of the grounds of the Military Hospital, Chelsea. That so popular a show should be allowed to occupy so large a site speaks wonders for the amiability of the British Public. When the Sodgeries appeared last year, it was, so to speak, with fear and trembling that "the powers that were" appropriated a little of the ground usually over-run by the Nobility and Gentry of the Piccadilly Road and its vicinity; or, rather, by their haughty offspring. This year the tough old sea-dogs of the Admiralty have had no hesitation in taking what they required, apparently without causing comment, much less objection. And the result? In lieu of the dusty arena of 1890, scarcely large enough for a ladies' cricket-match, there appears in 1891 an enclosure containing lakes and lighthouses, panoramas, and full-size models of men-of-war! And the Public take their exultation philosophically, either paying their shillings at the door, or attempting to get a view of the hoofs of the nautical horses through the gaps in the surrounding hoardings.

The Scribe and the Artist, having been ordered by He Who Must Be Obeyed in the world generally, and at 85, Fleet Street, in particular, to make a sort of preliminary cruise through the wonders of the (Admiralty) Deep, hastened from the inviting grounds into the main building, with its pictures, its plans, and last, but (it is only just to say) least, its pickles. The first object that attracted their favourable attention was a trophy of arms, representing the fashions of the past and the present. On one side were shrapnel and magazine rifles, on the other flint-locks and the ordnance of an age long gone by. Next they passed through the Arctic section, wherein they found dummies drawing a sledge through the canvas snow of a corded-off North Pole. Then they entered the Picture Galleries called after NELSON and BENBOW, wherein magnificent paintings by POWELL, full of smoke and action, served as an appropriate background to the collection of plate, lent by that gallant sailor-warrior and industrious collector of well-considered trifles, H.R.H. the Duke of EDINBURGH. They glanced at the relics of Trafalgar, and then hurried away to the HOWE Gallery, which, containing as it did specimens of the implements used in the game of golf, might have as appropriately been christened the WHEREFORE. Next they skirted a corridor full of plans, and here they discovered that the Committee of the Exhibition must be wags, every Jack Tar of them! This corridor was close to the Dining-rooms, and the Committee (ha! ha! ha!) had called it (he! he! he!) after Cook! (Ho! ho! ho!) Oh, the wit of it! How the Members of the Executive must have nudged one another in the ribs as the quaint idea dawned upon them! And how they must have laughed, too, on the Opening Day, when the Guard of Honour, presenting arms, and the "Greenwich Boys" singing "*Ye Mariners of England*," were drenched in the rain! And what a capital notion it was on that occasion to put "the Representatives of the Fourth Estate" (no doubt called by them, with many a sly twinkle of the eye, "the Press Gang") into a pen that soon, thanks to a series of water-spouts, assumed the appearance of a tank!

After leaving the Galleries, the Scribe and the Artist looked up at the model of Eddystone Lighthouse, and entered a shed declared to be an "Arctic Scene." Here they were reminded by the introduced ship of those happy days of their boyhood spent in the toy-shops of the Lowther Arcade. Next they visited the Panorama of Trafalgar, and revelled in the carnage of a sea-fight that only required Margate in the distance to be entirely convincing. They glanced at the arena, and gazed with awe at the lake which is to be devoted to the manoeuvring of miniature ironclads. It will be interesting to note whether these mimic combats will hold their own in the coming season against the introduction of capsize clowns, drenched old women, and comic police. Keeping the best for the last, the Scribe and the Artist now entered the model of the *Victory*—a really admirable exhibition. There they saw before them the old battle-ship with its full equipment, as it was in the days of NELSON—when that deathless

hero expected every Englishman (not excluding even those passing the Custom House—as the Committee would say) "to do his duty." To make the illusion complete, the great sea-captain was observed dying in the cook-pit in the agonies of wax. And to think that this work was executed by a firm of house-decorators! Why, who would not, after this, have his back drawing-room converted into the quarter-deck of the *Shannon*, and his spare bed-room into a tiny reproduction of the Battle of Copenhagen!

The Scribe and the Artist, on their visit, were invited by all sorts and conditions of men to partake of champagne. The moment it was discovered that they were "connected with the Press," the offerers of hospitality were absolutely overwhelming. But, obeying the best traditions of their order, they sternly, but courteously, refused all refreshment. It is fortunate they pursued this course, for had they received the entirely disinterested kindness of their would-be hosts, their recollections of the marvels of the Royal Naval Exhibition would no doubt have been of the haziest character imaginable. As it was, they were able to take their departure through the main entrance with some show of dignity, and not in a less imposing manner (as the Committee—*Cook's* Gallery near the Dining-rooms—ho! ho! ho! ha! ha! ha!—would probably and amusingly suggest), by Tite Street.

## AMONG THE IMMORTALS.

MR. PUNCH would be failing in his duty to Art and the British Public if he did not place on imperishable record his notes of the exceptionally brilliant Royal Academy Banquet of last Saturday. H.R.H. the Prince of WALES made one of his best and briefest speeches, in which he feelingly alluded to the late Sir EDGAR BOEHM, R.A. Never was the President, Sir FREDERICK, more eloquent, or his themes more varied; for this occasion is noteworthy as being the first time in the history of this great annual representative gathering that the toast of Music and the Drama has been duly honoured. Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN responded for the first, and HENRY IRVING for the second. Both made excellent speeches. Sir ARTHUR's solo was most effective; his notes were in his head; he gave us several variations on the original theme, and cleverly played upon one word in saying that music had been "instrumental" on various historical occasions. HENRY IRVING followed suit; he spoke of Mrs. SIDDONS, Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, and of a professional gentleman, one ROSCUS, mentioned, we believe, by *Hamlet* as having been, some considerable time ago, "a man of parts," that is an Actor, in Rome. It was a great success. Sir FREDERICK then proposed the LORD MAYOR, which may be briefly expressed as "a toast with a Savory to follow." For "The Visitors," Lord Justice BOWEN, catching sight of the President's classical picture (No. 232), made a happy hit about the delights of a honeymoon in the Infernal Regions, ending in the return of Proserpine to her mother Ceres by order of the Court above. Finally, the President, in summing up the losses to Art during the past year, paid a graceful tribute to the memory of CHARLES KEENE, who, but a short while ago, was our fellow-worker on the staff of *Mr. Punch*. With a hopeful allusion to the Storage of Artistic Forces in the near future, the President concluded; but this Banquet of 1891 will long live in the recollection of all whose privilege it was to be present on so memorable an occasion.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

I SAY! YSAYE! *Why say? Why not say that YSAYE is a grand Yolinist, since he is this; and, as 'ARRY would observe, "No error!" and whoever says the contrary, is not speaking the absolute truth, but "Ysays Worsay."* The Yolinist had the advantage of the co-operation of a fine Orchestra, under the Magic Wand of Conductor COWEN.

On the 27th, Heard young JEAN GERARDY, Little boy, but player hardy. Not the slightest Lardy-Dardy, Not yet out of care of "Guardy," Heard him *Lundi*, not on *Mardi*. But, whenever he plays, your Bardy, Always spry, and never tardy, Will again hear JEAN GERARDY.

GENERAL SUMMARY OF CARICATURES OF MR. GLADSTONE.—  
"Collapsible Imitations."





FASHION'S FLORALIA: OR, THE URBAN QUEEN OF THE MAY.



## FASHION'S FLORALIA;

OR, THE URBAN QUEEN OF THE MAY.

*(A Song of the Season, a very long way after Herrick.)*

"London town is another affair  
Since HERRICK wrote his perfect rhymes."  
MORTIMER COLLINS.

TRUE, sadly true, shaper of rattling rhymes,  
London hath changed with process of the times.

Aurora now may "throw her faire  
Fresh-quilted colours through the aire,"  
But our conditions atmospheric  
Are not as in the days of HERRICK.  
Nathless the Muse to-day may see  
Flora at urban revelry.

See how the goddess trippeth from the West,  
Fragrant, though something fashionably  
The Season waketh at her tread, [drest;  
Art lifteth a long-drooping head;  
Music doth make a merry din.  
'Tis profanation, keeping in,  
Whenas a hundred Shows upon this day  
Spring, lightly as the lark to fetch in May.

Rise, Nymph, put on fresh finery, and be  
seen, [and green!

To come forth like the Spring-time, fresh  
And gay as Flora. Art is there,  
With flowing hyacinthine hair.  
Fear not, the throng will strew  
Largess abundant upon you, [kept.

When Burlington's great Opening Day is  
Gone is thy Grosvenor rival, not unwept;  
But a New Nymph, with footing light,  
Trips it beside thee, nor hath night  
Shadowed sweet "Aquarelle" whose skill,  
As of a Water-Nymph, is still [paying,  
Well to the fore. Pipe up! playing means  
When Fashion's Urban Flora goes a-Maying.

Come, my CORINNA, come; and, coming, mark  
How each street turns a grove, each square  
a park,

Made green and trimmed with trees: see  
The pinky hawthorn decks the bough!  
Each Bond Street porch, or door, ere this  
Of Art a Tabernacle is;

Nor Art alone. With May is interwove  
Seaweed, which Neptune's favourites love.  
SWINBURNE should sing in stanzas fleet,  
How NELSON may, at Chelsea, meet  
ARMSTRONG! Sound conch-hall! Let's  
obey

Thy Proclamation made for May.  
Wild marine whiffs from the salt sea are  
straying,

And the brine greets us as we go a-Maying.

There's not a London-Teuton but this day  
Hath a new welcome for the English May.

Germania from her distant home  
In Flora's train this year doth come.  
She hath despatched her country's cream  
Of things, to make the Cookney dream.  
Neptune and she have wooed and plighted  
troth,

And her we give May-welcome, nothing loth,  
As many a welcome we have given  
To France, Spain, Italy! War hath riven  
Many true hearts, but we're content  
Of Peace to make experiment.

Blow Teuton horn—(not like "Hernani's"  
braying!)—

It makes new music as we go a-Maying!

Come, let us go, while May is in its prime,  
And make the best of the brief Season's time.

HERRICK'S CORINNA might not see  
An Urban May Queen such as we  
Behold disport in our rare sun.

Rouse, Nymph! The Season is begun!  
We'll trust no blizzard, and no boreal rain  
May mar "Our Opening Day." Sound flutes  
again!



## THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Painter. "WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT? THIS IS THE PICTURE THEY'VE THOUGHT PROPER TO REJECT! I'LL BE SO BOLD AS TO SAY, THERE ARE NOT TWENTY BETTER IN THE WHOLE EXHIBITION!" Friend. "DEAR ME! IS IT SUCH A POOR ACADEMY AS THAT?"

Pipe, Sir FREDERICK! Ah, well played!  
Tootle thy new strains, fair Maid.  
Blow, oh Briny One, with might!  
Teuton BRUNEHILD, glad our sight!  
Fashion's Floralia, Nymph, invite our  
straying;  
Come, my CORINNA, come; let's go a-Maying!

## THE HUMOUR O'T!

*(Namely of Parliament, as seen through Harry Furniss's fancy.)*

AIR—"The Wooing o't."

LIKA JOKO makes us laugh,  
Ha! ha! the humour o't!  
With caricature and caustic chaff;  
He! he! the humour o't!  
Parliament strikes some as slow,  
LIKA JOKO deems not so;  
Visit his St. Stephen's Show!  
Humph! humph! the humour o't!

GLADSTONE stern and GLADSTONE staid,  
Ha! ha! the humour o't!  
GLADSTONE in war-paint arrayed,  
He! he! the humour o't!  
GLADSTONE "Out" and GLADSTONE "In,"  
GLADSTONE with colossal chin,  
Giant collars plunged within,  
Humph! humph! the humour o't!

SMITH with bland perennial smile,  
Ha! ha! the humour o't!

BALFOUR, pet of the Green Isle,  
He! he! the humour o't!  
HARCOURT, big as Babel's tower,  
GOSCHEN, with myopic glower,  
JOSEPH of the orchid-flower.  
Humph! humph! the humour o't!

How they muster, how they "tell,"  
Ha! ha! the humour o't!  
Woes of the Division Bell,  
He! he! the humour o't!  
All—from Prayers to "Who goes Home?"  
O'er St. Stephens you may roam;  
LIKA JOKO bids you. Come!  
Humph! humph! the humour o't!

LIKA JOKO is a wag,  
Ha! ha! the humour o't!  
All the tricks are in his bag,  
He! he! the humour o't!  
He can mimic, he can mime,  
Draw, and act, and—what is prime—  
Keep you laughing all the time.  
Humph! humph! the humour o't!

WHY doesn't some Musical Photographic Artist of Scotch Nationality compose a March for his fellow Professors and Practisers, and call it "The March of the Camera Men"? Sure to be popular.

AN UN-"COMMON" GOOD HORSE.—The Winner of this Year's Two Thousand.



## MR. PUNCH'S POCKET IBSEN.

(Condensed and Revised Version by Mr. P.'s Own Harmless Ibsenits.)

## No. III.—HEDDA GABLER.

## ACT. III.

SCENE.—The same Room, but—it being evening—darker than ever—The craps curtains are drawn. A Servant, with black ribbons in her cap, and red eyes, comes in and lights the gas quietly and carefully. Chords are heard on the piano in the back Drawing-room. Presently HEDDA comes in and looks out into the darkness. A short pause. Enter GEORGE TESMAN.

George. I am so uneasy about poor LÖVBORG. Fancy! he is not at home. Mrs. ELVSTED told me he had been here early this morning, so I suppose you gave him back his manuscript, eh?

Hedda (cold and immovable, supported by arm-chair). No, I put it on the fire instead.

George. On the fire! LÖVBORG's wonderful new book that he read to me at BRACK's party, when we had that wild revelry last night! Fancy that! But, I say, HEDDA— isn't that rather—eh? Too bad, you know—really. A great work like that. How on earth did you come to think of it?

Hedda (suppressing an almost imperceptible smile). Well, dear GEORGE, you gave me a tolerably strong hint.

George. Me? Well, to be sure—that is a joke! Why, I only said that I envied him for writing such a book, and it would put me entirely in the shade if it came out, and if anything was to happen to it, I should never forgive myself, as poor LÖVBORG couldn't write it all over again, and so we must take the greatest care of it! And then I left it on a chair and went away—that was all! And you went and burnt the book all up! Bless me, who would have expected it?

Hedda. Nobody, you dear simple old soul! But I did it for your sake—it was love, GEORGE!

George (in an outburst between doubt and joy). HEDDA, you don't mean that! Your love takes such queer forms sometimes. Yes, but yes—(laughing in excess of joy), why, you must be fond of me! Just think of that now! Well, you are fun, HEDDA! Look here, I must just run and tell the housemaid that—she will enjoy the joke so, eh?

Hedda (coldly, in self-command). It is surely not necessary, even for a clever Norwegian man of letters in a realistic social drama, to make quite such a fool of himself as all that?

George. No, that's true too. Perhaps we'd better keep it quiet—though I must tell Aunt JULIE—it will make her so happy to hear that you burnt a manuscript on my account! And, besides, I should like to ask her whether that's a usual thing with young wives. (Looks uneasy and pensive again.) But poor old ELLERT's manuscript! Oh Lor, you know! Well, well! [Mrs. ELVSTED comes in.]

Mrs. E. Oh, please, I'm so uneasy about dear Mr. LÖVBORG. Something has happened to him, I'm sure!

Judge Brack (comes in from the hall, with a new hat in his hand). You have guessed it, first time. Something has!

Mrs. E. Oh, dear, good gracious! What is it? Something distressing, I'm certain of it! [Shrieks aloud.]

Brack (pleasantly). That depends on how one takes it. He has shot himself, and is in a hospital now, that's all!

George (sympathetically). That's sad, eh? poor old LÖVBORG! Well, I am cut up to hear that. Fancy, though, eh?

Hedda. Was it through the temple, or through the breast? The breast? Well, one can do it beautifully through the breast, too. Do you know, as an advanced woman, I like an act of that sort—it's so positive, to have the courage to settle the account with himself—it's beautiful, really!

Mrs. E. Oh, HEDDA, what an odd way to look at it! But never mind poor dear Mr. LÖVBORG now. What we've got to do is to see if we can't put his wonderful manuscript, that he said he had torn to pieces, together again. (Takes a bundle of small pages out of the pocket of her mantle.) There are the loose scraps he dictated it to me from. I hid them on the chance of some such emergency. And if dear Mr. TESMAN and I were to put our heads together, I do think something might come of it.

George. Fancy! I will dedicate my life—or all I can spare of it—to the task. I seem to feel I owe him some slight amends, perhaps. No use crying over spilt milk, eh, Mrs. ELVSTED? We'll sit down—just you and I—in the back drawing-room, and see if you can't inspire me as you did him, eh?

Mrs. E. Oh, goodness, yes! I should like it—if it only might be possible!

[GEORGE and Mrs. E. go into the back Drawing-room and become absorbed in eager conversation; HEDDA sits in a chair in the front room, and a little later BRACK crosses over to her.]

Hedda (in a low tone). Oh, Judge, what a relief to know that everything—including LÖVBORG's pistol—went off so well! In the breast! Isn't there a veil of unintentional beauty in that? Such an act of voluntary courage, too!

Brack (smiles). Hm!—perhaps, dear Mrs. HEDDA—

Hedda (enthusiastically). But wasn't it sweet of him! To have the courage to live his own life after his own fashion—to break away from the banquet of life—so early and so drunk! A beautiful act like that does appeal to a superior woman's imagination!

Brack. Sorry to shatter your poetical illusions, little Mrs. HEDDA,

but, as a matter of fact, our lamented friend met his end under other circumstances. The shot did not strike him in the breast—but— [Pauses.]

Hedda (excitedly). General GABLER's pistols! I might have known it! Did they ever shoot straight? Where was he hit, then?

Brack (in a discreet undertone). A little lower down!

Hedda. Oh, how disgusting!—how vulgar!—how ridiculous!—like everything else about me!

Brack. Yes, we're realistic types of human nature, and all that—but a trifle squalid, perhaps. And why did you give LÖVBORG your pistol, when it was certain to be traced by the police? For a charming cold-blooded woman with a clear head and no scruples, wasn't it just a little foolish?

Hedda. Perhaps; but I wanted him to do it beautifully, and he didn't! Oh, I've just admitted that I did give him the pistol—how annoyingly unwise of me! Now I'm in your power, I suppose?

Brack. Precisely—for some reason it's not easy to understand. But it's inevitable, and you know how you dread anything approaching scandal. All your past proceedings show that. (To GEORGE and Mrs. E., who come in together from the back-room.) Well, how are you getting on with the reconstruction of poor LÖVBORG's great work, eh?

George. Capitally; we've made out the first two parts already. And really, HEDDA, I do believe Mrs. ELVSTED is inspiring me; I begin to feel it coming on. Fancy that!

Mrs. E. Yes, goodness! HEDDA, won't it be lovely if I can. I mean to try so hard!

Hedda. Do, you dear little silly rabbit; and while you are trying I will go into the back drawing-room and lie down.

[She goes into the back-room and draws the curtains. Short pause. Suddenly she is heard playing "The Bogie Man" within on the piano.]

George. But, dearest HEDDA, don't play "The Bogie Man" this evening. As one of my aunts is dead, and poor old LÖVBORG has shot himself, it seems just a little pointed, eh?

Hedda (puts her head out between the curtains). All right! I'll be quiet after this. I'm going to practise with the late General GABLER's pistol!

[Closes the curtains again; GEORGE gets behind the stove, Judge BRACK under the table, and Mrs. ELVSTED under the sofa. A shot is heard within.]

George (behind the stove). Eh, look here, I tell you what—she's hit me! Think of that!

[His legs are visibly agitated for a short time. Another shot is heard.]

Mrs. E. (under the sofa). Oh, please, not me! Oh, goodness, now I can't inspire anybody any more. Oh!

[Her feet, which can be seen under the valance, quiver a little, and then are suddenly still.]

Brack (vivaciously, from under the table). I say, Mrs. HEDDA, I'm coming in every evening—we will have great fun here togeth—





(Another shot is heard.) Bless me! to bring down the poor old cock-of-the-walk—it's unsportsmanlike!—it's—

[The table-cloth is violently agitated for a minute, and presently the curtains open, and HEDDA appears.

Hedda (clearly and firmly). I've been trying in there to shoot myself beautifully—but with General GABLER'S pistol—(She lifts the tablecloth, then looks behind the stove and under the sofa.) What! the accounts of all those everlasting bores settled? Then my suicide becomes unnecessary. Yes, I feel the courage of life once more!

[She goes into the back-room and plays "The Funeral March of a Marionette" as the Curtain falls.

THE END (with the usual apologies).

### OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday.—*Le Prophète*.—Notable performance. Profit to those who were there; loss to those who weren't. The two Poles, NED and JOHN DE RESZKÉ, excellent as the Tipster, or Prophet, and the Chief Anabaptist Swindler. Madame RICHARD—"O Richard, Oma Reine!" repeated her grand impersonation of *Fides*, but being a trifle "out of it" as to tune occasionally, I cannot be *Fidei Defensor*, and swear she was quite correct, so can only report that RICHARD was a bit "dicky"; otherwise, sings like a Dicky-Bird. Cathedral Scene magnificent. Rites are wrong, probably; but these are trifles, except to strict ritualists. Skating Scene not up to date; it was a novelty once upon a time, but rinks have done for it. There was an unrehearsed effect in the Prison Scene, when the walls collapsed—the imprisoned Madame RICHARD escaped, and the Curtain descended. Nobody hurt. The walls, which had fallen, like those of Jericho, to the sound of the trumpet, were put away carefully, for alteration and repairs. The prisoner, issuing from her narrow fire-escape, was recaptured, and the Opera ended with the Drinking Scene, the Prophet among the Peris, a perilous situation, which makes the Opera go, at the climax, "like a house-a-fire." Burns' Justice is done to the Impostor, and, at a late hour, we call our cabs, and return to hum "*béviam*" over "a modest quencher."

Saturday.—Boito's *Mefistofele*. Strong combination. Excellent. But big "waits" made it heavy.



"J'y suis."

Pro Arris et focus.

"béviam"

### AN AGRICULTURAL TRIPOS.

PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION PAPER.

1. A FIELD is ploughed three years running. Can it still have a shy at its little go? Examine this, and say all you know about "PIERS, or PEARS, the Ploughman." Did he use his own soap?
2. How do you extract the square of a Beet-root? In connection with this, say how much it will take to square a "Swede?"
3. Explain the use of the "Sewing-machine" for agricultural purposes. What do you mean by "going against the grain?"
4. You plant a field of corn. What plaster do you adopt when it begins to shoot? Also give the best remedy you know for corn in the ear.
5. Write a Sentimental History of the Harvest Moon. Is it really twice as big as any other moon, or does it only look so, after drinking the landlord's health several times over?
6. To what gourmet giving a dinner-party in January is attributed the historical saying, "*Peas at any price*?"
7. How many black beans will make five white ones? Given the number, explain the process, and solve the equation.
8. What pomade do you recommend for "top-dressing"?
9. What would be an M.P.'s first step towards squaring a circle of Agricultural Voters?

SAD STORY.—A painter, who had on several occasions aspired to a place in the Chantrey Collection, and invariably been refused, on being encouraged to launch a fresh venture, and spread his canvas, which would be soon filled, for a sale, replied dejectedly, "Chantrey be blown; I *shan't try* any more!" Poor fellow! He must indeed have been dragged. He has not been heard of since. The Serpentine has been dragged.

THE HANSOM CAB STRIKE!—Remarkable Conversion!! Not yet concluded! Last week another lot of Hansoms became Growlers.

### REPARTEE TO A SPOUSE.

BOTH parties in the recent extraordinary abduction case, where a Mrs. JONES was carried off down a rope-ladder at midnight by her own husband, Mr. JONES, have published statements defending their own line of conduct. The following is Mrs. JONES'S version:—

"As public opinion appears to have erroneously taken my—so-called—husband's side, as far as I can gather from my having been twice chased through the streets by an infuriated mob, and four separate attempts having been made to blow up my house with nitro-glycerine, I feel compelled to explain—with much reluctance—why it was that I declined to live with Mr. JONES.

"To begin with, it was only under the most awful threats that Mr. JONES prevailed on me to become his wife. His words—I remember them well—were, 'My darling, you know how tenderly I adore you; if you don't marry me at once I'll break every bone in your body!' He then snatched my bonnet, a new one, from my head, and so acted on my nerves that I went off to the Registry Office and was married. That he was actuated by merely mercenary motives is proved by the fact that the gratuity (of half-a-crown), which he presented to the Registry Clerk, he actually borrowed from me! I knew him already to be unprincipled; but never until that moment had it flashed upon me that he was a fortune-hunter! However, as he had the drawing-room poker with him—he kept it concealed up his back during the ceremony at the Registry Office—I did not at that time say anything, but handed him the coin. I do not know if I should have left him at once, had he not aggravated the baseness of his conduct by using the vulgar expression, 'Fork it out quick!' But I regret to say that his origin is painfully low. Whereas, anybody who consults my relatives will hear from them that they belong to the very highest County Families. Indeed, he would hear it all day long if he lived with them, as I do!

"On the day of the abduction, I was treated barbarously! Even the cab in which I was taken off was, so the coachman informed me, 'put down to my account.' Oh, had I but guessed the truth about Mr. JONES when I went to the Altar—I mean the Registry Office! Supper consisted of cold mutton and pickles (✓) which latter he upset, and I had a dress ruined."

On perusing the above, Mr. JONES decided that he could no longer keep silence, and has made public the subjoined explanation:—

"When I first saw Mrs. JONES—then Miss THOMPSON—her youthful grace quite captivated me. Her age was under fifty-six, and mine was just sixty. She was, in fact, as I told her at the time, almost old enough to know her own mind. It is true that she was wealthy, but that had no influence on my conduct. On the contrary I felt it as a positive drawback, as my domestic ideal has always been Love in a Cottage! But as she was bent upon our marrying, I agreed to waive this objection.

"In proof of this assertion I need only say that on the very day after our first meeting, I received the following letter:—

"PRICELESS AND ADORABLE PAT.—How are your little tootsy-wootsiums? Did they get wet in conducting me home after that delicious interview? If so, and you were to catch cold in your precious head, I should never forgive myself. Oh, come and see me soon! Your Own, till Death, ANGELINA."

"Possibly I may be blamed for publishing this letter. I do it for her sake, not for mine. Even now I believe that, were I left alone with her for an hour, with none of her relatives nor a policeman near, I could persuade her to retract her calumnious statement about the poker. I conclude by saying that it is my belief that her relatives, who are all of them powerful mesmerists, have hypnotised her!"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*My Face is My Fortune*, by Messrs. PHILIPS and FENDALL. Why don't they agree to spell both names with an "F," and make it *FILLIPS* and *FENDALL*. I fancy that FENDALL couldn't do without the sensational fillips. This story excites curiosity throughout the first volume, and then, in the other volume, satisfies it in so disappointing and commonplace a fashion as to suggest the idea that one of the authors, becoming weary of his share in the work, suddenly chucked it up, and said, "Oh, bother! let's finish anyhow;" and then the other collaborateur, whichever it was, did finish it as best and as quickly as he could. There is evidence of laziness or of lack of invention in the story. If it were for the first time in fiction that a secret is learnt by some one hiding behind some pantomime plants in a conservatory, then too much praise could not be bestowed on the ingenious devisers of so strong and original a situation. But as "we know that situation,—he comes from Sheffield," and as it has done duty some scores of times before, on or off the stage, why, the thoroughgoing novel-reader shakes his head and asks, "Couldn't they have devised something better than this between them?" "I expected much from this combination in Authorship, and am disappointed," says the candid BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.





### WHAT OUR ARTIST (THE NEWLY-MARRIED ONE) HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

*Our Artist.* "JUST LOOK, DARLING! I WAS SHORT OF CANVASSES, SO I'VE STRETCHED A CLEAN POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF!—SEE HOW SPLENDIDLY IT TAKES THE PAINT!"

*His Prudent Little Wife.* "OH, JOHN DEAR, HOW EXTRAVAGANT OF YOU! IT'LL NEVER COME OUT!"

### THE ADOPTED CHILD.

"Last year the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER frittered away his resources in a number of small remissions, for which hardly anyone was grateful. This year he squanders the greater part of his surplus in providing for Free, or—as the phrase is—Assisted Education—an innovation for which there is hardly any genuine demand, and which a very large class of the community, including many of the most loyal supporters of the Government, view with rooted distrust."—*The Standard.*

MRS. GAMP (the "Old Regular") *loquitur* :—  
"MORE changes, too, to come afore we have done with changes!"

Ah! I said that to good Mister MOULD years ago; which 'ow memory ranges  
All over them dear "Good Old Times," as I wish them was back agen, bless 'em!

Which the new ones ain't much to my mind;  
there's too many fresh "monthlies" to mess 'em.

No; monthlying ain't wot it were; the per-  
fession's too open, a lump.

Nusses now ain't no more like old SAIREY, no  
not than the old Aldgit Pump

Like the Cristial Palluses fountings. A  
Pilgrian's Projess is life,

And a Nuss ain't no more like a Nuss than a  
Wife now resembles a Wife.

Heigho! Which it's no use a frettin'. But  
*Fondlings!* Ah, well, I did think

Our respectable fam'lies, though mixed, from  
sich ojus demeaning would shrink,

Which no greater hinsult to me, the old  
reglar, could well be deviged;

And though I've to live and to learn, I  
confess as this turn I'm serpriged.

A Fondling!!! Turned up unbeknownst  
on a doorstep permiskus, no doubt.

And then to adopt him! Oh dear, wot the  
plague is our Party about?

Wich to monthly to it were my pride; its  
legitermit offspring I've nussed

Many years with the greatest success, but  
to-day I feels flurried and fussed,

And my eyes is Saint Polge's fontin with  
tears, and this brat is their source;

As it isn't no offspring of ourn—of the fam'ly  
I mean, Ma'am, in course;

But a Brummagem bantling, picked hup,  
as were not worth its swaddlin' and  
food,

And I never yet knowed any brat from *that*  
source as turned out any good.

Missis G., Mum, it's all a mistake, as you  
know in your 'art all the same,

For you turned up your nose at the child  
when JOE CHAMBERLIN give him a  
name,

Afore we was thick with his set, when you  
snubbed him, and laughed him to  
snoorn,

And heaped naughty names on this kid, as  
you swore was his nat'ral fust-born.

And now you come dandling, and doddling,  
and patting the brat on the 'ed,

And forgetting the things as you promiged,  
and backing on all as you said.

Missis G., you do raly amaze me! This  
comes of our precious mix-up;

Which the child's no more like one of ourn  
than a pug's like a tarrier-pup.

In the best-regulated o' fam'lies things will  
go askew, I'm aweer;

As I says to my friend Mrs. HARRIS, as says  
to me, "SAIREY, my dear,

You looks dragged, my sweet creetur," she  
says. "Missis HARRIS," I makes 'er  
reply,

"When the 'art in one's buzzum beats 'ot,  
there's excoise for the tear in one's heye.

Which wales isn't in it for worrit, my love,  
with your poor old pal, SAIREY,

Along o' the Fam'ly," I says; 'as things do  
seem to go that contrairey,

My services now ain't required, with 'adop-  
tions' all over the shop,

From Brummagem, yus, and elsewhere; and  
I ast 'Where is this thing to stop?

RITCHIE's 'pick-up' was tryin', most tryin';  
and as to those bad Irish brats,

As BALFOUR interjuiced—dear! jest fancy our  
Party adopting small Pats!

And now this here Brummagem babby! You  
say he's a promising cheild,

Missis G., and 'you're learning to love him!'  
All this makes old SAIREY feel wild.

It's wus than kidnapping, this bizness of  
picking up 'Fondlings' all round.

You're nussing a wiper, I say, and you'll  
soon feel 'is bite, I'll be bound.

Who asked for 'im, BETSY—I mean Missis G.  
—who demanded the brat?

You've altered your mind, and you pet him;  
you'd much better mind what you're at.

Drat the boy's bragian impence! I says.  
He's a halien, a fondling, a waif,

And I never knew, for my part, any Brum-  
magem goods as was safe."





### THE ADOPTED CHILD.

MOTHER GOSCHEN. "FOUND 'IM IN BIRMINGHAM, MY DEAR! DIDN'T LIKE 'IM AT FIRST,—BUT, SOMEHOW, I'VE QUITE TOOK A FANCY TO 'IM!!"

MRS. GAMP. "A FONDLING INDEED!—WHICH ALL I CAN SAY IS I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF 'IM!!"







## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 27.—“Well, I never!” said GEORGE ELLIOT, beaming on House from back bench; “have known



Genial George.

HARCOURT man and boy for forty years; seen him in divers moods; watched him through various occupations. These have been so many that I have had time to forget he was once Chancellor of the Exchequer; but he was, and upon my word, listening to him to-night, and knowing something about figures myself, I believe he would have made a splash at the Treasury.”

JOKIM doesn't enjoy performance quite so much as GENIAL GEORGE. Oddly enough, Budget Night, which ought to be the apex of comfort and glory for CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, is with him ever the season of tribulation. House of Commons is, regarded as audience, always at its best on Budget Night. Will laugh immoderately at feeblest joke uttered by CHANCELLOR; cheers to the echo his moral sentiments; sits enraptured when he soars into eloquence; and is undisguisedly grateful when he has completed his peroration. JOKIM's muddle of Thursday night made the best of. Opposition silenced by promised legislation establishing Free Education. Everything in sunshine-glow of prosperity. Thought JOKIM might keep some of the sunbeams for himself. Then comes HARCOURT with the abhorred shears of facts and figures, and slits the thin-spun web of JOKIM's ingenious fancy; shows that, instead of a surplus, he has, when honest arithmetic is set to work, a deficit; instead of increasing the rate of reduction of National Debt, he has done less in that direction than his predecessors; and that whilst expenditure on Army and Navy has exceeded any figures reached by former Chancellors of the Exchequer, the floating debt is ever growing.

JOKIM sits on Treasury Bench affecting the virtue of a smile though he has it not. Wriggles like a snail under dispensation of salt. When HARCOURT finished, HENRY FOWLER stepped in, and with fresh array of figures and new marshalling of argument, completed the demolition of JOKIM's system of finance. Mr. G. looked smilingly on, delighting in the energy and aptitude of his Young Men. JOKIM, anxious to change the subject on any terms, tried to draw Mr. G. into the controversy. “I think not,” said Mr. G., with a smile of ineffable sweetness. “Right Hon. Gentleman need not go so far afield: will have pretty tough job in answering HARCOURT.”

A pretty scene; admirable Parliamentary play. Oddly enough boxes empty; stalls a wilderness; pit only half full. Energies of House so sapped with dreary flood of talk on Irish Land Bill cannot be reanimated even for a brisk battle over the Budget.

*Business done.*—JOKIM pummelled to pulp.

*Tuesday.*—OLD MORALITY walked out of House just now, his back suffused with sense of duty done, alike to QUEEN and Country. Irish Land Bill, which, as CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN says, makes a Moated Grange of House of Commons, on again all day. SAGE of QUEEN ANNE'S GATE and his Party active as usual. The PARTY a little doubtful of the SAGE. Sometimes, in blessed intervals of silence, is discovered gazing on a bald space on back of SAGE's head, striving, as it were, to pierce through this weak spot, and discover what is in the SAGE's mind. The SAGE in outward manner most deferential and encouraging. Misses no opportunity of publicly applauding him. It is true that when the SAGE has got him on his legs, starting afresh on new Amendment, he seizes the opportunity to slink out of the House, and take another cigarette, quite certain that the PARTY is good for half-an-hour. This, and one or two other little things, create a suspicion in the mind of the PARTY, who was not brought up in India for nothing. WILFRID LAWSON, who sits close by, and keenly watches progress of events, says he has no doubt the time will come when the PARTY will revolt.

“KRAY,” says WILFRID, “occupies a strategical position, which gives him a great pull over LABBY. His respected Leader sits on the bench immediately below him. Some day SEYMOUR KRAY's wild Mahratta blood may boil over, an unsuspected semitar may flash forth from his trouser pocket, and the SAGE's head, falling gory on the floor of the House, may gently, from mere force of habit, roll in the direction of Queen Anne's Gate.”

“For a real sanguinary-minded man,” said RITCHIE, to whom I told this story, “give me a testotaller.”

The PARTY, with some assistance from Windbag SEXTON, wasted

sitting till quarter to seven. By this time, all Amendments to Clause 3 being wearily worn off, opportunity just left to pass Clause before Sitting adjourned. Question put that Clause 3 pass. Then SAGE, smelling obtrusively of cigarettes, interposed, and declared it “would be indecent” to accept the Clause without further discussion. Nothing House shrinks from just now more abjectly than from charge of indecency. Accordingly debate stood over, and Thursday may, if the SAGE and his Party please, and the Closure is not invoked, be appropriated for further discussion of Clause 3.

OLD MORALITY might have moved Closure at twelve minutes to seven, and carried Clause 3. Committee naturally expected he would. But OLD MORALITY had another card up his sleeve. At very last moment, whilst Members trooped out, and it was thought all was over, OLD MORALITY gave notice of motion to take the whole time of House, including Tuesday and Friday nights' evening sittings.

“I think you had them there,” I said, as we walked across to Grosvenor Place.

“Yes, TOBY,” he said, a little flush mantling his modest face; “we've given them rope enough, and now we'll hang them. They've had their run, now we'll take ours. It's the main thing I always look to. Never forget when I was still in the seminary writing out copy of verses about a shipwreck. A graphic scene; the risen vessel, the raging seas, the panic-stricken crowd on deck, and then this little self-drawn picture of the sole survivor, the one man left to tell the story:

Some fell upon their bended knees | But I fell to on bread and cheese;  
And others fell down fainting, | For that, Sir, was the main thing.

It's the bread and cheese I look to, TOBY, dear boy. For others the glory of debate, the prize of Parliamentary oratory. Give me the bread and cheese of seeing business advancing, and I'm content.”

*Business done.*—Once more Committee on Irish Land Bill.

*Thursday.*—A pretty little game on to-night. OLD MORALITY moved his Resolution taking power to appropriate Tuesdays and Fridays evening sittings, and all Wednesdays for Irish Land Bill. In ordinary circumstances there would have been stormy protest led from Front Opposition Bench against this inroad on time of private Members. Other fish to fry to-night. Wednesday week assigned for Second Reading of Woman's Suffrage Bill; if Government take that day for Irish Land Bill, obviously can't be utilised for furtherance of Woman's Rights. This an awkward question for some Members; don't like it, but daren't vote against it. Here's opportunity of getting rid of it by side-wind. Not necessary in arranging proceedings to mention Suffrage Bill, or even Wednesday, 13th of May. It was principle for which Members struggled; “the principle of uniformity,” as Mr. G. beautifully put it. “Let us,” he said, though perhaps not quite in this phrase, “go the whole hog or none; take all the Wednesdays, or leave them.”

Pretty to see OLD MORALITY protesting against this unprecedented access of generosity. The very picture, as McEWAN said, of a good man struggling with the adversity of overwhelming good fortune. Was prepared to take a Wednesday here and there; but, really, too much to appropriate every one. “Not at all—not at all,” said Mr. G.

But it was only under compulsion of a Division that he consented to accept the endowment. In meanwhile, the Woman's Suffrage Debate on Wednesday week snuffed out, and final opportunity of Session lost.

“I'm inclined,” said WM. WOODALL, “as a rule, to take kindly views of my fellow men, to put the best construction upon their actions; but, upon my word, I'm not satisfied in my own mind that we advocates of Woman's Rights have not been made the victims of deep and dastardly design.”

“Order! Order!” said COURTNEY; “no more am I.”

*Business done.*—Woman's Rights men dished.

*Friday.*—Brer FOX looked, in to-night, and, finding Brer RABBIT absent, undertook charge of Irish affairs. Desirous of introducing novelty into situation, began by patronising Prince ARTHUR. “So conciliatory, you know; so anxious to meet the views of Irish Members; really, they ought to meet him half-way, and refrain from annoying him by unnecessary Amendments.”

Brer FOX's voice faltered as he spoke, and, bringing round his tail, he gently brushed away a falling tear. Unfortunately for him, TIM HEALY present. TIM jumped up, and fell upon his ancient chief, flouting his counsel, and repudiating his right to leadership. Effect upon Brer FOX something like that which followed on the flight of the piece of old red sandstone which struck in the abdomen a gentleman who chanced to be standing round. The subsequent proceedings interested him no more. He walked out, and was not seen again. “Exceedingly rude man,” he said; “never come near TIM HEALY but I feel an infinite yearning for a fire-escape.” *Business done.*—Land Bill again.

“MORE FREE THAN WELCOME.”—MR. GOSCHEN's Education Scheme, to the Tories.

A REGIMENT OF “THE LINE.”—The Royal Academicians.







## THE PICK OF THE PICTURES. (AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.)



No. 199. Doctor Dubitans. "I'm afraid I've given him the wrong stuff."  
Luke Fildes, R.A.



No. 742. "He's got 'em on!" or, Nanny, wilt thou gang with me in that new suit and those tight boots?  
By Phil. R. Morris, A.



Graud Combination Picture, "Liddell and Scott!" [Liddell (289) by H. Herkomer, R.A., and Scott (281) by G(ee) W(oa) Joy! "Joy and Woe!" Comedy and Tragedy.]

No. 5. "Long Ago." LONG (EDWIN, R.A.) and more or less of "a go." Instead of "Long Ago," which is egotistical, why not Long Egi or Long Fecit?

Nos. 21, 22, 23. "The Lyons Mail" (and Female). BRITON RIVIÈRE, R.A. [N.B.—"R.A.," i.e., "Royal Academician" and "Royal Animal-painter."]

No. 27. The Viscount Cross looking quite Viscount Cheerful. "Painted for the Grand Jury Room, Lancaster Castle," the Catalogue informs us. Suggestive of their arguing among themselves "at cross purposes." Painted by SYDNEY HODGES.

No. 77. "On Strike." Very striking. Who could have painted this? Ah! Who but HERKOMER, R.A.

No. 82. Apparently this must have been intended for a portrait of the late Mr. DION BOUCICAULT, but subsequently adapted to represent WALTER GILBEY, Esq. Looks quite the GILBEY's "fine, old, dry," but not "crusted." No doubt whatever of its being the excellent work of W(erry) Q(uaint) ORCHARDSON, R.A.

No. 112. "Hanson is as Hanson does." By J. HANSON WALKER. Naturally pleased with "the promise of May," and  
No. 118. Another Young Lady only Younger. By the same Artist.



No. 226. The Penance of Zao in the presence of some Members of the County Council. P. H. Calderon, R.A.

No. 143. The Right Hon. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P., as seen by L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A. Taken while considering

No. 147. The Irish Question as represented by Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.'s "Perseus and Andromeda." Allegory. Andromeda, Ireland. The Monster, "Parnellism and Crime;" and Perseus, BALFOUR. Marvellous Monster! DRUGIOLANUS should at once order a dozen of 'em, hot and strong, for next Christmas Pantomime. Poor Miss ANNE DROMEDA,—a dainty morsel à croquer," quoth the Monster.

No. 148. No possible doubt whatever about this being A. BERTIE FREEMAN-MITFORD, C.B., painted by the President of the Painters, who has hit him off to the life. B. M. is taken at the moment when, as a spectator of the Perseus and Andromeda ballet d'action, he remembers having seen something like it in "Old Japan."

No. 201. "Poor Tom's a Cold!" LAURENCE SCOTT. Picture illustrating the shortest and easiest way of catching his death of cold.

No. 206. "Two's company, Three's none," observed the Sun, as blushing deeply, he sank away in the far distance. By MAURICE GREIFFEN LAGEN.

No. 209. The original Pieman met by SIMON going to the fair in very full dress. ARTHUR S. COPE.



No. 220. "*A Student*" of ALMA-TADEMA'S style. THOMAS R. SPENCE.  
No. 231. "Is it one o'clock?" she said to herself, anxiously. "I hope luncheon will be punctual." The picture will be known as "*Grace before Meals*," delightfully (of course) painted by Sir JOHN E. MILLAIS.

No. 232. By the P.R.A. "What's that?" said one well-educated clerical visitor to his matronly wife. She read it out, pronouncing it thusly, "*Return of Percy Fone*." "What!" exclaimed the Clergyman. Then, taking the Catalogue into his own hands, he read "*Return of Persephone*." "It's pronounced," he informed his help-mate, "*Per-séph-ô-né*." "Is it?" she returned, in a tone expressive of unmitigated incredulity. "Then," she asked suddenly, as a brilliant idea struck her, "why isn't 'telephone' pronounced '*tel-éph-ô-né*'?" And turning her back on him, would not hear another word on the subject.

No. 283. *Not Crossley, but Kindly*. CLAUDE CALTHROP.

No. 333. *Professor Huxley*. By Hon. JOHN COLLIER. When it isn't the Professor, it might serve for Sir GEORGE GROVE. Bravo, Honourable JOHN! "Hang him, JOHN COLLIER!" (SHAKESPEARE adapted.)

No. 390. A Boy to the very life, or a Life Boy. JAMES SANT, R.A. It's a picture of Master HUGH BURDETT MONEY COUTTS. How well this name will look on a cheque for a cool thousand or so! But to see the *Hue* of health on his cheek is better than seeing the colour of that HUGH's money.

No. 414. Portrait of Author W. PINERO, Esq. Painted by JOSEPH MORDECAI, who has done to Author PINERO what HAMAN would have done to MORDECAI, *i. e.*, hung him.

No. 439. Sitting for Don Quixote. WILLIAM E. LOCKHART.

No. 459. *Stiff Collar Day; or, Just Back from the Wash*. "And, confound it! she's been washing my shirt and tie together, and spoilt 'em both. Wish I had another lot ready, but haven't, so must go to Academy as I am," said WALTER S-WASH-BUCKLER LETHBRIDGE, and finished up with an impetuous and irrepressible "Hang it!" "I will," replied the Artist, JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

No. 544. *Josephine Grimaldina; or, Female Clown*, the next novelty in Pantomime, dedicated to the author and composer of *L'Enfant Prodigue*. JOHN S. SARGENT.

No. 667. *Feeling his Bumps; or, Phrenology in the Olden Time*. ERNEST NORMAND.

No. 651. Gentleman ready for riding, but no spurs. "Where the deuce have I put them?" he is evidently saying. "All ready but that. Can't find 'em anywhere!" A picture which quite tells its own (JULIAN) STORY.

### THE RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF LABOUR.

(At the service of the Ch-ne-ll-r of the Exch-qu-r, if he purposes writing a Prophetic Romance.)

MACAULAY'S New Zealander had arrived prematurely. London Bridge was not reduced to its centre pier, and St. Paul's Cathedral was certainly not in ruins. Still there was an uncanny look about town. On the Embankment electric tram-cars were running, but they seemed to be little patronised. Here and there he noticed a pedestrian leisurely going his way, but the side-walks appeared, to all intents and purposes, abandoned. At length he reached a garden-seat, upon which was sprawling a Typical Working Man. The New Zealander gave this interesting individual "Good morning," and made some common-place remark about the weather.

"Fine day!" returned the T. W. M., rather surlily. "Well, what does it matter to me? If it rains, I stay at home; if it don't, why I don't either."

"I am a stranger seeking for information," explained the New Zealander; "so I am sure you will excuse me if I ask you how much do you pay for your house?"

"Pay for my house!" ejaculated the T. W. M. "Why, nothing of course! And I pay nothing too for my sons at Oxford, and the girls at Cambridge. And I get my clothes free, and my food comes in gratuitously. Why, you must be a stranger if you don't know that! Why everything and anything is paid by the Government—out of the Income Tax."

"And don't you ever work?"

"Work! bless you, no. I can't afford to work! If I did, I should have to pay the Income Tax myself!" returned the T. W. M., with a grin.

"Then who does contribute to this evidently highly-important source of revenue?"

"Why, the professional men, under Schedule D!" cried the hardy son of toil. "The authors with families, and the City clerks. All that set, you know. They pay the Income Tax, sure enough. It's as much as they can do to keep bodies and souls together. But *somebody* must pay—why not they?—pay for themselves—and for me!"

THE DUMB SHOW.—It sounds odd that the serious pantomime, *L'Enfant Prodigue*, the play without words, should be "the talk of London."

### LEAVES FROM A CANDIDATE'S DIARY.

"George Hotel," Billsbury, Friday, April 25th.—Arrived this morning in order to attend a "Monstre Open Air Conservative Fête," which was held in the grounds of the Billsbury Summer Palace. The programme was a very attractive one. First, there was a "reception of town and county delegates and their ladies" by the Earl and Countess of ROCHEVIELLE. The Earl is a scrubby little fellow



Canvas and Scrutiny.

of about sixty, who looks more like an old-clothes-man than anything else. Norman noses—at least their descendants in this generation—are curiously like the Semitic variety sometimes. The name is pronounced "Roavil," and both the Earl and Countess get blue with rage if anybody makes a mistake about it, as nearly all the delegates did. They stood on a raised dais, and received delegates' addresses to the number of about thirty. Lady ROCHEVIELLE is a stout lady—very. It was a blazing hot day, and she was "overcome" just as she was shaking hands with Colonel and Mrs. CHORKLE, who were accompanied by BENJAMIN DISRAELI CHORKLE. The rest of the

CHORKLE family, including WILLIAMINA HENRIETTA SMITH CHORKLE, who was in a nurse's arms, were somewhere about; the grounds looking for the "Magic Haunts of the Fairy Bulbul," and eating enormous quantities of macaroons, which I had given them. Colonel CHORKLE rather lost his head when Lady R. collapsed. He made an effort to pick her up, but had to drop her heavily on the boards of the dais. Eventually, however, she was carried away and revived, and the proceedings went on. There were Conservative merry-go-rounds, Conservative negro-minstrels, Conservative acrobats and Conservative dancing bears, distributed about the grounds. I was taken about by Alderman MOFFAT and HOLLEBONE, who introduced me right and left to hundreds of my supporters and their wives and daughters. At the end of it all I felt as if I had got a heavy sort of how-do-you-do smile regularly glued on my face. One of my chief supporters is an undertaker named JOBSON. HOLLEBONE brought him up to me and said, "Mr. JOBSON, permit me to introduce you to our popular young Candidate, Mr. PATTLE. Mr. PATTLE let me have the honour of introducing you to our popular young undertaker, Mr. JOBSON." Gave me rather a shock, but JOBSON seemed quite a pleasant man. "His wife was there too, gorgeously dressed in red plush with an Indian shawl on her shoulders, and a sealskin muff. She must have felt the heat horribly.

Later in the afternoon there was a political meeting, at which we all spoke, but we had to make it short, as everybody was anxious to get away to the "Refined Musical *Mélange* (with incidental dances) of the Sisters WILKINS," which was held in a specially erected tent. Fireworks, illuminations, and dancing, ended the affair.

April 26.—Was made an Oddfellow to-day. Initiation didn't last long. CHORKLE and JERRAM were initiated with me, and we all had to make speeches afterwards, declaring our devotion to the great cause of Oddfellowship. Afterwards sentiments were called for. The only one I remember was given by a man called TABSEY, a tailor, who seems to be rather famous for this kind of thing. After holding his hand to his head for some time, and knitting his brows, he cleared his throat, and said, in a loud voice,—"May the tear of true sympathy crystallise as it falls, and be worn as a radiant jewel upon the finger of affliction." This was vociferously applauded. I congratulated TABSEY afterwards, and paid him a compliment about it. He told me he found it a great relief, after a hard day's work in the shop, to throw off a sentiment or two. He's going to publish a book of them, and I've had to subscribe for six copies, at half a guinea each.

FROM A WATCHFUL OBSERVER.—SIR,—The other day I saw advertised in a shop-window, "The Invisible Trouser Stretcher." Who wears "Invisible Trousers"? Do you remember the story of *The Emperor of China's Clothes*?—when they all cried, "He's got 'em on," and he hadn't. That Invisible Trousers should exist is quite enough stretch of imagination without any further stretcher.—Yours, THE DAY WATCHMAN.

MRS. R. AT THE OPERA.—MRS. RAMSBOTHAM Junior went to hear *La Traviata*. She expressed her sympathy with *Violetta* between two *Gourmands*. Remarkable on the touching finish to the converted *Traviata's* career, Mrs. R. observed that it reminded her of the poet's line about "She who stopped to cough, remained to pray."



## MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELS.

No. XVII.—GASPS.

(By OLPH SCHREION, Author of "Screams," "The Allegory of an Asian Rancho.")

"You will perceive," writes the Author of the following story, "that this is allegorical, but it is not by any means necessary that you should understand it. The chief charm of allegorical writing is its absolute freedom from the trammels of convention. You write something large and vague, with any amount of symbols thrown in. The words flow quite easily; you cover scores of pages. Then you read it over again next morning. If you understand it so little as to think some other fellow must have written it, you may be quite certain it is an allegory. When you print it, your public reads into it all kinds of mysterious and morbid religious emotions, and confused misinterpretations of life-problems, and everybody tacks on his own special explanation. That being so, it is quite unnecessary for you to explain things—which saves a great deal of trouble. The plan is an excellent one. Try it.—Yours, allegorically, O. S."]

## CHAPTER I.

TANT' SANNIE was stewing *krout* in the old Dutch saucepan. The scorching rays of the African sun were beating down upon BONAPARTE BLENKINS who was doing his best to be sun-like by beating WALDO. His nose was red and disagreeable. He was something like HUCKLEBERRY FINN'S Dauphin, an amusing, callous, cruel rogue, but less resourceful. TANT' SANNIE laughed; it was so pleasant to see a German boy beaten black and blue. But the Hottentot servants merely gaped. It was their custom.

But in the middle distance Life was playing marbles with the Unknown. And the Unknown said unto Life, "Give me an alley-tor." But Life replied, "Nay, for the commonneys are lying well, and the thumb of him that smeth is seasoned unto the stroke." And the Unknown beat his sable wings together, and one black feather flitted far into the breast of the day and fell to earth. And there came a fair-haired Child plucking flowers in the desert with brows bent in thought.

And Life said unto the Child, "Play with me."

And the Unknown said, "Play with me."

But the Child raised its soft hand slowly and the tender fingers grew apart, and its thumb was poised in thought upon its nose, and it spake not at all. And the feather flitted far, far over the waste, and men came forth and gazed upon it, but it heeded them not.

Then said Life, "I am strong. Kings have need of me and earth is my dominion." But the Unknown gathered up the scattered marbles, concealing them gently, and answered only this—"I am a greater than Life."

And the Child strayed onwards and the feather flitted, and TANT' SANNIE still stewed *krout* in the old Dutch saucepan. And BONAPARTE BLENKINS was glad.

## CHAPTER II.

CRUELTY, cruelty, cruelty—all is 'cruelty! Boys are beaten; oxen are stabbed till the blood bursts forth; happy, industrious, dung-collecting beetles are bitten in two by careless, happy, beetle-collecting dogs—everything is wicked and cruel. The Kaffir has beautiful legs, but he will kick his wife, and TANT' SANNIE, alas! will not be there to drop a pickle-tub on his head. And over everything hangs that inscrutable charm which hovers for ever for the human intellect over the incomprehensible and shadowy. *Omne ignotum pro mirifico*, I might say, but I prefer the longer phrase.

And I stood at the gate of Heaven, I and TANT' SANNIE; and we spoke to everybody quite affably; and they all had time to listen to what we said, and to make suitable replies.

And I said, "Are we all here?"

And she said, "Not all."

And I said, "The absent are always in the wrong."

And she said, "I have heard that in French."

And I said, "Is not that impertinent?"

And she said, "No."

And a great Light fell across her face, as though a palm had smitten it, and the name of the palm was Hand, and its fruits were fingers five.

And again I addressed myself in terms of familiarity to the Everlasting, and I planted a book upon the clouds, where eight children lay prone with bees flying about their childish bonnets.

And there came a knock at my door.

"Eight o'clock!" said One. "Arise!"

"Nay," I answered; "it cannot be."

"But the water is hot within the can, and the table will be spread for them that break their fast."

"So be it. I rise." And behold it was a dream!

## CHAPTER III.

FAR away the mother of the little nigger stood churning. Where is the mother of the little black nigger? She is churning slowly in the garden. But cannot the aunt of the good gardener churn herself? No; for she is in the orchard, plucking the apples, peaches, apricots, pears (*Birnen*), to give to the butler's grandmother.

And there came Life and The Ideal walking hand in hand. And behind them came Wealth and Vastness singing together. And Infinity was there, and Health, and Wisdom, and Love. And Reflection was mounted on a steed with Joy. And many other shapes

followed, delicately arrayed in fine linen. And helmet-wearing Men in Blue marshalled the procession. And they spake roughly, saying, "Pass away there, pass away there!"

And I said, "Is this the Lord Mayor's Show?"

And One said, "No."

And I said, "Is it the Salvation Army?"

And again One said, "No."

And I said, "Is it SEQUAH?"

And One said again, "No."

And I said, "I have guessed enough."

And One said, "Yea."

But The Real was not there, and they passed away.

And One said, "I am Wealth," which was absurd, but No-one laughed. And they all danced a fandango on the points of their toes. And a shaft of light lay over them. And they wandered on. At last they came to a bad, wicked naughty, brimstone place. And I

said to Some-one, "I like this. It seems a good place." And still No-one laughed. And Wealth touched me, and I was glad. And I said, "Give me millions, or buy a box of matches," and Law seized me and took me to the Cell. Then I said to the Beak, "Your Worship." And the Beak said unto me, "Begging again. Forty shillings." And again I woke. And it was all a striving and a striving and an ending in Nothing.

THE END.

## TO MLLR. JANE MAY.

"Au clair de la lune,  
Mon ami PIERROT,  
Prête-moi ta plume  
Pour écrire un mot."

PRÊTE-MOI ta plume! Could wit borrow a feather From Cupid's own pinion, 'tis doubtful whether A "mot" might be made which should happily hit The "gold" of desert; and Love, aided by Wit, Though equal to eloquent passion's fine glow, Might both be struck mute by the Muse of Dumb-Show. That "actions speak louder than words" we all knew; But now we may add, "and more gracefully, too." Performances fine Punch has praised in his day, But how few take the *pas* of the Promise—of MAY!

"NATIVE RACKS AND THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC."—An important subject strangely omitted at the recent meeting of this Society was "The Consumption of Champagne on the Derby and Oaks Days." The Duke of WESTMINSTER will take the earliest opportunity of rectifying this error.





## A BLEND.

*The Wine Merchant (G-SCH-N).* "I'M AFRAID SOME OF OUR OLD CUSTOMERS WON'T LIKE IT AT FIRST; BUT, WITH A LITTLE PERSUASION, I THINK I CAN GET 'EM TO TAKE TO IT KINDLY."



## JOKIM THE CELLARER; OR, THE BLEND.

ATR.—"Simon the Cellarer."

'CUTE JOKIM the Cellarer keeps a large store  
Of choice Party Spirits, d'ye see;  
Scotch, Irish, and who can say how many more?  
An eclectic old soul is he.  
But mainly in "Blends" he is good, dark or pale,  
For he knows without them his best bottlings may fail;  
But he never faileth, he archly doth say,  
For he well knows what tap suits the taste of the day.  
And ho! ho! ho! his books will show  
He oft taps the barrels of Brummagem JOE!  
OE sits all the time in his own still-room,  
And a taster clever is he.  
'Tis in vain that his enemies kick up a fume,  
And swear he is half a Torie.  
But there are sly meetings upon the backstair,  
And watchers say JOE is oft gossiping there.  
Now JOE distrusts someone who's Grand, and who's Old,  
And says that he *must* be kept "out in the cold."  
And ho! ho! ho! old JOKIM doth know  
That many a flask of his best comes from JOE.  
'Cute JOKIM keeps blending JOE's taps and his own;  
Though knowing harsh rumours are rife;  
And Brummagem JOE is oft heard to declare,  
Their partnership may last for life.  
And JOKIM says, "some call Brum JOE a bad chap,  
But they'll soon learn to relish the taste of his tap,  
And while I may Brummagem JOE call my friend,  
I think I shall customers find for our 'Blend.'"  
While ho! ho! ho! he'll chuckle and crow;  
"What, turn up Brum JOE, my boys? No! no! no!"

## OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, May 4.—ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN'S *Carmen* is about the best when all the other dear charmers are away, and in the character she will probably remain in possession of the field, or, rather, "the Garden," till the end of the season. The remainder as before, with



DEVOYD as *Escamillo*. But what has become of the "go" in the *Toréador's* great song? Where are the double encores? Where, indeed, the hearty applause? Surely it has gone the way of the March in *Faust*, once so enthusiastically received and cheered to the echo; and now—"March off!" It is true that, once let a "toney tune" become vulgarised by street-musicians, and organic disease would be sufficient to kill it were it not tortured and ground to death by remorseless hands. But the *Toréador's* song and the March have not been the victims of an organised opposition. Perhaps, though, they may have been, only 'tis so long ago as not to be within the ken of the present deponent. Anyhow, the *Toréador's* song goes for nothing nowadays, and yet 'tis as good as ever.

Thursday.—We welcomed *The Don*. Not the Academic Don once so popularly represented by Mr. J. L. TOOLE, but MOZART'S Italianised Spanish Don. *A propos* of Mr. TOOLE, it has always been the wonder of his friends, to whom the quality of his vocal powers is so well known, that he has never been tempted to renounce the simple histrionic for the lyric Drama. It is said, and "greatly to his credit," that, had it not been for his unwillingness to rob his friend SIMS REEVES of the laurel-crown he wears as first English Tenor of his age, he would long ago have set up a most dangerous opposition to that sweet singer, and have ridden off victoriously with "My Pretty Jane" seated up behind him, pillion-wise, on the noble steed known as "The Bay of Biscay O!"

But the above is an *entr'acte*, shorter than those at Covent Garden, by the way. M. MAUREL first-rate as the Don, both in acting and singing, even better in former than latter; but the dear old serenade, which never can be vulgarised, in spite of its popularity, was encoored, and the encore was gracefully accepted, Signor BAVIGNANI being in the chair, and willing to tap the desk and announce, "Gentlemen! Monsieur MAUREL will oblige again!" Applause.

If all the village maidens could dress in a costume such as Miss ZÉLIE-ZERLINA wears, then, to take the best and nicest view of it, that village must be uncommonly prosperous. Probably tourists' visits are not few and far between: but anyhow, even the most unsuspicious bumpkin of a lover, would be inclined to ask a few questions about this finery. However, her performance was as fine as



## THE ETERNAL FITNESS OF THINGS.

*Son of the House*. "YOU'RE NOT DANCING, MR. LAMBERT! DON'T YOU WISH TO!"

Mr. Lambert (who is not so slim as he used to be). "CERTAINLY—IF YOU CAN FIND ME A CONCAVE PARTNER!"

the dress, and she looked quite the ZÉLIE-ZERLINA, so fascinating to the Lord and the Lout.

Saturday.—*Roméo et Juliette*, that is, M. JEAN DE RESZKÉ and Mlle. EAMES. A nearly perfect performance. JEAN a trifle too stout for an ideal *Roméo*, but of course he couldn't go into training for the part at short notice. The spirit with which he played the part far outweighed the error of the flesh. Miss EAMES a charming *Juliet* in every way, though her singing of the Waltz was not of dazzling firework brilliancy. Brother NED was the *Frère Laurent*. Excellent. The name Anglo-Frenchified, suggests a reverend gentleman who would meddle with legal marriages and perform private ceremonies without leave or licence from his Ordinary. Might be known as Brother Law-wrong, an Extra-Ordinary Friar. The House crammed full with an audience as brilliant as the performance.

## THE LAST SONG.

[Mr. SIMS REEVES was announced to sing "Total Eclipse" at his Farewell Concert on Monday.]

FAREWELL! A most unwelcome word to all  
Whom fifty years of charm have held in thrall:  
Total eclipse—of pleasure on their part  
Who love pure melody and polished Art.  
Memory will echo long the silvery chime  
Of such a voice as even ruthless Time  
Might stay his stride to listen to, and spare  
From the corroding touch. Some scarce will care  
To hear "Tom Bowling" sung by other lips,  
And when in tenor strains "Total Eclipse"  
Sounds next upon our ears, SIMS REEVES will seem  
To sing again to us as in a pleasant dream.



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, May 4.*—Windbag SEXTON had fine opportunity to-night; made the most of it. SEYMOUR KEAY absent through greater part of sitting. Various rumours current in explanation of the happy accident. Influenza hinted at; but Grand Young GARDNER, who is familiar with both, says Grippe much too knowing to link itself with Member for Elgin and Nairn. Towards Eleven o'clock, rumour set at rest by appearance of KEAY. Simple explanation of temporary absence is, that he has been at home, drawing up a few more Amendments.

In his absence, Windbag had it all to himself. How many speeches he has made through the dreary sitting am afraid to reckon up. Members going off to write letters, smoke a cigar, read evening papers, or dine, leave him on his legs, with one hand in pocket, and smile of serene satisfaction on face, prosing on. Coming back, they find him still in same position, apparently saying same thing. Has lately developed new oratorical charm. Constantly repeats his sentences, word for word. Everybody cleared out, even Mr. G., and JOHN MORLEY. Only Prince ARTHUR left languorous on Treasury Bench.

"Drooping like a lily out of water," McEWAN says. Not that he's given to tropes of the kind; but, being lately at a wedding feast smothered in flowers, some of them have got into his conversation.



Mr. McEwan.

*Business done.*—In Committee on Irish Land Bill, but no forrader.

*Tuesday.*—"Do you think I ought to wear spurs, Toby?"

It was Old MORALITY who spoke. We were in his room at House; just torn ourselves away from Committee on Irish Land Bill, where, at the moment, oddly enough SEXTON chanced to be speaking. Old MORALITY has been made Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, and is trying on his uniform. Rather piratical arrangement; blue cloth coat with large brass buttons, red sash round his waist, with holster thrust in it, containing the horse-pistol with which PITT armed himself when he sat at the window of Walmer Castle, looking across the Channel, momentarily expecting to discover BONEY crossing in a flat-bottomed boat. The trousers are of scarlet, with broad braid of gold lace on outer seams. Finally there is a truculent cocked hat, which OLD MORALITY persists in putting on with the peak W. H. Smith is his new character as Warden of the Cinque Ports and Constable of Dover Castle.

The dress is picturesque, and OLD MORALITY's figure lends itself to it with peculiar grace and fitness. "I fancy WELLINGTON wore spurs," the Lord Warden persisted. Yes, I point out; but PITT didn't, nor did PALMERSTON. Anyhow



just as well not to begin with spurs. Might in time grow up to them, as it were.

Wanted the Lord Warden to enter House in his uniform: sadly in need of sensation. One would certainly be provided if Old MORALITY were discovered sitting on Treasury Bench in his present costume.

"No," he said, "they would think I was going to move or second the Address. Should like to get used to the clothes a little before appearing in them in public places."

So go back to House myself, leaving the Lord Warden marching up and down, making believe he is on the ramparts at Walmer. Oddly enough, when I arrive Windbag SEXTON making a speech, the few Members present talking about Old MORALITY's promotion. A dangerous epoch in a man's life. People apt just then to discover all kinds of shortcomings, and reasons why the promotion should have fallen elsewhere. But no one grudges OLD MORALITY this high and ancient honour; a fresh chapter in the pleasant story of "Mr. SMITH," a new "Part of His Life." For five years he has sat on the Treasury Bench in succession to DISRAELI and GLADSTONE; now he will answer for the safety of the Cinque Ports in succession to PITT and WELLINGTON, DALHOUSIE and PALMERSTON. *Business done.*—OLD MORALITY made Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports.

*Thursday.*—"TAX PAY also among the Gentlemen of England!" exclaimed SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, for once almost moved out of his customary self-possession. It certainly seems so. Came about on Second Reading of London Tramways Bill; promoters want to bring tramway over Westminster Bridge, and along Embankment. DEMOS desires to go about his business on the tramway, and does not see why he should be arbitrarily stopped before he has accomplished his journey. Carriage folk say, No; let DEMOS and his penny tram stop at other side of the water, leaving the broad thoroughfare of the Embankment for what RADCLIFFE COOKE called "the gilded chariot."

Debate gone forward for some time. No one expected to find TAX PAY in this Galley. Since his return from Ameriky hasn't opened his voice in debate; spoken in public only once. That was to his constituents in Scotland Road, Liverpool; announced with portentous blast in advance that then and there the anxious world should learn what side he took in the leadership controversy. Others had declared themselves, whether for Brer FOX or Brer RABBIT. The momentous issue of TAX PAY's decision required further deliberation. So all the world had to wait till TAX PAY came home and saw his constituents. Result not altogether satisfactory. As TIM HEALY put it, "TAX PAY showed disposition to hunt with Brer FOX and run with Brer RABBIT." If in the end Brer FOX won, nothing in TAX PAY's Scotland Road speech need prevent him returning to his allegiance. If Brer FOX remained under a cloud, he could jog along with Brer RABBIT. Been careful not to spoil the little game by taking part in debate in House.

Now, on this London Tramways Bill, which touches neither Brer FOX nor Brer RABBIT, TAX PAY interposes. Conservatives snort impatiently when he rises; cry aloud for division; take it for granted that TAX PAY will back up DEMOS's demand for equal right of way. But TAX PAY has genuine little surprise in store; is loftily contemptuous of tramways, doncha. If they cross the bridge and approach the precincts of the West End, what is to become of carriage-folk? "A noisy and inconvenient system of locomotion," said TAX PAY, shuddering with disgust, as though he heard a coarse voice crying "Fares, please!"

House roared with laughter; RADCLIFFE COOKE talked about opposition "coming from Members who hoped to ride in gilded coaches"; CREMER rudely reminded TAX PAY that ten or fifteen years ago, he would have taken a very different view of the convenience of tramway cars. This wasn't pleasant; but when the Division bell rang, TAX PAY had the satisfaction of walking, alone amongst his Party, with the Gentlemen of England, triumphantly vindicating the rights of carriage-folk against tramway trabs. Long time since House of Commons witnessed a scene so rich as this in material for reflection. *Business done.*—TAX PAY declares against trams.

*Friday.*—Attendance on House gradually diminishing; what with influenza, and Irish Land Bill in Committee, Members gradually thinning off. No M.P. complete without his influenza. Barks shall not be out of anything if its humble, but conscientious Member can manage it; so I've "took" the influenza, or the influenza's "took" me. Don't exactly know how it came about. Anyhow, we're in bed together. *Business done.*—Don't know anything about it.



Demos.



## LEAVES FROM A CANDIDATE'S DIARY.

(CONTINUED.)

Wednesday, April 30th, "George Hotel," Billsbury. — Spent yesterday and the day before in chambers at the Temple. No work as usual. Think I shall give it all up, and take entirely to politics. Yesterday afternoon a Mr. RICHARDSON GROOMAN called on me by appointment. He had written me a long letter stating that he had important information to communicate to me with reference to my candidature at Billsbury, and desired a short interview in order to lay it before me. Said he was "a Billsbury man born and bred, and naturally interested in everything that concerned the welfare of the old place, though for family reasons he had found it best to make the home of his riper manhood in the Metropolis." I smelt a rat, but thought it best to give him an interview. He is a tall man, with a dark beard, straight dark hair, a sallow face and shifty eyes, and was dressed rather like a dissenting clergyman. He was immensely genial in his manner, said he had read every word of my eloquent speeches, and thoroughly agreed with all I had said, though he himself would never have been able to say it half as well. He then asked me if I had heard of his "History of the Borough of Billsbury" in four volumes. I asked him who had published it and when, but he said he had been made the victim of intrigues, and had not yet secured a publisher, though there was any amount of money to be made out of the book. Would I like to read it in MS., and give him my candid opinion of it? Excused myself on the ground of great pressure of work. He talked like this for about twenty minutes, and at last came to what he called the chief purport of his visit. He said he had in the course of his investigations, been fortunate enough to acquire important and exclusive knowledge with regard to the early life of Sir THOMAS CHUBSON and his chief supporters in Billsbury. "If it is published," he continued, "it will absolutely blast the prospects of Radicalism in Billsbury. I am not a grasping man, but I must consider my family. Still, Sir, such is my respect and liking for you, that I am willing to place a sealed packet containing all these stories in your hands on payment of £150 down." I told him that wasn't my way either of fighting a constituency or of doing business, whereupon he became more voluble than ever, and I had no end of a job to get rid of the oily beast. JERRAM tells me to-day that he was once a solicitor's clerk in Billsbury, and had to leave on account of some missing money. Since then he appears to have lived a shady life, varied by attempts at blackmail. Fugh!

Came down to Billsbury to-day, to attend the inaugural dinner of the season of the Billsbury Cricket Club. I am a Vice-President, and so is CHUBSON. The dinner was held in the large room of the "Blue Posts Hotel." General BANNATYNE, an old Indian, who is the President of the Club, was in the chair, having CHUBSON on his right, and me on his left. Old CHUBSON, to whom I was introduced, seems not half a bad old fellow, but he can't speak a bit. The dinner was awful, everything as tough as leather, and the Cabinet Pudding more beastly than any Cabinet Pudding I ever tasted—which is saying a good deal. CHUBSON proposed, "Prosperity to the Billsbury C.C." "Politics," he said, "are like Cricket. We spend our time in bowling overs." At this point a young Conservative, who had drunk too much, shouted, "Ah, and you mostly change sides, too"—an allusion to the fact that CHUBSON is believed to have started in politics as a Tory. Somebody removed the interrupter, and CHUBSON finished his speech all right, but the incident must have annoyed him. I proposed "The Town and Trade of Billsbury," and started by saying what pleasure it gave anybody occupied in politics to take a part in a non-political celebration like this. "My friend, Sir THOMAS CHUBSON," I said, "and I have not met before, and I congratulate myself, therefore, on having been introduced to him to-day. We shall do our level best to bowl one another out, but I know we shall play the game according to the rules, and in that spirit of fair-play for which Englishmen in general, and Billsbury cricketers in particular, are celebrated."

This was rather mixed, but it went very well. I think I took the shine out of CHUBSON. Later on there was a shocking row between two of the town-councillors, who got to loggerheads over the question of the Billsbury Waterworks. It was smoothed over, however, after everybody had shouted "No politics!" for about ten minutes. TOLLAND says we must begin to canvas a little soon. Horrible work, but absolutely necessary.



Looking for a Seat.

## BOWLS.

(BY A BUFFER.)

"Unfortunately (at bowls) one had to stoop to conquer: it is that stooping which (except in politics) plays the deuce with us after fifty."

James Payn's Plea for Bowls.

YES, PAYN, you are right—as you commonly are—  
The vertebrae creak and the ribs seem to jar,  
When a man bends his back—after fifty—  
If only to pull off his boots; he at length  
Finds that curve in his spine is a strain on the strength  
Of which middle-age must be thrifty.

But Bowls! Yes, my boy, it's a jolly old game,  
Though athletic fanatics might vote it too tame,

But sense is not baffled by bogies.  
The Emerald Green and the "bowls" and the "jack,"  
Are beautiful—but for that bend in the back—  
To those the young furies call "fogies."

You have not to "sprint" o'er some acres of grass,  
To "slog" or to scamper, to "scrummage" or "pass,"  
At the risk of your ribs, or "rheumatics";  
You have not to treat your opponents like foes,  
Or "go for" your rival's shin-bone or his nose,  
As do the aforesaid fanatics.

But how pleasant the "green" in the cool of the day,  
The tankard of stingo, the yard of white clay,  
And the play and the chaff of good fellows!  
Although not a betting man howls out the odds,  
And no ring of mad backers—like gallery "gods"—  
About us insensately bellows.

Yes, PAYN, the "crank in," and the "kiss of the Jack,"  
All—save, as you say, that darned bend in the back—  
About the old game is delightful.

We thank you for "trolling the bowl" once again,

Ah! it were a pleasure to play it with PAYN—

(By Jove, though—that loin-tinge was frightful!)

## A THEATRICAL PLUNGE; OR, TAKING A HEDDA.

A PLUNGE indeed! but fortunately the swimmers are strong, and able to save the suicidal Ibsenites. For my part,—that is, as one of the audience drawn by curiosity,—I should say that were it not for the excellent acting of all concerned in the piece, and especially of Miss ELIZABETH ROBINS as the Hanwellian heroine, IBSSEN's *Hedda Gabler* would scarcely have been allowed a second night's existence at the Vaudeville. Miss ROBINS is so much in earnest—as a true artist should be—that she excites your curiosity to discover what on earth she is taking all this trouble about; and thus she compels your attention. That the result is eminently unsatisfactory is no fault of hers. The piece itself is stuff and nonsense; poor stuff and "pernicious nonsense." It is as if the author had studied the weakest of the Robertsonian Comedies, and had thought he could do something like it in a tragic vein.

In the last Act there is a situation reminding us strongly of one short scene in *Caste*; there—so delicately and touchingly treated by its author; here—so repulsively treated by IBSSEN. Let it be reduced to serious burlesque, and let us have it played by PENLEY as *George Tesman*, ARTHUR ROBERTS (with a song) as *Judge Brack*, WEEDON GROSSMITH as *Ejlert Lönborg*, Miss LOTTIE VERNE as *Mrs. Hedda Tesman*, Mrs. JOHN WOOD as *Aunt Juliana*, and Miss JESSIE BOND (with song and dance) as *Mrs. Elvsted*. It is announced in the bill as "IBSEN's Last Play." There's a crumb of comfort in this.



A Powerful Cast.

## QUEER QUERIES.

OATMEAL PORRIDGE.—Would some Scotch housewife kindly enlighten me as to the proper mode of preparing the above delicacy? I fancy there must be some mistake about the method I have hitherto adopted. Is it really necessary to "boil for forty-eight hours, and then mix with equal quantities of gin, Guinness's Stout, Gum Arabic, and Epsom Salts?" I have followed this recipe (given me by a young friend, who says he has often been in Scotland) faithfully, but the result is not wholly satisfactory. I doubt whether genuine porridge should be of the consistency of a brick-bat, or taste of hair-oil.—UNDAUNTED.





CLERICAL AESTHETICS.

*Fair Parishioner.* "AND DO YOU LIKE THE PULPIT, MR. AURIOL?"

*The New Curate.* "I DO NOT. ER—IT HIDES TOO MUCH OF THE FIGURE, AND I LIKE EVERY SHAKE OF THE SURPLICE TO TELL!"

"BLOOD" V. "BULLION."

"WELL then, it now appears you need my help. Go to then: you come to me, and you say, 'SHYLOCK, we would have moneys'—you say so; You that did void your rheum upon my beard, And foot me, as you spurn a stranger our Over your threshold: moneys is your suit. What should I say to you? Should I not say 'Hath a dog money?'"

*Merchant of Venice, Act I., Scene 3.*

"WITH bated breath and whispering humbleness?"

Not so! There comes a season when the stress Of insolent and exacting tyranny Makes the most patient turn.

Autocracy, Without the despot's vaunted virtue, pride, Shows small indeed. Can Power lay aside Its swaggering port, and low petition make (Driven by those Treasury thirsts which never slake)

For help from those it harries? PHARAOH'S scourge

Was the taskmaster's weapon, used to urge The Hebrew bondsmen to their tale of toil, But they round whom the Russian's knout thongs coil,

Are of the breed of those the Russian palm Can make petition to. Could triumph balm The wounds of ages, here were balm indeed; But blood revolts.

Race of the changeless creed, And ever-shifting sojourn, SHAKESPEARE'S type

Deep meaning hides, which, when the world is ripe

For wider wisdom, when the palsy curse Of prejudice, the canker of the purse,

And blind blood-hatred, shall a little lift, Will clearer shine, like sunburst through a rift

In congregated cloud-wracks. *Shylock* stands Badged with black shame in all the baser lands.

Use him, and—spit on him! That's Gentile wont;

Make him gold-conduit, and befoul the font,— That's the true despot-plan through all the days,

And cackling *Gratianos* chorus praise.

"The Jew shall have all justice." Shall he so?

The tyrant drains, his gold, then bids him—"Go!"

*Shylock?* The name bears insult in its sound;

But he was nobler than the curs who hound The patient Hebrew from his home, and drive

Deathward the stronger souls they dread alive.

*Shylock?* So brand him, bores and babbling wags,

Whose scorn him, yet would share his money-bags; Who hate him, yet can stoop to such appeal!

Beneath his meekness there's a soul of steel. High-featured, amply-bearded, see he stands

Facing the Autocrat; those sinewy hands, Shaped but for clutching—so his slanderers say—

The huckster bait can coldly put away "Blood against bullion." The Jew-baiting band

Howl frantic execration o'er the land; Malign and menace, pillage, persecute;

Though the heart's hot, the mouth must fain be mute.

The edict fulminates, the goad pursues; Proscription, deprivation,—ay, they use All the old tortures, nor are then content, But crown the work with ruthless banishment.

And then—then the proud Muscovite seeks grace,

And gold, from kinsmen of the harried race!

"He would have moneys" from the Hebrew hoard,

To swell his state, or whet his warlike sword; Perchance buy heavier scourges for the backs Of lesser Hebrews, whom his wolfish packs Of salaried minions hunt.

Take back thine hand, Imperious Autocrat, and understand

Gold buys not, rules not, serves not, saves not all.

Blood speaks—in favour of the helpless thrall Of tyranny. Here's no tame *Shylock*; he Shall not bend low, and in a bondsman's key,

Make o'er his money-bags with unctuous grace To an enthroned enslaver of his race.

"Well then, it now appears you need my help" (yelp!)

(You—whose trained curs at my poor kinsmen "What should I say to you? Should I not say,

"Hath a dog money?" Blood's response is—"Nay!"

A SOMEWHAT curious association of names and ideas occurs in last week's *Sporting and Dramatic*, where there is an illustration of some ceremony taking place which is described as "The RAINE'S Foundation May Day Celebration." Odd, that this particular RAINE should always fall on the First of May.





## “BLOOD” VERSUS “BULLION.”

“WELL THEN, IT NOW APPEARS YOU NEED MY HELP:  
YOU THAT DID VOID YOUR RHEUM UPON MY BEARD,  
AND FOOT ME, AS YOU SPURN A STRANGER CUR  
OVER YOUR THRESHOLD; MONEYS IS YOUR SUIT.  
WHAT SHOULD I SAY TO YOU?”—*Merchant of Venice*, Act I., Sc. 3.







## ODE TO COMPENSATION.

(After KIRKE WHITE.)

"That blessed word—  
'Compensation.'"

COME Compensation,  
come! [lad,  
Not in thy terrors  
But in thy fairest,  
gentlest guise,  
Thy "blessed" name  
but terrifies  
The "Templar" and  
the "Rad."

Thou must not come  
as "Right,"  
That is—alas!—"too  
steep,"

The Law has put its  
foot hard down,  
And "BUNG," so far, is  
quite done brown;  
It makes the "Wit-  
tler" weep!

N, "Vested Interest,"  
Whereon to found a  
claim? [have done  
And after all that we  
To keep the Tories in  
the run! [shame!  
It is a thundering

We deemed Sir ED-  
WARD CLARKE  
Knew what he was  
about;



THE TRAINER INFORMS HIS LORDSHIP THAT HIS NEW PURCHASE "WILL TAKE A LOT OF BEATING,"

We thought good GOS-  
CHEN, sharp and  
slick,  
Had "gently, gently  
done the trick."  
We have been sold,  
no doubt.

But FORREST FULTON  
comes,—  
Sharp fellow that  
F. F.!

And in the Commons  
sneaks a vote  
Which sticks hard in  
the "Temperance  
throat,—  
Dull churls, to jus-  
tice deaf!

Come, Compensation,  
come! [door,  
Come in by the back—  
Come unawares, come  
anyhow,  
Only do come to smooth  
the brow [and poor.  
Of Wittlers weak

GOSCHEN has played  
us false;  
It makes our bosom  
ache.

But to abate our in-  
dignation  
If he'll secure us  
Compensation,  
'Twill compensation  
make.



AND—SO HE DID!

## OVERHEARD AT EARL'S COURT.

*First Citizen.* And what did you see at the German Exhibition?

*Second Citizen.* A magnificent collection of German pictures, many German manufactures, and several German Bands.

*First C.* Are these the only attractions?

*Second C.* No, there is some cleverly painted canvas representing German scenery in the grounds.

*First C.* Anything else?

*Second C.* I enjoyed the Switchback Rail-  
way.

*First C.* I see—anything else?

*Second C.* Well, the Scenes in the Circle added to my enjoyment, but, as an enthusiastic admirer of all that is German, I do not consider them entirely necessary.

*First C.* Anything further? [company.

*Second C.* There are the lights and the

*First C.* But of course these are superfluous?

*Second C.* From a German point of view—entirely so. I consider them merely as fringe.

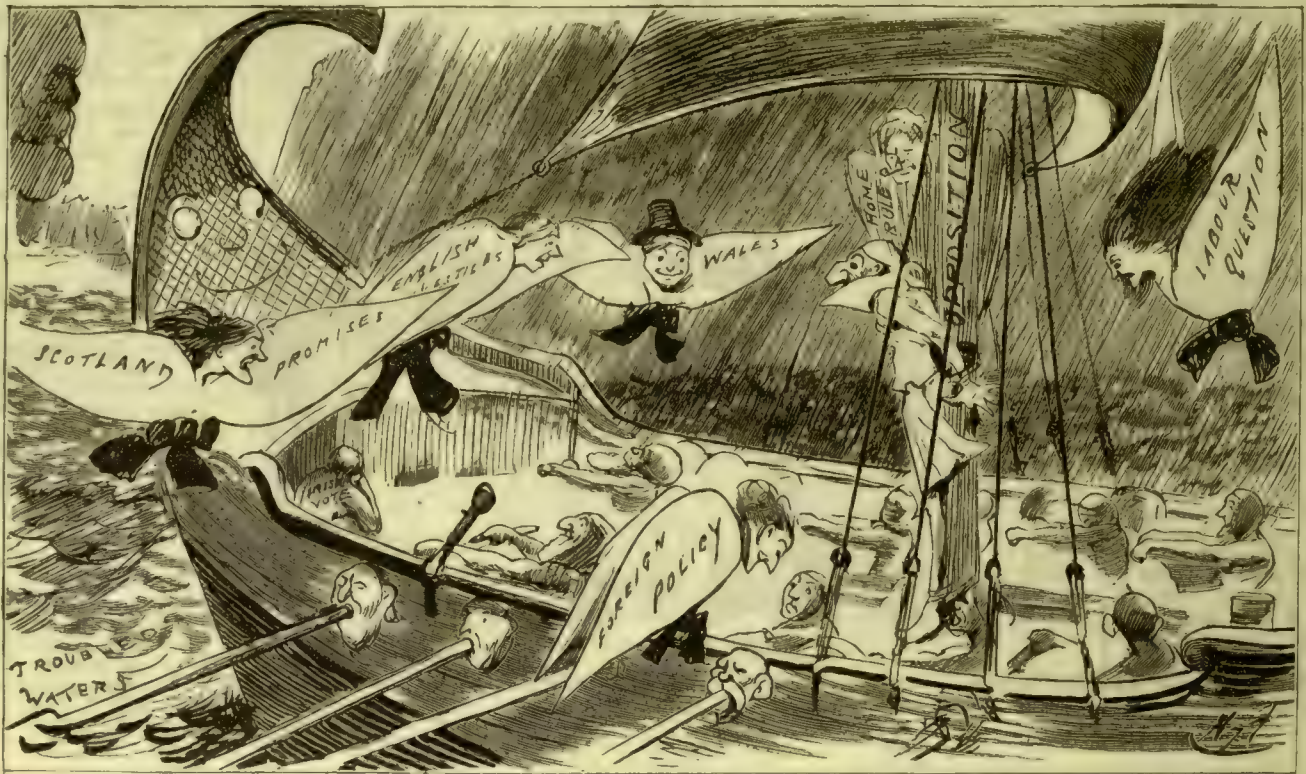
*First C.* Exactly—and, were they not there, you would extend as much patronage to the German Exhibition—you would go there as frequently?

*Second C.* Yes—in spirit, if not in person.  
*First C.* And if for the German some other foreign element were substituted?

*Second C.* No doubt I should be present quite as much in person, but not in German spirit!



## THE PICK OF THE PICTURES. (AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.)



No. 475. A Day's Sport in the Olden Times. Ancient Mariner regrets that guns are not yet invented, wishes he'd brought a Bow and Arrow with him. J. Waterhouse, A.



No. 138. Tootsy Pootsies. "O dear, what is the matter with my poor feet!!" Edith Sprague.

No. 129. "Love in Winter." By G. H. BOUGHTON, A. But a poor sort of amusement for this nice young lady to be walking out all alone with a big muff! eh? Mr. BOUGHTON, eh?

No. 292. *Bar-Maids Resting*. W. R. STEPHENS. No. 346. "Moor and Mountain." By CHARLES STUART. The name CHARLES STUART suggests "restoration" but this is a brand new work. It is mostly mountain, and very little more.

No. 397. "Miss LYDIA LESLIE at her lessons" may be termed a group of One or Little Daughter and Less Sons. G. D. LESLIE, R. A.

No. 410. Two horses in a field during a Snowstorm. Good subject for a Tavern sign-board, entitled, "Two Out." EDWARD STOTT.

No. 452. "Mrs. X—," i.e., a lady with a good deal of dash. HUGH DE T. GLAZEBROOK.



No. 518. A Practical Joke. "I shall startle 'em if I go in suddenly dressed like this." J. C. Horsley, R. A.



No. 167. [Pott Luck; or, the Arch Archdeacon. W. B. Richmond, A.

No. 467. "Angela Vanbrugh" playing the Fiddle; or, All alone with her Beau. EDWIN LONG, R. A.

No. 558. Lady going out for a row. Odd sort of boat: Wherry Fanny. E. BLAIR LEIGHTON.

No. 630. "Iona." By COLIN HUNTER, A. Buy it, and in Iona you own a good picture.

No. 664. "La Cigale." A sporting subject suggestive of "Got nothing on." It is not a portrait of *La Cigale* at the Lyric. H. RAE.

No. 714. Wind Lads and Wind-Lasses. FRANK DICKSEE, A.

No. 743. "If I had a donkey what wouldn't go." ALFRED W. STRUTT.

No. 1006. A Little Duck. WILLIAM STRUTT. (Must be seen for title to be appreciated.)

No. 1106. Hares Apparent. WILLIAM FOSTER.

No. 1108. Napoleon leaving the room where Josephine is fainting on the floor. Short title, "Going Nap." LASLETT J. POTT.



## THE A B C OF IBSENITY.

A is the ARCHER who booms in the *World*,  
 B is the Banner of IBSSEN unfurled.  
 C the Commotion it makes for the minute,  
 D is the *Doll's House*, and all there is in it.  
 E is the Eagerness shown in the fray,  
 F the Fanatics, who will have their way.  
 G is a Ghost, and oh! there are lots of 'em,  
 H is Heredity, making pot-shots of 'em.  
 I is the Ibsenite so analytic,  
 J is the Jeer of the Philistine critic.  
 K is a *Kroll*, and a Pastor is he,  
 L is a *Lady*, who comes from the Sea.  
 M is the Master, speak soft as you name him,  
 N stands for Norway, so eager to claim him.  
 O his Opponents, who speak out their mind,  
 P stands for *Punch*, where his dramas you'll find.  
 Q is the Question, should *Rosmer* have wed her?  
 R is *Rebecca*, who took such a header.  
 S is the *Speaker*, which gets quite excited,  
 T is the Temper, it shows uninvited.  
 U the Unquestioning Faith of the some,  
 V is the Vaudeville, where they all come.  
 W stands for the Worshipping Few,  
 X their Xtreme disproportionate view.  
 Y ends Ibsenity, and, as everyone knows,  
 Z brings an alphabet rhyme to a close.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*The Diary of a Pilgrimage* occupies 175 pages of one of ARROW-SMITH's three-and-sixpenny books, and no doubt the admirers of its author, Mr. JEROME K. JEROME, may possibly not grudge this amount when gauging its value by its attractive cover. It is "ARRY Abroad," that's all. 'ARRY Abroad laughs and talks loudly in foreign churches, sneers and jeers at everything he does not understand—and this includes the greater portion of all he sees and hears—chaffs puzzled officials, and everywhere makes himself highly and exceptionally popular. In this *Diary* 'ARRY is occasionally rather amusing when he is endeavouring to be either serious or sentimental, or both. 'ARRY serious or 'ARRY sentimental, or 'ARRY sentimentally serious and expecting to be taken at his own valuation, is of course delightful, only a little of it goes a great way, and this Cockney pilgrim goes too far, especially when giving us his valuable opinion on the *Passion Play*. 'ARRY on the *Passion Play*, and the character of JUDAS ISCARIOT! As *Hedda Gabler's* husband observes on every possible opportunity—"Fancy that!" Only once the Baron finds himself in agreement with the travelling 'ARRY, and this happens when he says, "I must candidly confess that the English-speaking people one meets with on the Continent are, taken as a whole, a most disagreeable contingent." Yes, certainly, when they are all 'Arries. Set an 'ARRY to catch an 'ARRY, and of course to the regular right-down 'ARRY all other 'ARRIES, not 'appin' to 'ave the honour of being 'is own parties, are detestably vulgar oads. The remainder of the book, i.e., 131 pages, is padded with essays, a fact not mentioned on the outside of the work, which, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. Whether this is quite a fair way of stating contents, is a question which the Baron supposes both Publishers and Author have thoroughly considered.

Don't skip ELLEN TERRY's *Memoirs* in *The New Review*. Nothing much in them, but delightfully chatty and amusing. See *Murray's Magazine* for Mr. GLADSTONE on the *Murray Memoirs*, in the number for the "Murray Month of May." When you are routing about for something short and amusing, take up the *Cornhill*, and read *A Flash in the Pan*. I have commenced, says the Baron, my friend GEORGE MEREDITH's *One of Our Conquerors*. Now G. M. is an author whose work does not admit of the healthy and graceful exercise of skipping. Here the skipper's occupation is gone. G. M.'s work should be taken away by the reader far from the madding crowd and perused and pondered over. If Ponder's End be the tranquil place its name implies, then to that secluded spot betake yourself with your GEORGE MEREDITH, O happy and studious reader, and ponder in peace.

Since the time of *Richard Feverel*, which I shall always consider his best, "of the very best" as ZERO of the Monte Carlo Bar has it, G. M. has developed into a gold-beater of epigrams. What once served him as a two-line epigram, is now spread out over a couple of pages. Two volumes instead of three would serve his turn far better, or rather the public's turn, for his own is a very peculiar one. But to my task, says the Baron, give me a slight refresher and a suck at the lemon as it were, or a sip of the lemonade, and at him again. *Festina lente*. More anon from

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

## ROBERT ON ENGLISH AND FOREIGN WAITERS.

WELL, things is cumming to a pretty pass, things is, when I'm aeshally told that, as it used to be said formerly, "No Hirish need apply for nothing," so now, we are told, that no English Waiters need apply at the Royal Nawal Xhibishun unless he bes a German!



"Rule, Britannia, Britannia rules the Waves!  
 For Britons never, never, NEVER  
 Shall be Slaves!"

Robert the Waiter. "WHAT'S THIS! 'NO ENGLISH NEED APPLY! GERMANS ONLY TAKEN!' THIS IS 'BRITONS NEVER SHALL BE SLAVES' WITH A WENGEANCE!"

I never knowed as Jack Tars, and Powder-Munkys, and Admerals (as is so fond of Port, that they takes the werry name), was so werry parshal to Germans, that they woud sooner go without their dinners and teaze, than be waited on by any other gennelmen, most suttently not. "O *contrare*," as the French Waiters says. It 'ud be a jolly long time, I shoold think, before your real British Sailors woud learn to call a Waiter a *Gasson*, tho' as it means, I'm told, a Boy, there is sum little sense in it, ooz there's, in course, Old Boys as well as yung ones; but what on airth meaning is there in a Kelner! as I'm aeshally told all German Waiters insists on being called! Why the thing's too absurd to tork about.

Besides the British Publick is used to our little ways, as we are quite used to theirs, and they talk to us in that nice confidenshal tone about the different wines, et setterer, as no true Born Englishman ewer yet spoke to a Frenchman, much less a German. No, no, the hole thing's a mistake, as will soon be found out. And what a groos injustice to the native article. These sollem-looking Germans, not content with pushing our poor sons from their stools in our counting-houses, as *Macheth* says, must now cum and take the werry broad out of their poor Father's mouths. Oh pale-faced shame, where's your blush? And think too of their himperance. Why they are aeshally a going for to have a hexhibition of their own, here in London, and does anyone think as they'll write up on the gates, "Only English Waiters need apply?" Why the hidear is ridicolous, but where's the difference I shoold like to kno. No, no, no one can kno better than I do, from a long and waried experiance, from the Grand old City, the ome of ospitality and turtle soup, to the "Grand" and "Metropole," the omes of lucksury and refinement, that the British Public likes his British Waiter, he likes his nice respectful ways, the helligent Bow with which he ands him his At, and the graceful hair with which he receeves his little doosure.

ROBERT.



## SPECIMENS FROM MR. PUNCH'S SCAMP-ALBUM.

## No. IV.—THE HUSBAND'S OLD SCHOOL-FELLOW.

WE will suppose that you are a young wife, and that your husband is absent in the City during the greater part of the day. One afternoon a card is brought in bearing the inscription:—

CAPTAIN CAULKER.

United Service Club. The Hermitage, Coventry.

which document is followed closely by a tall, well-groomed, rather portly and florid stranger, with a military moustache, who greets you with the utmost cordiality. "I happened to find myself in this neighbourhood," he says, "and I could not—I really could not—resist this opportunity. My name, I venture to think, is a sufficient introduction?"

It is nothing of the sort—but you are too shy and too polite to admit it, so you merely murmur some incoherency. He detects you at once. "Ah!" he cries, in good-tempered reproach; "I see, I've been too sanguine. Now confess, my dear lady, you haven't a notion who I am!"

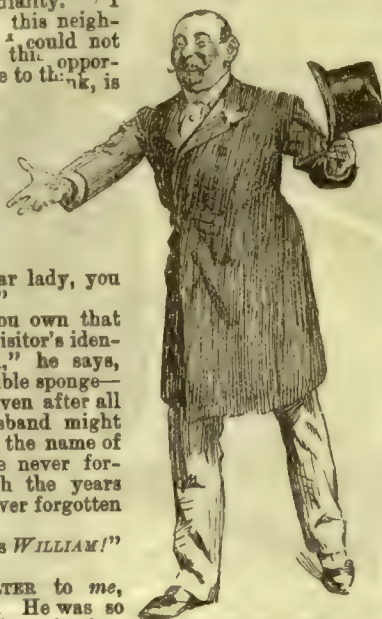
Thus brought to bay, you own that you have no clue to your visitor's identity—as yet. "Well—well," he says, tolerantly. "Time is a terrible sponge—though I had hoped that, even after all these years, your dear husband might have occasionally mentioned the name of his old school-chum! I've never forgotten him—no, all through the years I've been in India I've never forgotten dear old WALTER!"

"But my husband's name is WILLIAM!" you say here.

"He was always WALTER to me, Madam, or rather—WATTY. He was so like a favourite young brother of mine, who died young. That drew us together from the first. Did dear old WATTY never tell you how he saved my life once?... No? So like him!—he wouldn't. But he did, though; yes, by Gad, jumped into fifteen foot of water after me, and kept me up when I was going under for the last time. Pardon me, but I see a photograph upon your writing-table—surely, unless I am wrong, that—"

"That is a portrait of my only brother," you will say; "he is out in India with his regiment—perhaps you may have met him there?"

"Thought I knew the face—met him at Simla, several times,"



says the Captain: "wonderful how small the world is! But have you one of old WATTY's photos? I should so like to see whether the dear old chap has altered... Ah, I should hardly have known him—and yet, yes, the same cheery, jolly look, I can trace the boy there, I can see my old WATTY again! No friends, my dear Mrs. GOSLING, like those we make in early youth! And he never mentions me now? Ah! well, he has a very charming excuse for forgetting the past—though I shall tell him when I see him that I do think he might have remembered his old school-friend a little better than he seems to have done. Your servant informed me that he was seldom at home quite so early as this, but I thought if I could not see him, I would at least give myself the pleasure of making the acquaintance of his wife, so I just ventured to come in for five minutes."

"WILLIAM will be so disappointed to have missed you," you say, eagerly; "can't you wait and let me give you some tea? He may be back in half an hour."

"In half an hour? Well, 'pon my word, you tempt me very much. I shouldn't like to go away without seeing him, but I must send away my cab first—no, it's not outside, left it at the corner of the road, as I wasn't certain of the number—I s'pose I've got enough silver to—no, I haven't, by Jove! Could you oblige me by change for a—well, really, this is very awkward. I've positively come out with only a shilling—thought it was a sovereign! I shall have to ask dear old WATTY to accommodate me—I've lent him many a half-crown in the old days. Absurd predicament to be in, and if I keep my cabman waiting, I don't know what he mayn't charge me. I took him three hours ago. I tell you what, my dear Mrs. GOSLING; if you'll advance me a sovereign, I could run out and settle with the fellow, and then it won't signify how long I wait for WATTY. Can you? Too good of you, I'm sure! WATTY will chaff me when he hears I've been borrowing like this, ha, ha!" Here your ear, sharpened by affection, catches a well-known turn of the latch-key at your front-door. "Why, how fortunate!" you exclaim, "here is my husband already, Captain CAULKER. He will come in as soon as he has changed his shoes."

"Capital!" cries the Captain. "Look here, Mrs. GOSLING,—I've just thought of a little joke. I want to see if he'll know me. Now you go and talk to him a little, and—presently, you know—say there's a man in the drawing-room, who's come to wind the clocks, and then I'll come in to where you are, and make believe to wind the clock there—do you see? I'd bet anything he won't spot me at first!"

You are young enough to be delighted at the idea of such a pretty little comedy, and you trip away to the study, and archly keep dear WILLIAM in conversation until the Captain is ready to make his appearance. At last, a little impatiently, you give the cue by mentioning that there is a clock-winder in the drawing-room. WILLIAM is amusingly suspicious, and insists on seeing the man. As the scene will be just as funny in the drawing-room, you accompany him thither—but there is no gallant Captain there affecting to wind your charming little Sévres clock (a wedding present)—he has gone, and—alas! without leaving a timepiece for anybody else to wind. And WILLIAM is most disagreeable and unpleasant about it!

## NOTES FROM A NURSERY-GARDEN.

(By an Awfully Clever Child.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am a Poetess. I am told that the Age is old, and that Poetry is over. My age is ten, and my poetry is certainly not over. My nurse (one of those horrid critics) has ventured to suggest that I am not original. I leave you to judge. Yours impatiently, ENFANT TERRIBLE.

N.W.

ALACK! up Northern Primrose Hill  
(Sing, oh, JACK! sing, ah, GILL!)  
They climbed, and deemed it Helicon,  
Those childish bards, GILLETTE and JOHN,  
Their pails with Hippocrene to fill.  
(Sing, oh, JACK! sing, ah, GILL!)

Adown that Western Hill, alack!  
(Sing, ah, GILL! sing, oh, JACK!)  
Or e'er they gained the Muses' well,  
JACK kicked his bucket frail and fell,  
And GILL was brought upon her back.  
(Sing, ah, GILL! sing, oh, JACK!)

## TO A SCENTY PEDE.

How doth yonder miniature feattess,  
Though wingless, with gossamer wit,  
Foregather mellifluent sweetness,  
While Fates unrelenting permit—  
Wise heir of bright hours, completeness  
Of blossoms that flicker and flit.

## ON A JAPANESE SCREEN.

IN Yeddo, where long lilies weep,  
Bo' Peep  
The shepherdess hath lost her sheep.  
She recks not where the sheep have strayed,  
Poor maid,  
Beneath the Boodha-Temple's shade.  
Her solace is the Minstrel's: I'd  
Let slide  
My flocks of verse without a guide.  
So will they best return without  
A doubt—  
Or tale that mortal can make out.

## MISS MUFFET.

So sweet!  
Child-Innocence, with upward-curling feet  
On buffet-seat,  
Reolving (as we all resolve) to eat.  
So sad!  
The ravening Spider from his eyrie mad  
Swoops, boldly bad,  
And scares (as spiders scare) the Pure and  
Glad.

## ON A KLEPTOMANIAC.

Ah, Violin Cremonian!  
Ah, Pussy-cat of Ispahan!  
Moo-cow that dost outmoon the moon!

Yea, dainty poodle, laugh away,  
And mock the pranks poor mortals play  
Who spoon the dish and dish the spoon!

## TO THE QUEEN OF MAYS.

GIVE me an elfin, frolic MAY,  
No Queen with hoarse cadenzas,  
Who pipes a frozen roundelay  
Of spiteful influenzas.  
My MAY shall air no voices crude,  
No chained and chilly dances—  
With wordless harmonies subdued  
And pirouetting fanciers.  
She'll draw us round no Northern Poles  
With crowns of mimic roses,  
That mock our sad sepulchral souls  
And counterfeit our noses.  
But white as hawthorn blossom, free  
As air to shed her pleasures,  
My mute, melodious MAY shall be  
The soul of wayward measures.  
To put it plainly, while the bag  
Of Spring on us and gales blows,  
I'll bask and smile and worship JEANNE  
Within the Prince of Wales's.

CONSERVATIVE COMMENT ON A RECENT  
ELECTION (after Mr. Middleton's pick).—"Humph!  
Interior Dosset!"



## MR. PUNCH'S POCKET IBSEN.

(Condensed and Revised Version, by Mr. P.'s Own Harmless Ibsenite.)

## No. IV.—THE WILD DUCK.

## ACT I.

At WERLE's house. In front a richly-upholstered study. (R.) a green-baize door leading to WERLE's office. At back, open folding doors, revealing an elegant dining-room, in which a brilliant Norwegian dinner-party is going on. Hired Waiters in profusion. A glass is tapped with a knife. Shouts of "Bravo!" Old Mr. WERLE is heard making a long speech, proposing—according to the custom of Norwegian society on such occasions—the health of his Housekeeper, Mrs. SÖRBY. Presently several short-sighted, flabby, and thin-haired Chamberlains, enter from the dining-room, with HIALMAR EKDAL, who writhes shyly under their remarks.

A Chamberlain. As we are the sole surviving specimens of Norwegian nobility, suppose we sustain our reputation as aristocratic sparklers by enlarging upon the enormous amount we have eaten, and chaffing HIALMAR EKDAL, the friend of our host's son, for being a professional Photographer?

The other Chamberlains. Bravo! We will.

[They do; delight of HIALMAR. Old WERLE comes in, leaning on his Housekeeper's arm, followed by his son, GREGERS WERLE.

Old Werle (dejectedly). Thirteen at table! (To GREGERS, with a meaning glance at HIALMAR.) This is the result of inviting an old College friend who has turned Photographer! Wasting vintage wines on him, indeed!

[He passes on gloomily.

Hialmar (to Gregers). I am almost sorry I came. Your old man is not friendly. Yet he set me up as a Photographer fifteen years ago. Now he takes me down! But for him, I should never have married GINA, who, you may remember, was a servant in your family once.

Gregers. What? my old College friend married fifteen years ago—and to our GINA, of all people! If I had not been up at the works all these years, I suppose I should have heard something of such an event. But my father never mentioned it. Odd!

[He ponders: Old EKDAL comes out through the green-baize door, bowing, and begging pardon, carrying copying work. Old WERLE says "Ugh" and "Pah" involuntarily. HIALMAR shrinks back, and looks another way. A Chamberlain asks him pleasantly if he knows that old man.

Hialmar. I—oh no. Not in the least. No relation!

Gregers (shocked). What, HIALMAR, you, with your great soul, deny your own father!

Hialmar (vehemently). Of course—what else can a Photographer do with a disreputable old parent, who has been in a Penitentiary for making a fraudulent map? I shall leave this splendid banquet. The Chamberlains are not kind to me, and I feel the crushing hand of fate on my head! [Goes out hastily, feeling it.

Mrs. Sörby (archly). Any Nobleman here say "Cold Punch"?

[Every Nobleman says "Cold Punch," and follows her out in search of it with enthusiasm. GREGERS approaches his father, who wishes he would go.

Gregers. Father, a word with you in private. I loathe you. I am nothing if not candid. Old EKDAL was your partner once, and it's my firm belief you deserved a prison quite as much as he did. However, you surely need not have married our GINA to my old friend HIALMAR. You know very well she was no better than she should have been!

Old Werle. True—but then no more is Mrs. SÖRBY. And I am going to marry her—if you have no objection, that is.

Gregers. None in the world! How can I object to a stepmother who is playing Blind Man's Buff at the present moment with the Norwegian nobility? I am not so overstrained as all that. But really I cannot allow my old friend HIALMAR, with his great, confiding, childlike mind, to remain in contented ignorance of GINA's past. No, I see my mission in life at last! I shall take my hat, and inform him that his home is built upon a lie. He will be so much obliged to me! [Takes his hat, and goes out.

Old Werle. Ha!—I am a wealthy merchant, of dubious morals, and I am about to marry my housekeeper, who is on intimate terms

with the Norwegian aristocracy. I have a son who loathes me, and who is either an Ibsenian satire on the Master's own ideals, or else an utterly impossible prig—I don't know or care which. Altogether, I flatter myself my household affords an accurate and realistic picture of Scandinavian Society!

## ACT II.

HIALMAR EKDAL's Photographic Studio. Cameras, neck-rests, and other instruments of torture lying about. GINA EKDAL and HEDVIG, her daughter, aged 14, and wearing spectacles, discovered sitting up for HIALMAR.

Hedvig. Grandpapa is in his room with a bottle of brandy and a jug of hot water, doing some fresh copying work. Father is in society, dining out. He promised he would bring me home something nice!

Hialmar (coming in, in evening dress). And he has not forgotten his promise, my child. Behold! (he presents her with the menu card; HEDVIG gulps down her tears; HIALMAR notices her disappointment, with annoyance.) And this all the gratitude I get! After dining out and coming home in a dress-coat and boots, which are disgracefully tight! Well, well, just to show you how hurt I am, I won't have any beer now! What a selfish brute I am! (Relenting.) You may bring me just a little drop. (He bursts into tears.) I will play you a plaintive Bohemian dance on my flute. (He does.) No beer at such a sacred moment as this! (He drinks.) Ha, this is real domestic bliss!

[GREGERS WERLE comes in, in a countryfied suit.

Gregers. I have left my father's home—dinner-party and all—for ever. I am coming to lodge with you.

Hialmar (still melancholy). Have some bread and butter. You won't? then I will. I want it, after your father's lavish hospitality. (HEDVIG goes to fetch bread and butter.) My daughter—a poor shortsighted little thing—but mine own.

Gregers. My father has had to take to strong glasses, too—he can hardly see after dinner. (To Old EKDAL, who stumbles in very drunk.) How can you, Lieutenant EKDAL, who were such a keen sportsman once, live in this poky little hole?

Old Ekdal. I am a sportsman still. The only difference is that once I shot bears in a forest, and now I pot tame rabbits in a garret. Quite as amusing—and safer.

[He goes to sleep on a sofa.

Hialmar (with pride). It is quite true. You shall see.

[He pushes back sliding doors, and reveals a garret full of rabbits and poultry—moonlight effect. HEDVIG returns with bread and butter.

Hedvig (to GREGERS). If you stand just there, you get the best view of our Wild Duck. We are very proud of her, because she gives the play its title, you know, and has to be brought into the dialogue a good deal. Your father peppered her out shooting, and we saved her life.

Hialmar. Yes, GREGERS, our estate is not large—but still we preserve, you see. And my poor old father and I sometimes get a day's gunning in the garret. He shoots with a pistol, which my illiterate wife here will call a "pigstol." He once, when he got into trouble, pointed it at himself. But the descendant of two lieutenant-colonels who had never quailed before living rabbit yet, faltered then. He didn't shoot. Then I put it to my own head. But at the decisive moment, I won the victory over myself. I remained in life. Now we only shoot rabbits and fowls with it. After all I am very happy and contented as I am. [He eats some bread and butter.

Gregers. But you ought not to be. You have a good deal of the Wild Duck about you. So have your wife and daughter. You are living in marsh vapours. To-morrow I will take you out for a walk and explain what I mean. It is my mission in life. Good night!

[He goes out.

Gina and Hedvig. What was the gentleman talking about, Father? Hialmar (eating bread and butter). He has been dining, you know. No matter—what we have to do now, is to put my disreputable old white-haired pariah of a parent to bed.

[He and GINA lift old EKDAL—we mean old EKDAL—up by the legs and arms, and take him off to bed as the Curtain falls.

COCKNEY MOTTO FOR A FEEBLE CRICKETER.—"Take 'Art of Grace!"







## KEY TO THE PROPOSED HERALDIC DEVICE.

**Arms.**—Quarterly: 1. A female figure habited in white robes reaching to the ankles, with Arms elevated, all quite proper, for *Grace*. 2. A wildman or raterpayer rampant, for *Thrift*. 3. A bend (or bar) sinister on a chart vert, for *Bloomsbury*. 4. Three demi-councillors, wings elevated, regardant an empty seat, for *Vacancy*.

**Crest.**—On a beadle's hat erased, a new broom.

**Supporters.**—Dexter, a Paul Pry regardant, grasping an eyeglass sinister. Sinister, a Stiggins. Both gorged.

**Motto.**—"Ubi nunc sumus?"

## FAMILIARITY BREEDS RESPECT.

(A page from the Diary of a would-be but couldn't be Duellist.)

**Monday.**—Arrived on the ground ready to fight my opponent to the death. We had just measured the ground, when an agent of Police appeared upon the scene, and we had to decamp hurriedly. Duel postponed till to-morrow.

**Tuesday.**—New spot chosen. Pistols this time instead of rapiers. Just as we were about to fire, appearance of the agents of the law. Postponement again absolutely necessary.

**Wednesday.**—Once more ready to meet. Both of us rather amused at the precautions we have to take to prevent interruption. Opponent obligingly suggested a new and suitable spot for the settlement of our little differences. Found it to be a most excellent selection, but before we could fight, once more interrupted. Both of us greatly annoyed, and arranged to meet to-morrow.

**Thursday.**—Amused to find myself first in the field—my opponent five minutes late. Both of us had come before the seconds, and so spent the time in a pleasant little chat, and cigarettes. My opponent not half a bad fellow when you come to know him. Just as he was in the middle of a most amusing story, our seconds arrived—with the Police! Postponement once more imperative.

**Friday.**—Opponent turned up first, and, at my request, completed his yesterday's story—one of the best I have ever heard. Most amusing chap—should have liked to have heard another, when, finding ourselves uninterrupted, we thought we had better seize the opportunity to settle our affair of honour. Our customary luck! Seemingly had just time to kill one another, when enter the Police! Programme as before.

**Saturday.**—Met again. Really quite pleased to have made the acquaintance of such a nice fellow as my opponent. Full of fun and anecdote. On comparing notes, we found that we had entirely forgotten what on earth we had quarrelled about. So shook hands and arranged that if we fired at anyone, our target should be the Police.

## A PLEA FOR THE CART-HORSE PARADE SOCIETY.

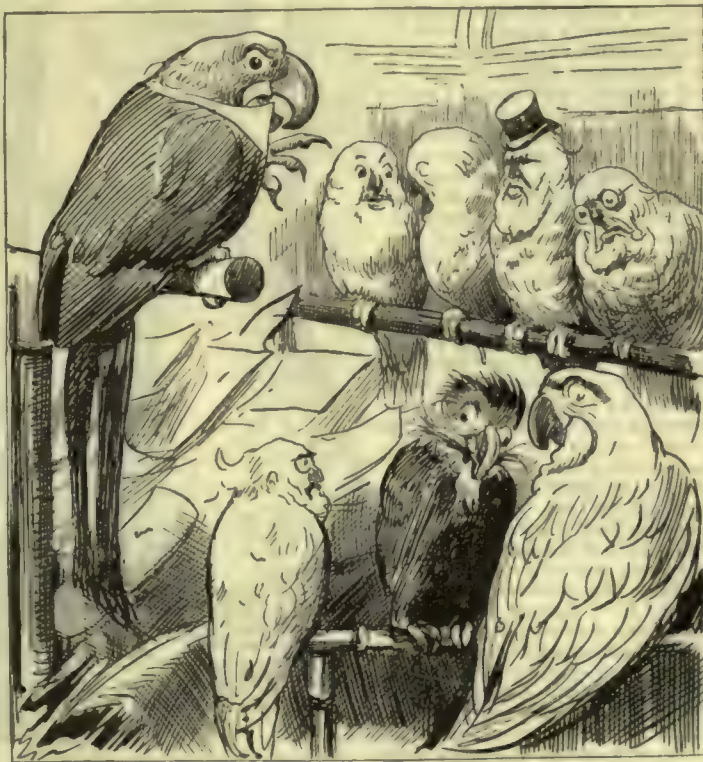
ALL who love English horses, and back English Trade, Should welcome the annual "Cart-Horse Parade." No function of Fashion on Racecourse or Row Should "fetch" our equestrian enthusiast so. First-rate English horses in holiday guise! A sight that to please a true Britisher's eyes. And then the Society—surely that will be Supported by Britons. Ask good WALTER GILBEY (Cambridge House, Regent's Park). Hewill tell you no doubt What the C.-H. P. S. have, some time, been about. Fancy prizes to Carmen for care of their horses! That charms a horse-lover. To plump the resources Of such a Society—by their support In subscriptions—all friends of the horse and of sport Should surely be eager; so, horse-lovers willing, Despatch the gold pound plus the odd silver shilling!

**HISTORY AND ART.**—Doubts have been thrown on the genuineness of the story about St. ELIZABETH of Hungary as illustrated by Mr. CALDERON's well-known and striking picture in this year's Academy. Mr. CALDERON affirms, according to the best of his high lights, that he has simply portrayed the naked truth. So far, in a certain sense, the Court is with him. Still, historians are neither unbiassed nor infallible, and painters are inclined to sacrifice much for effect. For our part, we should be inclined to refer the situation, which this picture illustrates, to some incident in the life of the celebrated Miss ELIZABETH MARTIN, generally known as "BETTY MARTIN." The legend may be found in some work by that voluminous writer *Finis*, or by the oft-quoted *Ibid*, under the quaint heading, *Historia Mei et Beati Martini*.

## THE PICK OF THE PICTURES. (AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.)



No. 161. Pilling Him. Affectionate wife insisting on the invalid taking a Bolus. Sidney Paget.



No. 259. "A Select Committee." H. Stacy Marks, R.A.

No. 278. "*The Fleecy Charge*." A title that suggests an attempt at extortion, but is here applied to *A picture in wool-work* by the veteran, T. SYDNEY COOPER, R.A. Of course whatever the artist may ask for it, it will always be "sheep at the price."

No. 388. "*Writing a Message to St. Helena*." Hope St. Helena received it. Probably forwarded by a winged messenger as suggested by the name of the artist, which is EYRE CROWE, A.

No. 519. "*Gorse*." By DAVID MURRAY. Good? Why certainly, as a matter of gorse.

No. 697. Rather mixed subject, being "*Ecce tibi*" by KNIGHT.

No. 1161. "*A Maiden Fair*." By G. A. STOREY, A. Never heard of such a thing as "a Maiden Fair," except in Oriental countries. She seems to be having all the fun of the Fair to herself. This concludes a series of Storeys in four numbers, 356, 704, 1043 and 1161, making up his "Tale." "And now my STOREY's done," that is, for this Season.

## SCULPTURE.

No. 1962. "*Triumph*" of ADRIAN JONES. It is so. Quite a triumph. The SMITHS, BROWNS and ROBINSONS nowhere compared with A. JONES.

No. 2001. "*H. M. Stanley—bust*." Is he? Poor STANLEY! It is to be hoped that the EMIN-ent explorer will forgive the sculptor, who is C. B. BIRCH, A. Fancy the indomitable STANLEY never yet beaten, but BIRCH'd at last!



## MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELS.

## No. XVIII.—MARIAN MUFFET: A ROMANCE OF BLACKMORE.

(By R. D. EXMOOR, Author of "Born a Spoon;" "Paddock Rowel;" "Wit and Witty;" "Tips for Marriers;" "Scare a Fawn;" "Brellas for Rain," &c., &c., &c.)

"This," writes Mr. EXMOOR, "is another of my simple tales. Yet I send it forth into the world thinking that haply there may be some, and they not of the baser sort, who reading therein as the humour takes them, may draw from it nurture for their minds. For truly it is in the nature of fruit-trees, whereof, without undue vaunting, I may claim to know somewhat, that the birds of the air, the tits, the wrens, ay, even unto the saucy little sparrows, whose firm spirit in warfare hath ever been one of my chiefest marvels, should gather in the branches seeking for provender. So in books, and herein too I have some small knowledge, those that are of the ripest sort are ever the first to be devoured. And if the public be pleased, how shall he that made the book feel aught but gratitude. Therefore I let it go, not being blind in truth to the faults thereof, but with humble confidence too in much compensating merit."

## CHAPTER I.

FATE, that makes sport alike of peasants and of kings, turning the one to honour and a high seat, and making the other to lie low in the estimation of men, though haply (as 'tis said in our parish) he think no small beer of himself, hath seemingly ordained that I, THOMAS TIDDLER, should set down in order some doings wherein I had a share. And herein I make no show of learning, being but an undoctored farmer and not skilled in the tricks of style, as the word is in these parts, but trusting simply to strength and honesty (whereof, God knows, there is but little beyond the limits of our farm), and to that breezy carriage of the pen which favoureth a plain man treading sturdily the winding paths and rough places of his native tongue. Notwithstanding I take no small encouragement from this, that whereas of those that have made to my knowledge the bravest boasting and the loudest puffing (though of this I am loth to speak, never having had a stomach for the work), the writings often perish neglectfully and nothing said, some, writing afar in quiet places removed from the busy rabblement of towns, not seldom steer their course to fame and riches, whereof, thanks be to Heaven, I never yet had covetousness, deeming theirs the happier lot to whom a dry crust with haply a slice of our good country cheese and a draught of the foaming oider bring contentment. Each to his own fashion, say I, and the fashion of the TIDDLERS hath always been in a manner plain and unvarnished, like to the large oak press wherein mother stores her Sunday gown and other woman's finery such as the mind of man, being at best but a coarse week-day creature, hath never fairly conceived. But lo! I am tarrying on my way, losing myself in a maze of cheap fancies, while the reader perchance yawns and stretches his limbs as though for bed. All I know is paper and ink are cheaper than when I began to write.

## CHAPTER II.

Now it fell on a Summer morning, I being then but newly come home from the Farmers' College, in the ancient town of Cambridge, that our whole household was gathered together in our parlour. Mother sat by the head of the great table, lading out a savoury mess of porridge, not rashly, as the custom of some is, but carefully, like a prudent housewife, guarding her own. And by her side sat MOLLY and BETTY, her daughters, and next to them the maids, and they that pertained to the work of the house. First came old POLLY THISTLEDEW, gaunt of face, and parched of skin, the wrinkles running athwart her face, and over her hooked nose, like to the rivers drawn with much labour of meandering pen in the school-boys' maps, though for such my marks were always low, I being better skilled in the giving of raps with the closed fist than in the making of maps with inky fingers—a bootless toil, as it always

hath seemed to me. Next to her sat SALLY, the little milkmaid, casting ogy glances at mother, who would have none of them, but with undue sternness, as I thought then, and still think, tossed them back to the shame-faced SALLY. Lower down sat JOHN TOOKER, "GIRT JAN DOUBLEFACE" he was ever called, not without a sly hint of increasing obesity, for JOHN, though a mighty man of thews and sinews, was no small trencherman, and, as the phrase is, did himself right royally whenever porridge was in question. All these sat, peaceably swallowing, while I, at the table's foot, faced mother, stirring my steaming bowl with my forefinger, forgetting the heat thereof, but not daring to wince, lest BETTY, whose tongue out shrewdly when she had a mind, should make sport of me.

## CHAPTER III.

ALTHOUGH I had, for the most part, so very stout an appetite that my bowl stood always first for the refilling, I had no desire for my food that day, but idly sat and stirred, and the burden of my thoughts were deeply inward with the dwelling of my mind on this view and on that of it. But, on a sudden, what a turmoil, what a rising of maids, what a jumping on chairs, what a drawing up of gowns, and what a scurrying! For, out of a corner, comes the great brown rat, gliding sedately, and never so much as asking by your leave or with your leave. Then mother's old tom-cat, *Trouncer*, slowly rising, stretches his limbs, and bares his claws, making ready for what is to come, but not, methinks, with much alacrity for the conflict, for rats have teeth, as *Trouncer* knows—ay, and can use them to much purpose. Therefore *Trouncer*, making belief to be brave, as is the custom both of cats and of others that walk on two legs, and have thumbs to their fore-paws, gathers himself to the spring, but springs not. Then comes GIRT JAN's terrier, *Rouser*, at last—where hath the terrier been tarrying? Terriers should not tarry—and, with scant ceremony, leaps upon *Trouncer*. Cuff, cuff, go the claws. *Trouncer* swears roundly. Nay, *Trouncer*, 'tis a coward's part to fly beneath the chair. To him, good *Rouser*, to him, my man. But *Rouser* hath forgot the claw-bearer, though his bleeding nose for many a day shall remember. *Rouser* hath the rat in view. Round the parlour they go, helter-skelter, *Rouser* on the tracks of the life-desiring rat, while the maids upon the chairs show ankles, in proof of terror, until, lo! he hath him pinned fast, never more to stir, or clean his whiskers in rat-land. And then all come down, and JAN boasts loudly how he all but trod him flat, ay, and could have done so had rat not fled in terror of his boot; and *Trouncer* returns, smugly purring, and mother rates the blushing maids.

And I to the fields, having work to do, but liking not the doing.

## CHAPTER IV.

Now I with *Rouser* at my heels went manfully on my way. Gaily I went over the parched brown wastes where lately the flood had lain heavy upon the land, past the whispering copses of fir and beech and oak that top the upland, through the yellowing corn that stands waving golden promise in the valley, till I came to where the land bends suddenly with a sharp turn from the eastward whence a pearly brook, now swollen to a roaring torrent, babbles bravely over the stones. Sudden I stopped as though a palsy had gripped me, though of the TIDDLERS, as is well known, none hath ever suffered of a palsy, they being for the most part a lusty race, and apt for enduring moisture both within and without. Never till my dying day shall I forget the sight that met my eyes. For there seated upon a tuffet, her beautiful blue eyes fixed in horror and despair, her jug of curds and whey scarce tasted, was my MARIAN, while beside her, lolling at ease with the slothful stretch of his great limbs, and the flames as of Tophet in his fierce eyes sat SPIDER, the great black-haired giant SPIDER that would make a feast of her.

I know not how I ran, nor what mighty strength was in my limbs,





but in a moment I was with them, and his hairy throat was in my clutch. Quickly he turned upon me and fain had freed himself. Our breast-bones cracked in the conflict, his arms wound round and round me, and a hideous gleam of triumph was in his face. Thrice he had me off my feet, but at the fourth close I swayed him to the right, and then with one last heave I flung him on his back, and had the end of it, leaving him dead and flattened where he lay.

## CHAPTER V.

THEN gently I bore my MARIAN home, and mother greeted her fondly, saying, "Miss MUFFET, I presume?" which pleased me, thinking it only right that mother should use ceremony with my love. But she, poor darling, lay quiet and pale, scarce knowing her own happiness or the issue of the fight. For 'tis the way of women ever to faint if the occasion serve and a man's arms be there to prop them. And often in the warm summer-time, when the little lads and lasses gather to the plucking of buttercups and daisies, likening them gleefully to the gold and silver of a rich man's coffers, my darling, now grown matronly, sitteth on the tuffet in their midst, and telleth the tale of giant SPIDER and his fate.—[THE END.]

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ONE of our "Co."—and the Baron may observe that, when "Co." is written it is not an abbreviation of "Coves"—has been reading *Sir George* (BENTLEY), a Novel, which Mrs. HENNIKER has the courage to put forth in one volume. At the outset, the writing is a little slipshod. Mrs. HENNIKER has, moreover, a wild passion for the conjunction. When she can't summon another "which," she sticks in a "that." On one page appears the following startling announcement—"The March winds this year were unusually biting, and her nervous guardian would therefore [why therefore?] never allow her to walk out without a respirator, till they blew no longer from the East." We

assume that, as soon as respirators blew from the West, this injunction would be withdrawn. But, as Mrs. HENNIKER gets forward in her story, the style improves, "which's" disappear as they did in *Macbeth's* time, and the tale is told in simple strenuous language. *Uncle George* is a character finely conceived, and admirably drawn.

The Baron returns thanks to the publisher, W. HEINEMANN, for sending a volume of DE QUINCEY'S *Posthumous Works*. A small dose of them, taken occasionally the last thing at night, may be confidently recommended to admirers of *The Opium Eater*, and will probably be found of considerable value to some who hitherto may have been the victims of *insomnia*. Highly recommended by the Faculty. (Signed.) BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

## EVENINGS FROM HOME.

At the Court Theatre, *Le Feu Toupinel*, adapted for the English stage as *The Late Lamented*, is decidedly funny, that is, if you can once get over the idea that all its humour depends upon the immoral vagaries of an elderly scoundrel, an habitual criminal, who has departed this life in the odour of respectability, without his immoralities ever having been discovered. Had he been found out during his lifetime, he would have been tried for bigamy, convicted, and punished accordingly. This piece has been adapted from the French for the English stage; but, query, is it adapted to an English audience? That's the point. The run must decide. If the best possible acting can carry it along, then that it has got; for, though Mrs. JOHN WOOD has frequently had better chances, yet she has never worked harder, and never has she more deserved the laughter she excites. The same may be said of Mr. STANDING and Miss FILLIPPI, and also of Mr. ARTHUR CECIL, whose make-up is perfect, especially the dressing and colouring of his hair, which is an artistic triumph. Mr. GILBERT FARQUHAR'S *Mr. Fawcett*, the Solicitor, contributes much to the fun of the scenes in which he appears with Mrs. JOHN WOOD; and Mr. CAPE, as *Parker*, the Confidential Servant, is excellent. There's plenty of "go" in it, but will it "stay"?

Great attraction at the Lyceum! *The Corsican Brothers* and *Nance Oldfield*! ELLEN TERRY as *Nance* is delightful. Chorus, Gentlemen, if you please, "For—all our fancy, Dwells upon Nancy!" Our ELLEN is charming in this, so natural and so theatrical: herself as *Nance*, and then as *Mrs. Oldfield*, the actress, in the characters that *Nance* assumes. For 'tis ELLEN playing *Nancy*, and *Nancy* again playing Tragedy and Comedy. It is an old

piece revived: there never was so old a piece, for there are only four characters in it, and they're all Old. There are two *Oldfields* and two *Oldcoorthys*. Mr. WENMAN as *Oldfield Senior*, or the Old Obadiah, is a trifle too blustering, but on the other hand, I am not prepared to say that a country attorney of that period wouldn't be uncouth and blustering. His son *Alexander*, the Young Obadiah, is prettily played by Mr. GORDON CRAIG, who is a trifle too windmily with his hands and arms; but in the whole play nothing becomes him so well as the pathos of his broken-hearted exit. He was touching and going. Henceforth, this young actor may justly describe himself as of the "Touch-and-go" school, and be, like "the livin' skeleton" mentioned by Sam Weller, "proud o' the title." Miss KATE PHILLIPS as *Anne's* sister—though, as Mr. J. L. T-LE observed, as she is younger than *Anne*, she cannot well be her *Anne*-sister—is as bright and lively as need be, considering her menial position, which is rather odd in her sister's house. Visit Mistress NANCE TERRY; you'll find her very much "at home" in the part. After which *The Corsican Brothers* revived, *Ghost* and all.

When some years ago the Irvingesque version of it was produced, the twin who lived in Corsica, Brother *Fabien*, used to behave in the wildest Corsican way. Who that saw it some years ago does not remember how he used to chuck his gun up in the air, when it caught on to a hook in the wall! with what gusto he used to



The Corsican Brothers and Nance Oldfield at the Lyceum.

light a tiny cigarette from an enormous flaming brand snatched from the burning wood fire on the hearth! and how badly the starving guest from Paris fared in the Corsican household where he hadn't a chance against the appetite of Master *Fabien*, who, after a hard day's sport, came in ready for anything, and ate everything! It was the only occasion when this fearless son of destiny ever "bolted." But, my! how the food used to disappear! what a short time the supper occupied, and how very much third best the poor stranger came off under the hospitable roof of the *Dei Franchis*. Even now the supper is a brief one, but justice is done to it, and to the weary traveller. Never was such an unhappy tourist! He comes to a house in the wilds of Corsica; he is choke-full of Parisian gossip, he has a lot to say of course, but he never gets a chance, as *Fabien* tells his family stories one after the other, as if he hadn't had such an opportunity or so good a listener for ever so long. Then, when on the entrance of his mother *Fabien* breaks off in the middle of one of his many anecdotes, which evidently can't be told before ladies, the Parisian gent, who now sees something like an opening for some light Boulevardian chit-chat, is presented with a flat candlestick and bowed off to bed, without being allowed a word to say for himself. All this is just the same as ever; there have been no alterations nor repairs; the piece is as curiously old-fashioned as are the exquisitely correct costumes; while the Masked Ball at the Opera and the Duel in the snow are as effective as ever, and the latter, if anything, more so. They make a first-rate fight of it, do Messrs. *Irving dei Franchi* and *M. Terris de Chateau Renaud*, until the latter collapses, and "subsequent proceedings interested him no more." As long as the strong right arm of the Corsican Brother can draw a good and shining rapier, he will draw as good and brilliant a house as he did on the first night of this revival. Why ought this piece to go well in the first theatre in Ireland? Why? because it's a great play for Dublin'. *Ereunt omnes*.

THE EPIDEMIC.—Up to now Members of Parliament have been generally considered as "influential personages." This year many M.P.'s will be remembered as "very influenziel personages."





**THE MOST IRRESISTIBLE SIRENS ARE NOT THOSE WHO SING, BUT THOSE WHO LISTEN (OR PRETEND TO)!**

*Daughter of the House.* "TELL ME, PROFESSOR BORAX, HOW DID YOU LIKE THE LADY MAMMA GAVE YOU TO TAKE IN TO DINNER?"  
*The Professor (innocently).* "MY DEAR GIRL, SHE'S SIMPLY THE MOST CHARMING WOMAN I EVER MET! I NEVER TALKED SO MUCH IN MY LIFE!"

**IN A MAZE.**

"Mr. BALFOUR brought up a new sub-section, which he admitted was so obscure that he only 'more or less' understood it himself, and which, indeed, is of 'p'usquam-Thucydidean' dimness and involution. . . . There is no excuse, we must say, for the muddle into which the Government has got over the Bill. . . . The House of Commons has adjourned for a short holiday, but the Irish Land Purchase Bill is not yet through Committee. . . . There still remained all the new clauses, for which no time had been found."—*Times*.

**Little Bill loquitur:—**

OH do, if you please, Mr. BALFOUR, Sir, if you can,—and who can if you can't, Sir?—Get me out of this Maze, where for days and days I have strayed till I'm all of a pant, Sir.

Twelve months ago we started, you know, and I've been on my feet ever since, Sir. And oh, if you please, I feel weak at the knees, and the pains in my back make me wince, Sir.

Mister Hood's "Lost Child" wasn't half as bad, for he only strayed in the gutter, While this dreadful Maze is enough to craze; and my feeling of lostness is utter.

Oh, my poor feet! This is worse than Crete, and old Hampton Court isn't in it.

Oh stop, do stop! for I feel I shall drop if I don't sit down half a minute.

I really thought you knew the way out—which I own I'm unable to guess, Sir—And now 'twould appear you are far from clear, and are puzzled "more or less," Sir. The paths are really so twirly-whirly, the hedges so jimble-jumbled;

It must be hundreds and hundreds of miles along which we have staggered and stumbled.

I thought you *were* a cool card, Mister BALFOUR, and did know your way about, Sir,

But what I should like to know at present is, when 'we are like to get out, Sir.

How LABBY will laugh at the Labyrinth-maker, who gets lost in his own Great Maze, Sir!

Don't say, Sir, pray, that you've lost your way,—you, whom people so cosset and praise, Sir.

You won't be hurried, and you can't be flurried, and you're always as cool as a cucumber.

Can a little 'un like me, your own child, don't you see, such a smart pioneer as are you cumber?

You, the modern Theseus? Where's your Ariadne?—Oh, I know you are cool, and clever,

Yet I feel a doubt. When *shall* we get out?—which I *can't* go on wandering for ever!

**Mazemaster loquitur:—**

Poor little man! Yes, I *had* a plan, and a perfectly plain one, too, boy;

But—I fear—for a moment—I've—lost the clue! Ah! I'm awfully sorry for you, boy! You have been on your feet for a precious long time, and all this roundaboutation,

Is "plusquam-Thucydidean," perhaps, and at any rate mean aggravation.

But you'll please understand I'm a very "cool hand;" there's abundance of "humour" about me,

And though for a jiffy I *seem* at a loss, don't you come for to go for to doubt me.

'Tis most complicated, this Miz-Maze! I've stated the clue I've let slip for a moment, And LABBY, no doubt, and his henchmen, will shout and indulge in invidious comment: The *Times*, too, may gird, and declare 'tis absurd not to know *one's own Labyrinth* better.

The *Times* is my friend, but a trifle too fond of the goad and the scourge and the fetter;

You really can't rule the whole civilised world with the aid of the whip and the closure;

Though I *should* enjoy—but no matter, my boy, let us try to maintain our composure! When *shall we get out*? That's a matter of doubt, cross-hedges my pathway still chequer,

The clue I've let slip, but you just take my tip; we'll get clear—if you keep up your pecker!

**Change for Thirty-Five Shillings.**

THERE is a singular directness of purpose in the following advertisement which appears in the *Daily News*:—

REPORTER (27, now on Weekly, WANTS R CHANGE. 35s.

The advertiser not only wants change, but he mentions the exact sum. It seems odd. One often wants change for a sovereign, and even oftener wants the sovereign itself. But what precise coin a man hands you when he wants thirty-five shillings change is not quite clear.





## IN A MAZE.

MASTER LAND BILL. "OH, MR. BALFOUR, I'M SO TIRED!"

MR. B. "CHEER UP, LITTLE MAN! NEXT TURN TO THE RIGHT,—AND I HOPE WE SHALL BE OUT OF IT!!"









*Dealer's Man (confidentially). "NICE 'OSS, SIR. JUST SUIT YOU, SIR. NICE PREMISCUOUS 'OSS, SIR!—YOU CAN SIT ON HIM A'MOST ANYWHERE!"*

### LEAVES FROM A CANDIDATE'S DIARY.

*Billsbury, May 5.*—Received the following letter from TOLLAND yesterday:—

DEAR MR. PATTLE, *45, Main Street, Billsbury, May 3.*

A COMMITTEE Meeting of our Council has been summoned for the day after to-morrow (May 5) at eight o'clock P.M., at the Beaconsfield Club, to consider some important questions affecting your Candidature and the plan of campaign to be adopted in prosecuting it. I trust that you may be able to make it convenient to attend, and shall be glad to receive a wire from you to this effect. I may mention to you that I have lately heard, in confidence, that Sir THOMAS CHUBSON's health is causing considerable anxiety to the Radical leaders here. He has attended very few divisions lately, and has offended many of the advanced section by his conduct over the Strike Subvention Bill, which was backed by the Labour Members. Sir THOMAS, however, abstained from the division on the Second Reading. It is just possible that, under the circumstances, he may decide to apply for the Chiltern Hundreds very shortly, and we must be prepared for every emergency.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES TOLLAND.

It was a confounded nuisance. I had arranged to take the BELLAMYS to the Scandinavian Exhibition this afternoon, and to dine and go to the theatre with the JACKSONS. Had to put off everything. MARY BELLAMY will be dreadfully annoyed. Wrote specially to her to apologise and explain. They're sure to get that beast POMFRET to take them instead. He's always hanging round. Last week he wrote a lot of verse in MARY's Confession Album, in this style (I copied some of it out, in order to show it to VULLIAMY, who hates him):—

Though, when he's asked his favourite name, a man is apt to stare, he  
Must answer, if he knows what's what, "My favourite name is MARY."

And this:— The vice I detest and abhor above all  
Is not dancing four times with you at a ball.

And this, in answer to the question, "What or who would you rather be, if you were not yourself?"—

I'd rather be the rosebud that nestles in your hair,  
Or the aunt whose hand you took in years and pressed upon the stair.

They all admired this slip-slop immensely, and MARY asked me,

when I called the other day, if I didn't think it wonderfully clever. I know, when I wrote my answers in her album, it took me days of thought to get them done in prose, and even then they turned out the most ordinary, commonplace things. However I thought they pleased MARY, and now POMFRET steps in with his confounded rhymes. Mrs. BELLAMY's father once published a volume of verse, and is still talked of in the household as "your grandfather the poet." She told me that she thought "a faculty for versification was the mark of a truly refined and delicate mind." Bah! POMFRET's one of the most selfish and calculating ruffians outside a convict prison, and always haggles over his luncheon bills at the Club, till the head-waiter and all the rest nearly go off their heads.

However, I had to come to Billsbury, nilly-willy. Met the Committee after dinner. They were anxious that I should do some canvassing soon, and wanted me, when next I spoke, to explain myself more fully (1) on the Temperance Question and the question of Compensation to Publicans; (2) on the Women's Suffrage Question; (3) on the Labour Question; (4) on Foreign Policy; and (5) with reference to the Billsbury Main Drainage Scheme. I said I would, but I should probably require more than one speech to do it in. Afterwards a very solemn member of the Committee, whose name I forget, got up and made a long speech, in which he observed that my habit of appearing in dress clothes at the meetings had annoyed a good many of my supporters, and that he ventured to suggest to me, for my own good, that I should wear ordinary dress. It seems a good many of the lower lot thought it looked uppish. I'm glad enough not to have to do it any more. There were other points, but I'm too tired to remember them. By the way, I have subscribed to about a dozen more Clubs and Institutions, and have promised to get Mother to open a bazaar here at the end of the month. Back to London to-morrow. What a life!

### The Latest "Labor Program."

(By a New-Unionist.)

I AM all for myself, and 'tis perfectly true  
That the "labor" I love is regardless of "u."  
But, *per contra*, in forming my "program" you see  
Though I wink (with two I's), I eliminate "me."





POLITICAL BOATING-PARTY DURING THE RECESS.

(By Our Own Instantaneous Photographer.)



## IN A LOCK.—A WHITSUNTIDE WARBLE.

"*Lock! Lock!*"—Shook! Rock! That's a pretty frock bulging over the gunwale! She looks like to choke with that horrible smoke, which is fuming out of the Steam-Launch funnel. Pleasant old cry! All in, and dry, though we're awfully crowded this first Spring holiday. Better this than St. Stephen's dead-lock! Our serious Senators out for a jolly day. Might do worse. Who carries the purse? That ten-foot rod with the toll-net ending it. Means a hint. They must make "a mint"; and, by Jove, there are many worse ways of spending it.—Money, I mean. Now were G-SCH-N seen collecting cash for his dry Exchequer [up his financial pecker With pole and net, it were nicer, you bet, than keeping With Spirit Duties! Those two blonde beauties in Cambridge blue are exceeding bonny; B-L-F-N now at that same boat's bow would be quite in his element—eh, my sonny? And OLD MORALITY cooling his legs in the stern-sheets yonder would find the steering [T-M H-L-Y jeering. Easier far than amidst the jar of St. Stephen's, hot with S-L-S-B-E-Y, too, with a well-trained crew, would put his back—that broad back of his!—in it. Don't be in a hurry, my nautical friend! we shall all get out in another minute. Just like life! Such fidgety strife to be first to the front when the lock-gates sever. What does it matter, friends, after all? The slow, the skilful, the dull, the clever, The snake-swift "swell" and the splashing 'ARRY, the puffing launch, and the trim outrigger, The calm canoest who hugs the timbers, the fussy punter who toils like a nigger, All will anon be well out in the cutting, the old gates shutting slowly behind them, And where are those who so shoved to the front? At the tail of the race you may presently find them. The G. O. M. (with his collars for sails), that jaunty skiff might be handling. Bless us! Can he take holiday, he whom toil seems to encoil like a shirt of Nessus? [C-N-N-N-G-H-M GR-N-M, Well, Unionist or Separatist, or chap with a twist like Or howling PAT, or Aristocrat with manners like BRUM-MEL and voice like BRAHAM, Peppery G-SCH-N, or pompous H-RC-RT, or genial SM-TH, the new-made Warden, All, all, to-day, when the world is gay, the stream like silver, the banks a garden, Much worse might do than to tug up in blue and join a crew on the rolling river, [personal, leaving "liver," "Beyond the tide," dropping all their "side," party or And Influenza, and other "Obstructions," all party-jobbers, all jibbers and jollers, In sunny weather to crowd together in Moulsey Lock, or it might be BOULTER'S!

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*The Kennel, Barks, Friday, May 15.*—This entry in Diary is dated from my ancestral home, pleasantly situated in the County I have the honour to represent. Haven't been to Westminster this week. Hear, through usual channels of information, that House adjourns to-day for Whitsun Recess. When I say House, I mean fragment that remains; a few doors and chimneys, with here and there a ruined wing. Fact is, majority absent with influenza. Some seventy or eighty of us have formed House of our own; meet regularly at usual hour; get through business in a way that would astonish the residuum left at Westminster; and jog off comfortably for dinner. All Parties and all sections of Party represented. SPEAKER and Chairman of Committees still stick to Westminster. But we have GORST, one of the Deputy-Speakers, who presides with dignity and despatch. JACKSON looks after arrangement of business. AKERS-DOUGLAS whips up the Conservatives, assisted by SYDNEY HERBERT and ARTHUR HILL. THOMAS ESMONDE brings up to the scratch TANNER, SWIFT MACNEILL, and PIERCE MAHONY. On Treasury Bench MICHAEL BEACH sits in place of OLD MORALITY, being supported by GEORGIE HAMILTON, STUART WORTLEY, and JAMES FERGUSSON,



## ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTION IN COOKERY.

*Young Lady.* "AND NOW, JANE, WHAT'S THE NEXT THING TO DO, AFTER PUTTING THE MEAT AND POTATOES IN THE STEWPAW!"  
*Village Girl.* "PLEASE, MISS, WASH THE BABY!"

whilst KNUTSFORD and DERRY look down from Peers' Gallery. On Front Opposition Bench Mr. G., just arrived; finds JOHN MORLEY, OSBORNE AP MORGAN, KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH, and MUNDELLA. WOLMER not yet arrived, but daily expected. Meanwhile JOHN LUBBOCK, MUNTZ, T. W. RUSSELL, and the Wiwacious WIGGIN here, ready to obey the Whip, when issued.

CHARLES FORSTER looks after petitions for us; FRANK LOCKWOOD draws us out (or in, as the case may be); ALGERNON BORTHWICK throws an air of fashionable society around us; the Reverberating COLOMB lifts his tall head in our midst; ISAAC HOLDEN never tires of telling the fascinating story of how he discovered the lucifer-match; HENNIKER HEATON passes the time writing letters to RAIKES, and complains that the Postmaster-General has his communications ostentatiously fumigated before opening them; SEYMOUR KEAY says he must get back to Westminster (nobody says him nay), or Land Bill would be getting passed through Committee; and here is the Grand Young GARDNER and his wife—Lady WINIFRED, of course, looking down on us from Ladies' Gallery.

Have on the whole a very good time. Looked after by RUSTEM ROOSE, whose cure is as alluring as it is infallible. "Eat, drink and sleep," he says. "Lie on your back and sedulously do nothing." So whilst they storm and fret at Westminster, here, in hollow Lotos Land we live and lie reclining. Pleasant to hear RUSTEM ROOSE's voice as he goes his morning rounds, stethoscope in hand. "A long breath, dear friend: say '74; Pemmetry, certainly if you like; a pint at luncheon and a roast chicken. Turn over, dear friend; another long breath; say '80; de Lanson, of course, if you prefer it; a pint at dinner with a fried sole and a porterhouse steak; or, if you are tired of champagne, take a pint of claret with a glass or two of port. A long breath, dear friend; say '50; three glasses of '50 port won't do you any harm."

Worst of it is we're all getting better, and shall be back to the grind at Westminster after Whitsuntide. *Business done.*—All taking long breaths.

**THE DIS-ORDER OF THE DAY.**—In the House of Commons on the Motion of the First Lord of the Treasury, it was resolved that Influenza, M.P., be expelled. Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, Leader of the Opposition, *pro tem.*, moved to amend the Resolution by adding "at once." This was agreed to *nem. con.* The Serjeant-at-Arms was thereupon ordered to remove Influenza. He declined on the ground that if he did he might catch it. After some conversation the debate was adjourned. Influenza left sitting on Members generally.—*Extract from the Fifteenth of May's Parliamentary Report.*



## A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS!

(By a Perplexed Reader of the Penny Papers.)

WHEN you're lying awake, with a horrid headache (to adopt a suggestion of GILBERT'S),  
When too freely you've dined, or too heavily wined, or munched too many walnuts or filberts;  
When your brain is a maze, and creation a haze, then each queer social craze—there are many!—  
Gets your wits in a spool, and there isn't a fool for your thoughts would advance you a penny.



You can't sleep a wink, so the question of Drink, though you timidly shrink from it, harries you.

Your wit's in a whirl, as you think, if some girl with a *penchant* for you, ups and marries you.

And ties you for life to the thing called a Wife,—that figment, that fraud, that illusion,

Where, *what* will you be? And you can't find a key to the epoch's chaotic confusion. [majority]

It seems Local Option is sure of adoption, and what a tyrannic May "opt" for one day, you're unable to say, and in vain you appeal to Authority.

The Law of the Land is a labyrinth grand, which you can't understand, nor can anyone,

And that is a thought, with delirium fraught, an appalling, if 'tis not a penny one.

Now Law, the Old Antio, seems utterly frantic, absurdly romantic and maundering; [Sentiment wandering.]

And Cool Common Sense has gone dotty and dense, in dim deserts of Now Reason and Right, hydrocephalous quite, are both Della-Cruscan and drivelling,

Life (barring the fun) like "The Mulberry One," seems a mixture of diddling and snivelling.

There's Lawson who jaws on the Abstinence Cause on, and would lay his claws on the Nation, [compensation:]

And put sudden stopper on all that's improper (as *he* thinks) without And then there's Sir EDWARD, who, when he goes bedward, must have his reflections nightmarish!

It seems, from such rigs, that our biggest Big Wigs are scarce fit to govern a parish.

McDOUGALL again, is agog to restrain all that gives his soul pain—it's a squeamish one!—

He thinks he's a stayer as Jabberwock-slayer, mere Angry Boy he, not a Beamish One! [a dust up,

These Oracles windy do raise such a shindy, and kick such a doose of One would think without *them* we were wrong stern and stem, and the whole of creation would bust up.

But verily why men should now worship Hymen,—who, just as unshackled as Cupid,— [coive. It seems stupid

(See decision *Re* JACKSON), take burdens their backs on, I cannot con-Beyond all expression to have a "possession" whose "ownness" there's desperate doubt of,

And which (if she's *nous*) you can't keep in your house, nor yet (if she's "savvy") keep out of!

What is "Hymen's halter"? I fidget and falter! The Beaks seem to palter and fumble.

In such a strange fashion, I fly in a passion, and vow that the world is a jumble. [caboodle (as 'ARRY sees)

Law seems a wigged noodle, as tame as a poodle, the whole darned is ruptions and "rot," and our "rulers" a lot of confounded old foodies and Pharisees!

Yes, that's what I think about Marriage and Drink—if you may call it thought, which with frenzy is fraught, and gives me a "head" like bad whiskey; whose dread is on me day and night, makes me wake in a fright, from visions most solemn of column on column of such "printed matter" and paragraph chatter, as makes me feel flatter than cold eggless batter upon a lead platter—as mad as a hatter, and who will relieve me? Can anyone?

I tell you it's dreadful to face a whole bedful of spectres and spooks (born of papers and books) with most horrible looks, limbs contorted in crooks, and bat-wings with big hooks, which haunt all the nooks of tester and curtain, and which, I am certain, will drive me insane if *some* one can't explain where the mischief we are, 'midst the jumble and jar of factions and fads, of crochets and cads, of Toletois and Jeunes, and Ibsens (whose lunes are more lunatic still). Oh, I'd learn with a will from any or aught, who could bring me, fresh caught, with lucidity fraught (what so long I have sought) a Clear Comforting Thought—though a Penny One!

## IN RE THE INFLUENZA.

(An Autobiographical Note on the appearance of the Epidemic in the Law Courts.)

OWING to recent sentimental legislation, many members of the learned profession, to which I have the honour to belong, have found their practice becoming (to quote the poet) "small by degrees and beautifully less." Times were when I could scarcely pass a week in term time without appearing in Court holding a consent brief, or armed with authority to move (unopposed) for the appointment of a receiver. But that was long ago—a deep contrast with to-day—when my admirable and excellent Clerk PORTINGTON, finds an hour a day ample, almost too ample, time for posting up to date my Fee Book. However, occasionally a gleam of the old sunshine illumines, so to speak, the chambers I occupy, and such a gleam was my retention for the Defence in the cause of *Quicksilver v. Nore*. It was a Patent Case, and one of the deepest possible interest. It is my good fortune to know the Defendant, personally, and it was through his kind offices that the instructions to appear for him were left at my chambers. My friend and client (who is unjustly said to be eccentric in his habits) has recently patented and produced a most important invention, which greatly facilitates the retention of dinner-napkins, after those useful, nay, necessary articles have been used for the purpose for which they are manufactured. Like all really valuable inventions, the patent is simplicity itself, the napkin-ring consisting of the section of the thicker end of an elephant's tusk cut to an appropriate size and hollowed out. It is necessary to fold the dinner-napkin in such a fashion that, when inserted through the ring, its shape is retained by the adherent properties inseparable from the ivory. The patent can also be produced in other materials, such as gold, silver and jewels for the wealthy, and in bone, tin and even glass for purchasers of smaller means. I must say that when the ring was shown to me I was greatly struck with the cleverness and simplicity of the idea, and could not understand how Mr. QUICKSILVER could have allowed himself to be so badly advised as to bring an action for infringement, merely on the strength of his patent being also a dinner-napkin-holder with the ring element so far introduced that it consisted of a circle closed and opened by a hinge. However, it was no part of my duty to advise the other side, so I set to work to get up my case (as I invariably do) *con amore*. I hunted up all the causes in the Digest, that seemed to be on all-fours with the matter in dispute, and spent days in the Public Library of the Patent Office searching for patents having to do with table-napkins. As the specifications were not consecutively published, I had to wade through a large number of these interesting documents that treated of other subjects. For instance, the first specification I would take out of the box in which it was kept, would perhaps have to do with house-raising without disturbance to the foundations, the second would prove to be an article half umbrella, half revolver, while in the third I would perhaps find an extremely quaint notion for a portable pocket corkscrew. I myself picked up many ideas for future use, and hope some day, if I do nothing else, at least to perfect a clever little contrivance of my own for arousing the inmates of a house invaded by burglars by casement concussions. I propose calling this valuable little instrument (which is founded to some extent on the simple construction by which the figures in a child's box of wooden soldiers are enabled to advance and retire in a scissors-like fashion), when produced, the Policeman's Upper Floor Window Tapper.



Catching.

The day for the hearing at length arrived, and, armed with a mass of carefully selected information, I was in my seat ready to defend the originality of the *Nore Napkin Ring*, so to speak, to the death. In my notes before me I had the skeleton of a really fine oration, which I felt (if I mastered my normal nervousness) would bristle with epigram, and thrill with heartfelt, brain-inspired eloquence. So deeply interested was I in the matter, that I scarcely listened to my friend's opening, and only became aware of what was happening in Court by the rising of the Judge. Suddenly his Lordship bowed, and disappeared. I looked at the clock—it was only noon—and, consequently, an hour and thirty minutes in advance of the time usually selected for the mid-day adjournment. And then, to my dismay, I found that his Lordship was suffering from the influenza! Well, there was nothing to do but to collect my papers, and, assisted by PORTINGTON, return to my chambers. The next day my head ached violently, and I could not move. Then I have a recollection of dictating to my wife long telegrams to PORTINGTON, which I subsequently discovered were neither despatched nor delivered.

When I awoke, I found that the matter of *Quicksilver v. Nore* had been arranged and settled—out of Court!

Pump-handle Court. (Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.



## MR. PUNCH'S POCKET IBSEN.

('Condensed and Revised Version by Mr P.'s Own Harmless Ibsenists.)

## No. IV.—THE WILD DUCK.

## ACT III.

HIALMAR'S Studio. A photograph has just been taken. GINA and HEDVIG are tidying up.

Gina (apologetically). There should have been a luncheon-party in this Act, with Dr. RELLING and MÖLVIK, who would have been in a state of comic "chippiness," after his excesses overnight. But, as it hadn't much to do with such plot as there is, we cut it out. It came cheaper. Here comes your father back from his walk with that lunatic, Young WERLE—you had better go and play with the Wild Duck.

Hjalmar (coming in). I have been for a walk with GREGERS; he meant well—but it was tiring. GINA, he has told me that, fifteen years ago, before I married you, you were rather a Wild Duck, so to speak. (Severely.) Why haven't you been writhing in penitence and remorse all these years, eh?

Gina (sensibly). Why? Because I have had other things to do. You wouldn't take any photographs, so I had to.

Hjalmar. All the same—it was a swamp of deceit. And where am I to find elasticity of spirit to bring out my grand invention now? I used to shut myself up in the parlour, and ponder and cry, when I thought that the effort of inventing anything would sap my vitality. (Pathetically.) I did want to leave you an inventor's widow; but I never shall now, particularly as I haven't made up my mind what to invent yet. Yes, it's all over. Rabbits are trash, and even poultry palls. And I'll wring that cursed Wild Duck's neck!

Gregers (coming in beaming). Well, so you've got it over. Wasn't it soothing and ennobling, eh? and ain't you both obliged to me?

Gina. No; it's my opinion you'd better have minded your own business.

Gregers (in great surprise). Bless me! Pardon my Norwegian naïveté, but this ought really to be quite a new starting-point. Why, I confidently expected to have found you both beaming!—Mrs. EKDAL, being so illiterate, may take some little time to see it—but you, HIALMAR, with your deep mind, surely you feel a new consecration, eh?

Hjalmar (dubiously). Oh—er—yes. I suppose so—in a sort of way.

[HEDVIG runs in, overjoyed.]

Hedvig. Father, only see what Mrs. SÖRBY has given me for a birthday present—a beautiful deed of gift!

Hjalmar (eluding her). Ha! Mrs. SÖRBY, the family House-keeper. My father's sight failing! HEDVIG in goggles! What vistas of heredity these astonishing coincidences open up! I am not short-sighted, at all events, and I see it all—all! This is my answer. (He takes the deed, and tears it across.) Now I have nothing more to do in this house. (Puts on overcoat.) My home has fallen in ruins about me. (Bursts into tears.) My hat!

Gregers. Oh, but you mustn't go. You must be all three together, to attain the true frame of mind for self-sacrificing forgiveness, you know!

Hjalmar. Self-sacrificing forgiveness be blowed!

Hedvig (with despairing eyes). Oh, he said it might be blowed! Now he'll never come home any more!

Gregers. Shall I tell you how to regain your father's confidence, and bring him home surely? Sacrifice the Wild Duck.

Hedvig. Do you think that will do any good?

Gregers. You just try it!

## ACT IV.

Same Scene. GREGERS enters, and finds GINA retouching photographs.

Gregers (pleasantly). HIALMAR not come in yet, after last night, I suppose?

Gina. Not he! He's been out on the loose all night with RELLING and MÖLVIK. Now he's snoring on their sofa.

Gregers (disappointed). Dear!—dear!—when he ought to be yearning to wrestle in solitude and self-examination!

Gina (rudely). Self-examine your grandmother!

[She goes out; HEDVIG comes in.]

Gregers (to Hedvig). Ah, I see you haven't found courage to settle the Wild Duck yet!

Hedvig. No—it seemed such a delightful idea at first. Now it strikes me as a trifle—well, Ibsenish.

Gregers (reprovingly). I thought you hadn't grown up quite unharmed in this house! But if you really had the true, joyous spirit of self-sacrifice, you'd have a shot at that Wild Duck, if you died for it!

Hedvig (slowly). I see; you mean that my constitution's changing, and I ought to behave as such?

Gregers. Exactly, I'm what Americans would term a "crank"—but I believe in you, HEDVIG.

[HEDVIG takes down the pistol from the mantelpiece, and goes into the garret with flashing eyes; GINA comes in.]

Hjalmar (looking in at door with hesitation; he is unwashed and dishevelled). Has anybody happened to see my hat?

Gina. Gracious, what a sight you are! Sit down and have some breakfast, do.

Hjalmar (indignantly). What! tough food under this roof? Never! (Helps himself to bread-and-butter and coffee.) Go and pack up my scientific uncut books, my manuscripts, and all the best rabbits, in my portmanteau. I am going away for ever. On second thoughts, I shall stay in the spare room for another day or two—it won't be the same as living with you!

[He takes some salt meat.]

Gregers. Must you go? Just when you've got nice firm ground to build upon—thanks to me! Then there's your great invention, too.

Hjalmar. Everything's invented already. And I only cared about my invention because, although it doesn't exist yet, I thought HEDVIG believed in it, with all the strength of her sweet little shortsighted eyes! But now I don't believe in HEDVIG!

[He pours himself out another cup of coffee.]

Gregers (earnestly). But, HIALMAR, if I can prove to you that she is ready to sacrifice her cherished Wild Duck? See!

[He pushes back sliding-door, and discovers HEDVIG aiming at the Wild Duck with the butt-end of the pistol. Tableau.]

Gina (excitedly). But don't you see? It's the pistol—that fatal Norwegian weapon which, in Ibsenian dramas, never shoots straight! And she has got it by the wrong end too. She will shoot herself!

Gregers (quietly). She will! Let the child make amends. It will be a most realistic and impressive finale!

Gina. No, no—put down the pistol, HEDVIG. Do you hear, child?

Hedvig (still aiming). I hear—but I shan't unless father tells me to.

Gregers. HIALMAR, show the great soul I always said you had. This sorrow will set free what is noble in you. Don't spoil a fine situation. Be a man! Let the child shoot herself!

Hjalmar (irresolutely). Well, really I don't know. There's a good deal in what GREGERS says. Hm!

Gina. A good deal of tomfool rubbish! I'm illiterate, I know. I've been a Wild Duck in my time, and I waddle. But for all that, I'm the only person in the play with a grain of common-sense. And I'm sure—whatever Mr. IBSEN or GREGERS choose to say—that a screaming burlesque like this ought not to end like a tragedy—even in this queer Norway of ours! And it shan't, either! Tell the child to put that nasty pistol down and come away, do!

Hjalmar (yielding). Ah, well, I am a farcical character myself, after all. Don't touch a hair of that duck's head, HEDVIG. Come to my arms and all shall be forgiven!

[HEDVIG throws down the pistol, which goes off and kills a rabbit—and rushes into her father's arms. Old EKDAL comes out of a corner with a fowl on each shoulder, and bursts into tears. Affecting family picture.]

Gregers (annoyed). It's all very pretty, I dare say—but it's not IBSEN! My real mission is to be the thirteenth at table. I don't know what I mean—but I fly to fulfil it!

Hjalmar. And now we've got rid of him, HEDVIG, fetch me the deed of gift I tore up, and a slip of paper, and a penny bottle of gum, and we'll soon make a valid instrument of it again!

[He pastes the torn deed together as the Curtain slowly descends.]

THE END (with apologies as before.)





## WHY SHOULD LONDON WAIT?

OR, THE SLIGHTED METROPOLIS AND THE DISAPPOINTED MEDICAL STUDENT.

[Sir RICHARD QUAIN (seconding the proposal of Lord HERSCHELL "that the draft Supplemental Charter for the University of London be approved") said that with respect to Medical Degrees, those who were not in the profession could not realise the grievance which the Medical Students of London felt themselves to be sustaining by not being able to obtain their Degrees in the Metropolis. Hundreds of capable men were driven to seek in Scotland, at Newcastle, and elsewhere the Medical Degrees which they ought to have obtained in London.]



AIR—"The University of Göttingen." London, loquitur:—

I.

WHENE'ER with longing eyes you view

Degrees, I feel I'm undone, Sir,  
And so do the companions true  
Who studied with you at the U-  
-niversity of London, Sir—  
-niversity of London, Sir!

[Weeps, and pulls out report of  
stormy meeting of Convocation  
of University of London, where

new draft charter (of which Lord  
HERSCHELL and Lord Justice  
FRY were the most prominent  
advocates) was rejected by 461  
votes against 197).

II.

Report! It saddens me—and you.  
Was it in cruel fun done, Sir!  
What QUAIN and HERSCHELL said  
was true!

Durham can crow it o'er the U-  
-niversity of London, Sir!  
-niversity of London, Sir!

[At the repetition of this line  
young—but degreeless—Medical  
Student groans in cadence.

III.

Degrees! I cannot grant them—  
true!  
Or it were with a run done, Sir.

I'm *only* the Metropolis. Pooh!  
Provincial pedants flout the U-  
-niversity of London, Sir!  
-niversity of London, Sir!

IV.

Talk of Home Rule? It's all  
askew!

I have it not, for one done, Sir.  
I've taught you; your "trade-  
mark"—boohoo!

I cannot give you at the U-  
-niversity of London, Sir!  
-niversity of London, Sir!

V.

To knowledge in my halls you  
grew;

But now you are—dear son,  
done, Sir!

You're only a mere Medical Stu-  
-dent at the sorely slighted U-  
-niversity of London, Sir,  
-niversity of London, Sir!

VI.

Off—to Newcastle, boy! Adieu!  
By that big vote we're undone,  
Sir.

Provincial Colleges have exclu-  
-sive rights denied to the poor U-  
-niversity of London, Sir?  
-niversity of London, Sir!

[During the last stanza, M. S.  
beats his breast with his stetho-  
scope and goes off—like coals—  
to Newcastle, or like mustard—  
to Durham—to waste valuable  
time in getting in those colossal  
provincial centres what "Poor  
Little London" cannot grant  
him.

## BREAKFAST TABLE-TALK.

(From Edison's Phrase-Book.)

Good gracious! what was that  
horrible noise? It sounded like  
the falling of a leg of mutton!

Oh! that was only the blow  
delivered by the Hackney Cook-  
chafer on the eye of the Midland  
Wrap-Rascal. It's the best fight  
I've seen for a long time.

I wish, then, you would take  
it with you into another room.  
I can scarcely catch a single word  
of the Rev. JABEZ FISHE's de-  
lightful sermon, to which I am  
endeavouring to listen.

Heavens! why all the windows  
are broken! And the mirrors are  
shattered! And the chandelier  
has come down!

Well, my dear, I am very sorry,  
but I was much interested in the  
firing of this new 137-ton gun,  
and they have just let it off.  
That's all.

## Geographical.

"LOW-LYING" districts are  
much talked about just now as  
breeding-grounds for the pes-  
tiferous Influenza microbe. The  
worst "low-lying" districts  
Punch knows are the editorial  
offices of certain scurrilous jour-  
nals, and the social pestilences  
they engender and disseminate  
sorely need abatement. Perhaps  
when they have duly fumigated  
the House, they will turn their  
attention to the Office.





### A JUDGE OF CHARACTER.

*Sympathetic Friend (to Sweeper).* "WHAT'S THE USE O' ARSTIN' 'IM, BILL? 'E DON'T GIVE AWAY NOTHINK LESS THAN A GOVVERNMENT APPOINTMENT, 'E DON'T!"

### THE BITTER CRY OF OUTCAST COMPETITION.

"The breakfast at St. James's Hall, which we reported yesterday, and which was held in order to allow those who partook of it to discuss the possibility of establishing in this country a 'non-competitive system of university examination,' was, in some respects, a natural outcome of the revolt against competition which has of late years made itself felt in many different quarters."—*The Times*.

I'm in a pretty pickle!  
The world is wondrous fickle;  
But lately it would stickle  
For Progress by Exam.  
And now, in Trade and Learning,  
Against me they seem turning,  
Deliberately discerning  
In me a noxious sham!

The *Laisses-faire* philosopher  
My enemies grew gross over;  
But now Economists toss over  
Their idol of old days.  
They swear "Free Competition"  
Leads to Trade inanition:  
That I'm a superstition,  
A cruel vampire craze.

And now Big Wigs scholastic,  
To modern movements plastic,  
Would try reform most drastic  
Upon the School Exam.  
The ways my nerves that jar on  
AUBERON HERBERT's far on;  
E'en Dr. WARRE makes war on  
Dear old Competitive Cram!

If pundits thus—at breakfast—  
Neologise, neck-and-neck, fast,  
My kingdom they will wreck fast!  
The Army loves me not;  
Socialists whet their soul-edge  
Against me; now the College  
Swears that my road to knowledge  
Is simply—Tommy rot.

Revolt? It's most revolting!  
My road might yield some jolting,  
But boobies from it bolting  
Will probably get bogged,  
And, lost in some dim bye-way,  
Regret the well-paved highway  
Along which long in my way  
Contentedly they jogged.

### OUR PARTICULAR TIP FOR THE DERBY.

(Furnished by the Odd Man Out.)

LOOKING through the List of Probable Starters (who are all coming on well, and might therefore be called, in the quaint turf Italian, "comeystarters"), I cannot help feeling that this year the Blue Riband of the Turf will fall to the flower of the flock—as, indeed, it should. But if it does not, why, there are other really sound horses that are sure to give a good account of themselves. We may take it, that the winner will be out of the common. As the glorious animal passes the post, the cheers will be so deafening, that there will be a universal cry, "This must be ordinance!" As the fun of the Derby of late times has seen some revival, the hero of the hour will, *par excellence*, be

the doll, which, in spite of many rivals, has never ceased to be popular. Not that the fun will be fast and furious—not at all; the days of the Mohawks are over, and I am, therefore, in a position to declare, that the day when it is past and gone, will be appropriately called a doreas meeting. And this I can say with the less hesitation as I rely on the power of a deemster. To everyone the occasion will be pleasant, both to wise men and persons of a simple sort; to adopt the words of the historical Pieman, "for this meeting fits Simon." And here let me remark, that I am an enthusiastic admirer of the perambulating gentleman who outwitted the pastie purchaser; in fact, "I go solid for the Simonian." If the field is dusty on the morning of the race, it will be following precedent. When I think of the Derby, I cannot help remembering HENRY THE EIGHTH, for it was to hold the Field of the Cloth of Gold that that eminent monarch had to raise the dust. Well might FRANÇOIS PREMIER have observed (as I do), "*Bravo, Gouverneur!*" If DICKENS's naval hero, the Captain whose words were always worth "making a note of," were to use the belt of Orion as a support in a sea of trouble, I should applaud his wisdom. In fact, I should observe, that the occasion was worthy of the Cuttle's tone. And now to come to business. For after all, what I have written above is merely a hint to those who require no telling. A prophet to be believed must be mysterious. But that the simplest understanding may comprehend, I give my final tip. Here it is. This year's Derby will be won by one of two. It will either fall to the Favourite or—the Field!



## OPERATIC NOTES.

Tuesday, May 19.—With pleasant recollections of MARIE ROZE and BARTON MCGUCKIN, and, as I think, a Mr. SCOBELL playing the swaggering relative, I went to see *Manon*, at Covent Garden, Miss SIBYL SANDERSON being the Heroine, and M. VAN DYCK the Hero.



M. Van Dyck des Grioux et Mlle. Manon Sanderson. (Ensemble). "Nous irons au Guildhall!"

M. Van D. "Voilà la voiture du Lor' Maire, grace à M. Le Sheriff Druriolanus."

Manon. "Comme il est gentil! Je n'attendais qu'un 'Van.'"

much depends on the frame.] As for the new soprano SIBYL—more power to her organ! Her acting was good, but not great, and what ought to be her song *par excellence* went for nothing, or, at least, it could have been bought very cheap. There is far more dialogue in *Manon* than a Covent Garden audience is accustomed to, and this superfluity is resented by those who come for the singing, and who, if any talking is to be done, like to do it themselves. The three young ladies who go about together as a perpetual trio, suggest the notion of a light and airy version, feminine gender, of the three Anabaptists in the *Prophète*. M. ISNARDON as *Des Grioux*, père, a character that might be operatically nearly related to *Germont*, père, in *La Traviata*, was impressively dramatic, but decidedly disappointing in his one great song, which ought to be a certain *encore*. It may be true that an opera intended for a small stage does not stand a fair chance of success on a large one, and vice versa, as no doubt the LORD MAYOR's coach provided by DRURIOLANUS SHERIFFUS for the occasion would look absurd on the stage of the Opéra Comique, while here when it comes round to the gate to fetch *Des Grioux*, it creates as great a sensation as ever it would do in the Strand on the Ninth of November, even with the Sheriff inside it.

Wednesday.—Speaking as an opera-goer of some thirty years' sitting, I am inclined to assert that the performance last Wednesday of *Les Huguenots* beats the record, as will be allowed by all whose memory runneth not to the contrary, "nevertheless" and "notwithstanding" being included. Except MARIO, as *Raoul*, and some add, except DORUS GRAS as the Queen, never was seen and heard so fine a performance as is this to-night; and this deponent witnesseth that no such ensemble has ever been seen for this really grand Opera. Strange to hear sweet little *Manon* one night, and the next these overpowering *Huguenots*. It is well worth the while, in *Mr. Punch's* pages, to record this exceptionally brilliant cast. First, Madame ALBANI for the heroine *Valentina*, superb alike in singing and in acting; GIULIA RAVOGGI as *Urbano*, the page, a memorable page in operatic history; *Conte di San Bris*, by M. LASSALLE, not to be bettered, as may be also said of Signor MIRANDA (by kind permission of SHAKESPEARE's *Tempest*, probably a descendant) as *De Retz*, afterwards converted, and appearing as *Le Padre Basso*, Superior of a Theatrical Order, one of the exceptional Orders admitted after seven. Then M. MAUREL, with his highly *Maurel* tone, cannot be beaten as the high-minded *Conte de Nevers*; and EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ, taken altogether—and there's a lot of him—is quite the best *Marcello* that has been heard and seen for some considerable time. Herr FORMES and MARINI were the rugged Huguenot soldier to the life, but they weren't the Harmonious Blacksmith that NED DE RESZKÉ is. JEAN

DE RESZKÉ methinks lacketh impassioned tenderness in the great duet scene, where ALBANI is inimitable; otherwise JEAN is a gallant *Raoul*. Ensemble, as already said, which term includes chorus, *mise-en-scène*, and orchestra under the energetic rule of Signor BEVIGNANI, simply perfect. Those who this season miss seeing *Les Huguenots* with this unexampled cast, will be justly upbraided by their children and grandchildren. Mr. COVENT-GARDENIA HALL with the Gladstone flower in his button-hole, almost weeps to think that his much-loved leader is unable to come from Dollis Hill and bestow his liberal praise upon *Les Huguenots*. DRURIOLANUS may well beam upon the



Rehearsing for an amateur performance of the Christy Minstrels, under the direction of Count Four-in-a-bar. "Now then, Gentlemen, all together!"

crammed house, viewing a portion of it with his nose over the ledge of the stall gangway portal; well may he smile, hum the melodies to himself (what better audience can he have for the performance!) expand in full bloom and speak joyously out of the very fulness of his heart and pocket; nay, for the moment he may even look upon the sheriffship and all its glory as a mere vanity of vanities, in comparison with the proud position of being DRURIOLANUS OPERATICUS MAGNIFICENTISSIMUS, who has given opera-goers this new and rare edition of *Les Huguenots*. The gloved hand and the lorgnette of H.R.H. are visible in the omnibus-box, where our music-loving Prince is happily congratulating himself on another little FIFE being added to the harmonious Royal Band, while the loyal public is mightily pleased thus to have it proved to ocular demonstration, that the subtle villain, Influenza, has been baulked in his traitorous attempt on the Royal Personage, and they sincerely hope that the insidious poisoner, being thus arrested in his course, may, with all his treacherous *bacilli*, be for ever banished this happy and generally healthy realm.

## COMPETITION IN THE FUTURE.

SCENE—A Barrack-Room. PRESENT—President and Members of a Board of Examiners, sitting to pass Candidates for Commissions in the Line.

President. Now, Gentlemen, I think we are agreed that cramming is to be discouraged. We want an officer who can command a company, and not a scholar who can floor a paper for high-class honours—that is the general idea, Gentlemen, isn't it?

Chorus of Members. Quite so.

Pres. Exactly. Orderly, pass the word that we will see Mr. MUGGER. (The word is passed, when enter First Candidate.) Glad to see you, Sir. Pray sit down. I think you were at school?

First Candidate (nervously). Yes, Sir, at Eton.

Pres. Humph! (Aside, to his Colleagues.) Rather an unpromising commencement. However, he may have devoted more of his time to cricket or football in the Playing Fields than to anything else. (Aloud.) I hope you have not been to the University?

First Can. (almost moved to tears). Alas, Gentlemen, my father would send me to Christchurch, and I am sorry to say I took a Double First!

Pres. (courtous, but sad). I am afraid that will do. (Exit First Candidate, striving in vain to suppress a burst of unmanly emotion.) I am deeply grieved, Gentlemen, but I fear that we can do nothing further in this matter?

Chorus of Members. Utterly impossible!

Pres. Exactly. Orderly, call Mr. SHIRKWORKS. (Second Candidate enters.) Glad to see you, Sir. Pray sit down. I think you were at school?

Second Can. (with confidence). Never, Sir, and allow me to add that I can scarcely read, don't know how to spell, and have a firm impression that two and two make either three or five—I forget which.

Pres. (beaming). Excellent! (After a brief consultation with his colleagues.) Mr. SHIRKWORKS I have much pleasure in informing you that we shall be glad to recommend you for a Commission.

(Curtain.)





## A RARE CHANCE.

*Mr. Snobbin hiring a Hack to ride down to the Derby.*

*Horse-Owner.* "I 'LL CHARGE YOU THIRTY BOB FOR THE DAY, GUV'NOR; OR—LOOK HERE!—GIMME TWO POUND, AND YOU MAY KEEP HIM!"

## CODLINGSBY JUNIOR;

OR, A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.

*Being Fragments of a Forthcoming Political Prize Novel.*

[In a letter to *The Times* on "Party Organisation," Mr. CONINGSBY DISRAELI vigorously rallies the Tory Party on their "eternal and infernal apathy." He says, "Since we have borrowed some Liberal principles, let us borrow some Liberal tactics, and introduce what I would call the Schnadhorstian methods into our councils of war. They, at least, have the merit of success."]

It was CODLINGSBY JUNIOR, who saved the Vraibleusian Party after the battle of Bahborough. By sending a stern and staccato epistle to the "Jupiter Tonans"; by praising (and imitating) Colonel DE CAUCUSINE, the real inspiring spirit in the camp of the victorious GRANDOLMAN, the march of the Hubbabub army was stopped—the menaced empire of Vraibleusia was saved from the flowing tide of Radical ruin; the Marquis of STROKEFOGIES appeared in a blaze of triumph that outblazed even the Berlin "Peace with Honour" business, and CODLINGSBY JUNIOR "took the cake."

The dinner over, the young men rushed from their Club (White's), flushed, full fed, and eager for battle. If the Blues were angry, the Buifs were also on the alert.

"I can have a dinner at any hour," said CODLINGSBY JUNIOR; "but a Blue and Buif row"—(a shillelagh here flying through the window crashed "the cake" from CODLINGSBY's hand)—"a Blue and Buif row is a novelty to me. The Buifs have the best of it, clearly, though; the Cads outnumber the Swells. Ha! a good blow! How that burly Caucosite went down before yonder slim young fellow in the primrose pants!"

"That is the Lord TIDDLEMPOPS," said a companion. "A light weight, but a pretty fighter," CODLINGSBY remarked. "Well hit with your left, Lord TIDDLEMPOPS; well parried, Lord TIDDLEMPOPS; claret drawn, by Jingo!"

"He never can be going to match himself against that Wirepuller!" CODLINGSBY exclaimed, as an enormous Caucosite—no other than SCHNADDY, indeed, the famous ex-Brummagem bruiser, before whose fists the Blues went down like ninepins—fought his way up to the spot where, pluckily, but a little too negligently, TIDDLEMPOPS and one or two of his young friends were bringing aristocratic

*laissez faire* to bear against the fortiter in re of the fighting Caucosite Cads.

The young noble faced the huge champion with the languid gallantry of his race, but was no match for the enemy's brawn and biceps, and went down in every round. His organisation, in fact, though fine, was not sufficiently firm and well-knit to face the sinewy and skilful SCHNADDY. The brutal fellow, who meant business, had no mercy on the lad, who meant larks. His savage treatment chafed CODLINGSBY JUNIOR, as he viewed the unequal combat from White's window.

"Hold your hand!" he cried to the Goliath. "Don't you see he's but a novice?"

"Down he goes again!" the wiry Wirepuller cried, not heeding the interruption. "Down he goes again! I like whopping a swell!"

"Coward!" shouted CODLINGSBY. "The sight makes me feel quite Dizzy. A CODLINGSBY to the rescue!" and to fling open the window, amidst a shower of malodorous missiles, to vault over the balcony, and slide down one of the pillars to the ground, baring his steely biceps in the process, and shying the "castor" from his curly locks with all the virile grace of the Great Earl, was the work of exactly five-sixths of a second.

At the sixth-sixth he stood before the enormous Wirepuller.

"SCHNADDY, my boy," he exclaimed, "I'm going to fight you with your own weapon—and wallop you. Look to yourself, ohurl Caucosite!"

"Dizzy's Double, by all that's theosophical!" faltered SCHNADDY, shrinking at once to half his previous size, under the influence of the startling sight, and the yet more startling "spank" from young DIZZY's dexter bunch-of-fives.

When SCHNADDY, after six weeks' bed and bandaging, at last came out of hospital, his occupation as Wirepuller was gone. CODLINGSBY JUNIOR had stepped into his shoes, and the late "Organiser of Victory" and his Party had not "the least little bit of a look in."

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron's Assistant Reader has been dipping into *Robert Browning—Essays and Thoughts*, by JOHN T. NETTLESHIP. (ELKIN MATHEWS, Vigo Street.) He advises all other readers to grasp his nettle ship boldly. At last the Baron's A. R. thinks he understands "Childe Roland," after reading the twenty-five pages which Mr. NETTLESHIP devotes to the explanation of this noble but tantalising poem. Mr. NETTLESHIP's attitude is that of a fervent, but humble disciple, for whom his Master's every word possesses deep and subtle meanings. He believes with GEORGE ELIOT that "the words of genius bear a wider meaning than the thought which prompted them." That of course gives him unlimited scope, and sometimes makes the explanations long; but every lover of BROWNING will find in the book a great deal of sound and helpful criticism well expressed. Buy the book and see for yourself, says the Baron's A. R.

Fascinating is OSCAR WILDE's paper "On the Decay of Lying," which is the first essay in a book of his entitled *Intentions*. If it be true that the art of lying is decaying—but, stay! how can anyone take the word of a professor of the art of lying for this or any other fact? No, his motto must be, "See me reverse." Not that by suggesting this motto I would for a moment be understood as expressing a wish for OSCAR's once again dropping into poetry—that OSCAR should once again take to the other sort of Lyre; far from it. No; let him remain the head professor of the gay science of mendacity in the Cretan College. Now, when a Professor and double M.A., i.e., Master of the Mendacious Art in the Cretan College, says or writes one thing, he must be taken as meaning exactly the opposite. Otherwise he is no Cretan, and must be degraded from his Professorship. Bearing this in mind, the essay is, as I have said, in matter most amusing, and in style charming. Remember, my reader, that whosoever and whatsoever is blamed, abused, or flouted in this essay, is really being praised, lauded, and adulated to the skies by the Cretan critic. But when the M.M.A. writes on other subjects, are we to trust him? there's the difficulty. So after the first essay, which is hereby recommended by the Faculty, the Baron puts the book aside. "*Cave legendum*," says THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



The Art of Lying.

AN OLD-FASHIONED BUFFER ON BALFOUR'S BILL.  
STATE-AIDED purchase? That sounds mighty well  
I look on it as a State-aided Sell!





### OUR ARTISTS ARE SOMETIMES COMPENSATED FOR ALL THEY HAVE TO PUT UP WITH.

*Young R. A. (newly-elected).* "WHAT, NOT SEEN OUR ROYAL ACADEMY YET, MISS VON TRUMP! DON'T YOU CARE FOR PICTURES, THEN?"  
*Fair American.* "WELL, SOME. BUT YOUR ROYAL ACADEMY'S RATHER CROWDED, YOU KNOW!"  
*Pictor Ignotus (who hates the Academy like poison).* "PERHAPS MISS VON TRUMP PREFERS OUR NATIONAL GALLERY. THAT'S NOT INCONVENIENTLY CROWDED!"  
*Fair American.* "WELL, YES, I LIKE TO GO AND SIT IN A NICE, COOL, QUIET, DESERTED SPOT, LIKE YOUR NATIONAL GALLERY,—WITH A BOUND-UP VOLUME OF PUNCH! THAT'S MY IDEA OF PICTURES!"

### "GENERAL ELECTION STAKES."

#### A COLLOQUY ON THE COURSE.

*Mr. Punch.* Your Stable, no doubt, has of late been a winning one; Horses and Jockeys have both done their best.

*Trainer.* Yes; Guv'nor's black phiz—bless his heart!—is a grinning. All our nags answer when put to the test. [one;

*Mr. Punch.* All? That's a bit of a stretch, my dear fellow.

*Wheel Tax* went wrong, *Compensation* came down.

Hasn't *MATT*'s riding at times turned you yellow,

And *RAIKES*'s wild steering almost done you brown?

*Trainer.* Maybe, Sir, maybe! We can't *always* spot 'em,

But average winnings come out very well.

On this next race, now, I fancy we've got 'em,

Ah, fairly on toast, far as I can hear tell.

*Mr. Punch.* The Sanguine Old Man—is he of your opinion?

And *SOLLY*, the owner, is he at his ease?

*Trainer.* Oh, dash the doldrums! I scorn their dominion.

There are some people no fellow can please.

What I say, Mister, is, look at their Stable,

The old Opposition shop. Lot of old crocks!

*Flowing-Tide?* Faugh! Half his doings are fable.

*Home Rule?* The dearest of utter dead-locks!

*Socialist?* Why, half the Party won't back him.

*Eight Hour?* A roarer, all noise and no pace!

Eh? *Local Option?* Won't win, though they whack him!

What have they got, that can score the Big Race?

*Mr. Punch.* Well, I must own they do seem a bit out of it.

Still, the Big Race for surprises is famed.

*Trainer.* Bah! It's a moral for us, not a doubt of it.

Horse that can lick us is not foaled or named.

*Mr. Punch.* Glad you're so cook-sure, dear *JOKIM*. Still lately

They've scored some small handicaps, that you'll allow.

*Trainer.* Oh! Harborough Stakes! Well, that don't scare me greatly,

Mere fluke after all, though they raised a big row.

*Mr. Punch.* It's mostly "a fluke" when opponents go by us;

But flukes, you know, count, at the end of the game.

*Trainer.* Well, look at the betting! Although they deary us,

They'd like to have money on us all the same.

Their best horse is "aged," their best jockey oldish,

He's plucky, but years, Sir, will tell on the nerve.

Some of 'em who've backed him the longest grow coldish,

Whilst others do hint that he seems on the swerve.

The lot who are sweet on that leggy colt, *Labour*,

Would like a new "mount," if they dared to speak out.

There isn't a man of 'em quite trusts his neighbour,

*Home Rule* with *BILL* up! That inspires 'em with doubt!

(Ask *H-RC-RT* or *R-S-B-RY*—on the *Q.T.*, Sir.)

The Old Jock is obstinate, new 'uns can't ride.

Funk *M-BL-Y*, or *L-BBY* and that lot! Not me, Sir!

I tell you the chances are all on our side. [shrinkers.

*Mr. Punch.* Well, luck goes with them who're not shirkers or

Ah! here comes your crack—rather restive, I fear.

By Jove, are you going to run him in blinkers?

And who's your new Jock? His seat seems a bit queer.

*Trainer.* Well, Sir, don't you see, it's just this way. He's bor-

That Jock is; a wonderful pet of Brum Joe's [rowed,

Must work with his Party; some of us have sorrowed

To make such close pals of such reglar old foes;

The horse don't half like him, I'm bound to admit it,

Between you and me I don't like it myself,

For me and dear *JOSEPH* have not always hit it.

But then, he stands in; we must look to the pelf;

Can't afford to offend him, our Stable can't—blow it!

Eh! What? You have heard me disparage Boy Bill

As too Free in his ways by long chalks. Well, I know it;

But Joe is dead nuts on his go and his skill—

The Blinkers? Oh yes! Horse not used to him yet, Sir,

And if he should spot him, might throw the young pup—

We must "go it blind," only square chance, you bet, Sir,

Of winning,—espesh'ly with Joe's jockey up!





## "GENERAL ELECTION STAKES."

MR. P. "WHAT! RUNNING HIM IN BLINKERS?"

G-SCH-N (Trainer). "YES; IT'S THE ONLY CHANCE OF A WIN,—ESPECIALLY WITH *THAT* JOCKEY UP!"









IT'S A GREAT THING FOR A MAN TO KNOW WHEN HE'S WELL OFF.

### Salisbury's Version.

(See the Premier's Speech at Glasgow.)

WAR is a game  
Which, if Kings have their will,  
Peoples won't play at.

"FRENCH AS SHE IS SPOKE."—The indefatigable international entrepreneur, Mr. M. L. MAYER, who announces himself as "Sole Manager," evidently, therefore, a fishmonger, and, according to *Hamlet*, a representatively "honest man,"—intends to save Londoners the trouble and expense of visiting Paris by giving them three weeks, from June 15th to July 4th, of French plays, performed by the Théâtre Français Company, including Mesdames REICHENBERG and DUDLEY, three COQUELINS, one FEBVRE, and one MOUNET SULLY, at the Royalty Theatre. Those whose hobby is the French Theatre, will be delighted to assist at the start of the well-trained MAYER, who has achieved the curious feat of "saddling himself" with this responsibility.

PARLIAMENTARY DIAGNOSIS.—"Inflammation"—of temper—is the preliminary of "Congestion"—of business, and these threaten to culminate in "Collapse"—of credit.

### LEAVES FROM A CANDIDATE'S DIARY.

*May 13th.*—Expenses keep mounting up. On Saturday received a letter from BLISSOP (Secretary of the Association), stating that it was deemed necessary to take a new Committee-room in Main Street, and asking me if they might draw on me for the cost of furnishing it, a matter of about £15. Replied that I must take time to consider whether such expenditure was proper. Three more charitable institutions claim me as an annual subscriber, and the Billsbury Free Hospital Committee have informed me that CHUBSON always gives them £10 a year. Have had to do ditto.

*May 14th.*—Had an extraordinary letter from VULLIAMY this morning. He is staying at Billsbury—but the letter explains itself. Here it is:—

MY DEAR PATTIE,

(Confidential.)

I AM asked to let you know that a Committee Meeting has been called for Friday 16th, and it is hoped that, at all costs, you will make it convenient to attend. You know how great an interest I have always taken in your career. I have always told you that any experience I may have gained in electioneering matters (and I have been at it for about twenty years now) is entirely at your service. You will therefore forgive me if I speak quite frankly to you on some questions which intimately concern your Candidature. I don't meet you as often as I should wish, and I am therefore impelled to write to you on matters which require your serious consideration, and on which you ought to be prepared to make a definite statement on Friday next. I have used the opportunity of my stay here to see how the land lay with regard to you. Hitherto you have done very well, but mere public meetings will not win an election, and you must make up your mind ere very long to come and stay here, so as to canvass each ward, under the guidance of the proper "officers."

Then there is the question of money! The Registration *must* be paid for by the Candidate. It will be heavy this year. You can talk it over with the Committee, but certainly £100 to £150 will be absolutely necessary. Whatever the sum is, you must be prepared to pay it. I trust you will excuse my being candid with you, both for your own sake and the Party's. If £200 or £300 more or less is any object to you, and if you (or your friends) are not prepared to do certain things, such as bringing up voters, &c., it is useless your hoping to win. I don't suggest bribery and corruption, but certain things not immoral, though perhaps illegal, must be done. That is why I once suggested to you that someone from here should have an interview with some friend who might represent you. You did not respond to this. You do not appear willing to be guided by your Committee even in the expenditure of £15 for chairs and tables for your new Committee-room; and I must repeat that such excessive

caution will not be followed by success. You will only waste your time, and the Party here will be defeated. If you do not feel willing to be guided by the old Leaders of the Party here, who know what is needed, far better reconsider your position, and resign while there is yet time.

Now, in addition to your *legal election expenses* (between £500 and £600), there will be the Registration which, however, is a permissible payment. But, above all, railway fares, conveyances, and sundry other expenses which are forbidden by the Act, must be met by your friends, or success is hopeless. Young HARRISON is standing at Chursfield. His father intends him to win, and he will see to the needful! That is the way to work it, and to win. You must be prepared to pay at least £150 (or to get someone to pay it for you) for *sundries*. Even thus your expenditure will not reach £1000; dirt cheap for a safe borough. Formerly a borough contest used to mean £3,000, and a county anything up to £50,000!

I know you will believe me when I say that I have written entirely in your own interest.

Yours sincerely,

HENRY PARKINSON VULLIAMY.

What an old rascal! I answered very shortly, merely stating my intention of coming to Billsbury on the 16th, in order to interview the Committee. I must nip all this in the bud, or chuck the whole business.

*Friday, May 16th, "George Hotel," Billsbury.*—Came down to Billsbury this afternoon. Had interview with a delegation from the Committee in the Hotel. MOFFAT, BLISSOP, and JERRAM were there. They laid their views before me. Much the same as VULLIAMY's letter. "Shame to wreck the ship for want of a ha'porth of tar," said BLISSOP. "Gentlemen," I said, "if you think I'm going to handle any of this tar, or do any dirty work, you are mistaken. I am willing to help in the Registration and to pay proper subscriptions, but I won't budge a step outside the Corrupt Practices Act, so far as my election expenses are concerned. If you want someone who will make illegal payments, go somewhere else. I'm quite willing to resign. Now you know my opinion, and I leave you to confer with your colleagues." With that I left them. Met them again two hours later. All three looking thoroughly ashamed of themselves. Said they had reconsidered the matter, and begged me to think no more about it. They were determined, they said, to use only legal means in fighting the election. So that blew over. Afterwards each of them came to me in private, to beg my pardon, and put the fault on the others. MOFFAT said it was BLISSOP, BLISSOP declared it was JERRAM, and JERRAM swore that such a thing would never have entered his mind if MOFFAT hadn't insisted on it.

Wrote to VULLIAMY that I found he had entirely misjudged the local feeling, and that, in any case, his suggestions were quite impracticable. He'll detest me, but I don't care a brass farthing.





ALL-ROUND POLITICIANS—SAMPLES OF SALISBURY.



## THE NEWEST NOSTRUM.

[Mr. AUBERON HERRERT and other amiable enthusiasts held a "Breakfast" at St. James's Hall, over which Sir NATHANIEL STAPLES presided, to advocate the principle of Voluntary Taxation.]

OH, AUBERON, in fairy land  
You must (like *Oberon*) be dwelling!  
Your notion's lovely, winning, grand,  
The fiscal cat most bravely belling;  
Guileless NATHANIEL, too, affects  
World-hardened hearts—almost to weeping,  
Volunteer taxes who expects  
To draw from Mammon's harpy keeping.  
Go, lure the tomtit from the twig,  
Go, coax the tiger from his quarry,  
The toper from his thirsty wig,  
The swindler from his schemings sorry:  
"Persuade" the Sweater to be just,  
The 'cute Monopolist to be kindly;  
Tempt hunger to resign his crust,  
The niggard churl to lavish blindly:  
Make—by soft words—the ruthless wrecker  
Subscribe for life-boats, ropes and rockets;  
Then plump the National Exchequer  
By willing doles from well-filled pockets!

## QUEER QUERIES.

CENTRAL AFRICA.—I have a longing to be an Explorer in the wildest and densest jungles of the Dark Continent. I feel certain that this is my true rôle in life, although some of my relatives, acting—I believe—purely from jealousy, try to discourage me. Unfortunately I have no money, and only a vague idea of how to get there. The voyage out would probably do wonders for my health, which is not strong; in fact at present I can hardly walk upstairs, and the Doctor says I need a warm climate. I fancy Africa would be warm enough to suit me. I should be glad to be told of any Capitalist who would advance a few hundred pounds to enable me to carry out my design. He would not lose his money, as I would repay him by sending home the skins of all the lions and tigers that I shot—also ivory, as well as realistic accounts of slave caravans, &c., which any Publisher would be glad to buy.

LIVINGSTONE JUNIOR.



## OUR BORES, NATIVE AND FOREIGN.

"ACH! I SCHBEAGUE ENGLISH NOT VELL, NOT VELL AT ALL! POT, PY A LEADLE BRACKION, I IMBROVE VER EVICK! VAIT TILL I HAF TALK TO YOU FOR A GOPPLE OF HOURS, AND YOU SHALL SEE!"

## ROBERT AT THE ACADEMY.

WITSUNTIDE being a rather slack time with us Hed Waiters, ooz our principle patrons is all out of Town. I naterally slected that week for my annuwal yearly wisit to the Royal Academy. I never cood quite hunderstand why it was called a Academy, which I bleeves is a rather swell name for a Skool, but I hadn't bin there long larst week afore I soon dischovered the reason. In course it stands to reason that lots of the werry wust of the bad picturs is the work of werry young pupils, who haven't yet left skool, so that's why they calls it a Academy insted of a Hinatitooshun or a Hexebishun.

The fust thing as struck me was the emense number of portraits of people as noboddy never heard of, and therefore didn't want for to see, and I wonders how the poor people would like for to be obliged to wark about the rooms and hear the fun as the people makes on 'em. One on 'em looks so werry cross, that a Gent by me said as how he must ha' bin taken when the bad news came from India. Another looks so savage, that amost everybody asks him why he don't have it out and done with it! Another werry savage sojer looked at me as much as to say, "What are you staring at, Stupid?" which wasn't at all perlit. Professor HUXLEY, I am told, is a werry great man, and so he most suttlenly seems for to think by the looks on him, and ain't he jist got a lot of big books for to read! I was surprised to find as there wasn't not no Lord Mare among the lot. His Lordship's state robes wood have lighted up the hole place. And now for the reel picters.

Fust and foremost of all the lot stands "*The Flock of Sheep*," by Mr. COOPER, and as this happens to be one of the things as I does understand, I makes no hesitation in saying, that there's about a dozen of the werry finest saddles of mutton there as I ewer seed, ewen at the honored Manshun House! Next comes the grand pictur called "*One and Twenty*." Ah! ain't they jest a jolly set, and ain't they all a drinking the young swell's health, and manny appy returns of the day? Why you can amost hear 'em.

And now jest a word and a hint to all our great Painters. Pray what is picters painted for? Is it to make people werry sollem, and werry sorry, and werry unappy? Ain't we got reel trubbles, and reel sorrows enuff in the world, without painting sham ones? And yet I do declare that, arter looking at them two wundrful picters of "*The Crisis*," and "*The Doctor*," and feeling as there wasn't not no chance for either of the poor things to recover, that the kind Doctor's trubble was all in wain, and that the poor Mother wood soon have to bear the awfulest trubble as she cood ewer know, I left the place as fast as I cood get out, for fear the people shoud notice the big round tears as woud run down my silly old cheeks. Oh, Mr. FILDES, Mr. FILDES, to think that jest a few little delicate touches of your magic brush woud have sent away thousands of appy hearts, insted of hundreds of miserable ones, ort to make you resolve always to put jest a gleam of hope in your wundrful pictures in future.

There was about the same number of staggerers as ushal, and I again asks, who has the hordacity to buy 'em? I wunder what Mrs. ROBERT woud say if I took one home to my sober dwelling! But, jest as I was a coming away, I seed one of the most howdacious of the lot, and it was named "*The Judgment of Paris*!" I had offen heard as the French was werry free and bold in all these sort of things, but I newer cood have thort that our Royal Academy swells cood have so lowered themselves as to condescend to submit the whole of the Picters in the Exhibition to the judgment of the Paris Painters, or that they woud have slected the greatest staggerer as the one in their judgment the most worthy of the werry fust prize. I don't think as it says much for their taste.

ROBERT.

## Obvious.

!! THE *Times* says, sagely, "There is a good deal of human nature in Ireland." That woud not so much matter if there were less of in-human nature—as exemplified in "carding" women, "houghing" cattle—and ruthlessly evicting rack-rented tenants.



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Thursday, May 21.—House resumed to-day, after so-called Whitsun holidays. Weren't to have come back till Monday. OLD MORALITY settled that before he went off to Southern climes. But next day



Toby's Remedy for Influenza.

him. JOKIM, meaning to frighten WINDBAG, said, "Very well; then we'll adjourn till Thursday." WINDBAG, not believing JOKIM was serious, said he didn't care; game of bluff commenced; played so awkwardly that, in end, House jockeyed out of half its holiday.

But OLD MORALITY got all his; off before this blundering business took place; too far gone to be called back. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN suggests that we shall change his name; call him "The JUDICIOUS HOOKER." Certainly he "hooked it" a day before holidays commenced, and won't return till several days after they have prematurely closed. Still remnant of House here to-night, though growling and discontented, does not grudge him his holiday.

More than half Members on both sides away ill. The Whips severely hit; MAJORIBANKS here as usual, making a bright space in the lobby with his genial presence and his smiling countenance. But AKERS-DOUGLAS still away with most of his men, including the Mountainous HILL.

"Yes," his man is reported to have said, in reply to inquiries, "Lord ARTHUR is still HILL, but gettin' better."

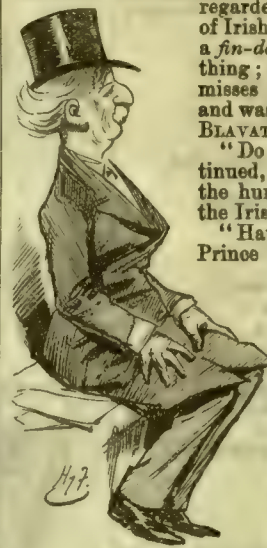
Only cheerful man on the premises is PLUNKET. Beaming with health; glowing with vitality.

"The secret of it?" he said, when I asked him how he managed to look so well. "Why, it's exercise and fumigation. Whilst you fellows have been making holiday, I've stuck to the House night and day. I've fumigated every chamber with sulphur; I've sprinkled every wall with eucalyptozone. The tiled floors I have washed with carbolic-soap, and the libraries I have purified with Thiocamp. It was a little stiff at first; but, as Mr. G. says, there's no rest like variety of occupation. When I got tired of Eucalyptozone, I turned to with Thiocamp, and then went through a course of taking up carpets and thumping hair-cushions. Quite sorry it's over."

Business done.—In Committee on Land Purchase Bill.

Friday.—"Do you like IBSEN?" ATTORNEY-GENERAL for IRELAND asked Prince ARTHUR just now, *à propos* of new Clause moved by SEXTON.

Curious man is MADDEN. Lives a sort of dual life. In House regarded as serious person, steeped in knowledge of Irish Question in its multifarious aspects. Really a *fin-de-siècle* Attorney-General; knows everything; is in everything; acquainted with IBSEN, misses few bazaars or drawing-room concerts, and was on speaking terms with the late Madame BLAVATSKY.



Pelly-Melly.

"Do you like Hedda Gabler?" he continued, nudging Prince ARTHUR, who on this, the hundred-and-third night in Committee on the Irish Land Bill, showed signs of drowsiness.

"Haven't time to go to the theatre," said Prince ARTHUR. "Never perform out of Westminster, where we keep our own HEADACHE GABBLER on the premises"; and he looked wearily across at SEXTON monotonously piping, not without dread suspicion of the WINDBAG having been newly leathered.

But the end comes to the man who lives to wait, and to-night, at twenty minutes past ten, LEWIS PELLY sitting bolt upright, awakened out of peaceful slumber by a sudden cheer; knew that the Land Bill was at last through Committee.

Business done.—Land Bill through Committee.

## NOTES ON THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF 2091.

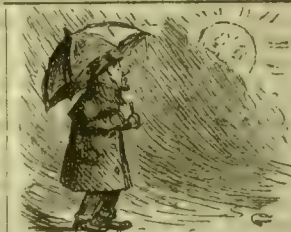
"Richard, Duke of Gloucester, refusing the Crown." This picture will be interesting to the historical student, as it affords a solution to a knotty point that has puzzled commentators for the last five centuries. The wily humpback is represented in his dressing-gown and slippers, having evidently been called from his bath to listen to the suggestion of the courtiers, who desire him to accept the regal dignity. The umbrella of the Lord Mayor, we fancy, is of a later date than the supposed period of the painting, but no doubt the artist has authority for the introduction of the quaint old lamp-post illumined with the electric light, which began to be used some little time after the Battle of the Roses.

"Charles the Second in the Oak." This is also interesting to those who delight in folklore. According to the legend (for no doubt the story was merely a legend), the deposed monarch was escaping from the Parliamentary troops, when he had to seek shelter in the spreading branches of the tree that still is emblematic of England. The artist has placed the leafy refuge near a stream, where CHARLES seems to have been bathing. A tragic side (not entirely free from quaintness) is given to the tale by the discovery of the temporarily discarded wearing apparel of the STUART by the soldiers, who are hunting him to the death. CHARLES, with his traditional good humour, is smiling at an accident which causes him seemingly more amusement than apprehension.

"The Battle of Trafalgar." The very clever arrangement of smoke in this painting prevents the flesh-tints of the sailors from assuming a prominence that might be objectionable to persons of fastidious tastes. No doubt the artist felt that, if he had studied the traditions of the British Navy at the commencement of the nineteenth or twentieth century (the battle was fought in that period), he would have shown the gallant tars serving the guns in a costume not more elaborate than that assumed by the nude inhabitants of the North Pole. It is amusing to note in this connection that, until the discovery of the summit of the earth, it was supposed that the centre of the Arctic Regions was bitterly cold. Our ancestors in the remote ages had no idea that that fiery region was, in reality, hotter than the tropics!

"Portrait of an English Gentleman of the Nineteenth Century."

—We are not quite sure that we like the unconventional treatment of the accessories in this picture. It is perfectly true that we find from contemporary records that an invitation to dinner was frequently accompanied by the expressed wish that the guest "was not to dress;" but still such hints at the strange manners and customs of a bygone age may be carried out too literally.



"Hullo, Sunny! where were you on Whit Monday?"  
"Why, off for my Bank Holiday, to be sure!"



## VOGES POPULI.

## BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW.

SCENE—A Village School-room. A Juvenile Treat is in progress, and a Magic Lantern, hired for the occasion, "with set of slides complete—to last one hour," is about to be exhibited.

The Vicar's Daughter (suddenly recognising the New Curate, who is blinking unsuspectingly in the lantern rays). Oh, Mr. TOOTLER, you've just come in time to help us! The man with the lantern

says he only manages the slides, and can't do the talking part. And I've asked lots of people, and no one will volunteer. Would you mind just explaining the pictures to the children? It's only a little Nursery tale—Valentine and Orson—I chose that, because it's less hackneyed, and has such an excellent moral, you know. I'm sure you'll do it so beautifully!

Mr. Tootler (a shy man). I—I'd do it with pleasure, I'm sure—only I really don't know anything about Valentine and Orson!

The V's D. Oh, what does that matter? I can tell you the

outline in two minutes. (She tells him.) But it's got to last an hour, so you must spin it out as much as ever you can.

Mr. Tootler (to himself). Ought I to neglect such a golden opportunity of winning these young hearts? No. (Aloud.) I will—er—do my best, and perhaps I had better begin at once, as they seem to be getting—er—rather unruly at the further end of the room. (He clears his throat.) Children, you must be very quiet and attentive, and then we shall be able, as we purpose this evening, to show you some scenes illustrative of the—er—beautiful old story of Valentine and Orson, which I doubt not is familiar to you all. (Rustic applause, conveyed by stamping and shrill cheers, after which a picture is thrown on the screen representing a Village Festival.) Here, children, we have a view of—er—(with sudden inspiration)—Valentine's Native Village. It is—er—his birthday, and Valentine, being a young man who is universally beloved on account of his amiability and good conduct—(To the Vicar's D. "Is that correct?" The V's D. "Quite, quite correct!")—good conduct, the villagers are celebrating the—er—auspicious event by general rejoicings. How true it is that if we are only good, we may, young as we are, count upon gaining the affection and esteem of all around us! (A Youthful Rustic, with a tendency to heckle. "Ef 'ee plaze, Zur, which on 'em be Valentinoe?") Valentine, we may be very sure, would not be absent on such an occasion, although, owing to the crowd, we cannot distinguish him. But, wherever he is, however he may be occupied, he little thinks that, before long, he will have to encounter the terrible Orson, the Wild Man of the Woods! Ah, dear children, we all have our Wild Man of the Woods to fight. With some of us it is—(He improves the occasion.) Our next picture represents—(To Assistant.) Sure this comes next? Oh, they're all numbered, are they? Very well—represents a forest—er—the home of Orson. If we were permitted to peep behind one of those trunks, we should doubtless see Orson himself, crouching in readiness to spring upon the unsuspecting Valentine. So, often when we—&c., &c. The next scene we shall show you represents the—er—burning of Valentine's ship. Valentine has gone on a voyage, with the object of—er—finding Orson. If the boat in the picture was only larger, we could no doubt identify Valentine, sitting there undismayed, calmly confident that, notwithstanding this—er—unfortunate interruption, he will be

guided, sooner or later, to his—er—goal. Yes, dear children, if we only have patience, if we only have faith, &c., &c. Here we see—(an enormous Bison is suddenly depicted on the screen) oh? oh, yes—here we have a specimen of—er—Orson's pursuits. He chases the bison. Some of you may not know what a bison is. It is a kind of hairy cow, and— (He describes the habits of these creatures as fully as he is able. The Youthful Rustic. "Theer baint nawone a-erntin' of 'un, Zur.") What? Oh, but there is. Orson is pursuing him, only—er—the bison, being a very fleet animal, has outrun his pursuer for the moment. Sometimes we flatter ourselves that we have outrun our pursuer—but, depend upon it," &c., &c. But now let us see what Valentine is about— (Discovering, not without surprise, that the next picture is a Scene in the Arctic Regions.) Well, you see, he has succeeded in reaching the coast, and here he is—in a sledge drawn by a reindeer, with nothing to guide him but the Aurora Borealis, hastening towards the spot where he has been told he will find Orson. He doesn't despair, doesn't lose heart—he is sure that, if he only keeps on, if he—er—only continues, only perseveres—(Aside. What drivell I am talking! To Assistant. I say, are there many more of this sort? because we don't seem to be getting on!)—Well, now we come to—(a Moonlight Scene, with a Cottage in Winter, appears)—to the—ah—home of Valentine's mother. You will observe a light in the casement. By that light the good old woman is sitting, longing and praying for the return of her gallant boy. Ah, dear children, what a thing a good old mother is! (To the Vicar's Daughter. "I really can not keep on like this much longer. I'm positively certain these slides are out of order!") The V's D. "Oh no; I'm sure it's all right. Do please go on. They're so interested!" The Young Heckler. "Ow

'bout Valentinoe, Zur?—wheer be 'ee?" Ah, where is Valentine, indeed? (To Ass.) Next slide—quick! (Recognises with dismay a View of the Grand Canal.) No—but, I say—really, I can't— Here we have Valentine at Venice. He has reached that beautiful city,—well called the Queen of the Adriatic,—at last! He contemplates it from his gondola, and yet he has no heart just now to take in all the beauty of the scene. He feels that he is still no nearer to finding Orson than before. (The Young Heckler. "Naw moor be we, Zur. We ain't zeed nayther on 'em zo fur!" Tumult, and a general demand for the instant production of Orson or Valentine.) Now, children, children! this is very irregular. You must allow me to tell this story my own way. You will see them both in good time, if you only keep still! (To Ass.) I can't stand this any more. Valentine and Orson must be underneath the rest. Find them, and shove them in quick. Never mind the numbering! (The screen remains blank while the Assistant fumbles.) Well, have you got them?

The Assistant. No, Sir; I'm rather afraid they ain't here. Fact is, they've sent me out with the wrong set o' slides. This ain't Valentine and Orson—it's a miscellaneous lot, Sir!

[Collapse of Curate as Scene closes in.



The Young Heckler.

## THE MIXTURE AS BEFORE.

(By an Impatient—Influenza—Patient.)

I sver suppose the Doctor dose,  
(I do not bead a pud l) [grows!]  
What ails be; but that aidbelt  
This Subber brigs do sud. [bad,  
Subtibes the east wids blow like  
Subtibes code showers pour,  
But daily cubs that doctor's lad,—  
"The Bixture as Before!"

The Idfluedza I have got,  
Or I ibadgid so; [hot,  
Subtibes I'b cold, subtibes I'b  
I cough, I sdeeze, I blow. [well,  
But GLADSTUD's better, SMITH is  
I do dot bend. O lor!— [bell;  
There's that codfodded kitchid  
"The Bixture as Before!"

I've had at least a budth of it,  
Sidtz I was first struck dowl,  
Yet here id slipped feet I sit!  
By daily half-a-crowd—

For bedads taxes by poor purse.  
It is ad awfud bore.  
This bedsd bakid be feel worse—  
"The Bixture as Before!"

I'b odly a poor City clerk.  
Quidide is bodstous dear;  
By doctor treats it as a lark,  
Ad tries by bide to cheer.  
But if by situashud goes,  
I'b ruid—ad two sorel [dose—  
What oad avail the Doctor's  
"The Bixture as Before?"

It bay be Biorobes, as they say,  
This Idfluedza pest; [ad pay!  
What batters? I bust cough—  
The Doctor orders "Rest!"  
Biorobes be blowed, ad Rest go hag!  
I'll stad this thig do bore!  
BARY! was that the door-bell rag?  
—"The Bixture as Before!"



## THE TRYST.

"It is stated that the Pungwé route to Mashonaland has been again closed by the Portuguese Authorities."—*Reuter*, May 24.



Cecil Rhodes. "YOU CLEAR OUT! SHE'S MY 'MASH!'"

Now then, young Obstructive, still playing the sentry,  
Where nobody wants you to watch or mount guard?

Are you to rule everyone's exit and entry?  
Clear out, my young friend, or with you 'twill go hard.





### THE VICTORY ROAD-CAR.

TO PLY TO AND FROM THE NAVAL EXHIBITION.

You Portuguese *Tappertit*, turn it up, *do* !  
D'ye think I'll be stopped by a monkey like you ?

*Mr Mash*, that young woman ! Will you bar our meeting ?  
We're sweethearts. Will you interfere with our tryst ?  
You pert whippersnapper, my sable-skinned sweetening  
My masculine wooing's too wise to resist.  
Shall RHODES be cut out by a small Portuguese,  
With a gun and a swagger ? Pooh ! Fiddle-de-dee !

We've put up too long with your pranks, my fine fellow,  
Because of your size, upon which you presume.  
Oh, it's no use to twirl your moustache and look yellow !  
Mean having that gal, howsoever you fume.  
You'd better behave yourself, boy, or no doubt  
Before very long we shall clean you right out.

Look at home, keep your own ways a little bit clearer,  
And don't go a-blocking up other folks' roads.  
Eh ? You warn me off her ? I mustn't come nearer ?  
Ha, ha ! My good-nature your impudence goads.  
Clear out, whilst you're safe, you young shrimp ! Don't be  
rash !  
For I shan't let you come between me and my *Mash* !

A LAST WORD ON THE WHAT-YOU-MAY-CAL-DERON PICTURE.—It isn't often that one of "the inferior clergy," represented by a Clarke in orders, is pitted against an "Abbott," as recently happened in the discussion about Mr. CALDERON's picture of "*St. Elizabeth's Heroic Act of Renunciation*." In this instance the Clarke got the better of the Abbott, and the others, including Professor HUXLEY, who is always ready to rush in and invite somebody to tread on the tail of his coat, were nowhere. The *Times* issues its *flat*, concluding the arguments on both sides—"The *Times* has spoken, *causa finita est*"—and the picture will remain one of the chief attractions in the Royal Academy Exhibition until such time as it ascends to the undisturbed Oilysium of The Happily Immortals. In the meantime, being on the line, Mr. CALDERON will be perfectly satisfied if his picture be generally recognised as "*St. Elizabeth of Well-Hung-ary*."



### RECIPE.

(For a speech in the House of Commons on the proposed adjournment for the Derby.)

TAKE a handful of jokelets and beat them up small,  
In sophistical fudge, with no logic at all ;  
Then pepper the mixture with snigger and jeer ;  
Add insolent "sauce," and a *souppçon* of sneer ;  
Shred stale sentiment fine, just as much as you want,  
And thicken with cynical clap-trap and cant,  
Plus oil—of that species which "smells of the lamp"—  
Then lighten with squibs, which, of course, should be damp ;  
Serve up, with the air of a true *Cordon Bleu*,  
And you'll find a few geese to taste it and praise you !

### THE DRAMA THEN AND NOW.

THEN. SCENE—Dining-Room in Mrs. GRUNDY'S House. The Misses GRUNDY and their Mother discovered at Luncheon.

Eldest Miss G. Oh, Mamma, do take us to see *Formosa* at Drury Lane !  
Mrs. Grundy. My dear ! Why, it's absolutely shocking ! All the papers are ringing with the impropriety ! Couldn't possibly go !

Second Miss G. But, Mamma dear, the Boat-Race Scene is so excellent. We might sit at the back of the box, and put our fingers in our ears when you signalled to us.

Mrs. Grundy. Well, as you say, the Boat-Race Scene is excellent, and as for impropriety, we must ignore it.

[*Exeunt to get places for Drury Lane.*]

NOW. Scene as before, Time and situation as before, Company as before.

Eldest Miss G. Oh, Mother darling, do take us to see *Formosa* at Drury Lane !

Mrs. Grundy. Certainly. I hear the Boat-Race Scene beats the record.

Second Miss G. It is simply magnificent, and the dialogue is so interesting. Twenty years ago they said it was improper ! As IBSSEN would observe, "Only fancy that !"

Mrs. Grundy. Did they ? Well, as you say, the Boat-Race Scene is excellent ; and as for the impropriety,—in these days of *Ghosts*, *Pillars of Society*, and *Dancing Girls*, we haven't time to notice it !  
[*Exeunt to get places for Drury Lane.*]



## LEAVES FROM A CANDIDATE'S DIARY.

*Billsbury, Thursday, May 22.*—Came down here yesterday, to stay for a fortnight on end. Four meetings have been arranged in different wards, and a good deal of time is to be devoted to canvassing. Pleasant prospect! Begin to think that, on the whole, it was easier work to wear an occasional wig in the Law Courts, or to sit in Chambers, planning imaginary Law-books.

On Tuesday I lunched with the BELLAMYS, to say good-bye. Mrs. BELLAMY made herself very agreeable. Somebody, so she said, had told her that my chances at Billsbury were excellent, and she declared she had always admired young men who devoted themselves with a single-hearted purpose to the service of their country. So different from the crowd "Of shallow-pates, who scorn laborious days. And shun the rugged paths that lead to praise." This is a familiar quotation from the works of "your grandfather, the poet." Mrs. BELLAMY quotes him on all possible occasions. A long time ago she gave me a beautifully bound copy of his book, "*Per Ardua*," by HENRY GATTELETON, M.A. I've got a notion she has a whole roomful of the unsold copies, somewhere at the top of the house.

After luncheon had a long talk with MARY, who really looked prettier than I've ever seen her. She said, "Now that you have got into what Mamma calls 'the vortex of politics,' I suppose you'll despise all our simple little amusements, and begin to forget everybody except the Billsbury voters." I asked her how she could say such a thing, told her I never could forget the happy hours I'd spent with her at Exhibitions and dances, and so forth, and assured her I loathed the Billsbury voters (which, by the way, I really think I do). I was just beginning to screw myself up to the pitch of asking her the question, in fact, I had taken her hand, and was actually stuttering out something which made her look down at her feet (she's got the smallest and prettiest foot I ever saw), when the footman opened the door and announced POMFREY. Of course POMFREY must have seen something was up. He's a beast, but not a fool. But he chattered away volubly, just as if he were the most delightful and welcome person in the world. I got so angry after ten minutes of it, and my toes and fingers began to have such an almost irresistible longing to be at him, that I thought it best to go. But MARY gave me a look as I went away which simply went right through me, the kindest and most beautiful look any two eyes ever gave to an unhappy man. I shut my eyes constantly and bring the whole scene back, and in imagination I throw POMFREY out of the window, and carry MARY in triumph to the nearest church, while her mother quotes the late Mr. GATTELETON's poetry over us in blessing. And then I open them again and find myself in this hole.

Dinner with the CHORKLES on Saturday.

*May 23.*—Started canvassing yesterday and continued to-day under the charge of Mr. DIKES, one of the Town Councillors. "Old DICKY DIKES," the people here always call him. He's supposed to be one of the most knowing cards in the whole county. A man of about sixty-four, with light brown hair, rather curly, a wig, say his detractors, but I can't make my mind up about it yet, as I haven't been able to study him closely with his hat off. His head is large, face a cross between J. L. TOOLE's and DIZZY's without the goates. Always wears a frock-coat of best broadcloth, and an immense top-hat. Has one curiously protruding tooth which fascinates me, and makes my attention wander when he's telling me his anecdotes. I keep wondering how it ever got into that strange position—a sort of dental rocking-stone, weird, solitary, inexplicable. Everybody knows him, as he represents the St. Mark's Ward (which we are canvassing) in the Council. The flourish with which he always introduces me is wonderful. I might be an Emperor honouring the place with a visit. But the people take it all as a matter of course, and seem

pleased to see us. They don't care twopence about real political questions in the back-streets. They mostly say, "My father was a Blue and his father afore 'im, and I've bin a Blue all my life, and I ain't a goin' to change my colour now. You're all right, Sir; you've no call to bother about me. I wish you success." They don't mind being asked any amount of questions as to where they lived before, how long they've been in their present houses, and so on. It's all a kind of entertainment to them. Here and there, of course, you come on a keen politician, who really understands. I hear CHORKLE's dinner to-morrow is to be a grand affair.

## ADVANCE, AUSTRALIA!

(From our Special Correspondent at the Agricultural Hall.)

NEED I say that I felt greatly gratified at finding myself attached to the Victorian Volunteers. I had been present with them in spirit at the banquets which had greeted their arrival to the Mother Country, and now I was to have the advantage of actually appearing bodily in their campaign at Islington. I knew the battle-field well. In years gone by I had seen many a Balaclava *mêlée*, many a slicing of the lemon, many a securing of the tent-peg. Nay, further, I had assisted many a time at "the combined display," when, before a huge audience, a presentment of war was produced, as unlike the real thing as anything well could be. But, to return to the Victorians. As they appeared in their neat uniforms, which included slouch hats, the hearts of a noble people (represented by occupants of places from ten shillings downwards) went out to them, and they were greeted with a mighty shout. The English race recognised the service that was being done. The Mother thanked her Child. Over the stormy sea had come the soldiers of the Southern Cross to tell any Britons still remaining in played-out Europe how war should be waged; how battles should be won.

The numbers of our gallant little body were small; still, we had enough. Before our appearance "the country" had been arranged. In the distance, near the southern entrance, were bushes; then, a little nearer home, a second row; then, nearer still, a canvas erection representing a fallen tree; then more bushes; and last, the door from which we had emerged to receive the plaudits of the populace. First, two of our number (after some slight hesitation) galloped (taking, without much difficulty, the hedges on their way) towards the south. They fired. In the meanwhile the rest of our body had dismounted, and had buckled the forelegs of each horse so that it might not unduly wander. This clever idea was nearly crowned with success. Then tents were got out—without any hurry. They were pitched in a leisurely fashion. Then the fire was lighted, also without flurry. The two scouts now cantered back knocking over a bush on their way. Shots were heard in the distance, and our camp was leisurely, very leisurely, broken up. The tents were, with some difficulty, placed on the backs of the horses, and most of our troopers mounted without serious difficulty. One certainly was thrown, and another had to hold firmly to his horse. Then we advanced. We again dismounted. One of our body, after some negotiation, collected the reins of our horses. We fired, and again leisurely mounted. Then our troopers hurried off.

And when the magnificent display was over, I could not help thinking how good it was of these gallant Colonists to come so far that we might learn so much. True, we had seen something a little like the mounted infantry evolutions in the displays of our own light Hussars. Again, soldiers have been known before this to pitch and strike a tent. Still, it was deeply gratifying to find history repeating itself, inasmuch, as in the Victorian evolutions there was no difficulty in conjuring up the picture with the popular title, "The Grandson teaching the Grandmother—how to suck eggs!"



ANCIENT EXAMPLE OF FEMALE MASHER.

A TYRE AND SIDON GIRL.

(Active and Side on Girl.)



## HOW LONG?

*Extracts from a Tragic International Romance, written up to date.*

THE Government makes no sign or move, though people who think are clamouring and asking "How long shall such things be?"

They were only a few poor Polish Jews, there might have been a



hundred of them all told, beaten, scourged, driven by a brutal and merciless Government to "move on," somewhere—anywhere,—it cared not, so long as they had no abiding home, no hope of peace, of comfort, or of even the common necessities of existence, and stricken with despair and overcome with terror, they meet with their good angel.

The Middleman, the blessed agent, to them, of all good, tells them of the bright free land, where a golden harvest of profit is waiting them, if they will only realise their "all" and hand it over to him. With a shout of joy, in grateful peans they sing the praises of their preserver,—and realising all their worldly wealth and making it over to him, they arrive, greedy, hunger-smitten and expectant, one damp May morning in Whitechapel.

They find a native population, struggling in terrible earnest with want, and taking, through the Sweater who commands the situation, starvation prices for the making of a coat, for the which, by working nineteen hours in the day, and reducing life to the slavery of a living death, they manage to earn two shillings and ninepence!

The happy and eager Polish Jews step in, and see their chance. Eldorado lies before them. They are asked if they will make the coat for two shillings and sevenpence. The poor starving foreigners eagerly clutch at any chance. Who can blame them? No one. It is a struggle for life. Fair but false promises have brought them to these shores, to swell the sum of misery, already, Heaven knows, high enough! But still they come, keeping up a steady flow of suffering, and the Government makes no sign or move, though people who think are loudly clamouring, and asking, "How long shall such things be?"

## WHAT IT MAY COME TO IN LONDON.

*(As the Point has been nearly reached in Paris.)*

SCENE—A Hall devoted to MR. EDISON'S latest inventions. A Lecturer acting as Showman to a crowd of possible Customers.

Lecturer. And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, I must ask you quickly to make a selection. We have here wires from all parts of the world—make your selection. Those who wish to see the kinetograph at work will please go within. Operas with scenery always on hand. Here we have only telephones.

Mild Young Lady. Oh, if you please, a friend of mine was married three weeks ago, and she and her husband are staying at the Grand Hotel, Paris. Might I hear what they are saying. Here's their name.

Lect. (taking card). Nothing easier. (Speaking through telephone.) Put us on to Grand Hotel, Paris, Room 1564. (To Customer.) A shilling please, Madam. Thank you, and here you are.

Mild Y. L. (taking receivers). Oh, thank you. (She places them to her ears and then drops them hurriedly.) Oh dear me! She has kept him waiting, and he is using such bad language! You ought to have told me.

Lect. We can't guarantee language. Why, would you believe it, Madam, that sometimes we have complaints of things said in Norway! Pray Ladies and Gentlemen, make your selection. (To Intelligent-looking Stranger.) Can I tempt you, Sir? They are playing a new piece at Chicago. It is excellent, I am told—a domestic comedy. Next week, if it's successful, we shall produce it with scenery and effects on the kinetograph. Try it, Sir?

Intelligent Stranger. I don't mind if I do. (Raising receivers.) Call this a domestic comedy? Why I can hear firing!

Lect. Very strange, Sir. Nothing in the plot to account for it.

Intell. Stran. Stay, you say it's in Chicago! I know what the firing means! They don't like the piece, and they are shooting the Author!

Lect. Of course, Sir! (To Small Boy.) And now my little man, what do you want?

Small Boy. Please, Sir, I have got a shilling to spend in hearing something from somewhere all the world over.

Lect. (producing programme). Here is a list of our stations. You see we have wires laid on to all parts of Europe, Africa, Asia, and

America. Next Tuesday we shall be in communication with Australia. And now, what will you have?

Small Boy. I don't know. Something exciting, please.

Lect. Well, you can hear, by taking these, a number of Astronomers discussing in Committee the transit of Venus. Or, if you listen to these, you will hear a chat about the floating of the next Russian loan, held in one of the centres of speculation, to wit, the Bourse at Vienna. Most interesting, I can assure you. Which will you have?

Small Boy. Oh, please, I don't care for astronomy, and am too young to understand finance.

Lect. Now, here's a Bull Fight—you can distinctly hear the shouts—and here's a Chinese execution.

Small Boy. Oh, that will be nice. Which shall I have?

Lect. Can't say—you pay your money, and you take your choice! And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, I am ready for your commands.

[Attends to other Customers as the Scene closes in. Curtain.]

## THE VERY WILDEST WEST.

["The idea of transporting the Coliseum at Rome to the shores of Lake Michigan has been broached in all seriousness. The American Syndicate who desire to make the Coliseum an attractive feature of the Chicago Exhibition, rely for success on the financial necessities of the Italian Government."—Daily Paper.]

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE.)

President H-rr-s-n to King H-m-b-rt.

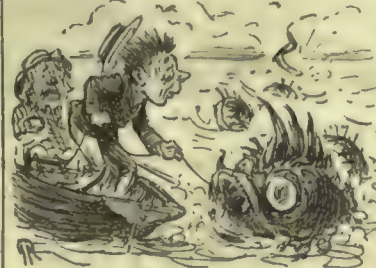
A CHICAGO Syndicate has asked me to mention that they want your Coliseum. What price do you ask? They would be glad of it for the World-Fair, which will be about the biggest thing ever seen on this planet. No trouble to you. We take all risks!

King H-m-b-rt to President H-rr-s-n.

Cannot discuss Coliseum subject till you've settled New Orleans lynching business in conformity with International Law.

President H-rr-s-n to King H-m-b-rt.

All right. Thought you'd say that. Chicago Syndicate willing to meet your views about New Orleans. Do you want leading members of Grand Jury shipped quietly over to Italy, or what? Syndicate will do anything to oblige. Says it must have Coliseum, especially by moonlight. Intends starting realistic scenes with Gladiators, Lions, and Christian Martyrs.



King H-m-b-rt to President H-rr-s-n.

On reflection, afraid people here wouldn't like it. Sorry to have to decline your offer.

President H-rr-s-n to King H-m-b-rt.

You want ready cash. We want Coliseum. Why not strike bargain? Syndicate offers five million dollars. Useful for your next Budget. You can remit no end of taxes. People sure to like that.

King H-m-b-rt to President H-rr-s-n.

Couldn't let it go so cheap. Have you thought of Parthenon? Greek Government might part with it as a loan, on reasonable terms.

President H-rr-s-n to King H-m-b-rt.

Thanks for suggesting Parthenon. Chicago Syndicate thinks it's not good enough. Couldn't bring in the Lions and Martyrs very well. Also Parthenon by moonlight not such a safe draw as Coliseum.

King H-m-b-rt to President H-rr-s-n.

Might think of it if you increased offer to ten million dollars, and would promise to return it within two years, in good repair, fair wear and tear alone excepted.

President H-rr-s-n to King H-m-b-rt.

Syndicate says if they have to pay so much for Coliseum, and return it, they must have remains of Forum thrown in.

King H-m-b-rt to President H-rr-s-n.

Don't think we could spare ruins of Forum. Have you thought of Vatican? We could easily spare that. Why not approach the Pope on the subject?

President H-rr-s-n to King H-m-b-rt.

No, thanks! Sorry to have troubled you for nothing, but Syndicate has now arranged to build a Coliseum of its own, double the size of yours, and to reproduce Forum, Parthenon, Capitol, Vatican, as well as Windsor Castle and Westminster Abbey, out of old brown paper, compressed and hardened by a new process. Ta-ta for present! Hope you'll get over next Budget all right.





### THINGS ONE WOULD(N'T) RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

(In Mrs. Talbot de Vere Skynslynte's Drawing-Room, after one of her grand Dinner-Parties where nobody gets enough to eat.)

General Guzzleton. "WHAT'S THAT! TEA! NO, THANKS. I NEVER TAKE TEA UNLESS I'VE DINED!"

### ALL ADRIFT; OR, THREE MEN IN A PUNT.

"The uncertainty as to the course of business, justifies, to a certain extent, the criticisms of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. LABOUCHERE, upon the proceedings of the Government."—*The Times*.]

**B-lf-r.** Humph! Shifting ground again! I did think we were in for a quiet swim and good sport.

"Oh! the jolly angler's life  
Is the best of any!"

Yes, that's all very fine, **IZAAB.** But it depends upon your pitch—and your companions. I say, **G-SCH-N**, what are you up to? Don't let the punt swing round like that, man, I was nearly over, and my tackle's fouled.

**G-sch-n** (struggling with pole). All very well for you to sit coolly there and criticise me, **ARTHUR!** Wh-o-o-of! Confound the punt, it's all over the place, and the stream's like a mill-race.

**B-lf-r.** Well, hold on to the pole, **JOKIM**, or we shall be all adrift. We'd better have kept to our first pitch; it was quiet there, and we hooked one or two sizeable ones. (Aside.) Fact is, you're such a fidget, you lose your fish, and then want to change the pitch.

**G-sch-n** (aside). That's right, grumble, grumble! Dawdling duffer, he sprawls across the well in one of his infernal æsthetic attitudes, picks the best swim, and girds at us who have to handle the poles. Wonder **SM-TH** stands it.

**Sm-th** (aside). Well, it's a good job I'm back in the punt. **G-SCH-N** may be all very well at a right-away race in a wager-boat, when the money's on, and I've seen him do a decent bit of bank-fishing in a pegged-down match; but he doesn't shine as a punter, though he fancies himself a second **ABEL BEASLEY**. (Aloud.) Hitch on that chain, **JOKIM!**

**G-sch-n** (blowing). Hang it, I can't.

[Punt oscillates dangerously, nearly tipping over **B-LF-R**'s chair, and making his rod wobble.]

**B-lf-r.** For Heaven's sake, **G-SCH-N**, mind what you're up to! My hook's foul in a snag, and you've nearly snapped my top-joint.

**G-sch-n.** Well, wind up, then!

**B-lf-r** (muttering, and wrestling with his rod). All very well, man, but I've got to get clear first. Keep her still a minute, do.

[**G-SCH-N** "holds on" till he gets red in the face, whilst **B-LF-R** tugs at his tackle.]

**Sm-th** (shoving strenuously). My duty—to my—pals and punt—must be done—at any cost; but if this is—"the contemplative man's recreation,"—give me a hammock at Greenlands! (Puffs and blows. Aloud.) Are you all right, there, **G-SCH-N**?

**G-sch-n** (petulantly). All right be blowed! What are you up to?

**Sm-th** (mildly). Trying to keep you straight, of course, my dear boy?

**G-sch-n.** Oh! I like that!

**B-lf-r** (working away at his winch). Humph! We've stirred up a quiet swim, wasted a lot of ground-bait, lost several fish, and—now where are we?

**Sm-th.** Look out, **G-SCH-N**! We shall be foul of that awkward snag if we're not careful! Let's settle down here.

**G-sch-n** (stabbing wildly with his pole). All very well—but I can't find bottom that will hold. Shove, **SM-TH**, and keep your end up!

**Sm-th.** Just what I'm trying to do.

[Pushes gallantly.]

**B-lf-r.** Nice chance for hooking 'em after this infernal stir-up! Take me half an hour to get my tackle out of tangle, and then it'll be close on to shutting-up time. One big 'un and two or three little ones not much to return with. Look at those impudent young rascals chykling us from the banks! Oh, for heaven's sake, you fellows, get her fixed!

**Sm-th.** Hear the weir roaring, **G-SCH-N**? We're getting too near "Danger," dear boy. That's right, you've got ground there. Now, then hold her up! hold her up!

**G-sch-n** (a tip-toe, and at an angle). Dash it, how she drags! I was all but over! Come up! There, **SM-TH**, shove her up sharp, or I shall be off, or lose the pole!

**Sm-th** (shoving his hardest). All right! Shove it is!! Hold on, **G-SCH-N**,—I'm here!!!

**Rude Boys** (from the bank). Yah—Boo! Better git out and walk, and let *hus* pole that punt for yer?





ALL ADRIFT!







## CHILD'S CHIT-CHAT.

(Possibly written for proposed insertion in certain of Mr. Punch's *Feminine Contemporaries*.)

DEAREST LENA,—We are now back from Herne Bay, where, staying at Mrs. —'s Boarding House, we met some of the smartest people. If ever you visit this delightful watering-place, mind you look Mrs. — up. She is a most charming creature, and the *poulet rôti au sauce pain* at the *table d'hôte*, is simply charming. Her terms, considering the company you meet, are very reasonable. Now, I know you want to learn all about my new gowns. Well, the Pater insisted that I should send to the — Clothing Company, of —, for patterns. He says (dear old boy!) that we should "patronise British Industry." I got, amongst other delightful notions, the cleverest idea possible in stripes, and intending to be very economical, bought a paper pattern from — in — Street. Well, I turned out, all by myself, a most stylish frock, which ISABELLE says suits me to the ground. But the task exhausted both my intelligence and industry. The rest of the materials I took to Madame — of — Street, and she is simply making them lovely! I think I told you that Madame — is supplying most of the dresses that will be worn at JESSIE JONES' (you know, the daughter of Lady JONES) wedding. Lady SMITH will look simply superb in rhubarb-tart satin, and the Countess of COLHOLEBOROUGH has a wonderful gown made of squash-beetled coloured velvet slashed with green, that is sure to be the talk of the Row until the end of the Season!

Of course, we have been to all the Private Views. We miss the Grosvenor very much, for the New is scarcely a substitute. However, I saw several smart people at the latter place—some of them ladies of title, my dear. At the door I found standing one of —'s, of — Street, victorias. They are very nice, and, as they can be bought on the three years' hire system, most convenient. The pictures at the Academy struck me as rather dull this year. Of course, everybody is much struck with Mr. FIELDS' "Doctor." By the way, if the poor little patient is suffering from influenza (as I fancy he is), he would have obtained immediate relief by taking —'s —. But leaving medical subjects out of the question, there are other gloomy pictures—besides patients, heaps of prisoners, and lots of paupers. Fortunately, most of these last are "skied," which is a blessing! I hear that the Academicians have bought Mr. CALDERON's picture out of the Chantry Bequest. So selfish to deprive the public of the chance! However, as the subject is a little *riqué*, perhaps it is just as well that it should be buried in the Diploma Gallery.

The usual gaiety last week. Mrs. PARAGRAPH PRESSCUTTERBY gave a magnificent Ball at — Square. The whole of the garden was covered in by Messrs. —, of — Street, and the massed Bands of the Cavalry Brigade at — supplied the Music. The supper (furnished by Messrs. —, of — Street), was served in the Lawn Cricket Saloon, and the gigantic apartment was crammed the whole evening. I know you like recipes. I extract the following from —'s *Guide to Grub*, a capital brochure published at a shilling.

"Pick, wash (in plenty of water), and drain 2 lbs. of crab-shells without bruising them. Pare and core some well shaped apples. When these are well heated, add the spinach. Cut into neat slices a dish of lamb's fry, and fry it a nice brown in the bacon liquor. Boil all together till the syrup is reduced to half the quantity, then lay the lemon peel on the apples, and pour the syrup over them."

It is a Russian dish, and is called Böösh. You must tell me what you think of it. Ever your most loving friend, SYLLIE.

\* Names and addresses of tradespeople, &c., editorially suppressed until arrangements have been completed in the Advertisement Department.

## ROBERT AT THE DARBY.

By sum strange coincidence as I ain't the least abel to account for, the annual buthday of my much better half fell this year on the grate Darby Day! and so we both agreed as weed have one more jolly happy day together, ewen if so be as we never had another. So off I sets, and I takes two box seats houtside a homnibus and four spank-ing Bays, I think they calls 'em, coz they was such a butiful dark brown colour, and for which I paid no less than 12s. 6d. a peace, and with our pockets pretty well stuffed full of sanwiches, and jest a nice little flarsk of summut nice, never mind what, off we sets for the City at nine a clock, hay hem, and at nine forty by the church clock off we starts on our perrylus journey, reddy, as the Poet says, to dash through thick and thin.

As it appened it was fortunet as we was so prepared, for, strange to say, we hadn't got so werry far from London Bridge, when, by sum mistake of the Clark of the whether, as our jolly Coachman told us, it began for to rain, but he said as how as he knowd as much about the Darby wether as most men, as he'd driven there about twenty times, in the larst duzzen years, and what we was a having was only a parsing shower. How it was I coundt quite undustand, for whether we druv fast or whether we druv slow, doose a bit could we get away from that parsing shower. However, tho' we did both get jolly wet, we had sum capital fun, for we seed no less than too coaches and four upset in the road, and to see the poor passengers all a standing in the mud, which it was about amost up to their nees, and a wondering what time they shoold get to the Darby, was more than enuff to console us, and we all larfed artily and left 'em. Such is human Natur!

Before we both got quite wet through, I got my best beloved a seat inside, and, strange to say, although she was werry much sorowged, she axshally prefurrd it to setting out in the rain along of me. It may have bin thorts of her new Bonnet. Such agane is human Natur! Luckily, jest after she left me, one of our wheels sunk down in a werry deep ole, and all on us on my side had to get down into the fearful mud, and wait till our gallant steeds pulled it out again, and, unluckily, the one as pulled hardest, let his foot slip, and sent a reglar shower of whity-brown mud all over me from top to toe, or rayther, from At to Boots, and I was in that orful state that all our set, Coachman and all, axshally roared with larfter. Such again, I fears, is human Nature!

When we got to the Darby, in course our fust thort was lurch, but afore I could get beyond laying the cloth, there came such a reglar

buster of an ail storm that we was all drove hunder the homnibus for shelter, and when it leaved off, and I went on the roof, the table cloth was about three inches thick with round ale stones! Ah, that was a difficult lunch that was, and beat all my xperience in that line.

I didn't see much of the race, I didn't, for as it pored in torrents all the time, I had to seek for a shelter, and under a omnibus is not a werry favrabel place to get a good view of a horse-race, but ewery body seemed to speak of it as a werry common one, whatever that may mean. However we was hamply recockensed by the most wonderful site as praps was hever seen in the shape of humberellers. Heverybody had one, and heverybody put it hup, so, as my better harf poetically expressed it, it was xactly like a most butiful field of henormous mushrooms a hopening out theirselves to the morning hair!

We was remarkably fortunat in cumming back, as it didn't rain near so much as it did in the morning, and quite left off jest as we got home. My sweet darling didn't grumbel a bit at me for giving her such a reglar damper for her birthday, but the werry larst thing as she did say that night was, "Thank you, ROBERT dear, for your little holliday, but I think that we won't spend my next buthday at the Darby!"

ROBERT.



"PEACE."

STATUE OF THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR GIFFORD.  
(Out of the Academy.)





THE SERGEANT-AT-ARMS' DREAM OF THE BAR OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

(If Delegates from everywhere are allowed to appear there, and air their grievances.)



## THE COLISEUM—AT CHICAGO!

(Imitated—at a respectful distance—from E. A. Poe.)

["It is stated that a Syndicate of American Capitalists has been formed with the object of purchasing the remains of the Coliseum at Rome, and transporting them to Chicago."]

"Bartered to make a Yankee Holiday."

I.

TYPE of wolf-nurtured Rome! Rich reliquary  
Of splendour (and of slaughter) left to Time,  
By centuries of ante-Yankee pomp!  
At length—at length—after so many days,  
Of ruined majesty, and rotting pride  
(Pride which Chicago will transmute to dollars),  
There is a chance for you, a right smart chance,  
Of turning to some profitable end  
Thy size, thine age, thy grandeur, gloom, and glory!

II.

Vastness! and Age! and Memories of Eld!  
Silence! and Desolation! and dim Night!  
Where are ye now? POE said he felt your strength,  
But POE was but a poet. Better far  
Be turned to "bizness" in a dime Museum,  
Or trotted out, for cents, at the World's Fair  
Than rot away beneath Rome's ruddy stars!

III.

Here a smart Syndicate shall set you up,  
Here, where we slaughter swine as Rome did slaves,  
(A sanguine carnival of sausage-meat),  
Here, where Chicago belies their braided hair  
Pile in Greek knots,—to gaze on brawn and gristle!  
Here, where in gilded cars the pork-kings loll,  
Driven Mammon-like unto their marble homes,  
Lit by the wan light of the electric arc,  
Swift-wheeled and silent-tyred o'er wood or stone.

IV.

You'll pay! These walls—these ivy-clad arcades—  
These mouldering plinths—these sad and blackened  
shafts—  
These vague entablatures—this wreck—this ruin—  
Are worth the carriage o'er the Atlantic foam,  
And the tall price that Italy will ask,—  
If she should sell you to Porkopolis!

V.

"No fear!"—Bourse Echoes answer me—"no fear!"  
Italy is hard up, her bare Exchequer  
Forebodes financial ruin to her realm.  
We many-dollar Syndicates rule all.  
We rule the hearts of Ministers—we rule  
With a despotic sway ambitious minds;  
We are omnipotent. Shall pallid stones  
Contend for power with us?—shall antique fame,  
Or mere word-wizardry of old renown,  
Match the gold-magic that encircles us,  
"Rings," "Corners," "Syndicates"? Ridiculous!  
Not all the mysteries that hang upon  
O'd Edex Berum like a wizard's garment,  
May match that Master-Mage—the Almighty Dollar!!

## OUR PARTICULAR TIP COMES OFF RIGHT!

You may remember that last week, just before the Derby, I furnished you with a prophecy. So that there might be no doubt about it, I named the absolute First, Second, and Third. Said I (page 255), "We may take it that the winner will be found out of the *Common*." But this was not enough. That all should secure One, Two, and Three, I wrote, "Well might FRANÇOIS PREMIER have observed (as I do), 'Bravo, Gouverneur!'" implying that the French horse was certain of a place. But I went further still; I gave the Third. I carefully introduced in my short article the name of every probable starter, save *Martenhurst*, who consequently became "the Field." And what did I say of the Field? Why, "This year's Derby will be won by one of two. It will either fall to the Favourite or the Field." Surely this was good enough to point out No. 3? Cheques from grateful backers may be sent to 85, Fleet Street, addressed to

THE ODD MAN OUT.

SAM WELLER ON "THE MELNITE DISCLOSURES."—  
"This here's the bold Turpin."



## UNCONSCIOUS CONFESSION.

Old Bachelor (who caters for himself). "MRS. SMITH, I DIDN'T CARE FOR THAT LEG OF MUTTON I BOUGHT YESTERDAY. IT HAD A QUEER FLAVOUR!"  
Landlady. "OH, SIR, IT WAS A BEAUTY! AND SO DELICIOUSLY TENDER!"

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, May 25.—Members coming back in slightly increased numbers. HARCOURT returned from his wandering to and fro. AKERS-DOUGLAS back after his influenza experience; presently coming up to "tell" in a division, is welcomed by a cheer that rises as heartily from Opposition Benches as from Ministerial ranks. JACKSON also back out of the Shadowed Valley; GORST, in his place again, sprinkles fine pinches of sublimated cayenne pepper upon CRAWFORD and others who want to know about Manipur.

But though various benches filled up with familiar figures, Members look round in vain for one; finding it not, will not be comforted. Where is OLD MORALITY? Last time he was seen was on the Thursday preceding the holidays. He had come back newly elected for the Strand; took part in business of sitting; just before dinner Members had watched his lithe figure disappearing towards the doorway, and he had been seen no more. House had met again on the following night; had adjourned for the truncated holiday; had met again; and still OLD MORALITY's seat was vacant, and there dwelt in the fond memory only that parting back view.

JOKIM occupying, but not filling, OLD MORALITY's seat, wanted to talk about various things; but ever the conversation came back to the theme that filled all thoughts. HARCOURT wanted to know about fixing the day for debate on Manipur; HENRY FOWLER hankered after an understanding about the Factory and Workshops Bill. Everybody but JEMMY LOWTHER wanted to know about the Education Bill; TIM HEALY was curious to learn what course would be taken with respect to DE COBAIN. The answer was ever the same. "The



Back View of a Ruthless Tyrant.



House," said JOKIM, nervously rubbing his hands, "must await the return of my Right Hon. friend, which we expect will be celebrated on Wednesday."

"Well," said HARCOURT, in one of his stage asides, "this is a revelation indeed. Always thought OLD MORALITY was an easy-going gentleman, deferential in manner, unassertive in action. It seems he's a regular tyrant, a sort of unapproachable Padishah. In his bosom are locked all the secrets of State, all the purposes of the Ministry. He takes no one into his confidence, but broods over the destinies of the Empire in the haughty solitude of the watch-tower at Walmer. When he goes away for short holiday, public business entirely dislocated. No one can say or do anything except hoarsely whisper his name. JOKIM lives in a state of terror, and even the martial spirit of GEORGE HAMILTON cowers in recollecting his presence. Only shows how prone humanity is to error. We and the Public generally have created for ourselves an OLD MORALITY, a genial, beaming, modest, unobtrusive personalty, always ready to oblige, desirous of meeting the views of Members in all parts of the House, anxious only to do his duty to his QUEEN and Country. Whereas it is clear he is a martinet of the severest type, a ruthless tyrant, a man who rules with a rod of iron, and keeps his followers in a condition of abject personal terror."

*Business done.*—Vote on Account taken. Incidentally, OLD MORALITY's character brought out in its true light.

*Tuesday.*—AMURATH to AMURATH succeeds. We had a Lord ELCHO, and, thank Heaven! we have one still—not exactly the same, but curiously reminiscent in voice and gesture. This succession of son to sire is one of the happiest arrangements of the British Constitution, one most promising for its maintenance and prosperity. If the House of Lords, peremptorily and selfishly, appropriated our ELCHOS and our GATHORNE HARDYS, turning them into Earl of WEMYSS, and Viscount CRANBROOK, leaving us no substitute or compensation, that long-threatened institution would be finally doomed. But, by beneficent arrangement, when ELCHO and GATHORNE HARDY fared forth, the one to become Earl of WEMYSS, and the other Lord CRANBROOK, behold! there step into their places other, and younger men, bearing the old name.

Thus is the wind tempered to the shorn lamb. The system works beneficently in two ways. Like the quality of mercy, it is not strained. It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes. The House of Lords is strengthened by the new recruits, and we still have our ELCHO to make jokes, and our HARDY to preach sermons.

Listening to ELCHO, jauntily moving adjournment over Derby Day, I say all this to the SAGE

of QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, who shortly replies, "Fudge!" Remark does not seem consequential; not at all sure that it is Parliamentary.

Long debate on Budget Bill; HARCOURT discourses at large on JOKIM's finance. JOKIM sits listening with amused air. Life is on the whole to him a serious thing. But there is one episode that suffices it with a gleam of humour; that is to hear HARCOURT talking Finance. "One of the very few things," JOKIM says, "of which he knows absolutely nothing." Now J. A. PICTON, on the contrary, thinks a good deal of HARCOURT's aptitude for finance, and when JOKIM had girded at him for the space of half an hour, the SQUIRE of MILWOOD had the satisfaction of hearing JULIUS ANNIBAL PICTON publicly describe his criticism as "a most formidable attack on the financial scheme of the Chancellor of the Exchequer."

*Business done.*—House agrees to make holiday on the Derby Day.

*Thursday.*—OLD MORALITY back to-night; everyone glad to see him; with trumpets also and shawms would we have greeted him, but SPEAKER ruled proposed demonstration out of order; so only cheered. With exception of slight Italian accent (particularly noticeable in his pronunciation of the word "Newfoundland") he's just the same. Before sitting far advanced, wished he had lingered for another twenty-four hours on the waters of the tideless sea.

Newfoundland Fishery Question on; the delegates to be heard at Bar. Members, eager as school-boys for new sensation, crowded the Benches, in expectation of half an hour's amusement.

OLD MORALITY, fresh from Cabinet Council, knew that hope would be disappointed. Government had decided to accept compromise proffered by Newfoundland Legislature; consequently Sir WILLIAM VALLANCE WHITEWAY, K.C.M.G., would not appear at the Bar.

It is OLD MORALITY's little way to put on appearance, in whatever startling development of affairs, as if what was happening was exactly what had been expected. To-night, at end of questions, he quite casually mentions settlement arrived at, and proposes that without debate Second Reading of Newfoundland Fisheries Bill shall be taken. "A mere form, you know," he said, nodding in friendly fashion across the table at HARCOURT. "Everything is amicably settled; we certainly won't mention Bill again for three weeks, and then only to withdraw it. Let us read it now a second time just for the fun of the thing."



Gone Over to the Majority.

Crowded House sat for a moment in gloomy disappointment, irresponsible to the cheerful presence of OLD MORALITY, who succeeded in looking as if he had said something which, though of no serious importance, was calculated to be generally acceptable. Actual position was something akin to what used to happen in St. James's Hall when Manager came forward to announce that, owing to sudden cold, Mr. SIMS REEVES would not be able to sing. Members glared round as if they were going to ask for their money back; increasingly aggravating to have OLD MORALITY still nodding and smiling on Treasury Bench. If he thought they were going to be put off in that way, should learn he was mistaken; so Debate raged over three hours, at end of which, OLD MORALITY, swearing he would ne'er consent to adjournment of Debate, consented.

Just now, AKERS-DOUGLAS moved Writ for New Election in the City, and for the moment

Members turned from Newfoundland to think kindly of genial, hearty, honest "YAH! YAH!" gone over to the majority.

*Business done.*—Newfoundland Fisheries Bill shelved.

*Friday.*—JOKIM had another tumble. Came down with light heart at Morning Sitting, proposing to run Budget Bill through Committee. HENRY FOWLER, certainly not an obstructive party, objected, on constitutional ground, that CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER was asking House to propose taxation for purposes not yet defined. "Give us your Education Bill first," said FOWLER, "and then we'll vote the Budget that provides ways and means. No Education Bill, no Budget."

Argument irresistible. JOKIM meekly withdrew, and House took up other business.

This continuous blundering not cheerful for Ministers; wonderful how AKERS-DOUGLAS bears up; more than usually beaming to-night. Don't understand till *Gazette* comes out, when, looking down Birthday List, find they've made him a Privy Councillor.

"My Right Hon. friend, if I may call him so," says the MEMBER for SARE, "richly deserves the honour. I've known a good many Whips in my time, but I never came across one who did equally effective work with less friction, than does the Right Hon. ARSTAS AKERS-DOUGLAS."

A. A. DOUGLAS is of course a mistake; his real initials are A1 DOUGLAS.

*Business done.*—In Committee of Supply.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MY DEAR BARON,—Let me recommend to your favourable notice, and to that of your readers, "*Stories told at Twilight*," by Mrs. CHANDLER MOULTON, the American poetess, who has demonstrated how deftly she can touch the lyre, and shows what a clever storyteller she can be. These are not ghost-stories as one might imagine, but tales for children, told with so much grace and feeling that they will also secure a large audience among children of a larger growth.

Also look at *Old Time Punishments*, by Mr. WILLIAM ANDREWS, who gives an exhaustive account of ancient punishments, copiously illustrated, and so graphically described, that he makes us congratulate ourselves in not having flourished in the olden times, or we might have become practical illustrations of the discipline of our forefathers. How are you getting along with GEORGE MEREDITH's *One of Our Conquerors*?

Yours,  
HEAD CLERK IN THE BOOKING-OFFICE.

Reply from Baron de B.-W.—Mislaide "The Geo. M.'s" first volume of *One of Our Conquerors* just when I had reached the middle of it, and the story was beginning. Most unfortunate. Must advertise for it.  
BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



## VOGES POPULI.

AT A MUSIC HALL.

SCENE—*The Auditorium of a Music Hall, the patrons of which are respectable, but in no sense "smart." The occupants of the higher-priced seats appear to have dropped in less for the purpose of enjoying the entertainment than of discussing their private affairs—though this does not prevent them from applauding everything with generous impartiality.*

*The Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, the Celebrated Character-Duettists and Variety Artists, the Sisters SILVERTWANG, will appear next!*

*[They do; They have just sung a duet in praise of Nature with an interspersed step-dance. "Oh, I love to 'ear the echo on the Moun-ting!" (Tiddity-iddity-iddity-um!)*

*"And to listen to the tinkle of the Foun-ting!" (Tiddity, &c.)*

*A White-capped Attendant (taking advantage of a pause, plaintively). Sengwidges, too-pence!*

*Voluble Lady in the Shilling Stalls (telling her Male Companion an interminable story with an evasive point). No, but you 'ear what I'm going to tell you, because I'm coming to it presently. I can't remember his name at this moment—something like BUDKIN, but it wasn't that, somewhere near Bond Street, he is, or a street off there; a Scotchman, but that doesn't matter! (Here she breaks off to hum*

*the Chorus of "Good Ole Mother-in-Law!" which is being sung on the stage.) Well, let me see—what was I telling you? Wait a minute, excuse me, oh, yes,—well, there was this picture,—mind you, it's a lovely painting, but the frame simply nothing, not that I go by frames, myself, o' course not, but I fetched it down to show him—oh, I know what you'll say, but he must know something about such things; he knew my uncle, and I can tell you what he is—he's a florist, and married nineteen years, and his wife's forty—years older than me, but I've scarcely spoke to her, and no children, so I fetched it to show him, and as soon as he set eyes on it, he says— (Female "Character-Comic" on Stage, lugubriously. "Rit-tolderiddle, ol deray, rit-tolderiddle, olde-ri-ido!") I can't tell you how old it is, but 'undreds of years, and Chinese, I shouldn't wonder, but we can't trace its 'istry—that's what he said, and if he don't know, nobody does, for it stands to reason he must be a judge, though nothing to me,—when I say nothing, I mean all I know of him is that he used to be— (Tenor Vocalist on Stage. "My Sweet-heart when a Bo-oy!") I always like that song, don't you? Well, and this is what I was wanting to tell you, she got to know what I'd done—how is more'n I can tell you, but she did, and she come straight in to where I was, and I see in a minute she'd been drinking, for drink she does, from morning to night, but I don't mind that, and her bonnet all on the back of her head, and her voice that 'usky, she— (Tenor. "She sang a Song of Home Sweet Home—a song that reached my heart!") And I couldn't be expected to put up with that, you know, but I haven't 'alf told you yet—well, &c., &c.*

## IN THE RESERVED STALLS.

*First Professional Lady, "resting," to Second Ditto (as Miss FLOBBIE FOLJAMBE appears on Stage). New dresses, to-night.*

*Second Ditto. Yes. (Inspects Miss F.'s costume.) Something wrong with that boy's dress in front, though, cut too low. Is that silver bullion it's trimmed with? That silver stuff they put on my pantomime-dress has turned quite yellow!*

*First Ditto. It will sometimes. Did you know any of the critics when you were down at Slatgown for the Panto?*

*Second Ditto. I knew the Grimeshire Mercury, and he said most awfully rude things about me in his paper. I was rather rude to him at rehearsal, but we made it up afterwards. You know LILY's married, dear?*

*First Ditto. What—LILY? You don't mean it!*

*Second Ditto. Oh, yes, she is, though. She went out to Buenos Ayres, and the other day she was taken in to dinner by the Bishop of the Friendly Islands.*

*First Ditto. A Bishop? Fancy! That is getting on, isn't it?*

*Miss Foljambe (on Stage, acknowledging an encore). Ladies and*

*Gentlemen, I am very much obliged for your kind reception this evening, but having been lately laid up with a bad cold, and almost entirely lost my voice, and being still a little 'orse, I feel compelled to ask your kind acceptance of a few 'ornpipe steps, after which I 'ope to remain, Ladies and Gentlemen, always your obedient 'umble servant to command—FLOBBIE FOLJAMBE!*

*[Tumultuous applause, and hornpipe.]*

*Chairman. Professor BOODLER, the renowned Imitator of Birds, will appear next!*

*The Professor (on Stage). Ladies and Gentlemen, I shall commence by an attempt to give you an imitation of that popular and favourite songster, the Thrush—better known to some of you, I daresay, as the Throstle, or Mavis! (He gives the Thrush—which somehow doesn't "go.") I shall next endeavour to represent that celebrated and tuneful singing-bird—the Sky-lark. (He does it, but the Lark doesn't quite come off.) I shall next try to give you those two sweet singers, the Male and Female Canary—the gentleman in the stalls with the yellow 'air will represent the female bird on this occasion, he must not be offended, for it is a 'igh compliment I am paying him, a harmless professional joke. (The Canaries obtain but tepid acknowledgments.) I shall now conclude my illustrations of bird-life with my celebrated imitation of a waiter drawing the cork from a bottle of gingerbeer, and drinking it afterwards.*

*[Does so; rouses the audience to frantic enthusiasm, and retires after triple re-call.]*



*The Voluble Lady in the Shilling Stalls (during the performance of a Thrilling Melodramatic Sketch). I've nothing to say against her 'usban', a quiet, respectable man, and always treated me as a lady, with grey whiskers—but that's neither here nor there—and I speak of parties as I find them—well. That was a Thursday. On the Saturday there came a knock at my door, and I answered it, and there was she, saying, as cool as you please— (Heroine on Stage. "Ah, no, no—you would not ruin me? You will not tell my husband?") So I told her. "I'm very sorry," I says, "but I can't lend that frying-pan to nobody." So I got up. Two hours after, as I was going downstairs, she come out of her room, and says,— "Allo, Rose, 'ow are yer?" as if nothing had 'appened. "Oh, jolly," I says, or somethink o' that sort—I wasn't going to take no notice of her—and she says, "Going out?" like that. I says, "Oh, yes; nothing to stay in for." I says, careless-like; so Mrs. PIPER, she never said nothing, and I didn't say nothing; and so it went on till Monday—well! Her 'usban' met me in the passage; and he said to me—good-tempered and civil enough, I must*

*say—he said— (Villain on Stage. "Curse you! I've had enough of this fooling! Give me money, or I'll twist your neck, and fling you into yonder mill-dam, to drown!") So o' course I'd no objection to that; and all she wanted, in the way of eatables and drink, she 'ad—no, let me finish my story first. Well, just fancy 'er now! She asked me to step in; and she says, "Ow are you?" and was very nice, and I never said a word—not wishing to bring up the past, and—I didn't tell you this—they'd a kind of old easy chair in the room—and the only remark I made, not meaning anything, was— (Hero on Stage. "You infernal, black-hearted scoundrel! this is your work, is it?") Well, I couldn't ha' put it more pleasant than that, could I? and old Mr. FITKIE, as was settin' on it, he says to me, he says— (Hero. "Courage, my darling! You shall not perish if my strong arms can save you. Heaven help me to rescue the woman I love better than my life!") but he's 'alf silly, so I took no partickler notice of 'im, when, what did that woman do, after stoopin' to me, as she 'as, times without number—but—Oh, is the play over? Well, as I was saying—oh, I'm ready to go if you are, and I can tell you the rest walking home.*

*[Exit, having thoroughly enjoyed her evening.]*

## To Rose Norreys as "Nora."

DEAR ROSE, in your way, you're as brimful of Art  
As a picture by REYNOLDS, a statue by GIBSON;  
And we'll never out you, though we don't like your part,  
Pretty ROSE, in *A Doll's House*, as written by IBSEN.  
Yet we crowd on your track, as the hounds on the quarry's,  
And, though carping at Nora, delight in our NORREYS.



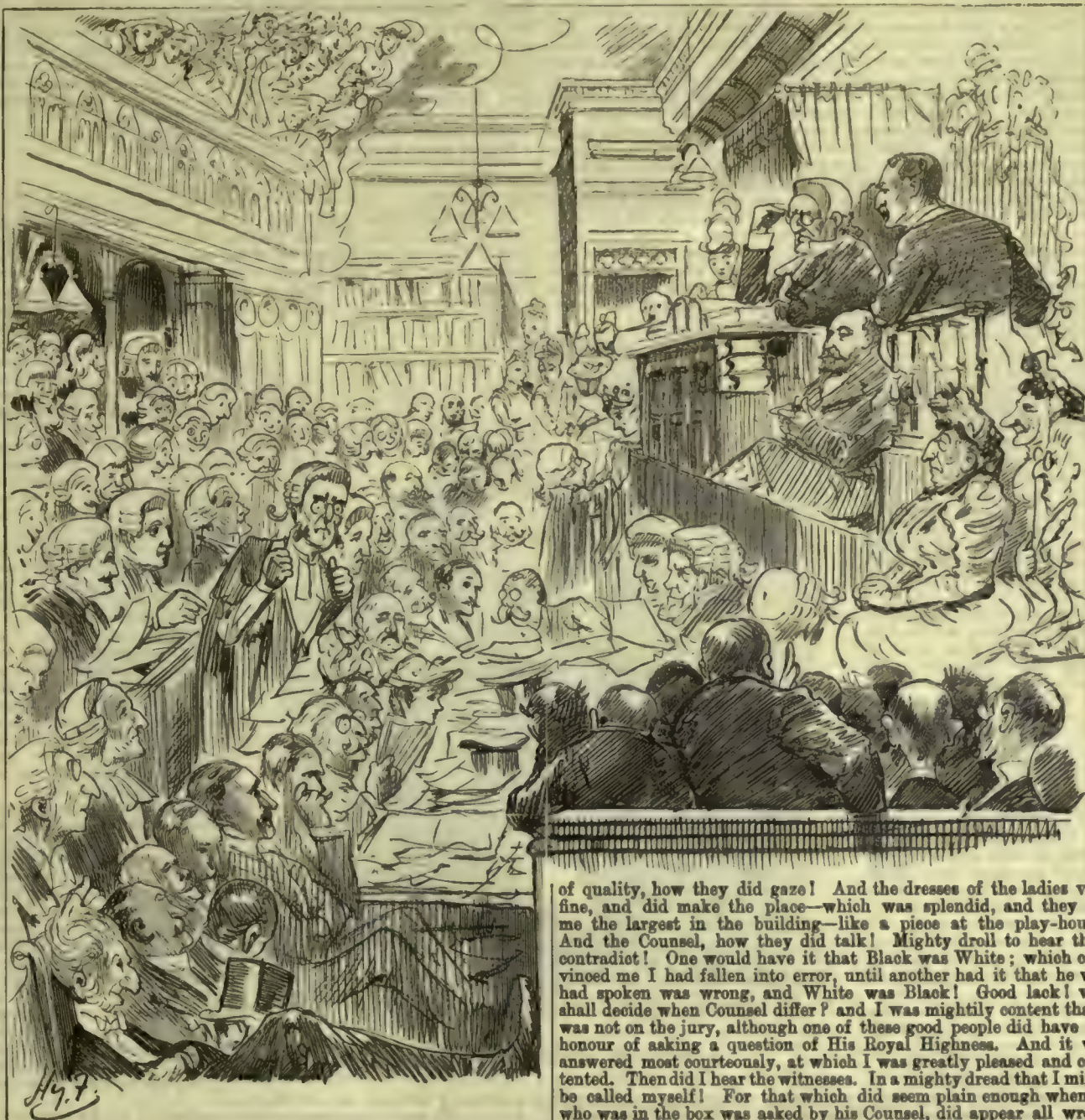


### TROUBLE IN TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND.

British Tom Tiddler. "IF THIS GOES ON, HOW ABOUT MY GOLD AND SILVER?"



## A DAY IN THE LAW COURTS.

*(A page from the Posthumous Diary of the late Mr. Pepsy.)*

[MR. PUNCH'S "TABLEAU." SOCIETY IN COURT.]

Up betimes and to the Court at the New Palace of Justice hard by the Strand, and near the sign of the Griffin which has taken the place of Temple Bar, upon which did stand long ago the heads of traitors. There did I see a crowd high and low trying to get in. But the custodians and the police mighty haughty, but withal courteous, and no one to be admitted without a ticket signed by the Lord Chief Justice. And I thought it was a good job my wife was not with me. She had a great longing to see a sensation action (as the journals have it), and she being of a fiery disposition and not complacent when refused, might have made an uproar, which would have vexed me to the heart. But in truth I found no trouble. It did seem to me that they did not see me as I entered in. And plenty of room and no crowding, at which I was greatly contented, as I love not crushing. Pretty to see the crowd of fine folks! And there were those who had opera-glasses. And when the Bench was occupied by the Lord Chief Justice—a stately gentleman—and the other persons

of quality, how they did gaze! And the dresses of the ladies very fine, and did make the place—which was splendid, and they tell me the largest in the building—like a piece at the play-house! And the Counsel, how they did talk! Mighty droll to hear them contradict! One would have it that Black was White; which convinced me I had fallen into error, until another had it that he who had spoken was wrong, and White was Black! Good lack! who shall decide when Counsel differ? and I was mightily content that I was not on the jury, although one of these good people did have the honour of asking a question of His Royal Highness. And it was answered most courteously, at which I was greatly pleased and contented. Then did I hear the witnesses. In a mighty dread that I might be called myself! For that which did seem plain enough when he who was in the box was asked by his Counsel, did appear all wrong when another questioned him. And the Jury, looking wise, and making notes. And it is droll to see how civil everyone is to the Jury, who, methinks, are no cleverer than any of us? The Lord Chief Justice himself smiling upon them, and mighty courteous! And met my friend, A. BRIEFLESS, Junior, who it seems, is always in the Courts, and yet doeth no business. And he did say that it was the strongest Bar in England. And he did tell me how Sir CHARLES was eloquent, and Sir EDWARD was clever at fence, and how young Master GILL was most promising. And I noticed how one fair Lady, who was seated on the Bench, did seem to arrange everything. And many beauties there, who I did gaze upon with satisfaction. To see them in such gay attire was a pretty sight, and did put my heart in a flutter. And I was pleased when the Court adjourned for luncheon; and it did divert me much to see what appetites they all had! Some had brought sandwiches, and, how they did eat them! But the Lord Chief Justice soon back again, and more witnesses examined until four of the clock, when the day was over. So home, and described to my wife what I had seen, except the damsels.



## LEAVES FROM A CANDIDATE'S DIARY.

*Billsbury, Sunday, May 25.*—CHORKLE's dinner came off last night. The dinner-hour was seven o'clock. CHORKLE's house is in The Grove, a sort of avenue of detached houses shaded by trees. The Colonel himself was magnificent. He wore a most elaborately-frilled shirt-front, with three massive jewelled studs. His waistcoat was beautifully embroidered in black with a kind of vine-leaf pattern, the buttons being of silver, with the regimental badge embossed upon them. His handkerchief was a gorgeous one of blue silk. He wore it in his waistcoat, carefully arranged, so as to show all round above the opening. It looked something like the ribbon of some Order at a distance. Mrs. CHORKLE is rather a pleasant woman, with a manner which suggests that she is much trampled on by her domineering husband. How on earth she ever induced herself to marry him I can't make out. The chief guests were Sir CHARLES and Lady PENFOLD. Sir CHARLES's father was a large Billsbury contractor, who made no end of money, and represented Billsbury in the House a good many years ago. He was eventually made a Baronet for his services to the Party. The present Sir CHARLES doesn't take much interest in politics, occupying himself chiefly in hunting, &c., but they are people of great consideration in Billsbury; in fact Lady PENFOLD is the leader of Society in Billsbury, and not to know them is to argue yourself unknown. Sir CHARLES himself is an Oxford man, and we had a good deal of talk about the old place.

"Yes," he said, "I was at the House more than thirty years ago, and to tell you the truth, it's the only House (with a capital H), that I ever wanted to be in."

The fact of the matter, so JERRAM told me, was that Sir CHARLES did once want to stand for Parliament, but somehow or other the scheme fell through, and since then he's always spoken rather bitterly of the House of Commons. Their daughter, whom I took in to dinner, is a very pretty girl of nineteen, with plenty to say for herself. She told me they were going to be in London for about three weeks in June and July, so I hope to see something of them. Besides the PENFOLDS there were Mr. and Mrs. TOLLAND; Mrs. TOLLAND in a green silk dress with more gold chains wound about various parts of her person than I ever saw on any other woman. Two officers of CHORKLE's Volunteers were there with their wives, Major WORBOYS, an enormous, red-whiskered man who doesn't think much, privately, of CHORKLE's ability as a soldier, and Captain YATMAN, a dapper little fellow, whose weakness it is to pretend to know all about smart Society in London.

Altogether there were twenty guests. Precisely at seven o'clock a bugle sounded on the landing outside the drawing-room to announce dinner. Everything in the CHORKLE family is done by bugle-calls. They have *reveillé* at 7 A.M., the sergeants' call for the servants' dinner, and lights out at eleven o'clock every night. As soon as the call was finished, CHORKLE went up to Lady PENFOLD. "Shall we march, Lady PENFOLD?" he said. "Sir CHARLES will bring up the rear with Mrs. C." And thus we went down-stairs.

The dinner was a most tremendous and wonderful entertainment, and must have lasted two hours, at the very least. There were two soups, three fishes, dozens of *entrées*, three or four joints—the mere memory of it is indigestive. The talk was almost entirely about local matters, the chief subject of discussion being the Mastership of the Foxhounds. The present Master is not going to keep them on, as he is a very old man, and everybody seems to want Sir CHARLES to take them, but he hangs back. Difficulties about the subscription, I fancy.

In the middle of dinner there was a fiendish row outside. I saw poor Mrs. CHORKLE turn pale, while the Colonel got purple with fury, and upset his champagne as he turned to say something to the butler. Discovered afterwards that the disturbance was caused by two of the young CHORKLES, who had got out of their bedrooms, and were lying in ambush for the dishes. HOBBS LEVIATHAN CHORKLE had carried off a dish of sweetbreads, for which STRAFFORD THOROUGH CHORKLE had expressed a liking. The result was, that HOBBS LEVIATHAN got his head punched by STRAFFORD THOROUGH, who then rubbed his face with sweetbread.

After dinner there was music, but not a whiff of tobacco.

Mother comes to open the Bazaar on Wednesday.

## MITRED MISERY.

*June 6th.*—Rather gratifying to find that my service to the Church—I don't mean Church Services—have at length been recognised. Just received intimation of my appointment to Bishopric of Richborough. How wild it *will* make my dear old friend, Canon STARBOTTLE, to be sure! Well—I must accept it as a *call*, I suppose!

*July.*—Had no idea being made a Bishop was such an expensive business. No end of officials connected with Cathedral, all of whom demand their fee. After spending at least £500 in this way, found there was an additional fee of a hundred guineas for "induction into the temporalities." As there are no temporalities nowadays, this is simply extortion. Remarked so to the Dean, who replied (nastily, I think), "Oh, it's for the interest of the Church not to have paupers for Prelates." I retorted at once, rather ably, that "I could not conceive a better plan for bringing Prelates to pauperism than the exaction of extortionate fees at Installation." Dean replied, sneeringly, "Oh, if you don't value the honour, I suppose there's still time for you to resign." Resign, yes; but should I get back my five or six hundred pounds?

*Next Year.*—Strange, how I seem to be singled out for preferment. Am to be "translated," it seems, to diocese of Minchester. Can't very well refuse, but really am only just getting over drain on my purse last year owing to my accepting Bishopric *here*. And on inquiry, find that fees at Minchester much heavier than anywhere else! Is this really a call? Certainly a call on my pocket. And my family cost such a tremendous lot. And then I've had to do up the Palace, left by my predecessor

in a perfectly *shocking* state of disrepair!

*Later.*—My worst apprehensions were realised! Fee for Consecration *huge*! Fee for Installation, *monstrous*! Fee for Investiture, a perfect *swindle*! Isn't there a song beginning "Promotion is vexation, Translation is as bad?" Translation is *worse*! Shall really have to consider whether there would be anything unepiscopal in negotiating a little loan, or effecting a mortgage on the Palace.

*Year Later.*—Have been offered vacant Archbishopric! No, thanks! Late Archbishop almost swamped by the fees, and *he* was a rich man. I am a poor man—thanks to recent preferments—and can't afford it. An Archbishop in the Bankruptcy Court would *not* look well. "His Grace attributed his position to expenses connected with the various Installation ceremonies, and offered a composition of one-and-sixpence in the pound, which was unanimously declined by the creditors." When *will* they do away with gate-money in the Church?

SOME *savants* were the other day puzzling their heads to find a convenient and familiar word for the illumination produced by the electric spark. Surely it is *Edisunlight*.



ASSISTED EDUCATION BILL.



### "BEROOFEN!"

"WELL," quoth the Baron DE BOOK-WORMS, as he sat down to dinner on a Friday, a week ago, "I must say I have never, never been better in my life! Why, dear me, it is quite a year since I was ill!"

"Beroofen!" exclaimed an Italian Countess of dazzling beauty, at the same time rapping the table with one of the bejewelled forks which form part of the Baron's second-best dinner-service.

"Why 'Beroofen'?" asked the Baron.

"It is a spell against the consequences of boasting," the lady explained. "My mother was a bit of a magician."

"And you, my dear Countess, are bewitching. Your health!" And, pledging her, the Baron drank off a bumper of Pommery '80 *très sec*, and laughed joyously at the notion of his rapping the table—all "table-rapping" being a past superstition, or superstitious when not at dinner,—and murmuring, "Beroofen!" And so he didn't do it. "Beroofen" never passed his lips: the champagne did; but not "Beroofen."

"Ugh!—I feel so shivery-and-livery. Ugh!—so chilly. Here! Send for Dr. ROBSON ROOSTEM PASHA!" cried the Baron, clapping his hands, and a thousand ebony slaves bounded off to execute his commands.

Had they not done so, they themselves might have suffered the fate intended for the commands, and have themselves been rapidly executed.

"You've got 'em," quoth Dr. ROBSON ROOSTEM PASHA.

"Not 'again'!" cried the Baron, surprised, never having had 'em before.

"No: the phenomena," said the Eminent Medico.

"Have I?" murmured the Baron, and sank down into his uneasy chair. It was an awful thing to have the Phenomena. It might have been the measles in Greek. Anything but that! Anything but that! But Dr. ROOSTEM explained that "phenomena" is not Greek for measles, though



perhaps Phenomenon might be Greek for "one measles;" but this would be singular, very singular.

"I must tap you," continued the friend-in-need. "No—no—don't be alarmed. When I say 'tap,' I mean *sound* you."

Then he began the woodpecking business. In the character of Dr. Woodpecker he tapped at the hollow oak chest, sounded the Baron's heart of oak, pronounced him true to the core, whacked him, smacked him, insisted upon his calling out "Ninety-nine," in various tones, so that it sounded like a duet to the old words, without much of the tune—

"I'm ninety-nine,  
I'm ninety-nine!"

the remainder of which the Baron had never heard, even in his earliest childhood.

So it was a quarter of an hour of inspiration, musical and poetic; and, at its expiration, Dr. MARK TAPLEY, as the Baron declared he must henceforth be called, announced that there was nothing for it but to make the Baron a close prisoner in his own castle, where he would have to live up to the mark, as if he were to be shown, a few months hence, at a prize cattle-show, among other Barons of Beef.

"Champagne Charley is your name, so is Turtle soup, so is succulent food, and plenty of it. Generally provision the fortress, and withstand the assaults of the enemy. If a bacillus creeps in through a loophole, knock him on the head with the best champagne at hand, and, if you're not worse in a day or two, you'll be better in a week! *Au revoir!*" Exit Dr. MARK TAPLEY.

And so the Baron remained within, and sent for his books, and above all *One of Our Conquerors*, by "The Geo. M." who is the CARLYLE of Novelists. The first volume was missing. In a few days it had returned. The first chapters, however, seemed still wandering. But the Baron was better, and could follow them slowly, though not without effort, wondering whether he was being led. When he arrives at Chapter VII., unless the novelist ceases to meander, the

Baron will exclaim with *Hamlet*, "Speak! I'll go no further!" Yet, 'tis marvellous clever and entertaining withal.

Perhaps there will be a vacation after this attack of Miss Influenza on the unfortunate Baron. Alas! for the present, it is *La Donna Influenza* who is "*One of Our Conquerors!*"

This morning, after a fortnight of it, the Baron was about to announce that he was better, but at the outset he paused, corrected himself, and, tapping the breakfast-table with his fork, he exclaimed, "Beroofen!"

*Moral*.—Be quite sure you're out of the wood, though maybe you were never in it, and even then don't congratulate yourself. "Mumm" 's the word (so 's "Pommery" also by the way, not forgetting "Greno," all such being excellent Fizzies for the Epidemic), as to your state of health, and don't forget the charm—"Beroofen!"

### SUMMER!

(Sketches, in metrical spasms, by a Sufferer therefrom.)

DAMP days,  
Chill nights;  
Morning haze,  
Evening blights;  
Grey skies,  
Sodden earth;  
Butterflies  
Weak at birth;  
Gloom over,  
Grime under;  
Soaked clover,  
Hail, thunder;  
Wind, wet,  
Squelch, squash;  
Gingham yet,  
Mackintosh;  
Lawns afloat,  
Paths dirt;  
Top-coat,  
Flannel shirt;  
Lilacs drenched,  
Laburnums pallid;  
Spirits quenched,  
Souls squalid;  
Tennis "off,"  
Icy breeze;  
Croak, cough,  
Wheeze, sneeze;

Cramped cricket,  
Arotic squall;  
Drenched wicket,  
Soaked ball;  
Park a puddle,  
Row a slough;



Muck, muddle,  
Slush, snow;  
Hay-fever  
(No hay!)  
Spoilt beaver,  
Shoes asplay;  
Lilies flopping,  
Washed-out roses;

Eaves dropping,  
Red noses;  
Pools, splashes,  
Spouts, spirts;  
Swollen sashes,  
Gutters, squirts;  
Limp curls,  
Splashed hose;  
Pretty girls,  
Damp shows;  
Piled grates,  
Cold shivers;  
Aching pates,  
Sluggish livers;  
Morn cruel,  
Eve a biter;  
Hot gruel,  
Sweet nitre;  
Voice a creaky  
Cracked cadenza,  
Face "peaky,"  
INFLUENZA!!!  
Gloom growing,  
Glum, glummer  
Noses (and nothing  
else) blow-  
ing.—  
That's Summer!

### OPERATIC NOTES.

WE'RE quite the gay Frenchmen now at the Italian Opera: *Faust* in French, *Manon* in French, *Roméo et Juliette* in French, *Le Prophète* in French; American singers, and Dutch singers—for if Mr. VAN DYCK isn't as much a Double Dutchman as VANDERDECKEN or any other Van, except PICKFORD & Co.'s, then am I myself a Dutch native—and, by the way, I'm always equal to a dozen of 'em any time during the right and proper season. Not for many a long day and night has there been a better show at Covent Garden. Miss EAMES, the Brothers DE REZEKÉ, VAN DYCK, MELBA; the two RAVOGLI girls, specially GIULIA, as tuneful contralto; MAUREL, the cultured artist; SYBIL SANDERSON, the simple child of Nature; AGNES JANSON, with more sauce Hollandaise; marvellous MRAVINA for the French Queen, "with a song;" and, above all, Madame ALBANI, in tip-top voice, acting and singing better than ever.

*Tuesday*.—June 2 was a Diamond Night in front. H.R.H.'s present: Diamond Queens and Princesses of Society all on view. DRURIOLANUS, in his glory, beams on everyone.

*Wednesday*.—State Ball counter-attraction to Opera. Won't do to go in rumpled silks and satins, and drooping feathers, like hens after the rain, to a Court Ball. So Opera suffers; those present trying to look as if they had been invited to State Ball, but didn't care about going, or couldn't go, on account of recent family affliction. However, as DRURIOLANUS is reported to have appeared in full fig at State Ball, he couldn't expect others less interested in the performance than himself to cut the Court and come to the Opera. To-night, M. PLANCON as *Mephistopheles*, a thinner demon than Brother NED DE REZEKÉ, but *un bon diable tout de même*.

*Friday Night*.—Notable for excellent performance of *Rigoletto*, or The Little Duke and The Big Duck respectively personified by Signor RAYELLI and GIULIA RAVOGLI. Three "R"s in such a combination. Quite "*R's Poetica*." Beg pardon.

"Tag" on the week,—if our friends in front are pleased as they appear to be, then DRURIOLANUS and Council—not the County, but the Covent Garden Council—are satisfied. *Curtain*.





### HONEY-MOONING IN ITALY.

*Fair American Bride.* "OH, JOHN! TO THINK THAT PERHAPS VIRGINIUS STABBED HIS DAUGHTER ON THIS VERY SPOT, AND THAT JUST OVER THERE TULLIA DROVE OVER HER POOR FATHER'S DEAD BODY!"

*John.* "AH—VERY SAD—VERY SAD, INDEED! BUT, SAY, MATILDA, I GUESS WE'D BETTER LET BYGONES BE BYGONES. AND NOW LET'S GO AND HAVE A LOOK AT THE NEW POST-OFFICE."

### THE ALARMED AUTOCRAT!

"The CZAR declared that he was determined to continue resolutely to the end the policy upon which he had entered, with a view to the solution of the Jewish difficulty, adding that it was the Jews themselves who had forced that policy upon him by their conduct . . . 'Down to the present time' (His Majesty remarked), 'there has never been a single Nihilistic plot in which Jews have not been concerned.'"—*The Times' Correspondent at Moscow.*

THE Great White CZAR he has put down his foot;

On the neck of the Hebrew that foot he will plant.

Can fear strike a CÆSAR—a Russian to boot?  
Can a ROMANOFF stoop to mere cowardly cant?

Forbid it traditions of Muscovite pride!

An Autocrat's place is the Conqueror's car,  
But he who that chariot in triumph would ride,

Must not earn a name as the White-livered CZAR!

No, no, scurril scribe, dip your pen in rose-pink,

Or the Censor's black blurr shall your slander efface

A CÆSAR turn sophist, an Autocrat shrink?

Puillaninous spite mark the ROMANOFF race?

Too wholly absurd! What is this we have heard

Which on courtier spirits must painfully jar?

Who is he, this *mal à propos* "little bird"  
Who twitters such tales of the White-livered CZAR?

The Wolf and the Lamb? We all know that old tale,

But the Wolf, though a tyrant, was scarcely a cur.

He bullied and lied, but he didn't turn pale,  
Or need poltroon terror as cruelty's spur.

But a big, irresponsible, "fatherly" Prince  
Afeared—of a Jew? 'Tis too funny by far!

The coldest of King-scorning cynics might wince

At that comic conception, a White-livered CZAR!

No; Russia is heaven, the CZAR is a saint,  
And the poor "Ebrew Jew" is a troublesome pest;

But is he the thing to make CÆSAR go faint,  
Or disturb an Imperial Autocrat's rest?

The Jew's all to blame—as a matter of course;  
The weak and the weary invariably are;

But weakness on power harsh tyranny forces?  
That's an argument worthy a White-livered CZAR.

An Israelite meshed in a Nihilist plot  
Is a pitiful picture. Ungrateful indeed

Is the poor Russian Jew, not content with his lot—

As a slave to the Slav. But expel the whole breed?

Apply that same rule to your subjects all round,

And one fancies you'll find it too sweeping by far.

The vast realm of Muscovy then might be found

A wilderness—save for the White-livered CZAR.

The pick of your people, the best of your blood,

Your purest of women, your bravest of men,  
O CZAR, have they not, in despair's dusky mood,

Turned Nihilist, plotted, been banished?

What then? [Jew; Best banish them all, as you'd banish the

'Twill sweep your dominions more clear than red war.

Picture Russia a waste with one resident—  
Perched high—and alone—as the White-livered CZAR!

Maybe they malign you. It cannot be sooth  
That you talk like an angry illogical girl.

Yes, banish the Hebrews, as wholly as ruth,  
Be cold in your wrath as the Neva's chill

swirl,  
Snub friendly remonstrance, blunt satire's keen blade.

With a blot of black ink! Will it carry you far?

A CÆSAR must not be a fool or afraid;  
There's no place in earth's round for a

White-livered CZAR!

SAD FINISH.—We see advertised, "*George Meredith. A Study.*" By HANNAH LYNCH." Poor GEORGE! "Taken from life," of course. There's an end of him! Lynch'd!





## THE ALARMED AUTOCRAT!

CZAR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS. "TAKE HIM AWAY!—TAKE HIM AWAY! HE *FRIGHTENS ME!*"







## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MESSESS. R. OSGOOD & Co. in advertising Miss SARAH ORME JEWETT'S book, *Strangers and Wayfarers*, quotes an extract from one of Mr. RUSSELL LOWELL'S letters, which runs thus:—

"I remember once at a dinner of the Royal Academy, wishing there might be a toast in honour of the Little Masters, such as TENNIEL, DU MAURIER, and their fellows."

He "wished" it, but was the wish a silent one, or did it find expression in a speech? No matter: there are the Old Masters and the Young Masters, there are the Middle-Aged Masters; there are the Great Masters; and, according to Mr. RUSSELL LOWELL, there are "the Little Masters," without any middle term at all. "The Little Masters," like children in the nursery of Art, not admitted to dinner, but who come in afterwards for dessert. May they come in for their just deserts, as no doubt they will some day. Well, according to this Lowell estimation of merit, these would be the Lesser Masters, and after them the No Masters at all, except perhaps the Toast-Masters. But why not follow a kind of public school classification which divides one form—of course all the artists belong to the very best form, and, like Sir FREDERICK the President, show the very best form—into several compartments, so that we should have in one form say, the Fifth, Upper Fifth, Middle Fifth, subdivided into Upper and Lower Fifth, then Lower Fifth, with a similar subdivision? Orders of merit to be worn in the button-hole could then be distributed, and a new Order of the "B.P.," not "British Public," but "Brush and Pencil," could be instituted, to be entitled fully, "*The Masters of the Black and White Art.*"

In the *Fortnightly*, besides an article on the prevailing epidemic, by Sir MORELL MACKENZIE, M.D., which finishes with much the sort of general advice that was given by Mr. Justice Starleigh to Sam Weller, to the effect that "You had better be careful, Sir," whoever you are, who read this short, but generally interesting paper. There is an anonymous paper on an imaginary election at the Royal Academy, noticeable only for an excellent imitation of Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH'S style. The Novelist is supposed to look in casually, and, finding an election imminent, he offers sage words of counsel, and then begs to be allowed to "float out of their orbit by a bowshot." It seems to me that the paper was written for the sake of this one short paragraph, which, as a close parody, is inimitable. *A Modern Idyll*, by the Editor, Mr. FRANK HARRIS, is, as far as this deponent is concerned, like the Rule of Three in the ancient Nursery Rhyme, for it "bothers me," and, though written with considerable dramatic power, yet it seems rather the foundation for a novel which the Author felt either disinclined to continue, or unable to finish.

ALTER HEGO (in the Office of the B. de B.-W.)

## THE TYRANTS OF THE STRAND!

(Fragment from a Romance, Founded upon a Modern Strike.)

It was a dark and stormy night. The wind howled, the rain pelted, and the poor travellers were drenched to the skin. They shaded their eyes, and peered forth into the blackness to see if succour was at hand. Their strength was exhausted, and they felt they could go no further. Oh! what would they not have given to be once more on board the tight little craft they had abandoned!

But no! it was not to be. They must seek for help from another quarter! Suddenly there emerged from the darkness a strange-looking structure, that with its lights seemed bent upon running them down. They signalled for help, and the grotesque vessel was hove to.

"What do you want?" asked a gruff voice, to their great delight, in English. "What are you a haling us for?"

"We are shipwrecked travellers," explained the spokesman of the party; "and we ask for conveyance to a place of safety."

"A place of safety—sounds like a cab-stand," muttered the other.

"Well, jump in." Thus invited, the shipwrecked travellers entered what seemed to them to be a welcome harbour of refuge. But they had not proceeded far when the man who had already spoken to them again addressed them.

"Come—all of you—turn out—but first pay me," and then he mentioned a considerable sum of money.

"Have you no mercy?" cried a fair-haired girl, pointing to the white and rain-drenched looks of her ancient parents.

"Not a bit, Miss," returned the semi-savage, with a hideous grin.

"And who are you, rude man?" she asked, plucking up in her very despair some spirit. "Are you the Captain?"

"Much the same thing—I am called the Conductor."

"And what is the name of this dreadful conveyance?" again questioned the damsel, with a shuddering glance at what seemed to be a straw-strewn cabin.

"It is called," replied the man, defiantly, "the Pirate Bus!" On hearing this, the entire party uttered a despairing cry, and fainted!

## THE TRAVELLER'S FRIEND.

(A Hint for the coming Holidays.)

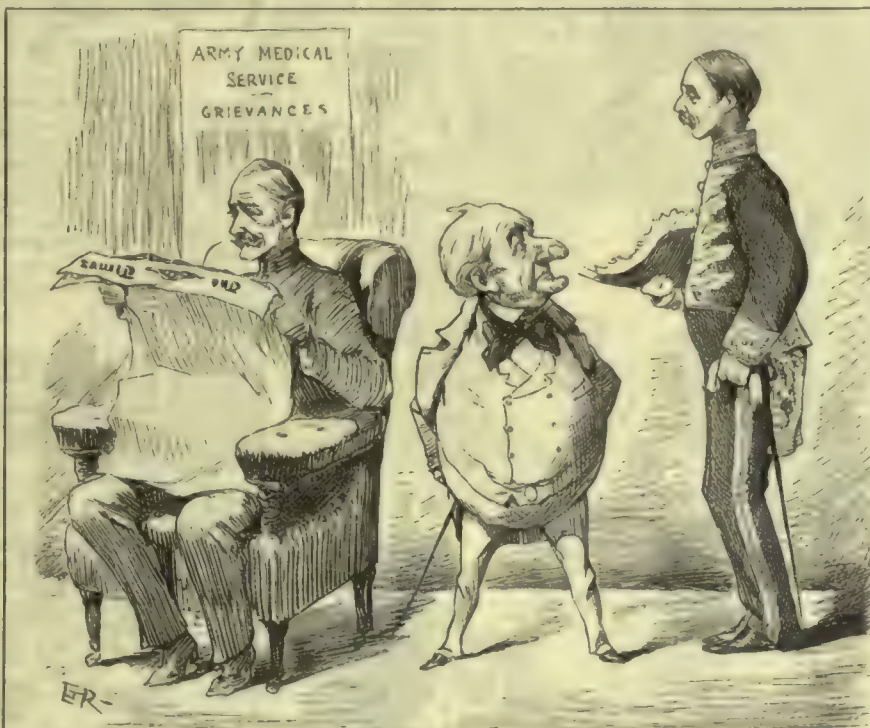
DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As we are within measurable distance of the time when everyone will be thinking of going abroad, perhaps you will allow me to make a practical suggestion. No doubt you will have observed that, according to the Correspondent of the *Times*, recounting the "recent railway outrage in Turkey," the Brigands "whose five of the most opulent-looking of their victims, and told them that they meant to hold them to ransom." I am not surprised at this occurrence, for something of the same sort once happened to me. I am very well to do, and I am fond of what I believe is vulgarly called "globe-trotting." I do not care to be encumbered with too much luggage, and if there is a thorn to the rose of my sweet content it is the objection that my wife makes to my personal appearance. She will have it that a suit of thoroughly comfortable dittos is not the proper garb for a stroll on the Boulevards des Italiens, or a lounge on the Piazza San Marco. As for my wide-awake, she declares (and I can assure you that I have not had it for more than ten years) it is absolutely disgraceful!

But to my story. I have said that I myself was once attacked by Brigands. Our train was stopped in strictly regulation fashion. I believe the customary number of engine-drivers, stokers, and guards were shot, or otherwise accounted for. Then the passengers were inspected. I was rather nervous, for, truth to tell, my pockets were lined with untold gold and notes. The Chief of the Brigands—a most gentlemanly person—glanced at my coat with a slight shudder of pain, and then raised his eyes to my head-gear. That seemed to satisfy him. "Set him free!" he cried to the two ruffians who guarded me, "and never let him see me again!" I never did!

Yours sincerely,

ONE WHO WAS SAVED BY HIS HAT.

*The Retreat, Old Closeborough.*



## " (STAN)-HOPE TOLD A FLATTERING TALE."

Mr. Punch (to War Secretary). "VERY WELL ON ACCOUNT; BUT WHEN IS HE TO HAVE HIS REWARD IN FULL, LIKE HIS BROTHERS OF THE COMBATANT BRANCH?"





A POLITICAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT.



## THE BUSMEN'S ALPHABET.

A is the Ache which the Drivers delay.  
 B is the Bus, which they're chained to all day.  
 C 's the poor Cad who is sick of his trade.  
 D is the Dividend that must be paid.  
 E 's the day's End, which finds him dead-beat.  
 F is the Food he has no time to eat.  
 G is his Good, for which nobody cares.  
 H is the Horse who so much better fares.  
 I 's the Increase in his pay that he waits,  
 J 's the fine Jump he'll soon take with his mates.  
 K is the Knife-board, which funds should provide.  
 L are the Ladies, who now go outside.  
 M is the Money that's earned every day.  
 N the New lines, that they start, and make pay.  
 O Opposition, they speedily chase.  
 P is the Public that fills every place.  
 Q is the Question, that hints at Reform.  
 R the Reply, that soon raises a storm.  
 S the Shareholder, blind in his greed.  
 T is the Tension which he'd better heed.  
 U 's the Upset he won't certainly like.  
 V 's the Vigorous Vengeance of strike.  
 W Wisdom that comes somewhat late.  
 X Express Action which may avert Fate!  
 Y, Yell triumphal, the men win the day.  
 Z—"Zounds!" which is all Directors can say.

## BENDIGO.

[A Monument to BENDIGO, the famous prize-fighter, has been lately erected at Nottingham.]

## Old Prize-fighter soliloquises:—

If ever to the "Pelican" alone or with a friend I go,  
 I sigh for men of muscle who could fight a fight like  
 BENDIGO. [chattering,  
 He didn't fight in feather-beds, or spend his days in  
 But faced his man, and battered him, or took his foe's man's  
 battering. [all;  
 He didn't deal in gas, or waste his time in mere retort at  
 But now the "pugs" are interviewed, and journalists  
 report it all.  
 A man may call it what he will, brutality or bravery,  
 I'd rather have the prize-ring back than give a purse to  
 knavery. [in allotting 'em;  
 Knaves fight for points, the audience shouts and wrangles  
 I hate their fancy-work, I'm off to take the train to  
 Nottingham. [mend, I go  
 I like a Man; though modern men and modern manners  
 To drop a last regretful tear o'er poor departed BENDIGO.



## GENTLE SARCASM.

'YESSIE; I GITS 'OME FROM MY LAST JOURNEY AT MIDNIGHT,—AN' THEN  
 I 'AS THE REST OF THE HEVENIN' TO MYSELF!'

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 1.—House of Commons, as usual at this time of Session, driven against wall in its struggles with appointed work. With brief recesses, been at work since November last. One thing everyone insists on is that Prorogation shall take place at end of July. Difficult to see how even by most masterly management that can be accomplished. Apart from Education Bill, enough work in hand, if Supply be fairly dealt with, to carry us on to last week in July. Every moment precious; every quarter of an hour lost an irretrievable misfortune.

Accordingly, to-day, meeting in the freshness and vigour of new week, House takes up a local Bill dealing with pilotage in Bristol Channel. Two or three Members talk about it for hour and a half. House neither knowing nor caring anything on subject, empties; Division bell sounds through all the rooms and corridors. How is a man to vote when the question abruptly submitted is, "That the Pilotage Provisional Orders No. 1 Bill be now read a Second Time?" Still, it's as well to vote, as it runs up average attendance on Divisions, at which at election times constituents sometimes glance. Fortunately, in this case, MICHAEL BEACH, as one of Members for Bristol, took part in Debate and Division. As useful this as sign-post to belated traveller at four cross-roads. Conservatives and Liberals crowded at Bar keep their eye on President of Board of Trade, watching which way he would go. He led the way into the "Aye" lobby. Thither followed him all the Conservatives, all the Liberals trooping into the "No" lobby. When Noses were counted, it was found that 165 voted "Aye," 119 "No." And thus it came to pass that the Pilotage Provisional Order No. 1 Bill was read a Second Time.

One gathered from chance expressions, and especially from the interest taken in the affair by Members for City of Bristol, that

Bristol had special interest in the Bill. In addition to MICHAEL BEACH's support, WESTON on Liberal side, HILL on Conservative Benches, supported Second Reading. Sinking political differences, Member for East Bristol, and Member for South Bristol, agreed upon plan of campaign.

"You, WESTON," said Colonel HILL, who, having obtained his military rank in the peaceful pursuits of commercial shipping, is a master of strategy, "speak so low that they can't hear a word you say, whilst I, concealing a miniature speaking-trumpet in my mouth, will roar at them as if a stout North-Easter were blowing through the lanyards of our first battalion, deployed in open order."

Tactics succeeded admirably. Sir JOSEPH WESTON, a mild, aldermanic person, presented himself from quarter behind Front Opposition Bench, and, to all appearances, delivered an admirable address. His lips moved, his right hand marked the rhythm of his ordered speech; now his eyes flashed in reprobation, and anon smiled approval. But not a sound, save a soft murmur, as of distant dripping waterfall, was heard. *L'Enfant Prodigue* wasn't in it for successful pantomime.

When the movement stopped, and the Alderman was discovered to be sitting down, the martial-nautical HILL sprang up from Bench on other side, and the stillness was broken by a rasping voice, that woke DICKY TEMPLE out of his early slumber. The strategy, cleverly conceived, was admirably carried out, and Bristol, thanks to diversified talent of its Members, got its Bill. Only it seemed a pity that an hour and a half of precious public time should incidentally have been appropriated.

Business done.—Irish Land Bill in report stage.

Tuesday.—House of Lords the scene of a thrilling performance to-night. Usually meets for business at half-past four. On Tuesdays, in order to give Noble Lords opportunity for preparing for exhaustive labours, public business does not commence till half-past five.



Punctually at that hour, a solitary pedestrian might have been observed walking up the floor of the historic Chamber. A flowing gown hid, without entirely concealing, his graceful figure; a full-bottomed wig crowned his stately head, as the everlasting snows veil the lofty heights of the Himalayas. He looked neither to the right hand nor to the left, but with swinging stride strode forward. At the end of the Chamber stood the Throne of England, on which, in days gone by, HARCOURT's Plantagenet fathers sat, and in which some day—who knows?—the portly frame of him who now proudly bears the humble title, SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, may recline.

But that is another story. The gowned-and-wigged figure observed walking up the floor of the House of Lords at half-past five on a June evening, was not making for the Throne. Before that piece of furniture stood a bench, in appearance something like the familiar ottoman of the suburban drawing-room. It was the Wool-



"Accommodated with a Seat."

sack, and the *svelte* figure, swinging towards it with the easy stride of superlative grace and comparative youth, was the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR! Before him, at respectful distance, went his Purse-bearer, ready to produce the where-withal should his Lordship desire a pick-me-up by the way. Behind him came the Mace-bearer, and, a foot further in the rear, Black Rod.

Odsakins! a stately procession, which ought to have been set in the centre of an admiring multitude. But the LORD CHANCELLOR's springy footfall echoed through an almost empty chamber. DENMAN was faithful at his post, ready to move that some Bill be read a Second Time on that day nine months. Here and there, on widely severed benches, perched a Peer, whilst from the Gallery, where he

had been accommodated with a seat, the smiling mobile face of Mr. Justice DAY peered forth. He had just looked in on his way home from the Courts, interested in a scene where some day he may take his place as Brother BRAMWELL and Brother COLERIDGE have done.

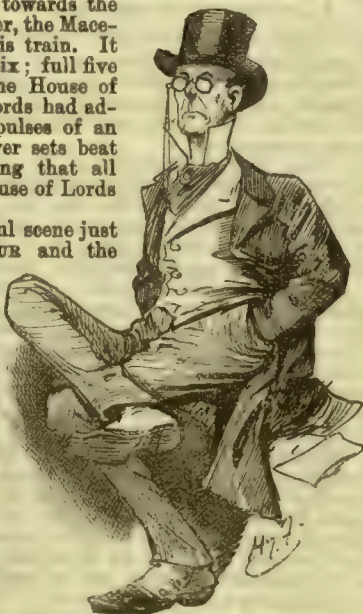
The keen eyes of the great LORD CHANCELLOR flashed round the chilling scene. Clerk at the table mumbled something about Provisional Orders.

"Those that are of that opinion say 'Content,'" observed the LORD CHANCELLOR. "Contrary, 'Not Content;' the Contents have it. This House will now adjourn."

Then uprose the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR, and with the same stately swinging step, moved towards the doorway, with the Purse-bearer, the Mace-bearer, and Black Rod in his train. It was twenty-five minutes to Six; full five minutes had elapsed since the House of Lords met. Now House of Lords had adjourned, and the throbbing pulses of an Empire on which the sun never sets beat with steadier motion, knowing that all was well. *Business done.*—House of Lords adjourned.

*Thursday.*—Rather a painful scene just now between PRINCE ARTHUR and the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. T. W. RUSSELL proposed new Clause on Irish Land Bill, which provided for reinstatement of evicted tenants; received with general applause, and finally agreed to. In the midst of general congratulations and shaking hands, the SQUIRE lounged in, and with many back-handed slaps at the Government, added his approval to the general chorus. The Ministry were hopelessly bad, but this clause, though proposed by a supporter of theirs, was moderately good.

"Singular thing," said PRINCE ARTHUR, in meditative tone, as if he were talking to himself, "that the Right Hon. Gentleman can never interfere in debate, however far removed the subject may be from the arena of Party Politics, without forthwith dragging it into the arena."



Balfour, Q.C.

"That," said BALFOUR, Q.C., who chanced to be on the Front Opposition Bench, "is a striking example of the misapprehension under which acute minds occasionally labour. I have known my Right Hon. friend for many years; we have sat on this Bench together in Opposition, and have worked in the same Ministry, and I confess it is a little shocking to me to hear him accused of tendency to enter upon controversial topics. I am myself a man of peace, and do not readily assume an attitude of reproach; but, as Mr. HENRY ARTHUR WILSON said when he stood over the improvised Baccarat-table with a piece of chalk in his hand, the line must be drawn somewhere, and I am inclined to rule it at the place where my friend HARCOURT is accused of wilfully and designedly disturbing the Parliamentary peace." *Business done.*—Still on the Land Bill.

*Friday Night.*—Still grinding away at the report stage of Land Bill; don't get any forrader; been at it a week, and to-night just as many Amendments on the paper as there were on Monday. All night upon a single new Clause. Everybody wearied to death. Even WINDBAG SEXTON a little moody; not had such a good night as usual; the debate lasting throughout sitting, and, there being only one Motion before the House, SEXTON (with the SPEAKER in the Chair) could speak only once; that he did, at considerable length. But a poor consolation for lost opportunity.

Congratulated the suffering SPEAKER on this accident; pointed out to him things were bad enough; but might be worse.

"I suppose, TOBY," he said, "you never read PRIOR? Haven't looked him up for many years; but, sitting here through this week, there is one couplet—from his Solomon, I think—ever running through my mind:—

'ABRA was ready ere I called her name;  
And, though I call'd another, ABRA came.'

Just like SEXTON."

*Business done.*—One Clause added to Land Bill.

### "GREY APES OF AGE."

"GREY hair is fashionable for the youthful,"

Says a Mode oracle acknowledged truthful.

Strange that Society should have a rage

For that anomaly—artificial Age!

Dust on their heads our pretty women toss,

Just to deprive it of its pristine gloss.

Make ashen-white your eyebrows, there, and lashes,

Preocious hags! the world's not but dust and ashes.

Wrinkles and crowsfeet next must have their turn

(To limn them in let toilette artists learn),

Then make each *belle* bald, soraggy-necked and toothless,

Grey hair alone won't make Society youthful.

Let *belles* turn beldams if they find it jolly.

But they might be consistent in their folly!

MUSICAL, THEATRICAL, AND JUDICIAL.—The *Daily Telegraph*, quoting from the *Middlesex County Times*, last Saturday, stated that, "The LORD CHANCELLOR had added the name of Mr. W. S. GILBERT, Poet and Dramatist, to the Commission of the Peace for the County of Middlesex." So is it said that another "W. S.," one WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE—who, by the way, also had a GILBERT in the family—was, in his latter years, made a J.P." Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE GILBERT—if he will kindly allow us to so style him, as uniting the qualities of poet and dramatist—should receive a special and peculiar title. Let him, then, be henceforth known as "The Poetic Justice of the Piece."

### THE "HIRED PRIEST."

[Mr. GLADSTONE says, "If the priest is to live, he must beg, earn, or steal."]

Now, here's a needy Vicar; who will hire him? He can preach,

Can confute a host of infidels and crush them with a text.

If a Sunday school is started, he's the very man to teach,

If you snub him he may hate it, but he'll never show he's vexed.

He can spend his days in visiting the alleys and the slums,

And support his own existence, and his family's, on crumbs.

Come, come, Sir, you are generous. What! eighty pounds a year?

It's a fortune for a Vicar; I am sure he won't refuse.

Why it's sixteen hundred shillings, he will take it, never fear;

For though priests are scarcely beggars, yet they can't afford to

He hasn't got a single vice; I'll guarantee him sound, [choose.

And he'll make a crown go farther than an ordinary pound.

And here we have a Bishop; we don't do things by halves;

He requires a roomy palace, he is sturdy, stout and tall.

You can have him as he stands, Sir, with his gaiters and his calves;

Five thousand hires the Bishop, apron, appetite and all.

What? You much prefer the Vicar with his collar and his tie?

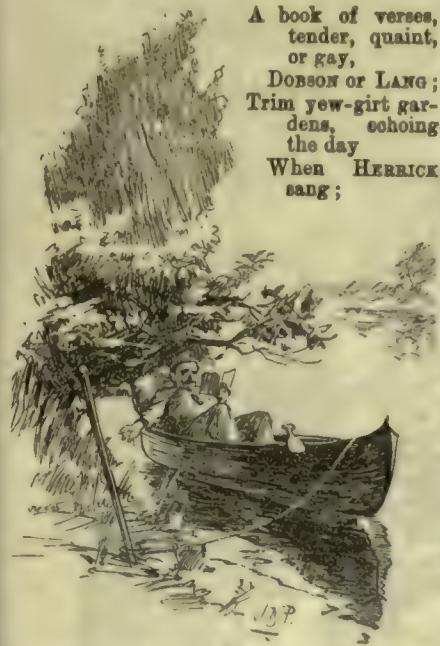
And you'd rather pay him extra? Here's your health, Sir; so would I.



## ON THE RIVER.

A LIGHT canoe, a box of cigarettes,  
Sunshine and shade;  
A conscience free from love or money debts  
To man or maid;

A book of verses,  
tender, quaint,  
or gay,  
DOBSON or LANG;  
Trim yew-girt garden,  
echoing the day  
When HERRICK  
sang;



A Thames-side Inn, a salad, and some fruit,  
Beaune or Hochheimer;—  
Are simple joys, but admirably suit  
An idle rhymist.

## A 'BUS 'OSS'S MEMS.

(Kept during a recent Social Crisis.)

*Saturday, June 6, 11 P.M.*—Home after our last turn. Fancy from several drinks had on the way, and the pace we had to put into that last mile and a half, that something's up. Turned into stall nice and comfortable, as usual.

*Sunday.*—Something is up with a vengeance. Hooroo! We're on strike. I don't know the rights of it, nor don't care, as long as I have my bit of straw to roll in, and a good feed twice a day. I wonder, by the way, if the fellow who looks after my oats is "off." Past feeding time. Feel uneasy about it. Hang it all, I would rather work for my living, than be tied up here doing nothing without a feed! Ha! here he is, thank goodness, at last. However, better late than never. Capital fun this strike.

*Monday.*—Am sent out in a loyal omnibus. Hooted at and frightened with brickbats. Felt half inclined to shy. Halloa! what's this? Hit on the ribs with a paving-stone. Come, I won't stand this. Kick and back the 'bus on to the pavement. All the windows smashed by Company's men. Passengers get out. Somebody cuts the traces, and I allow myself to be led back to the stables. Don't care about this sort of fun. However, feed all right.

*Tuesday.*—Hear that the men want thirteen and sixpence a day and a seven hours' turn. Directors offer five and sixpence, and make the minimum seventeen hours. Go it, my hearties! Fight away! Who cares? You must feed me, that's quite certain. Still I don't care about being cooped up here all day. Nasty feeling of puffiness about the knees. Hang the strike!

*Wednesday.*—Puffiness worse. Vet. looks

in and says I want exercise. Take a bolus and am walked for half an hour or so up and down some back-streets. Bless them!—that ain't no good.

*Thursday.*—Puffiness worse, of course. Bother it all, being shut up here! What wouldn't I give just for a sight of dear old Picoadilly! The fact is, if they don't soon let me have my run from King's Cross to Putney, I shall "bust up"—and that's a fact. I feel it.

*Friday.*—Ah, they may well come to terms! Another day of this, and I believe I should have been off the hooks "for ever and for aye." It's all very well for Capital and Labour to get at loggerheads, but, as DUCROW said, they must out all their disputes short if they wish to save anything of their business, and look sharp, and "come to the 'casses."

*Saturday, 13th.*—Strike over! We shall have to be in harness again on Monday, and not a day too soon, in the interests of the men, the Directors, the Public; and, last, but by no means least, specially that of "the 'casses."

## IN MEMORIAM.

"OLD TO-MORROW."

THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN ALEXANDER MACDONALD, LATE PREMIER OF CANADA.

PUNCH sympathises with Canadian sorrow  
For him known lovingly as "OLD TO-MORROW."

Hail to "the Chieftain!" He lies mute to-day,  
But Fame still speaks for him, and shall for aye.

"To-morrow—and to-morrow!" SHAKE-SPEARE sighs.  
So runs the round of time! Man lives and dies.  
But death comes not with mere surcease of breath

To such as him. "The road to dusty death"  
Not "all his yesterdays" have lighted. Nay!  
Canada's "OLD TO-MORROW" lives to-day  
In unforgetting hearts, and nothing fears  
The long to-morrow of the coming years.

## LEAVES FROM A CANDIDATE'S DIARY.

*Billsbury, Wednesday, May 28th.*—Great doings here to-day. For weeks past all the Conservative Ladies of Billsbury have been hard at work, knitting, sewing, painting, embroidering, patching, quilting, crocheting, and Heaven knows what besides, for the Bazaar in aid of the Conservative Young Men's Club and Coffee-Room Sustentation Fund. You couldn't call at any house in Billsbury without being nearly smothered in heaps of fancy-work of every kind. When I was at the PENFOLDS' on Monday afternoon, the drawing-room was simply littered with bonnets and hats, none of them much larger than a crown piece, which Miss PENFOLD had been constructing. She tried several of them on, in order to get my opinion as to their merits. She looked very pretty in one of them, a cunning arrangement of forget-me-nots and tiny scraps of pink ribbon. Mother promised some time ago to open the Bazaar, though she assured me she had never done such a thing before, and added that I must be sure to see that the doors moved easily, as new doors were so apt to stick, and she didn't know what she should do if she had to struggle over the opening. I comforted her by telling her she would only have to say a few brief words on a platform, declaring the Bazaar open. For the last week I have had a letter from her by absolutely every post, sending draft speeches for my approval. After much consideration I selected one of these, which I returned to her. I heard from home that she was very busily occupied for some time in learning it by heart. When cook came for orders in the morning, she was

forced to listen while Mother said over the speech to her. Cook was good enough to express a high opinion of its beauties.

Yesterday evening Mother arrived, with the usual enormous amount of luggage, including the inevitable *Carlo*. After dinner I heard her repeat the speech, which went off very well. This is it:—"Ladies and Gentlemen, I am so pleased to be here to-day, and to have the opportunity of helping the dear Conservative cause in Billsbury. I am sure you are all so anxious to buy as many of these lovely things as you can, and I therefore lose no time in declaring the Bazaar open." Simple, but efficient.

The opening to-day was fixed for 2.30, the Bazaar being held in the large room of the Assembly Rooms, which had been arranged to represent an Old English Village. At one o'clock Colonel and Mrs. CHORCKLE, Alderman and Mrs. TOLLAND, and one or two others, lunched with us, and afterwards we all drove off together in a procession of carriages. I insisted on *Carlo* being left behind, looked up in Mother's bed-room, with a dish of bones to comfort him, and an old dress of Mother's to lie on. That old dress has been devoted to *Carlo* for the last two years, and no amount of persuasion will induce *Carlo* to take another instead. We tried him with a much better one a short time ago, but he was furious, tore it to ribbons and refused his food until his old disreputable dress had been restored to him.

The Bazaar proceedings began with a short prayer delivered by the Bishop of BRITISH GUIANA, an old Billsbury Grammar-School boy, who was appointed to the bishopric a month ago. Everybody is making a tremendous fuss about him here of course. As soon as the prayer was over, Colonel CHORCKLE rose and made what he would call one of his "appiest efforts." The influence of lovely woman, Conservative principles, devotion to the Throne, the interests of the Conservative Young Men's Sustentation Fund, all mixed up together like a hasty pudding. Then came the moment for Mother. First, however, WILLIAMINA HENRIETTA SMITH CHORCKLE had to be removed outside for causing a disturbance. Her father's speech so deeply affected this intelligent infant, who had come under the protection of her nurse, that she burst out into a loud yell and refused to be comforted. The Colonel's face was a study—a mixture of drum-head Courts-martial and Gatling guns. Mother got through with her little speech all right. As a matter of fact she read it straight off a sheet of paper, having finally decided that her memory was too treacherous. We both set to work and bought an incredible amount of things. After half an hour I found myself in possession of six bonnets made by Miss PENFOLD, three knitted waistcoats, four hand-painted screens, two tea-tables also hand-painted, a lady's work-basket, three fancy shawls, a set of glass studs and a double perambulator, which I won in a raffle. Mother got three dog-collars, a set of shaving materials (won in a raffle), two writing cases, five fans, two pictures by a local artist, four paper-knives, two carved cigar-boxes, a set of tea-things, and five worked table-covers.

When we got back, we found that *Carlo* had nearly gnawed his way through the bedroom door, and was growling horribly at the boots and the chambermaid through the key-hole. Charming dog!

## Simian Talk.

PROFESSOR GARNERS, in the *New Review* Tells us that "Apes can talk." That's nothing new; Reading much "Simian" literary rot, One only wishes that our "Apes" could not!



## THE NEW TALE OF A TUB; OR, THE NOT-AT-HOME SECRETARY AND THE LAUNDRESSES.



'CAN'T SEE YOU NOW, I'M WASHING—MYSELF.'

"The Women are crying out for the protection of the Factory Acts, which has hitherto been denied them, and which the Home Secretary declines to pledge the Government to support."—*Daily Telegraph*, Friday, June 12th.

London Laundry-woman, to her Tub-mate, loquutur:—

THEY tell us the Tub is humanity's friend, and that Cleanliness is of closest kin To all things good. By the newest gospel 'tis held that Dirt is the friend of Sin.

Well, I'm not so sure that the world's far wrong in that Worship of Washing that's all the rage; But we, its priestesses, sure might claim a cleanly life and a decent wage!



Listen, BET, from your comfortless seat on the turned-up pail,—if you've got the time;  
 Isn't it queer that Society's cleansers must pass their lives amidst muck and grime? ["swell" and sweet, Spotless flannels no doubt are nice—and snowy linen is But steaming reek is around our heads, and trickling foulness about our feet.

If the dainty ladies whose linen we lave, we laundress drudges, could look in here,  
 Wouldn't their feet shrink back with sickness, and wouldn't their faces go pale with fear?

White, well-ironed, all sheen and sweetness, that linen looks when it leaves our hands;  
 But they little think of the sodden equalor that marks the den where the laundress stands.

Scrub, scrub, scrub, at the reeking tub, for eighteen hours at a stretch, perchance,  
 Till our bowed backs ache, and our knuckles smart, and the lights through the steam like spectres dance;  
 Ankle-deep in the watery sludge, where the tile is loose or the drainage blocked!

Oh, I haven't a doubt that the dainty dames—if they only knew!—would be sorely shocked.

Typhoid! Terribly menacing word, the whisper of which would destroy our trade;

But dirt, and damp, and defective drainage will raise that ghost on a world afraid;

And at thirty years our strength is sapped by insidious siege of the stifling fume, [fort such life illumine.

Or what if we linger a little longer? Scant rays of com-

Grievances, BET? Well, I make no doubt that the world of idlers is sorely sick

Of the moans and groans of the likes of us. When the whip, the needle, the spade, the pick,

Are all on strike for a higher wage, 'tis a worry, of course, to the well-to-do, [official to me and you.

And a sleek Home-Sec. must "decline to pledge" support

Of course, of course! Who are we, my dear, to bother the big-wigs and stir their bile?

Why, it's all along of our "discontent," and the Agitator's insidious guile. [aided pacts,

But Labour, BET, is agog just now to revise the old one—And even a Laundress may have an eye to the benefit of the Factory Acts.

Those bad, bad 'Busmen, BET my girl, claim shorter hours, and a longer pay; [we women not have our say

Just think of such for the Slaves of the Tub! Why should in the Park o' Sunday, like like DAN the Docker, or TOM the Tailor, or WILL the "Whip"?

The Tub and the Ironing-board appear to have got a chance—which they mustn't let slip:

An Object Lesson in Laundress Labour, may move the callous and shame the quiz.

We dream of "Washing as well it might be"; we'll show them "Washing as now it is."

We know it, BET, in the sodden wet and the choking fume; with the aching back,

The long, long hours, and the typhoid taint, the inverted pail and the hurried snack.

There may—who knows?—be hope for us yet, for you and me, BET! Just think o' that!

Oh, I know it is hard to believe it, my girl. The Sweater's strong, and appeal falls flat [against us go;

On official ears; and fine-lady fears, and household hurry But "evil is wrought by want of thought," says some poet, I think;—so we'll let them know!

Ah! snowy sheets and sweet lavender scent of the dear old days in my village home!

The breadths of linen a-bleach on the grass! How little I thought that to this I'd come

Grand ladies of old to their laundry looked, and the tubs were white, and the presses fair;

Now we cleansers clean in the midst of dirt, in a dank, dark den, with a noisome air.

Sometimes I dream till the clouds of steam take the shadowy form of a spectral thing,

A tyrant terror that threatens our lives, whilst we rub and scrub, whilst we rinse and wring.

Well, cheer up, BET, girl, stiffen your lip, and straighten your back. You have finished your grub,

So to work once more; if our champions score, we may find a new end to this Tale of a Tub!



### A CURE FOR INFLUENZA.

Major O'Gourmand. "SURE, ME DOCTOR SAID A GLASS OR TWO OF DRY CHAMPAGNE 'LL DO ME GOOD! BEGorra, THE BOTTLE'S DRY ENOUGH BY THIS TIME!"

### STRIKING INTELLIGENCE.—A Page from a Londoner's Diary.

*Sunday.*—Can scarcely believe the news! What, no omnibuses! A strike! What shall we do? Fortunately always go to church on foot, so no loss in that. Then subsequent parade in the Park—don't require an omnibus for that, either. At the end of the day, can say that, take one thing with another, state of affairs more comfortable than might have been anticipated.

*Monday.*—Dreaded continuance of strike, but found, practically, little inconvenience. Had to walk to the office, and enjoyed the promenade immensely. Had no idea that a stroll along the Embankment was so delightful. After all, one can exist without omnibuses—at least, for a time.

*Tuesday.*—Find that people who were at their wits' end at the mere suggestion of a strike, are becoming reconciled to the situation. Streets certainly pleasanter without the omnibuses. Great, lumbering conveyances, filling up the road, and stopping the traffic! London looks twice as well without them! Tradesmen, too, say that the shops are just as well attended now as when the two great Companies were in full swing.

*Wednesday.*—Can't see what the omnibus people (both sides—Directors and employés) are quarrelling about. No matter of mine, and the Public are only too glad for a chance of a good walk. Fifty per cent. better since I have been obliged to give up the morning 'bus. Asked to-day to contribute something in support of the strikers. Certainly not, the longer the strike lasts the worse for the Public.

*Thursday.*—Really the present state of affairs is delightful. I have to thank the deadlock for teaching me to patronise the river steamboats. Pleasant journey from Vauxhall to the Temple for a penny! No idea that the Thames was so pretty at Westminster. View of the Houses of Parliament and the Embankment capital.

*Friday.*—Strike continues. Well I do not complain. Hired a hansom and find that considering the cab takes you up to door, it is really cheaper in the long run. If you use an omnibus, you get jolted, and run a chance of smashing your hat. If it rains you get splashed and having to finish your journey on foot, you might just as well have walked the whole way.

*Saturday.*—Strike arranged to cease on Monday! This is too much! Just as we were getting comfortable, all the disgusting lumbering old omnibuses are to come back again! It ought not to be allowed. Asked to-day to contribute something in support of the strikers. Certainly, the longer the strike lasts the better for the Public.





### WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT IT P!!

*First Slender Invalid.* "I SAT, OLD MAN, WHAT A BEASTLY THING THIS INFLUENZA IS, EH? I'M JUST GETTING OVER IT."

*His Wasting Friend.* "AH! YOU'RE RIGHT, MY BOY! I'VE HAD IT TOO, AND THE WORST OF IT IS, IT PULLS A FELLOW DOWN SO FEARFULLY!"

### VOCES POPULI.

#### BEFORE THE MECHANICAL MODELS.

##### A SKETCH AT THE ROYAL NAVAL EXHIBITION.

*SCENE—The Grounds.* A string of Sightseers discovered passing slowly in front of a row of glazed cases containing small mechanical figures, which are set in motion in the usual manner.

##### BEFORE A SCENE REPRESENTING A DYING CHILD.

*A Gallant Swain.* That's the kid in bed, yer see. Like to see it die, POLLY, eh? A penny does it.

*Polly (with a giggle).* Well, if it ain't too 'arrowing. (The penny is dropped in, and the mechanical mother is instantly agitated by the deepest maternal anxiety.) That's the mother kneeling by the bed, I suppose—she do pray natural. There's the child waking up—see, it's moving its 'ed. (The little doll raises itself in bed, and then falls back lifeless.) Ah, it's gone—look at the poor mother 'idin' her face.

*The G. S. Well,* it's all over. Come along and see something more cheerful.

*Polly.* Wait a bit—it isn't 'alf over yet. There's a angel got to come and carry her away fust—there, the door's opening, that'll be the angel come for it, I expect. (Disappointed.) No, it's only the dootor. (A jerky and obviously incompetent little medical practitioner puts his head in at the door, and on being motioned back by the bereaved mother, retires with more delicacy than might have been expected.) Well, he might ha' seen for himself if the child was dead! (The back of the bed disappears, disclosing a well-known picture of an angel flying upwards with a child.) I did think they'd have a real angel, and not only a picture of one, and anyone can see it's a different child—there's the child in bed just the same. I call that a take-in!

*The G. S.* I dunno what more you expect for a penny.

*A Person on the Outskirts (eagerly to Friend).* What happened? What is it? I couldn't make it out over all the people's shoulders.

*His Friend.* Dying child—not half bad either. You go and put in a penny, and you'll see it well enough.

*The P. on the O. (indignantly).* What, put in a penny for such rubbish? Not me!

[He hangs about till someone else provides the necessary coin.

*A Softhearted Female.* No, I couldn't stand there and look on. I

### EXPLANATIONS À LA MODE.

(A Prophetic Forecast, by a Professional Pessimist.)

1891. The Leader of the House explains, in answer to a question, that no understanding exists between England and any Foreign country. No treaty is in contemplation, and never has been suggested on either side.

1892. The Government repeats that England is absolutely free from any international engagements. It must not be thought for a moment that a single battalion will be moved, or a solitary vessel dispatched abroad with warlike intentions.

1893. The Representative of the Cabinet once more denies the suggestion that, under any consideration whatever, will England bind herself to accept European responsibility. This has been said constantly for the last three years, and the Representative of the Cabinet is not only surprised but pained at these frequent and embarrassing interrogations.

1894. Once more, and for the last time, the PREMIER insists that whatever may happen abroad, England will be free from interference. It has been the policy of this great country for the last four years to steer clear of all embarrassing international complications. The other Great Powers are perfectly aware that, under no circumstances whatever, will our Army and Fleet be employed in taking part in the quarrels of our neighbours. The entire Cabinet are grieved at questions so frequently put to them—questions that are not only disquieting abroad, but a slur upon the intentions of men whose sole duty is the safety and peace of the British Empire.

1895. General European War—England in the midst of it!

never can bear them pathetic subjects. I felt just the same with that picture of the Sick Child at the Academy, you know. (Meditatively.) And you don't have to put a penny in for that, either.

#### BEFORE ANOTHER BEDROOM SCENE REPRESENTING "THE DRUNKARD'S DELIRIUM."

*First Woman.* That's 'im in bed, with the bottle in his 'and. He likes to take his liquor comfortable, he do.

*Second Woman.* He's a very neat and tidy, considerin', ain't he? I wonder what his delirium is like. 'Ere, Rosy, come and put your penny in as the gentleman give yer. (Rosy, aged six, sacrifices her penny, under protest.) Now, you look—you can't think what pretty things you'll see.

[The little wooden drunkard sits up, applies the bottle to his mouth, and sinks back contentedly; a demon, painted a pleasing blue, rises slowly by his bed-side; the drunkard takes a languid interest in him; the demon sinks.]

*A Gentleman with a bloated complexion (critically).* 'Ooever did that—well, I desay he's a very clever man, but—(compassionately)—he don't know much about 'orrors, he don't!

*A Facetious Friend.* You could ha' told him a thing or two, eh, JIM?

*The Bloated Gentleman (contemptuously).* Well, if I never 'ad them wuss than that!

[A small skeleton, in a shroud, looks in at the door. The F. F. 'Ulo, 'ere's the King o' Terrors for yer! (Rosy shows signs of uneasiness; a blue demon comes out of a cupboard.) 'Ere's another of 'em—quite a little party he's 'aving!

*A Gentleman, in a white tie (as the machinery stops).* Well, a thing like this does more real good than many a temperance tract.

*The Bloated G.* Yer right there, Guv'nor—it's bin a lesson to me, I know that. 'Ere, will you come and 'ave a whiskey-sour along of me and my friend 'ere?

#### BEFORE A MODEL REPRESENTING AN EXECUTION.

*A Daughter.* But why won't you 'put a penny into this one, Father?

*The Father (firmly).* Because I don't approve of Capital Punishment, my dear.

*A Cultivated Person.* An execution—"put a penny in; bell tolls—gates open—scaffold shown with gallows. Executioner pulls bolt—black flag"—dear, dear—most degrading, shocking taste! (To his Friend.) Oh, of course, I'll wait, if you want to see it—not got a



penny? Let me see—yes, I can lend you one. (*He does; the penny is put in—nothing happens.*) Out of order, I suppose—scandalous! and nobody to speak to about it—most discreditable! Stop—what's this? (*A sort of woolly beat is audible inside the prison; the C. P. beams.*) That's the bell tolling—it's all right, it's working! [*It works.*]

*Another Spectator.* Very well done, that was—but they 'urried it over a little too quick. I scarcely saw the man 'ung at all!

*His Companion.* Put in another penny, and p'raps you'll see him out down, old chap.

#### BEFORE THE FAIRY FORTUNE-TELLER'S GROTTO.

*Susan Jane (to her Soldier).* Oh, ain't that pretty? I should like to know what my fortune is. [*She feels in her pocket.*]

*The Soldier (who disapproves of useless expenditure).* Ain't you put in enough bloomin' pennies?

*Susan Jane.* This is the last. (*Reads Directions.*) Oh, you've got to set the finger on the dial to the question you want answered, and then put your penny in. What shall I ask her?

*Soldier.* Anyone would think you meant to go by the answer, to hear you talk!

*Susan Jane.* P'raps I do. (*Coquettishly, as she sets the index to a printed question.*) Now, you mustn't look. I won't 'ave you see what I ask!

*Soldier (loftily).* I don't want to look, I tell yer—it's nothing to me.

*Susan Jane.* But you are looking—I saw you.

[*A curious and deeply interested crowd collects around them.*]

*Soldier.* Honour bright, I ain't seen nothing. Are you going to be all night over this 'ere tomfoolery?

[*SUSAN JANE puts in a penny, blushing and tittering; a faint musical tinkle is heard from the case, and the little fairies begin to revolve in a solemn and mystic fashion; growing excitement of crowd. A pasteboard bower falls aside, revealing a small disc on which a sentence is inscribed.*]

*Person in Crowd (reading slowly over SUSAN JANE's shoulder).* "Yus; 'e is treuly worthy of your love."

*Crowd (delighted).* That's worth a penny to know, ain't it, Miss? Your mind's easy now! It's the soldier she was meanin'. Ah, 'e ought to feel satisfied too, after that! &c., &c.

[*Confusion of SUSAN JANE.*]

*Soldier (as he departs with S. J.).* Well, yer know, there's something in these things, when all's said!

#### IN DEPARTING.

*A Pleased Pleasure-seeker.* Ah, that's something like, that is! I've seen the 'Aunted Miser, and the Man with the 'Orrors, and a Execution, and a Dyin' Child—they do make you *larf*, yer know!

*Second P. P.* Yes, it's a pity the rest o' the Exhibition ain't more the same style, to my thinking!

*A Captious Critic.* Well, they don't seem to me to 'ave much to do with anything naval.

*His Companion.* Why, it comes under machinery, don't it? You're so bloomin' particular, you are! Wouldn't touch a glass o' beer 'ere, unless it was brewed with salt-water, I suppose! Well, come on, then—there's a bar 'andy!

[*They adjourn for refreshment.*]

PROVERBS PRO OMNIBUS.—Directly the Chairman of the General Omnibus Company observed that if the men's demands were conceded the fares would have to be raised, there was a rush to be the first out with the old proverb about Penny wise and Pound foolish. However, "In for a penny" remains as heretofore, the *employés* having successfully gone "in for a Pound." Let them now "take care of the pence," and they may feel well assured that this particular POUND will be able to take care of himself. Well, farewell the tranquillity of the streets of last week! Henceforth not "chaos," but "'Bus 'os," has come again!

#### Nolens Volens.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I hear that some people are in a great state of mind lest some blessed Bill brought in by the Government, should "destroy Voluntary Schools." What howling bosh! Why, there are no Voluntary Schools! No, they're all Compulsory, confound 'em! or who'd attend 'em? Not Yours disgustedly,

A HUMAN BOY.



MR. WELLER & CO., AND THE 'BUS STRIKE.—MR. SUTHERST seems to occupy, as towards the 'Bus-drivers, a similar position to that filled by the eminent Mr. Solomon Pell, the general adviser, and man of business to the Elder Mr. Weller, and his professional coaching brethren. It is to be hoped that the Solomon Pell of the 'Bus-drivers has been treated as liberally as was the real Mr. Pell, the friend of the LORD CHANCELLOR, by Mr. Weller Senior, the Mottle-faced Man, and others.

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE most interesting book, one of the Baron's Retainers ("blythe and gay,") has read this year is, *The Life of Laurence Oliphant*. If it were not written by a reputable person, and published by so eminently respectable a house as BLACKWOOD'S, there would be



difficulty about accepting it as a true story of the life of a man whom some of us knew, as lately living in London, wearing a frock coat, and even a tall hat of cylindrical shape. Such a mingling of shrewd business qualities and March madness as met in LAURENCE OLIPHANT is surely a new thing. A man of gentle birth, of high culture, of wide experience, of supreme ability, and, strangest of all, with a keen sense of humour—that such an one should voluntarily step down from high social position at the bidding of a vulgar, selfish, self-seeking, and, according to some hints dropped here

and there, grossly immoral man, should, at beck of his fat forefinger, go forth to a strange land to live amid sordid circumstances, and with uncongenial company, to work as a common farm-labourer, to peddle strawberries at a railway station, passes belief. With respect to Mr. HARRIS, one feels inclined to quote *Betsy Prig's* remark touching one who may, peradventure, have been a maternal relation. "I don't believe," said *Betsy*, "there's no sich a person." But there was, and, stranger still, there was a LAURENCE OLIPHANT to bend the knee to him. Not the least striking thing in a book of rare value is the manner in which Mrs. OLIPHANT has acquitted herself in a peculiarly difficult task. No man would have had the restraining patience necessary to deal with the HARRIS episodes as she has done.

The Assistant Reader has been refreshing himself with *Lapetus Calami*, by J. K. S., published by MACMILLAN and BOWEN. It is a booklet of light verse, containing here and there some remarkably brilliant pieces of satire and parody. The first of two parodies of ROBERT BROWNING is unsurpassable for successful audacity. The last poem in the book is "An Election Address," written for, but apparently not used by, the present POSTMASTER-GENERAL, when he was Candidate for Cambridge University, in 1882. He says of himself, after confessing to a dislike for literature and science,—

"But I have fostered, guided, planned | Some ten or twelve directors, and Commercial enterprise; in me | Six worthy chairmen you may see."

All the pieces are not so good as those cited—that would be too much to expect—but "get it," say BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & CO.

#### Mortuary.

ANDREW LANGUAGE—no, LANG!—who the classics is pat in,

Suggests to our writers, as test of their "style,"

Just to turn their equivocal prose into Latin,

As DRYDEN did. Truly the plan makes one smile!

Reviewers find Novelists' nonsense much weary 'em.

Writers of twaddle

Take DRYDEN a model—

Turn your books into some great "dead language"—and bury 'em!

#### WHAT THEY HAVE BEEN TOLD DOWN EAST;

Or, *A Mauvais Juro d'Esprit.*

WILL you, if you please, point out to me the way to the streets which, I am told, are paved with gold?

Where shall I find the employer of labour who, I have been told, will instantly get me occupation at a wage of 60 roubles the week?

Dear me! is this, then, your "White Chapel"? I was told it was a luxurious quarter, famous for its Palaces.

Surely this horrid den is not one of your model work-rooms? I was told that such things existed only in Russia!

And are these people who are scowling at and cursing me your typical working population? Why, I was told that I should find them dear brothers, waiting to welcome us with open arms.

And is this pittance you offer me all that you pay for making a coat? I was told that it was quite twelve times as much as this.

Ah! I'm afraid I have been told, and have given credit to, a great many things to which I never should have listened at all.





### FELINE AMENITIES.

*Lady Godiva de Rougepott.* "I DON'T THINK ANY PAINTING LOOKS WELL IN THIS HORRID ELECTRIC LIGHT!"  
*Hostess (nettled).* "DON'T YOU, DEAR? PERHAPS YOU WOULD PREFER TO REMAIN IN THE DRAWING-ROOM, WHERE THE LAMPS AND SHADES ARE!"

### THE FRUIT OF THE SESSION.

"To the bi-monthly exhibition of the Royal Horticultural Society the Marquis of SALISBURY sent a magnificent collection—of strawberries especially. Mr. W. H. SMITH showed specimens of the same luscious fruit, for which he received the thanks of the Society."—*Daily Telegraph.*

*Head-Gardener SM-TH soliloquiseeth:—*

OHO! my beauty! If you don't get a fust prize, and "receive the thanks of the Society" I'm a cowcumber! "The Fruits of Early Industry and Economy." Title of a picture by that splendid sample of the industrious and the economical, GEORGE MORLAND, I believe. Yes, that's it. My Industry and G-SCH-N's Economy.

We are a moral family;  
 We are, we are, we are!

All the cardinal virtues bound in—ahem! no matter. Talk of the Gigantic Gooseberry! What is that apocryphal monstrosity compared with this Brobdingnagian Berry? [Sings.

Bravo, my "British Queen"!  
 Long live my "British Queen"!  
 Brave "British Queen"!  
 Send it victorious,  
 First-Prizer glorious,  
 Fill Rads censorious  
 With envious spleen!

As you will, my Beauty! When did swaggering H-RC-RT's horticulture produce such goodly fruits? Or sour-mug'd M-RL-R's? Or leary L-RR's? Or Slawkenbergian M-ND-LLA's? Or even that of the Grand Old Grower, GL-DST-NE himself, with all his fluent patter about British Pomona, and the native Jam-pot?

I know the badly-beaten lot maintain that the plant is a "Sport" from an old purchase of their own. Bless you, they claim all the good stocks—always did. Who cares? My young floricultural friend, JOE of Birmingham, who knows a bit about fruits as well as concerning orchids, let me tell you,—JOE, I say, laughs their preposterous pretensions to scorn. Look at G-SCH-N's own particular plant there—a bit late, but very promising, and probably destined to take

a prize before the season's over. Didn't JOE recommend the stock to GL-DST-NE years ago? And didn't the haughty Hawarden horticulturist turn up his nose at it as an "Unauthorised" intruder upon his own Prize Programme? And, more by token, didn't JOE get the hump in consequence, cut the old connection, and set up on his own account in the forcing-house line, with a friendly leaning to our firm? Aha! "*Hinc ille lachrymæ.*" as the Guv'nor would say. Hence, also, this Colossal Strawberry!

Thanks of the Society? I should rather think so! They may chaff "OLD MORALITY" as much as they like—but morality *pays*, even in strawberry-growing; and my duty to my (British) Queen has brought about *this* triumph. Early Industry started it, and careful horticultural Economy brought it to its present pitch of perfection. Look at it! Size, shape, sweetness, scent, all superb! If the Season shouldn't produce another Prize-Winner, this alone ought to satisfy SOLLY. And if G-SCH-N's seedling, "Gratis," should turn out a triumph later on, why we shall score tremendously. Wish G-SCH-N would "sit up and snort" less, and smile more. Patience and plenty of sun! That's the tip for a horticulturist. Standing at the door and shying stones at your neighbour's glass-houses, won't make your own fruit ripen, if GEORGE JOKIM could only see it. As H-RT D-KE says, *tu quoques* are a nuisance, and want fumigating off the face of the earth. JOKIM and ARTHUR B-LF-R a bit too fond of 'em for my fancy. However, all the "you're anothers" on earth can't affect my Strawberry now, thanks be! The Fruit of the Season, though I say it who perhaps shouldn't.

[Sings.] From "Greenlands" sunny garden,  
 And vieta'd vitreous panes,  
 We mean to rival Hawarden,  
 In glories and in gains.  
 I have produced, Sweet WILL-I-AM,  
 This Giant Strawberry-ry,  
 In horticultural skill I am  
 A match for W. G.!

[Left chortling.

THE VERY LAST ON THE 'BUS STRIKE.—After the comparative quiet of last week, the streets of London will now be as 'bussy as ever.





## THE FRUIT OF THE SESSION.

W. H. SMITH (Head Gardener and Prize Exhibitor). "HAD TO NIP OFF A LOT OF BLOOMS TO GET HIM UP TO THIS SIZE!!"

"At the Bimonthly Exhibition of the Royal Horticultural Society . . . Mr. W. H. SMITH showed specimens of the same luscious fruit"—strawberries—"for which he received the thanks of the Society."—*Daily Telegraph*, Wednesday, June 10.









### SHORT-LIVED PLEASURE.

PORTRAIT OF A LITERARY FRIEND, WHO, LIVING IN A MAIN THOROUGHFARE, WAS AN ARDENT SUPPORTER OF THE 'BUS STRIKE, SUBSCRIBED TO ITS FUNDS, AND HOPED IT MIGHT LONG CONTINUE. HE SAYS HE HASN'T HAD SUCH A QUIET TIME WITH HIS BOOKS FOR YEARS. BUT ALAS! SINCE LAST SUNDAY HE HAS NOT SMILED AGAIN.

### LE PRINCE S'AMUSE.

*An Apologetic Idyl.*

My life is held to be a round of Pleasures ;  
All I can say is, they who thus would rate it,  
For life's delights have most peculiar measures :  
For though in plainest English they don't state it,  
'Tis clear "no recreation" meets their views,  
Or why that sneering cry, "*Le Prince s'amuse ?*"

Or do they think a Prince, without repining,  
Foundation-stones unceasingly is laying,  
Rewarded with a glut of public dining,  
The pangs of hunger ever to be staying,  
Is recreation such as he would choose ?  
If so—I understand "*Le Prince s'amuse !*"

But how a world that notes his daily doing,  
The everlasting round of weary function,—  
The health-returns, speeches, interviewings,  
Can grudge him some relief, without compunction,  
Seems quite to me "another pair of shoes !"  
Dyspeptic is that cry, "*Le Prince s'amuse !*"

### THE MODERN BRIGAND.

*(Fragment from the Adventures of a Ransomed Prisoner.)*

I MUST confess I was agreeably surprised at the treatment to which I was subjected by my capturers. Instead of being loaded with chains and confined in a cell beneath the castle's moat, I was given perfect liberty, and had quite a pleasant suite of rooms. I should scarcely have known that I was in durance had not one of the less refined of the brigands shown me a revolver, and playfully informed me that its contents were intended for me if I attempted to escape. The Chief was absolutely charming. He treated me in the most courteous manner, and ended his first interview with me by requesting "the honour of my company at dinner."

"You need not dress!" he observed, "although I like to put on a tail-coat myself. But I know that you have had some difficulty with my people about your luggage, and so I shall be only too delighted to excuse *grande tenue*."

The "difficulty" to which my host referred was the seizing of my portmanteau by the gang of thieves of which he was the acknowledged head. I suggested that I might possibly recover some of its contents.

"I am afraid not," returned the Chieftain. "You see my people are very methodical, and by this time I fear all the goods will have been sold. The motto of the Club is 'small profits and quick returns.' We find no difficulty in trading. As we carry on business on the most economical principles, we can quote prices even cheaper than the Stores."

And this I found to be the case. Although the brigands were very civil to me, I was unable to trace any of my property. However, as my host in the kindest manner had allowed me to dispense with ceremony, I ventured to appear at dinner-time in my ordinary tourist's dress.

"I am delighted to see you," said the Chief, speaking English for the first time, "as you are now my guest, I must confess that we are fellow countrymen."

"Indeed!" I replied, considerably astonished. "If you are really of British nationality, how is it that I find you a professional thief?"

"You are mistaken," returned the Chief. "I merely belong to a society for the redistribution of capital. You know we are all balloted for, and I was myself afraid that I might get pilled."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, in a tone of surprise. "Surely your accomplishments—for I noticed, on my arrival, that you were a first-rate hand at lawn tennis, and played the flute—would have secured your admission?"

"Well," he returned with a smile, "I fancy they helped me with the Committee. But unhappily my antecedents were bad—I had made a fortune on the London Stock Exchange, and my books were scarcely as satisfactory as our bandit auditors could have desired them to be. However they took a kindly view of the case, and allowed me to pass through. But pardon me, I see your ransom has arrived. I am afraid I must say good bye. A pleasant journey."

And shaking me warmly by the hand, he helped me into the conveyance that was to take me back to home and freedom. I have never seen him since.

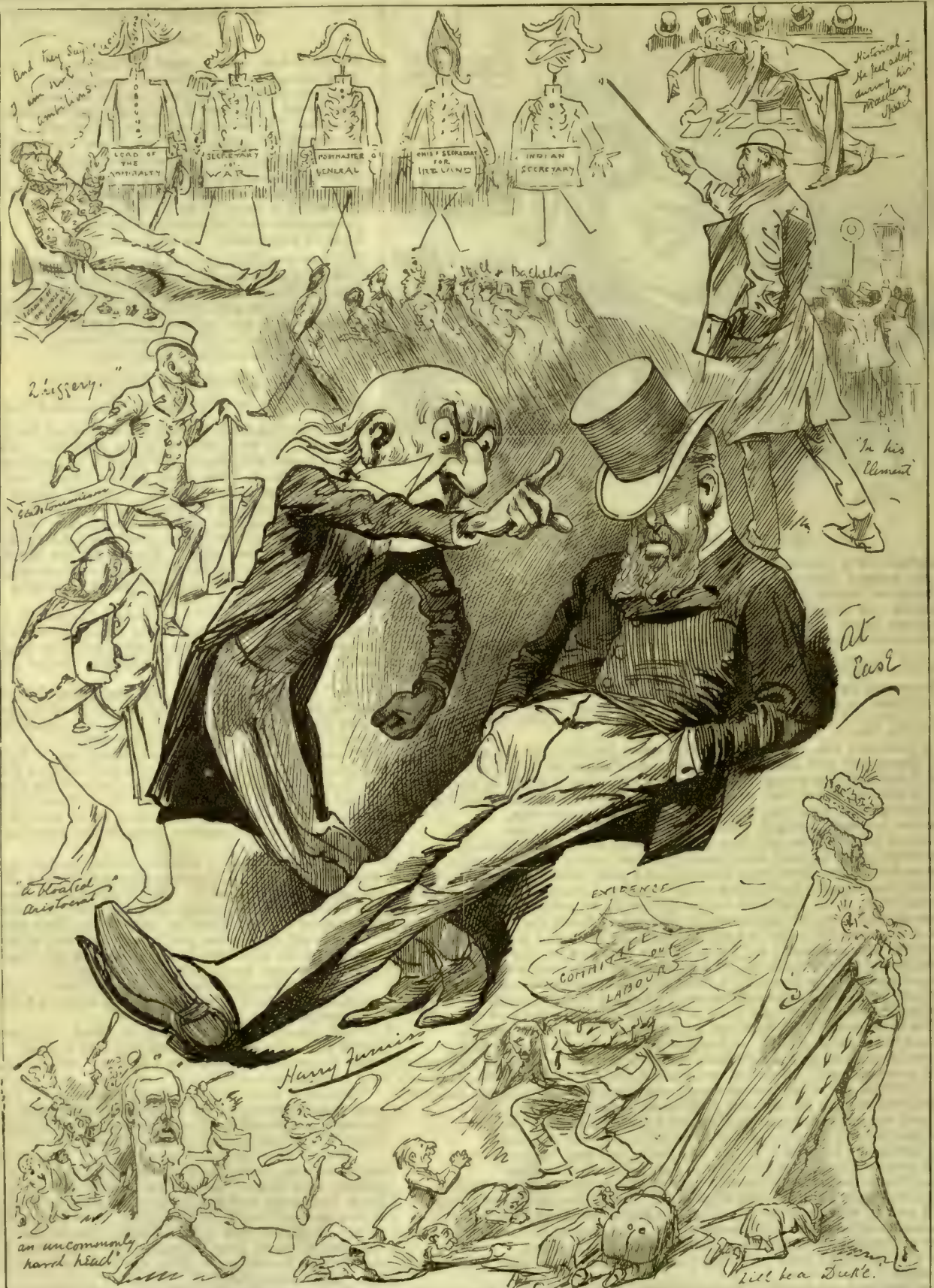
### MRS. GINGHAM ON THE GREAT 'BUS QUESTION.

"The demand for 'Buses is immensely stimulated by their presence, and when they are no longer there, the people who thought them indispensable get on very well indeed without them... Under the influence of penny fares, Londoners are rapidly forgetting how to walk."—*The Times*.

Ah! it's all very fine, my good Sir, whosoever you are as writes such, But of decent poor folk and their needs it is plain as you do not know much. Which I ain't quite so young as I was, nor as light, nor as smart on my feet, And you may not know quite what it is to be out late o' night and dead beat, Out lalington way, arter ten, with a bundle, a child, and a cage, As canaries is skeery at night, and a seven mile walk, at my age, All along of no 'Bus to be had, love or money, and cabs that there dear, And a stitch in my side and short breath, ain't as nice as you fancy,—no fear! Likeways look at my JOHN every morning, ah! rain, hail or shine, up to town, With no trams running handy, and corns! As I sez to my friend Mrs. Brown, Bless the 'Buses, I sez, they're a boon to poor souls, as must travel at times, And we can't all keep kerridges neither, wus luck! Penny Fares ain't no crimes, If you ask me, as did ought to know. Which my feelings I own it does rouse To hear big-wigs a-sneering at 'Buses. There may be a bit of a scrounge, And the smell of damp straw mixed with pep'mint ain't nice to a dalcot nose, Likeways neat "Oh be Joyful's" a thing as with orange and snuff hardly goes. But we ain't all rekerky nor rich, we can't all afford sixpence a mile, And when we are old, late, and tired, or it's wet, we can't think about *style*. The 'Bus is the poor body's kerridge, young feller—and as for your talk About not never missing a lift, or forgetting—dear sakes!—*how* to walk, And the nice quiet streets and all that; why it's clear you ain't been a poor clerk With a precious small "screw," in wet weather. Ah! you wouldn't find it no lark With thin boots and a 'ard 'acking cough, and three mile every day to and thro', Or a puffy old woman like me, out at Witsuntide waiting Joz, (My young son in the greengrocer line); or a governess, peaky and pale, As has just overslep herself slightly, and can't git by cab or by rail. "Ugly lumbering vehicles?" Ah! and we're ugly and 'umbering too, A lot of us poor Penny 'Bus fares, as isn't high-born or true-blue. But the 'Bus is our help. Wery like some do ride as had far better walk, Whether tip-topsy swells or poor shep-girls. But all that is trumperry talk. What I ask is, why shouldn't the 'Buses be kept a bit reglar, like Cabs, In the matter of fares and of distances? Oh, a old woman it erabs To hear of Perrietors pinching pere fellers as drive or conduck, While the "Pirates" play up merry mag with the poor helpless fare, as gets stuck

Betwixt Dividend-grinders and Strikers? It ought to be altered, I say. Whilst they talk of what 'Bus-folk should earn, they forget the pore Public—who pay!





ALL-ROUND POLITICIANS.—HARTINGTONIANA.



## A COY COLOSSUS.

PARIS, June 15.—It is stated here, on no authority whatever, that when the Czar was recently visiting the French Exhibition at Moscow, his Imperial Majesty was heard to remark, "This makes me desire to see the Boulevards again." A visit of the ruler of Russia to Paris during the Summer is therefore considered to be certain. An offensive and defensive Alliance between the two countries is said to be on the point of signature.

A few evenings ago, in a low café in Belleville, M. NOKASHIKOFF, who left St. Petersburg lately to escape his creditors, and who conceived the happy idea of raising a little money by walking to Paris in a sack composed of the French and Russian national flags stitched together, was entertained to supper by his Gallic admirers. The proceedings, especially towards midnight, were very enthusiastic. Throughout the festivities, constant cries of "*Vive l'Alliance Franco-Russe!*" were raised. This incident is said to have placed the immediate signature of the Treaty between the Czar and President CARNOT beyond a doubt.

Last evening a foreigner, who by appearance would have been taken for a Muscovite, was walking along the asphalt, when he was surrounded by a crowd of persons crying "*Vive la Russie!*" The foreigner seemed both surprised and



## FANCY PORTRAIT.

(Dedicated to Lord Chief Justice Coleridge.)

"THE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF NOVA SCOTIA, PRIMATE OF THE ORDER OF THE SUN," CAUGHT CHEATING AT CARDS (HYPOTHETICALLY) BY THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, AND TAKEN, INSTANTANEOUSLY, BY OUR ARTIST.

annoyed by these attentions, and at length began to use his fists and his boots liberally on the ringleaders of the mob. This treatment, however, seemed only to increase their Russophil ardour, and the stranger was soon hoisted on to the shoulders of some of his foremost admirers, struggling violently. On the arrival of a gendarme, he explained that he was an English book-maker, and that "this bloomin' mob of boot-lickers had taken him for a bloomin' Russian!" The crowd shortly afterwards dispersed. The completion of the formal alliance between France and Russia is considered less certain than it was a few days ago.

The Frenchman, M. TÊTEBOIS, who recently attempted to walk on his head from Paris to Moscow, in order to show the sympathy felt in France for the Muscovite Empire, did not succeed in carrying out his design. He was stopped shortly after crossing the Russian frontier, imprisoned, and heavily ironed. After suffering in this way for a week, he was told that he must leave Russian territory within twenty-four hours, or else continue his journey to Siberia. On being appealed to, the Czar graciously extended the time given for quitting Russia to forty-eight hours. This Imperial clemency has caused the widest feeling of gratitude and satisfaction in France, and the signature of the definitive Alliance between the two countries is confidently expected at an exceedingly early date.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, June 8.—I knew DYKE first when (good many years ago now) as DIZZY's whip he hunted in couple with ROWLAND WINN; then always called HART DYKE. Like many other young men he has in interval lost his HART, and now known as Sir WILLIAM DYKE. Curious thing, as SARK reminds me, how absorbent is the name of WILLIAM. Quite probable that before *Black-Eyed Susan's* friend came prominently on the stage he had some other Christian name, sunk when he was promoted to shadow of yard-arm. Certainly there is an equally eminent man sitting opposite DYKE in House to-night, who like him is "Sir WILLIAM" to the present generation, and was VERNON HARCOURT to an elder one.

DYKE, under whatever name, done excellently well to-night. Holding comparatively minor appointment in Ministry, suddenly finds himself in charge of principal measure of Session. Handicapped, moreover, with recollections of time when he has uncompromisingly declared himself against the very principle he now embodies in Bill, and invites House to add to Statute Book.

That was first hedge for DYKE to take, and he went over in plucky style that threw the scorner off his trail. Didn't live in close communication with DIZZY through six long years for nothing. Not likely to forget what happened in very earliest days of Parliament of 1874, when DIZZY for first time found himself not only in office but in power. During election campaign DIZZY, speaking in the safety of Buckinghamshire, had made some wild statement about easing the chains of Ireland. Simply designed to gain Irish vote; forgotten as soon as spoken. But ROBERT MONTAGU—where, by the way, is ROBERT MONTAGU?—treasured these things up in his heart, and when DIZZY appeared in the House, Leader of triumphant majority, asked him what he was going to do about it?

"It is sometime since the observations referred to were made," said DIZZY, "and—er—a good deal has happened in the interval."

DYKE, recalling and admitting his former statements on Free Education, did not attempt to minimise their import. "But," he said, button-holing House as it were, and treating it quite confidentially, "the fact is we all change our minds." House laughed at this as it had laughed at DIZZY seventeen years ago, and DYKE, absolved and encouraged, went forward with his speech.

Not a brilliant oration in any way; neither exordium nor peroration, and the middle occasionally a little mixed. But a good sensible straightforward speech, and if DYKE had done no more than show that an important Ministerial measure could be explained within limit of an hour, he would not have lived in vain.

*Business done.*—Education Bill introduced.

*Tuesday.*—Nothing at first sight in personal appearance of HERBERT THOMAS KNATCHBULL-HUGHESSEN that suggests a swan. Fancy I have heard something of these birds being addicted to the habit of breaking forth into song when convinced of approaching dissolution. That, I suppose, is how the swan was suggested to the mind when just now, KNATCHBULL-HUGHESSEN rose from behind Ministers, and began to chant his threnody. Resolution on which Education Bill grafted brought up for report stage; agreed to, and HART DYKE about to bring in his Bill. Then from the back seat rose a sturdy yeoman figure, and a powerful voice was uplifted in denunciation of the Bill and of a Ministry that had betrayed the trust of the Conservative Party. It was, so the swan sang, a step on the road to Socialism. He feared it had come to pass that dangerous measures are more likely to emanate from the Treasury Bench than from the Front Bench opposite.

Liberals roared with delighted laughter and cheers; the Conservatives sat glum and ill-at-ease. OLD MORALITY's white teeth gleamed with a spasmodic smile. As for JOXIM he folded his arms, and bit his lips and frowned.

"What antiquated nonsense this is!" he muttered. "of course Free Education is not a Conservative principle. They all protested against it at the General Election. A year earlier I, who happened at the time to be numbered in the Liberal ranks, put my back



against the wall, and, picturing the evils that would befall my country if its institutions were thus demoralised, I said I would die before I would lend a hand to free the schools. But you see, TOBY, I haven't died, and that changes the whole situation. Not only



"A Progressive Conservative." (Vide Dod.)

enables me to retain my place in Government bringing in Free Education, but permits me, as CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, actually to find the means for carrying out the system. Can't understand a fellow like this KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN sticking to his principles when it becomes expedient to swallow them. He's a disgrace to a family that counts BRABOURNE as its head."

"HUGESSEN's a good fellow," said ISAACSON; "wears well, but is politically a fossil. Now I'm a progressive Conservative, which I think you'll find, TOBY, my boy, to be about the time of day."

*Business done.*—Assisted Education Bill; firmly led up to table by HART DYKE.

*Wednesday.*—Lively fight round Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. Ascot in vain held forth its attractions; supporters of the Bill hoped opponents would go; opponents came down rather expecting HENEGGE's virtue would have given way, and Ascot would have claimed him as its own. But everybody there—MAKINS's men with

long list of Amendments warranted to keep things going till half-past five, when progress must be reported, and chance of Bill for present Session lost. MAKINS himself in high oratorical feather. OSBOURNE-AP-MORGAN, having made a proposition and subsequently withdrawn it, MAKINS, putting on severest judicial aspect, observed, "It is all very well for the Right Hon. and learned Gentleman to make a legal JONAH of himself and swallow his opinions."

"Bless us all!" cried ROWNTREE, looking on with blank amazement, "MAKINS evidently thinks that JONAH swallowed the whale."

Bill seemed to shatter friendships and dis sever old alliances. SQUIRE of MALWOOD naturally at home in the fray, but rather startling to find HOME SECRETARY running amuck at CHAMBERLAIN. MATTHEWS in his most hoity-toity mood; quivered with indignation; thumped the table; shook a forensic forefinger at the undesignedly offending JOSEPH, and, generally, went on the rampage. As for



"Bless us all!"

HENEGGE, he filled up any little pause in uproar by diving in and moving the Closure. Once, whilst GEDGE was opposing an Amendment hostile to Bill, HENEGGE dashed in with his Closure motion. GEDGE's face a study; mingled surprise, indignation, and ineffable regret mantled his mobile front.

"To think," he said afterwards, "that just when I was coming to HENEGGE's help with an argument founded on profound study and pointed with legal lore, he should suddenly jump up, lower his head, and, as it were, butt me in the stomach with the Closure. It is more than I can at the moment comprehend."

GEDGE so flurried that when Members returned, after Division on Closure, he being, in accordance with the rule, seated and wearing his hat, wanted to argue out the question with COURTNEY.

"I submit, Sir," he said, "that the Hon. Member, in moving the Closure, controverted Rule 186."

The Chairman: "I think the Hon. Member can scarcely have read the Rule."

Mr. GEDGE: "I have read the Rule, Sir. This is what it says—" Chairman: "Order! Order!" and GEDGE subsided.

Then TOMLINSON fortuitously turning up on Treasury Bench, joined in conversation. But COURTNEY turned upon him with such a thunderous cry of "O der! Order!" that TOMLINSON visibly

shrivelled up, and his sentence, like the unfinished window in ALLADIN'S Tower, unfinished must remain.

Wrangling went on till a quarter past five, when TALBOT interposed, and with most funereal manner moved to report progress. HENEGGE almost mechanically lowered his head and had started to butt at TALBOT as he had upset GEDGE when he was providentially stopped and convinced that further struggle with obstruction was hopeless. So, Clause I, agreed to, Bill talked out. MAKINS, growing increasingly delightful, protested that a Bill that had been fifty years before the country, was not to be rushed through the House on a Wednesday afternoon. Argal, the more familiar the House is with the details of a measure, the more necessary is it to debate it.

*Business done.*—Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister. Banns again objected to.

*Saturday, 1.25 A.M.*—Land Bill just through report stage. Nothing left now but Third Reading. "Well, KNOX," said WINDBAG SEXTON, "that will be our last opportunity, and we must make the most of it. In meantime I think we've done pretty well. I'm especially pleased with you. You're a boy of great promise. If anything happened to me—a stray tack in the bench, or a pin maliciously directed, and the wind-bag were to collapse—you'd do capitally, till I got it repaired."

WINDBAG JUNIOR blushed. As OLD MORALITY remarks, Ingenueous youth delights in the Approbation of Seasoned Seniority.

*Business done.*—Land at last—I mean Land Purchase Bill through at last.

## THE GENERAL OF THE FUTURE.

SCENE—Tent in rear of a Battle-field. Political Officer in attendance upon Army, waiting for Military assistance.

*Political Officer (impatiently).* Now then, Orderly, have you not been able to secure a General for me?

*Orderly (saluting).* Beg pardon, Sir, but it's so difficult, since they have passed that new Royal Warrant, to know which is which.

*Pol. Off. (more impatiently).* Nonsense!—any General Officer will do. *Ord.* Very good, Sir.

[*Exit.* Political Officer stamps his foot irritably, when enter First General Officer, hurriedly.]

*First Gen. Off.* Well, Sir, how can I assist you?

*Pol. Off. (cordially).* Glad to see you, General. Fact is, supposing we arrange a treaty, do you think it would be wise to surrender the fortress on the right side of the river, if we retain the redoubt near the wood as a basis of operations? You see—

*First Gen. Off. (interrupting).* Very sorry, but don't know anything about it.

*Pol. Off. (annoyed).* But aren't you a General?

*First Gen. Off.* Certainly. General-Surgeon. Ta, ta! [*Exit.*]

*Pol. Off.* Well of all the—(*Enter Second Gen. Off.*) Well, Sir, what is it? Who are you?

*Second Gen. Off.* I am a General Officer, and I was told you required my poor services.

*Pol. Off.* So I do. The fact is, General, supposing we arrange a treaty, do you think it wise for us to surrender the fortress—

*Second Gen. Off. (interrupting).* Alas! my dear friend, I fear I can be of no help to you—it is entirely out of my line.

*Pol. Off. (annoyed).* But aren't you a General?

*Second Gen. Off.* Certainly. A General-Chaplain. Farewell, dear friend. [*Exit.*]

*Pol. Off.* Well of all the—(*Enter Third General Officer.*) Well, Sir, who and what are you?

*Third Gen. Off. (briskly).* A General. Now then, look sharp! No time to lose. Hear you require me. How can I help you?

*Pol. Off. (aside).* Ah, this is the sort of man I want! (*Aloud.*) Well then, General, we are arranging a treaty, and I want your advice about retaining a fortress on the right of the river—

*Third Gen. Off. (interrupting).* Sorry. Can't help! Not my province. Good bye! [*Exit.*]

*Pol. Off. (shouting after him).* But aren't you a General?

*Third Gen. Off. (voice heard in the distance).* Yes. General-Postman!

[*Scene closes in upon political official language unfit for publication.*]

MUSICAL NOTES.—*Saturday Afternoon.*—Albert Hall jubilant. M. PLANCON or PLANÇON—the production of the "c" depending on the state of his voice—was encored and "obliged again." So did Madame ALBANI, who was in superb voice. But her accompanist, M. CARRODUS, who had given us one violin *obbligato*, did not *obbligato* again, and so Madame sang, admirably of course, the ever-welcome "Home, Sweet Home." GIULIA RAVOGGI gave her great *Orfeo* song, and DEBRICLANUS, practising courtly attitudes, as one preparing to receive a German Emperor, smole beamingly on the gratified audience. At The Garden, *Mireille*, revived on Wednesday last, hasn't much life in her, but Miss EAMES charming.



## A WAIL FROM THE TUB.

A REMINISCENCE OF SUNDAY, THE 14TH OF JUNE.

SCENE.—Hyde Park. Demonstration in progress, with the not unreasonable object of inducing Parliament to extend the Factory Acts to small and insanitary laundries. A lengthy procession, composed of sympathetic Railway Workers, Cabmen, Journey-men Tailors, Gas Stokers, House-Decorators, Carpenters, &c., &c., all with resplendent banners and hired bands, has marched into the Park, together with some lorries and drags containing deputations of ladies from the laundry in the highest possible spirits. Once arrived, each platform chiefly concerns itself with the grievances of its own particular supporters, while a crowd of sightseers circulates, enjoying the oratory with a desultory impartiality. The usual silhouettes of gesticulating speakers appear like jerky clockwork figures above the throng. A crowd of Socialists are "remembering Chicago" in a corner. The chief centre of attraction is a drag occupied by a Philanthropic Young-lady Chairwoman, her chaperon, some leading laundresses, one or two male sympathisers, and a couple of reporters. The Chairwoman conducts the proceedings with the greatest possible tact and grace, but is slightly hampered by the levity of a crowd composed of factory-girls, semi-imbecile larrikins, and professional laundresses, whose burning anxiety for reform masks itself under a surface frivolity. In the neighbourhood is a lorry decorated with clean shirts, and occupied by young washerwomen fired by an enthusiasm which manifests itself in bursts of shrill cheering and lively interchange of chaff with the spectators. In the meantime, the business of this particular platform proceeds somewhat as follows:—

The Chairwoman (with patient good-humour). Now, I'm sure you'll all be as quiet as you can while I . . . (Hubbub, caused by a personal altercation between two Women in the crowd, and shouts of "Order!") Because really my doctor has ordered me not to speak in the open air at all . . . (Here an ill-conditioned female, taking offence for some inscrutable reason, remarks loudly, "Er doctor, indeed, she's a beauty. she is—'er and 'er doctor!") More calls to order, and extreme indignation of the ill-conditioned female at being informed that she is "no lady," and had "better 'old 'er jaw": ribald and utterly meaningless jests by the larrikins.) Order, please! (Imploringly.) I know you won't make it harder for me than you can help. (A young Lady in a very tall hat and feather is heard demanding that the Gentleman in front of her should remove his "bozer," on pain of obliging her to remove it herself; the question is argued at length.) . . . You all know the purpose for which we have . . . (Here an enthusiastic old Lady on the drag begins to cheer aimlessly, and wave a scrubbing-brush: the Laundresses on the lorry join in.) Well, we're going to ask Parliament . . . (Another female in crowd: "Ullo, there's Mrs. JINNINGS, along with the toffs! I want to 'ear Mrs. JINNINGS speak, I do!") . . . I shall now ask you to listen to a speaker—Mrs. GOFFIN—who has had several years' practical experience of laundry-work, and she will tell you, I am sure, what the hardships and injustices are which we are trying to put an end to.

[Mrs. GOFFIN, a stout, red-faced Lady, mounts the seat with a cheery confidence, amidst roars of laughter, and shouts of "Go it, old girl!" "Don't forget to send my shirt home next week!" &c., &c. The female in the crowd repeats her preference for Mrs. JINNINGS' oratory; a string of factory-girls, in high-feathered hats, having just elbowed their way into the throng, suddenly conceives a desire to "get a breath o' air somewhere," and accordingly push and trample their way out again with a Perthian discharge of refined railery—after which Mrs. GOFFIN's voice becomes audible.

Mrs. Goffin. Why, I've been and spoke to hover forty Members o' Parlyment on the subject myself, I 'ave, and they was all on our side, 'cept three or four, as was lawyers—and you know what they are! (The crowd expresses hearty disapproval of the Profession as a body.) One on 'em sez to me, "My good woman, I'm against 'aving the Factory Acts. I'm all for freedom, I am!" "So am I all for

freedom," I sez, "but . . . (Here another disturbance takes place: a little man, with red whiskers, has mildly objected to being leant upon by a burly stranger, who bawls—"What are you afraid on? You ain't bin fresh painted, 'ave yer! Are yer 'oller inside—or what? Ga arn—I never knoo a carrotty-'aired man good for anything yet," &c., &c.) Then there's Mr. MATTHEWS, the 'OME SECRETARY, 'e's against us, which I think 'e must be a woman-'ater hisself! (Feeling suggestion from crowd that the HOME SECRETARY has suffered a disillusion in his younger days.) But I was goin' to tell yer what we poor women 'ave got to put up with. Now there's a Mrs. HIRONMOULD, of Starch Row, Hacton Green, as I've worked for. (A Lady in crowd, who knows Mrs. H. "Ah, she's a beauty!" Cheers for Mrs. HIRONMOULD.) Well, I'll tell yer something about 'er—it'll jest show you what she is! Why, that woman, as I know myself, she aeshally . . . (She relates a personal and Rabelaisian reminiscence of Mrs. H., to the huge delight of the audience.) I'll tell yer another thing—I've worked for a man down at South End, Healing, and this'll show yer the amount o' hinsult and hill-treatment we 'ave to stand, and never say nothing to. I've seed 'im, hover and hover agen, walkin' about among us in his shirt-sleeves, with 'is braces 'angin' about 'is 'eels! (Cheers from the crowd; demonstration with scrubbing-brush by the old Lady in the drag.) I 'ave indeed, and I don't tell yer no lies. (Here a Lady in the crowd suddenly exhibits a tendency to harangue the public on her own wrongs, and has to be suppressed.) And that man 'e'd come up to me and say, "Ain't them shirts finished yet?" he sez. "No." I'd say to 'im, "they ain't, and I don't deceive yer." "It's time they was," he'd say. "Beggin' your pardon, I'd tell 'im, 'it's nothink o' the kind; and, if you don't believe my word, you may go and call your Missis out of the back kitchen, as knows more about it than you do!" An' are you goin' to tell me we ain't to 'ave a Factory Act, after that?

[She stands down, having made the speech of the afternoon, and is rewarded by approving cries of "Good old girl!"

An employer of labour is next introduced, and received at first with suspicion, until he explains that he is heart and soul with them, that he does not dread the application of the Factory Acts to his own establishment, and considers that it would be an excellent thing if all the smaller laundries were closed to-morrow, whereupon the ladies habitually employed in these places cheer him heartily.

A Common-Sense Speaker. It's all very well for you to come 'ere and protest against the laundresses workin' too long hours, but I tell yer this—it's yer own fault, it's the Public's fault. You will 'ave yer clean shirts and collars sent 'ome every week! (Several of the unwashed betray that this thrust has gone home.) A fortnight ain't a bit too long to wait for your linen! (Unanimous and hearty assent by people in dingy flannels.) And if some o' these swells and aristocrats weren't so partickler, and didn't send so much linen to the wash as they do, why, it stands to reason as the hours the washerwomen 'ud work 'ud be shorter!

[Chorus of agreement: sudden unpopularity—especially, oddly enough, with lighthearted young laundresses—of persons in the crowd whose collars are at all aggressive in their cleanliness: universal feeling that the blame has been fitted upon the right shoulders at last. More speeches; simultaneous passing of Resolution; the Processions march away with colours flying and bands playing, and, if they have succeeded in advancing the true interests of labour, no one will be more gratified than their friend, Mr. Punch.

## Joseph's Joust.

[Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, from the study of a certain "Liberal Leaflet" triumphantly draws the large conclusion that the Gladstonians have "dropped Home Rule.")

To "ride the high horse," my brave Brummagem boy,  
Is doubtless, to you, a delight and a joy;  
But little avails that equestrian quest,  
If the fruit of your ride is the merest "mare's nest."

APPROPRIATE FOR THE SULTRY SUMMER WEATHER.—The revival of Drink at Drury Lane. It ought to be "iced drink."



"I've been and spoke to hover forty Members o' Parlyment myself!"



# "PALMAM QUI MERUIT, FERAT!"

"It takes time to get over such journeys and such experiences."—Mrs. Grimwood on her Manipur adventures.

Mr. PUNCH,  
loquitur:—

TRUE, Madam, and  
tasteless would be  
the intrusion  
That tactlessly took  
no account of the  
time

The praises of  
Britons are yours,  
in profusion;

The blame for a  
blunder, the judg-  
ment for crime,  
Let Statesmen ap-  
portion; all know  
where the Honour  
In Manipur's ill-  
managed business  
is due;

And Punch, whose  
delight is of praise  
to be donor,  
Without hesitation  
awards it to you!

The terrible tale of  
that sudden  
disaster

Is vivid in memory,  
fresh on our ear;

We know how a  
tender-souled  
woman could  
master

The anguish of  
horror, the tremor  
of fear.

That short brave de-  
fence will long  
live in our story,

That long dread-  
ful march Eng-  
land will not for-  
get;

Though womanhood  
finds little comfort  
in glory,

For hearts that  
are aching and  
eyes that are wet.



Enough for to-day!  
When slow time  
has brought heal-  
ing.

The tale of those  
hours by your  
lips may be told.

But proud admira-  
tion will scarce  
brook concealing,

And Punch to  
express it is  
courteously bold.

He speaks for all  
England. For  
womanly valour:

We men have not  
shaped the right  
guerdon,—our  
loss!

A brave woman's  
heart flushing red  
o'er fear's pallor,  
Deserves—what  
Punch gives—the  
Victoria Cross!

"THEIR acquaint-  
ance," observed Coun-  
sel, in a recent Breach  
of Promise Case, "be-  
gan in a 'bus.' This  
may have been an  
error of expression,  
or a misprint, as  
"began with a buss"  
would have been more  
likely.

ANOTHER JUBILEE!  
—The Jubilee of the  
Cook Tourist System  
will be celebrated July  
22nd by a Banquet  
at the Métropole.  
The dinner ought to  
be à la 1 with such a  
Cook.

## SUMMERY MUMMERY.

I do not know how long the Summer Season at TERRY's, now being carried on by Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES, is to last, but with a little dexterous management there is no reason why this excellent form of entertainment should not go on all the year round. At 8 there is *The Lancashire Sailor*, by BRANDON THOMAS, which I didn't see; but have heard a first-rate report of it from those who have, and who "know." It might occasionally change places with *A Commission*. However, this is but a suggestion, as both the pieces I saw the other night will bear a second visit.

*A Commission* is a short one-act piece, with a sufficiently good plot, and every part in it a character, except "Parker, the Maid"—and here let me enter a solemn protest against the further use of "PARKER" as the name of a lady's-maid in farce or comedy. PARKER is played out. Let her be united to "CHARLES, his Friend," and let both enjoy their well-earned retirement from the stage.

Miss LILY HANBURY plays "*Mrs. Hemmersley*, a rich young widow," which cannot be described as "a poor part." With this LILY, who looks rich and is beautiful, the poor artist—a very poor artist—one *Marshall* (without a Christian name in the bill, so why not *Snelgrove Marshall*?) well played by Dr. FORBES DAWSON, falls desperately in love. WERDON GROSSMITH is very good as the servant—almost better as the servant than as the author of the piece, and that's saying a good deal.

The *Pantomime Rehearsal* is eminently funny; especially the first scene between the four men, Messrs. ELLIOT, DANEMORE, GROSSMITH, and BRANDON THOMAS. As for the last-mentioned, it is well worth a visit to this theatre to see Mr. BRANDON THOMAS in two pieces, first as the Model, and then as the Heavy Swell. It is a strong thing to say,

but I can call to mind no actor on the stage at the present moment who could in two different characters on the same night so completely and absolutely lose his identity,—for voice, manner, action, and of course appearance are all utterly changed,—as does Mr. BRANDON THOMAS as *Gloucester the Model*, and as *Captain Tom Robinson*.

All the ladies are good. Miss HELENA DACRE looks magnificent. Then Miss EDITH CHESTER combines prettiness with fun, and the duet between her and clever Miss LAURA LINDEN is enthusiastically *encored*—and deservedly so, for it is seldom that two young actresses will "go in" for a real genuine bit of nonsensical burlesque, and win. In fact it is all good, "and if our friends in front" will accept my tip, they will not find a more "summery" form of entertain-  
ment than at Mr. EDWARDES' TERRY's Theatre.

JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

## HOW IT HAPPENED;

Or, Many a Tru(ro) Word said in Jest.

"AND the See of Truro, your Gracious MAJESTY?" asked Lord SALISBURY, as he was packing up his portfolio, previous to leaving the Presence.

"Ah!" said the QUEEN, "for the moment I had forgot"—

"Quite so, your MAJESTY, if you will graciously pardon the inter-  
ruption," put in the PREMIER—"that's the very person I would suggest."

"Did I mention a name?" inquired the QUEEN, somewhat puzzled.

"Your MAJESTY," replied the noble Earl, "observed that 'you had forgot,' I would suggest that the Bishopric of Truro should be for Gorr." Of course it was at once settled, and a *congé d'élire* issued.



## ETON JUBILEE CURIOSITIES.

[If the following have been omitted from the Catalogue, any visitor to Eton is entitled to call on the Provost, Fellows, and Head Master, and ask for an explanation.]

1. "I'm Monarch of all I Survey." Original copy of ballad sung by the First Eton Ten-oar.

2. Old Sketch (landscape) of the Very Cross Roads near Surley Hall. Also portrait of SURLEY HALL himself.

3. *A Night on the Brocas.* Old poem, supposed to be the original of the scene "on the Brocken" in *Faust*. A curious mistake of GOETHE's, probably due to his not having been educated at Eton.

4. The original "funny" owned by Master JOSEPH MILLER, supposed to have provided him with the notion for his first jest.

Also the original jest itself, bottled in high spirits, and in a fair state of preservation. As clearly as can be deciphered, the legend is something about "an Indian," "an earman," and "feathering a skull," or "skull."

5. A dissertation on the text that "The weakest goes to the Wall," showing how this proverb has been for many years directly contradicted, not only in theory but in practice during the Foot-ball



FLOREAT ETONA!

Mr. Punch (to King Henry's "holy shade"). "CONGRATULATIONS, YOUR MAJESTY, ON THE 400TH ANNIVERSARY!"

time; it being at Eton the strongest who invariably go to "the Wall."

6. A finely illustrated poem on a bathing subject. It is called "The Passing of Arthur." The picture shows the Masters on the bank at Cuckoo Ware, while one small national Candidate is still in a punt shiveringly awaiting the command to jump in again and swim the regulation distance. From the title, it may be taken for granted that this ARTHUR did "pass" after all. Poor little chap!

7. "Going a Cropper off the Acropperis at Athens." Another bathing subject—unsigned.

MOMUS on Manipur.

SENTIMENT, GHOST, to your stern soul,  
May seem a "Simple Simon;"  
But if there be a cheaper rôle,  
'Tis that of twopenny Timon!

TWIN MOTTO. — "You mustn't speak to the Man at the Wheel" has become a proverbial expression. It stood alone. Now it has a companion; it comes from the hand of "A Master." It is, "You must not speak to the Gentlemen of the Jury." The exceptions which prove this rule are in favour of the Judge, the Counsel, the Clerk, and the Usher.

## THE LOST SERGEANT.

[In a recent case before Mr. Justice CHITTY, a doubt was expressed as to whether there was still such an officer as the Sergeant-at-Arms attending the Courts. His services had not been required since 1879. After some inquiry, however, he was discovered.]

SERGEANT-AT-ARMS, where wert thou?  
Haply pensioned

In some remote and solitary spot;  
By lips judicial never even mentioned,  
The Courts forgetting, by the Courts forgot.  
Far from thy kind in some provincial village,  
Didst thou devote thy hoary age to tillage?

Didst thou, perchance to lower heights declining

Lately, as busman, strike for higher pay?

Or, to the lash of fate thy soul resigning,

Wear a red cap and drive a brewer's dray?

Or didst thou on a hansom seek to fleece men,

And scorn the fair, and battle with policemen?

Or, didst thou play (as often I have seen a

Musician play in snow, or sleet, or rain)

The cornet or expansive concertina

Outside a public-house, and all in vain?

Music hath charms, but public-house men

mock it,

Let loose an oath, but button up their pocket.

Or, didst thou write, as some have done, a

shocker,  
And sell it on the stalls of Mr. SMITH?

## ANCIENT "BLOCK SYSTEM" AT ETON.



The Head Master. "Here's wishing you well!"

N.B.—The rod may not be a *whash-simile* of the original, but our old Eton Boy says it is quite near enough, and, "in his position at the time," as he adds with truth, "it was impossible to see it."

Or, write us versicles like FREDERICK LOCKER,  
Or, ANDREW-LANG-like, talk about a myth?  
Or, by thine own success amazed and  
staggered,  
Make Zulus make thee rich, like Mr.  
HAGGARD?

Or, like BUCHANAN, didst thou quite exhaust  
in

One volume such abuse as fits a barge?

Twitter and chirp like Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN,

Or make a trifle mystically large,

Like SWINBURNE, round whose verse the fog

grows stronger

Just in proportion as his lines are longer?

Whate'er thou didst, where'er thou wert,

we found thee.

"Behold!" we cried, "the Sergeant re-

appears."

Let not our welcome overmuch astound thee,

Whom we have missed through twelve

unhappy years.

Restored at length to England, home, and

beauty,

Sergeant-at-Arms advance, and do thy duty!

THE 'BUS STRIKE being at an end, the news-

papers will discontinue writing *de Omnibus*

rebus, and must employ themselves upon

quibusdam aliis.

"JUST A GOIN' TO BEGIN."—The Fourth

Centenary of the Foundation of Eton College

is the Festival of the First Saint's Enery.



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 15.—RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN back to-night, after long absence. Been up the Nile, calling on PROLEMY and PHARAOH, and visiting scenes connected with the early life of Brother JOSEPH. Much enjoyed the trip; entered House to-night full of life and energy; suddenly pulled up; hair rose; flesh crept; blood chilled. Was it true? Could it be possible? Yes; no doubt about it. There was Prince ARTHUR still lounging on Treasury Bench with MADDEN in reserve. About a score of Members present, including WINDBAG SEXTON, looking on with his irritating smile of supreme superiority, whilst SAGE of QUEEN ANNE'S GATE moved rejection of Irish Land Purchase Bill.

"Why!" exclaimed Brother DICK, his hair still visibly rising, "when I was here last, weeks and months ago, they were discussing Irish Land Bill; Prince ARTHUR sprawled on Treasury Bench; LABBY was denouncing the Bill as pernicious; and SEXTON, having just sat down and just going to follow, looked on with sort of pitying toleration of other people who assumed to know anything of the Bill. Do I dream, or are there visions about? Think I'll go and pinch JESSE COLLINGS, and see if I'm awake."

Yes; wide awake; no mistake about the situation; still harping on the Irish Land Bill; but, thank a merciful Providence, this is the last night. JOHN MORLEY, who never shrinks from call of duty, rises, and makes one of those formal, official, somewhat tiresome protests, recapitulating objections which everyone only too familiar with through this gruesome spring and saddened summer. Then SAGE of QUEEN ANNE'S GATE cracks a few jokes; MORTON appears on scene; attempt made to Count Out; talk kept going through dinner hour. At eleven o'clock Prince ARTHUR rises; benches fill up; then, when everyone ready for Division, strangers in Gallery startled by mighty roar of execration; looking round with startled gaze in search of explanation, discover at corner-seat below Gangway a dapper figure uplifted on supernaturally high-heeled boots, with trousers tightly drawn to display proportions of limbs that would have made *Sim Tappertit* green with envy; a black frock coat, buff waistcoat, coloured tie, a high collar, a wizened countenance, just now wrinkled with spasmodic contortion, kindly meant for an ingratiating smile.

This is SEYMOUR KEAY. House may roar at him as the dog that crosses the Epsom Course when the bell rings for the Derby is howled at. He has, in return for the contumely, only a smile, a deprecatory wave of the hand and a speech. House keeps up the roar; KEAY waves his ringed hand, nods pleasantly at the SPEAKER, and at anything approaching a lull, shouts half a sentence at top of his voice. For full ten minutes contest continued. Then SPEAKER rises; KEAY sits down, glad of interval of rest, and hopeful that SPEAKER is about to rebuke his interrupters.

"The question is," said the SPEAKER, "that this Bill be now read a Third Time." Before KEAY realised situation, House is cleared for Division, and his final speech on Land Purchase Bill remains unspoken.

*Business done.*—Irish Land Bill read a Third Time by 225 votes against 96.

*Tuesday.*—GORST gave House to-night thorough surprise. The SQUIRE of MALWOOD brought on Manipur business; moved Resolution asking for more papers. Incidentally indicted the Government at home and in India. GORST put up to reply. An average Minister would have made an ordinary speech; GORST's reply accepted by common consent as the most extraordinary ever heard from the Treasury Bench since DIZZY left it. Instead of evading responsibilities, colouring facts, doing what Ministers usually do when in a fix, GORST simply, boldly, cynically, told the truth. The SENAPATTI of MANIPUR was an ambitious, capable, popular man who might breed mischief for the rule of the EMPRESS OF INDIA. So the SENAPATTI must be got rid of at earliest possible moment, and in most absolutely complete fashion. Arbitrary this; tyrannical perhaps; unjust possibly. None of GORST's business to defend or extenuate it. All he could say was it is not a new thing; done wherever British flag waves under foreign skies; in New Zealand with the Maori Kung; in South Africa with CRUQUAY; in Egypt with ARABI; in the Soudan with ZEREHR. "In India," said GORST, leaning his elbow lightly on the table, "they have always hated and discouraged independent and original talent; always loved and promoted mediocrity."

As he finished this pregnant and delightful aphorism, GORST looked up at the Peers' Gallery, where sat his Chief, GRAND CROSS, successor of CLIVE in the Government of India. His glance travelled

downward, till it rested on the Treasury Bench, and fell gently on the figure of OLD MORALITY.

How DIZZY would have delighted in this speech, with this last exquisite touch! The SQUIRE of MALWOOD, in his secret breast, not less appreciative; but debate must be kept up, and he joined in the hue and cry with which Mediocrity resented this fresh and original way of treating things. Even CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN shook his head. "It is brilliant," he said, "but it is not discretion."

*Business done.*—A good deal.

*Thursday.*—Government met with awkward defeat on Factories Bill. Not quite certain to whom they chiefly owe it, whether to GORST or MATTHEWS. Question arose on SYDNEY BUXTON's Amendment, raising the age of child-labourers to a minimum of eleven years. Debate lasted all night; a pleasant contrast to the unreality of Irish Debate; Benches crowded; audience interested; speeches practical; GORST in attendance, though doubtful whether he would speak. Usually sits in modest retirement under shadow of SPEAKER's Chair. To-night marked slight difference of opinion from his colleagues by taking up corner-seat on Treasury Bench by Gangway, quite out of reach of hand-shake from HOME SECRETARY.

MUNDELLA, longing to be at MATTHEWS, waiting on Front Opposition Bench; MATTHEWS, earnestly desiring collision with MUNDELLA, lingered the long night through on Treasury Bench. At last dragged into arena by JOHN MORLEY. Painfully conscious of GORST on his right hand. Why couldn't he go away? Why sit there smiling when MATTHEWS floundered, and why turn over the pages of the Blue Book with such subtle air of contradiction when MATTHEWS quoted from proceedings of Berlin Conference?

As midnight drew on, excitement increased. Uncertain how Division would go, Rumours of possible defeat of the Government; AKERS-DOUGLAS moving about smiling; therefore all must be well. House surging with excitement; movement to and fro; a buzz of conversation rising above the voice of Member addressing the Chair. Only one placid figure under the glass roof. Seated in side Gallery facing Treasury Bench was J. S. BALFOUR; (no relation of Prince ARTHUR's, *bien entendu*) Question put; Division bell rang; the bustle of eight hundred departing feet disturbed J. S. B., and, stepping carefully down from the inconveniently high Bench, he walked out to take part in the Division.

"All very well, dear TOBY," he said, "talking about eleven being the age for half-timers."

Eleven seems to me about the figure at which we should knock off here. When it gets on to twelve in this hot weather, I almost feel as if I could go to sleep." *Business done.*—SYDNEY BUXTON's Amendment to Factories Bill carried by 202 Votes against 186.

*Friday.*—Question to-night, how would Government take their defeat of yesterday? Soon settled; at earliest moment MATTHEWS appeared at table, announced that Government "fully and cordially" accepted decision of House. It was true that they had resisted, with fullest strength, SYDNEY BUXTON's proposal. He himself, in powerful speech, had demonstrated that, if Amendment were added to the Bill, the heavens would fall, and the British Empire would stagger to its doom. But that only his play; GORST really obliged to the House for beating them, and Clause would be added to Bill. Done accordingly. Report stage of Factories' Bill run through, and Third Reading taken.

Odd thing befell the universe last week. Happening to mention in this Diary WOOTON ISAACSON, Member for Tower Hamlets, the dissolute Artist drew fancy portrait of LEWIS ISAACS, Member for Newington; labelled it from *Dod*, "A Progressive Conservative." Oddly enough, both ISAACS and ISAACSON write themselves down in *Dod* "A Progressive Conservative." So our Artist (occasionally quite clear-headed), got mixed up with the family; descended, so to speak, from ISAAC to ISAAC'S SON. Not quite sure to which apology is due. Just as well to mention it, so that, when the New Zealander reads his *Punch* a century or two hence, he may have a clear conception of the actuality. *Business done.*—Quite a lot.

MORE RUSSIAN TYRANNY.—*Punch* is not admitted into Russia unless bound.



Brother Dick.



No Relation of Prince Arthur's.



## "THE SHODKIN."

[In a Jewish divorce case it was alleged that the petitioner and respondent had been brought together by a "Shodkin." The Shodkin, it was explained, was a person who brought about marriages between members of the Jewish community, and was paid a fee by one or both the parties.]

"I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word."—*Merchant of Venice*.

"GIVE me new rhymes," the poet cries,

"I want another rhyme for 'bodkin,'"

And here comes dropping from the skies

That comfortable word, "the Shodkin."

Long have I racked my brain for rhymes,

I tried to drag in Mr. GODKIN;

On Friday last I read my *Times*,  
*Eureka!* down it goes—the Shodkin.

We live by verse, and how shall we

This Hebrew middle-man disparage,

To whom religion grants a fee,  
Paid by both sides, for making marriage?

Nay, Jew, we thank thee for the word,

For Fate two Jews might haply sever;

The busy Shodkin comes as third,  
And swiftly makes them one for ever.

## AN OPERATIC PUZZLE.

I HAD been informed that it was no use buying a book of *Mireille*, as those sold in the house were of a somewhat light and mis-leading character. So I didn't. But I had a programme, and fortunately I was able to recognise most of the singers in spite of their disguise. Also I comforted myself with the official information that the piece was to be performed, "by desire, in French." "Oh!" says I, to myself, "there is some sensible person on the Committee who doesn't understand Italian, and prefers French as she is sung." However, I recognised but one of the Covent Garden Committee men present, and he was there only in a casual sort of way. *DEURIOPLANUS* wasn't *en évidence*; probably at home rehearsing various effects with a view to receiving the Imperial Majesty of Germany. These receptions, including "such a getting up (and down) stairs," walking with crab-like action, require a lot of rehearsal, not to mention the management of a sword which is apt to be dangerous only to the wearer, and the carrying off wax-lights, the effect of which on his official Court dress may recall to the mind of the Operatic Manager the celebrated name of *GRISL*. There was no one in authority to tell me anything about *Mireille*, and this is what I made out of the plot.

*Mireille*, Miss EAMES, charming throughout, is a happy peasant in beautiful little patent leather shoes, which, I hope, are as easy as apparently are her circumstances. She is beloved by one *Vincent*, pronounced *Van Song*, a peasant of a rather Whitechapellish—coastermon-gerish-out-on-a-Sunday appearance, but picturesque withal. They are engaged; at least, if they are not they ought to be. Then comes a handsome elderly lady, disguised like a fairy godmother in a pantomime before she throws off her hood and announces her real character, and this lady, called *Taven* in the bill, is *Mlle. PASSAMA*, who sings a song about a *papillon*, for what particular reason I do not know, except to please the audience, which it did, being encoored, and to puzzle *Mireille*, in which it also succeeded, if I might judge by Miss EAMES's expressive countenance. And here I must observe that I found my intimate acquaintance with the French language almost useless, for except an occasional "oui," given, as *Jeames* has it, "in excellent French," and for some allusions to "le papillon" just mentioned, and "et alors"—which didn't help me much, even when given twice most dramatically by M. ISNARDON,—I couldn't catch a single word, and as far as libretto went, it might have been, for me personally, given in double-Dutch, or the dialect of a South-African tribe.

On the disappearance of *Taven*,—[she didn't take off her cloak, and wasn't a fairy, which rather put me off the scent, I admit,]—in comes a gorgeous person, six feet high at least, and stout in propor-

tion, who, as I gathered from the programme, was *Ourrias* (what a name!), played by Signor *CERSA*, and sung with a kind of double vibrato stop in his organ, which seemed, when turned on full, to make the upper boxes quiver. Well, in he comes, and tells *Mireille* something—what, I don't know—but this is how the row began, as, in less than five minutes, two old men, one M. ISNARDON, dramatic and in tune, and the other, not mentioned in my programme, and therefore pardonably somewhat out of tune, enter and commence a rumpus; what the difficulty was all about I am not clear, but the upshot was that the old man in tune cursed his daughter, and the old man out of tune held back his son *VINCENT*, and prevented him from first assaulting and then being assaulted by the irate *Maitre Ramon*, i.e., M. ISNARDON. The Chorus of Unhappy Villagers forms *tableau*. End of Act the Second; in Act the First there was no action at all, and everything had gone off as pleasantly as possible.

Then, in Act III., there is a sandy desert—where?—Egypt?—Heaven, *AUGUSTUS HARRIS*, and the scene-painter, only know—and here comes on a mighty illigant shepherd with a pipe—to play, not to smoke—and one clever person near me was sure it was Miss EAMES in disguise, but it turned out to be Miss *REGINA PINKERT*, a piper of whom some present would willingly have paid to hear a little more; but she vanished, probably in search of her flock in the desert,—by the way, an excellent place for golf this desert,—and then in came *Mireille* and *Taven*, when the latter, I fancy, tells *Mireille* of the crime she has witnessed in the previous scene, which, I regret to say, I have omitted to mention from motives of delicacy. But alas! I can no longer conceal the fact. In that previous scene *Mr. Ourrias* had behaved very badly in first losing his temper, and then sticking a dagger into poor *Vincent Lubert*, who fell down behind a rock, presumably dead.

The golf-ground is cleared off, and we are back again in front of the village church. But at this moment a person, who knew all about it, whispered, "If you want to get your cab, and escape the crush, now's the time, as the Opera is just over." So I hurried off, and to this moment I haven't the faintest idea how it all ended, and I don't quite understand how it began. However, I have recorded my impressions, confused probably, but—the music is very pretty, and Miss EAMES very charming.



The Happy Peasant Boy with his Long Pipe.

## PARENTAL AUTHORITY.

*Typical British Father* (according to the *Home Secretary*). Now, come, JANE and JIM, bundle up to your work. Look sharp!

*Government Inspector*. No, Mr. SIKES, I think not. Your youngsters have not touched eleven yet.

*Typical British Father*. But they're over ten.

*Government Inspector*. That don't matter. The age is altered. You'll just send your young kids back to the Board School again.

*Typical British Father*. Well, I call it downright robbery. Why, they supports me, they do; and what more fitter work can you find for the kids, but to support their parents with the sweat of their brow. Why, I thought the 'OME SECRETARY was all on our side.

*Government Inspector*. Well, he's been beat, that's all. The country don't see the fun of sending children of tender years away from their proper training, to wear out their young bodies and poison their young systems in beastly close, ill-ventilated work-rooms, and all just to bring in an extra bit of money to enable their parents, like you, to laze and loaf at home, and, maybe, spend their hard-earned wage on drink. However, you'll have to dock it, Mr. SIKES.

*Typical British Father*. Well, I call it downright bloomin' robbery. It's more. It's a invasion of the sacred rights of the British working man's domestic home. It's a infringement of the liberty of the subject, that's wot it is. It's a teaching the young 'uns rebellion against their natural protectors. It's a bloomin' shame!

[*Government Inspector leads them off delighted. Typical British Father left swearing.*]

UNSELFISH HELP BY SMILES.—"Dr. QUAIN's advice to doctors," says Mr. JAMES PAYN in the *Illustrated London News*, "always 'to look cheerful,' ought to be written in letters of gold." So it is: in notes, or cheques. When the eminent novelist has to send for Dr. QUAIN, the latter will beam on him, and tell him a good story. The labour he delights in will "physio PAYN."





### THE EGOISM OF GENIUS.

*Fond Mother.* "DON'T YOU WANT TO SEE THE EVENING PAPERS, MORTIMER?"

*Minimus Poet.* "WHY, IS THERE ANYTHING ABOUT ME IN THEM?"

*Fond Mother.* "NOT THAT I KNOW OF, DARLING."

*Minimus Poet (pettishly).* "GOOD HEAVENS, MOTHER, THEN WHAT ON EARTH SHOULD I WANT TO SEE THEM FOR?"

### POLITICAL ASIDES;

OR, TRUTH IN PARENTHESES.

(Very freely adapted from THOMAS HOOD.)

*Fond Mother.* I really take it vastly kind,  
This visit, my dear creature!  
A family likeness here you'll find.  
(Like hers? Not in one feature!)

*Friendly Visitor.* Only too happy, I am sure,  
To see the little darling,  
Our family friendships are so pure!  
(They find effect in snarling.)

*Fond Mother.* Well, dear, with your ex-  
perience,  
Your aid must be of value.  
You've not yet given it help immense.  
(Nor, if I know it, shall you!)

*Friendly Visitor.* Ah! Good Nurse G-SCH-N,  
is she out,  
That you the babe are dandling?  
Sweet-tempered child and strong, no  
doubt!  
(The brat wants careful handling.)

*Fond Mother.* G-SCH-N and D-KE are both at  
hand,  
But I'm so proud to show it.  
The weakness you will understand  
(Envious, and knows I know it!)

*Friendly Visitor.* Mothers must be as vigi-  
lant  
As—say 'Bus-strikers' pickets.  
It cries, dear! What does baby want?  
(Half-starved, and has the rickets!)

*Fond Mother.* Which, think you, the best  
Infant's Food?

You see there are so many;  
I know your judgment is so good!  
(Not worth a single penny!)

*Friendly Visitor.* Well, dear, don't swaddle  
it too tight,

That ruins the digestion, [right.  
And—Forster's Food I've found work  
(She'll relish that suggestion!)]

*Fond Mother.* Humph! Rather out of date,  
I fear!

You've slight experience—lately—  
Next time you nurse you'll know, my  
dear!  
(She'll like that home-thrust greatly.)

*Friendly Visitor.* Your nursing, dear, of  
course, is based  
Upon my Nursery Manual.  
The child looks rather peaky-faced.  
(Not quite a hardy annual!)

*Fond Mother.* Think so? Look up, and  
laugh, my sweet,  
Show NANA she's mistaken—  
It quite begins to "feel its feet."  
(With spite her soul is shaken!)

*Friendly Visitor.* I understand your family  
Call it "The Changeling." Why so?  
The family likeness all must see.  
(It equits with the left eye so!)

*Fond Mother.* Oh! there are always some  
cross things  
In every Family Party.  
Your mother's heart has felt such stings!  
(She'll think of JOE and HARTY!)

*Friendly Visitor.* Well, well, with my advice,  
And lots of Liberal Tonic, [my dear,  
Your child we possibly may rear.  
(That's one for Old Sardonic!)]

*Fond Mother.* Oh! really you are quite too  
kind!

Your own "Home-Rule Elixir"  
Unfailing for your babes you find?  
(Fancy that dart will fix her!)

*Friendly Visitor.* You see we breed, and  
nurse, our own;  
We do not steal or borrow.  
However, dear, I must be gone.  
(To call again to-morrow!)

*Fond Mother.* What! must you go? Next,  
time no doubt,  
You'll give more Liberal measure.  
Nurse G. shall see you safely out,  
(With most particular pleasure!)

*Friendly Visitor.* Don't trouble, dear! The  
bell I'll pull,  
And, bid them call my caddy!  
Good bye! The Babe's be-you-ti-ful!  
(A Flabby, Dabby, Babby!!)

### About the Last of It.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Would you kindly  
suggest to Mr. CALDERON, in the interest of  
Historical and religious Art, that he should  
give us for next year's Academy, as com-  
panion-picture to his "St. Elizabeth," "Car-  
dinal Wolsey, in his old age, left naked to his  
enemies."—Yours, artfully, A SHAKESPEARIAN  
READER, BUT NO LATIN SCHOLAR.





## A PARLIAMENTARY ASIDE.

FRIENDLY VISITOR (*effusively*). "IT IS INDEED A BE-UTIFUL CHE-ILD! (*Aside.*) FLABBY, DABBY BABBY!!"







# "KNOWLEDGE IS INVALUABLE!"

SCENE—Royal Commission of the Future. Commissioners present.  
Last Witness under examination.

Chairman. And now, my lad, you have learned everything.

Witness (modestly). Yes, my Lord and Gentlemen, up to a certain point.

Chairman. Quite so—you have, generally speaking, an education rather better than an average City Clerk?

Witness (in the same modest tone). So I am given to understand.

Chairman. What is your father?

Witness. An artisan. But pardon me, I think I can anticipate and answer the next question. I am entirely unfit to follow my parent's calling—physically and morally. My frame has been weakened by study, and my education prevents—

Chairman (interrupting). Just so. We can hardly expect a lad of fourteen who is good enough to floor the London matriculation taking to bricklaying?

(Murmurs of general assent.) Well, my boy, have you tried to get a clerkship?

Witness. Alas! yes, indeed I have, my Lord and Gentlemen. I have tried everywhere to obtain employment, but without success.

Chairman (sympathetically). Dear me! Very sad! But come, my lad, we have given you something more than an ordinary commercial education—you have acquired accomplishments.

Witness. Yes, my Lord and Gentlemen; but, believe me, they are valueless. I am an excellent violinist, but there is no room for me at the theatres. It is true I might, by paying my footing, secure a place in a strolling band, consisting of a harp and a cornet, but I have conscientious scruples against earnings gained at the doors of a public-house.

Chairman. Certainly. Besides, I fancy you make too light of the difficulties of securing such a position. A Witness, who gave very much the same evidence as yourself, declared it was impossible to gain admission even to a German Band. But you have learned drawing?

Witness. Yes; but I find the accomplishment valueless as a bread-winner. I would do pastels on the flag-stones were not the supply of artists in this particular line greatly in excess of the demand. Besides, the police move them on.

Chairman. Well, my lad, what can you do for yourself?

Witness. Nothing; and consequently, my Lord and Gentlemen, I hope you will do something for me.

Chairman (after consultation with his colleagues). As you have been educated up to a point rendering you valueless at fourteen, we shall have much pleasure in recommending that your studies be continued until your education will be equally valueless at nineteen. If this scheme does nothing else, it will keep you employed for the next five years!

[Scene closes in upon the Report.

## ORATORIO, AS HANDLED AT THE C.P.

THE Tenth Triennial Handel Festival. Programme extends over three days, Monday, to-day the 24th, and Friday the 26th. The singers are Madame ALBANI, Miss MARIAN MCKENZIE, Messrs. SANTLEY, EDWARD LLOYD, BARTON MCGUCKIN, BRIDSON, and

BRERETON—the last pair seeming to come in like the "two pretty men" of nursery history, 'yclept "ROBIN and RICHARD." The great organ cannot be played without EYRE and bellows. The Conductor to the musical omnibus is AUGUST MANN, or more appropriately, JUNE MANN. Motto.—"MANN wants but little here below, but he wants that uncommonly good"—and more than good it is safe to be in the hands of the Conductor whose name is indicative of quantity and quality. *Salvete, Homines!*

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron is getting along with GEORGE MEREDITH's *One of Our Conquerors*. Within the last three weeks he has already reached p. 94 of Vol. I., and here the weather, having suddenly become tropical, the Baron felt that his mighty brain "whirled, swam to a giddiness, and subsided." He has been stopped occasionally en route: he had come into view of "the diminutive marble cavalier of

the infantile cerebellum." Then he retraced his steps, puzzled a bit, but after a "modest quencher" Swivellerian libation, he hit upon a luminous passage which warned him "in plain speech"—and whose is plainer than GEORGE MEREDITH's?—"that the Bacchus of auspicious birth induces ever to the worship of the loftier Deities." Excellent! Faith! And then the Baron smole, as one who is interiorly enlightened smileth as he read, "Forbear to come hauling up examples of malarious men"—("malarious men" is good," quoth the Baron)—"in whom these pourings of the golden rays of life breed fogs; and be moved, since you are scarcely under an obligation to hunt the meaning"—(here the Baron wondered within himself. Was he under an obligation or not? In foro conscientie the case was set down for that immortal date, "To-morrow")—"in tolerance of some dithyrambic inebriety of

## A SCIENTIFIC CENTENARY.

Faraday (returned). "WELL, MISS SCIENCE, I HEARTILY CONGRATULATE YOU; YOU HAVE MADE MARVELLOUS PROGRESS SINCE MY TIME!"

narration (quiverings of the reverent pen) when we find ourselves entering the circle of a most magnetic popularity." Here the Baron paused. Somehow, in his search after truth, he had fallen down some seventy pages, and was on his back again at p. 33, Vol. I. Refreshment was necessary. Iced. Also a Nicotinian sacrifice, as of primitive days, when heifers adorned, not altars, but weeds, vegetables, and early produce only. *Smokeamus! Venti, vidi, visky!* Fore GEORGE! Your health and novel!

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

## "AS EASY AS A B C."

Witness of the Labour Commission (under examination). Yes, I think that employers should be forced by law to give in to their men. Question. But should this lead to bankruptcy, what then?

Witness. Bankruptcy should be legally abolished.

Question. Should employers have no money to pay the employed?

Witness. That duty should be discharged by the Government.

Question. But how should the loss be supplied—by the imposition of new taxes?

Witness. Certainly not. Taxation should be entirely abolished.

Question. Then how could your scheme be carried out?

Witness (courteously). That is a matter I leave entirely to the discretion of the Government.





### HORATIO LARKINS VISITS THE NAVAL EXHIBITION.

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A B C of Identity (The), 289  
 About the Court, 147  
 Accident on the Ice, 85  
 Acting—on a Suggestion, 190  
 Adopted Child (The), 222  
 "Advance, Australia!" 126, 268  
 Agricultural Tripos (An), 221  
 Alarmed Autocrat (The), 282  
 All Adrift; or, Three Men in a Punt, 270  
 Among the Immortals, 217  
 Amusing Rattle's Note-Book for 1891  
 (The), 12, 36, 46  
 Another's, 177  
 Another Telephonic Suggestion, 150  
 Appropriate, 13  
 Arbitration, 80  
 Aristotelian Treasure-Trove, 57  
 Arthur and Composer, 65  
 Artist and a Whistler (An), 73  
 "As Easy as A B C," 309  
 Athletics, 123  
 At the End of the Year, 9, 23  
 Authors in Wonderland, 16  
 BACCHUS Outwitted; or, The Triumph of  
 Sobriety, 203  
 Baconian Theory (A), 210  
 Bar Barred! 146  
 Bendigo, 287  
 "Beroolen!" 281  
 "Better Late than Never!" 71, 167  
 Bitter Cry of Outcast Competition, 265  
 Blondel up to Date, 144  
 "Blood" v. "Bullion," 284  
 Boat-Race Ten Years Hence (The), 187  
 Bogey, Man! (The), 63  
 Bowls, 288  
 Bow-wow! 193  
 Bravo, Bagshawe! 98  
 Breach of Veracity (A), 27  
 Breakfast Table-Talk, 254  
 Bruin Junior, 62  
 Brum and the Oologist, 99  
 Brummagem Bolus (A), 173  
 Brustle's Bishop, 64  
 Bumble at Home, 18  
 Burns versus Burns, 26  
 "Business's Alphabet (The), 287  
 'Bus 'Oss's Meins (A), 289  
 By a Tired and Cynical Critic of Current  
 Fiction, 123  
 CANADIAN Calendar (A), 99  
 Can a Man Imprison his Wife? 209  
 Candour in Court, 98  
 Canine Confidences, 39  
 Can(ne)s(d) Confession (A), 78  
 Capital and Labour Forecast, 51  
 Celt again! 106  
 Chambers in St. James's Street, 190  
 Change for Thirty-five Shillings, 246  
 Change of Initials, 45  
 Charles Keene, 88  
 "Charles our Friend," 159  
 Charlie and Sarah, 99  
 Child's Chit-Chat, 273  
 Christmas in Two Pieces, 16  
 "Chucked!" 122

Church and Stage, 195  
 Civil Service Note, 96  
 Codlingsby Junior, 217  
 Coliseum—at Chicago (The), 275  
 Columbia on her Sparrow, 74  
 Coming Dress, 195  
 Coming Meeting (A), 39  
 Compensation, 31  
 Competition in the Future, 256  
 Complaint of the Census (A), 177  
 Composer Coming (The), 21  
 Coriolanus, 102  
 Court Cold! 153  
 Coy Colossus (A), 299  
 Criticising the Calendar, 168  
 Crummies Redivivus! 61  
 Curate to his Slippers (The), 24  
 DANCING-ON-NOTHING Girl (A), 141  
 Dante not "in it," 159  
 Day in the Law Courts (A), 279  
 Dead Frost (A), 71  
 Dearness and Dearth, 62  
 Desdemona to the Author of "Dorian  
 Gray," 123  
 Diary of an Old Joke (The), 180  
 Diary of Dover (A), 125  
 Disclaimer (A), 210  
 Disinfecting the Wigs, 215  
 Dis-Order of the Day (The), 251  
 Domestic Melodies, 46  
 Drama Then and Now (The), 267  
 Dramatic Illustration of an Advertise-  
 ment, 106  
 Dreamy Madness, 66  
 Drurilanus and Dancing, 81  
 Dumas Up to Army Estimates' Date, 105  
 EARL Granville, 179  
 Early Closing Movement, 215  
 Edwin and Angelina, 8  
 Elegy on a Mad Dog (An), 63  
 Essence of Parliament, 59, 71, 73, 96, 107,  
 119, 131, 143, 155, 169, 191, 204, 216, 226,  
 232, 251, 264, 275, 287, 299, 304  
 Ethics of Match-Boxes (The), 89  
 Eton Jubilee Curiosities, 308  
 Evenings from Home, 246  
 Explanations à la Mode, 292  
 Extract from the Report of the Q. O. M.'s  
 Birthday Speech at Hawarden, 86  
 "FACTA non Verba;" or, Pierrot in Lon-  
 don, 179  
 Fair Exchange (A), 174  
 Familiarity breeds Respect, 243  
 Fascination! 158  
 Fashion's Florals, 210  
 Fête or Fate? 129  
 Fine Young German Emperor (The), 182  
 First Act and the Last (The), 123  
 First Visit to the "Naveries," 217  
 "Flat, Stale, and Unprofitable," 156  
 Flowerless Funeral (The), 99  
 "Flowers that Bloom, tra-la!" (The),  
 141  
 For Better or Worse! 57, 201  
 Forecast for 1891 (A), 5  
 Freezing Point (A), 59

Friend of Ireland and the Wordy Knife-  
 Grinder (The), 50  
 Friend of Labour (The), 188  
 Frieze of the Parthenon (The), 60  
 From Our Musical Box, 51  
 Fruit of the Season (The), 294  
 GAME of Peace (The), 40  
 Garden of Sleep (The), 506  
 "General Election Stakes," 254  
 General of the Future (The), 300  
 General View of "Private Inquiry" (A), 48  
 Geographical, 254  
 Giving a Lodger Notice to Quit, 131  
 Good Devon! 45  
 "Good Little 'Un is better than a Bad  
 Big 'Un" (A), 110  
 Goschen cum Dig.; or, The (far from)  
 Dying Swan, 146  
 G. P. O. Cuckoo (The), 145  
 Grand Old Wetterun (A), 149  
 Great Disappointment, 17  
 Great Whaling Expedition (The), 114  
 "Grey Apes of Age," 238  
 HAGIOLOGICAL and Historical Note, 48  
 Hands as they are Shook, 153  
 "Happy New Year!" (A), 6  
 Happy Prospect, 130  
 Heartily Welcome, 188  
 Heinrich Schliemann, 15  
 "Here we are Again!" 74  
 Hero's Common Form Diary (The), 2  
 Herrick Up to Date, 177  
 Highest Education (The), 81  
 "Hired Priest" (The), 288  
 History and Art, 243  
 Homage to Sir James Hannen, 60  
 "Honours Easy!" 23  
 How it Happened, 302  
 How it's Done, 88  
 How Long? 279  
 Humour o't! (The), 219  
 Hundred-and-Ten-Tonner (The), 90  
 Hymen and Cupid, 210  
 IACO on the Great Sermon Question, 121  
 I'd be a Criminal, 86  
 Ignotus, 178  
 In a Maze, 246  
 In a Lock.—A Whitsuntide Warble, 251  
 Information required, 59  
 In-Kerrect Kerr, 198  
 In the Latest Style, 11  
 In Memoriam, 65, 189  
 In Memoriam—"Old To-morrow," 289  
 In re the Influenza, 252  
 In their Easter Eggs, 165  
 "In the Name of the Law—Photo-  
 graphs!" 145  
 Invektive of H-ro-rt (The), 182  
 Irish Diamond (An), 179  
 Jack's Appeal, 53  
 Jokim and John, 213  
 Jokim the Cellarer; or, The Blend, 231  
 Jokim's Latest, 167  
 Jolly Young Waterman (The), 149  
 Junius Judex, 74  
 "KEEP your Hare on!" 137

Kensington Correspondence, 133  
 Kensington Gardens Small Talk, 129  
 Kept in the Stable, 188  
 Key to a Lock (The), 201  
 Key to the Proposed Heraldic Device, 243  
 King John at Oxford, 93  
 King Stork and King Log, 134  
 Knowledge is Invaluable, 209  
 Koch Sure! 42  
 LABOURS for Lent, 73  
 Land and Brain, 186  
 "La Rixe," 119  
 Larks! 48  
 Last Song (The), 231  
 Latest in Telegrams (The), 117  
 Latest "Labor Program" (The), 249  
 Launce in London, 14  
 Leaves from a Candidate's Diary, 167, 171,  
 181, 203, 205, 223, 233, 249, 261, 268, 280,  
 289  
 Legal Maxims, 156  
 Le Prince's amuse, 297  
 Lights of London (The), 87  
 Listening to the Gentle Kooen, 101  
 Lost in the Mist of Ages, 21  
 Lost Sergeant (The), 303  
 MAGAZINE Manners, 177  
 Men who have taken Me in—to Dinner,  
 105, 129, 166  
 Mere Suggestion for Next Time (A), 143  
 Merry Green Wood (The), 165  
 Micky Free in Paris, 177  
 Mixed Misery, 20  
 Mixture as Before (The), 265  
 "Model Husband" Contest, 61  
 Modern Brigand (The), 297  
 Modern Types, 73, 185, 196,  
 Mol-Mem, 81  
 Moltke, 213  
 More Identity, 125, 138  
 More Kicks than Halfpence, 171  
 "Mors et Vita," 195  
 Mortuary, 293  
 Most Appropriate, 29, 87  
 M. P. Mansfield, M. P., 97  
 Mr. Herkimer and Mr. Parnell, 207  
 Mr. Jonathan and Miss Canada, 181  
 Mr. Punch's Pocket Iden, 186, 143, 157,  
 172, 184, 193, 208, 230, 241, 258  
 Mr. Punch's Prize Novels, 12, 28, 27, 85,  
 160, 172, 169, 229, 244  
 Mr. Punch to Miss Canada, 107  
 Mrs. Gingham on the Great 'Bus Ques-  
 tion, 297  
 Mrs. Grundy to Mr. Goschen, 99  
 Musical Notes, 217, 310  
 Musical, Theatrical, and Judicial, 288  
 My Lady, 133  
 "My pretty Janus, oh, never look so  
 shy!" 88  
 NEWEST Nostrum (The), 263  
 New Prayer-Book Revision, 185  
 New Tale of a Tub; or, The Not-at-Home  
 Secretary and the Laundresses (The), 290  
 Nolens Volens, 293  
 Not Caught Yet! 186



Notes by a Nomad, 81  
Notes from a Nursery-Garden, 240  
Notes on the Royal Academy of 2091, 264  
Nothing like Discipline, 105  
Not Inside Out, 29  
Obvious, 268  
"Odd Man Out," 51  
Ode to Compensation, 237  
"Oh no, we never Mention him!" 148  
Old Morality's Christmas Cards and New Year Wishes, 6  
Old Times Revived, 89  
Old Woman and her Water Supply, 81  
Ollendorf in London, 160  
One Pound Notes, 165  
On the River, 289  
Operatic Gossip, 27  
Operatic Notes, 189, 197, 200, 221, 231, 256, 281  
Operatic Puzzle (An), 305  
Other Man (The), 201  
Our Advertisers, 9, 69, 105  
Our Booking-Office, 4, 17, 29, 41, 65, 77, 89, 101, 111, 124, 141, 149, 161, 180, 191, 196, 213, 221, 239, 245, 257, 276, 285, 293  
Our Opening (Sun) Day! 167  
Our Particular Tip comes off Right, 275  
Our Particular Tip for the Derby, 255  
Out of School, 106  
Overheard at Earl's Court, 287  
Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race, 156  
"PALMAM QUI MERUIT, FERAT!" 302  
Pantomimic Reverie (A), 86  
"Paper-Chase" (The), 78  
Far about Pictures, 90  
Parental Authority, 305  
Pars about Pictures, 4, 27  
Party Peter Bell (The), 215  
Paterfamilias on his Census Paper, 179  
Penny for your Thoughts (A), 252  
Pick of the Pictures (The), 227  
Pink of Courtesy, and a True Blue, 95  
Pint of Half-and-Half (A), 48  
Pioneer in Petticoats (A), 45  
Playing Old Gooseberry at the Hay-market, 52  
Playtime for a Doll's House, 65  
Plea for the Cart-Horse Parade Society (A), 248  
"Please give me a Penny, Sir," 198  
Polite Judgment, 21  
Political Asides, 306  
Politics Up to Date, 11  
Presented at Court, 174  
Private and Confidential, 150  
"Pro-digious!" 60  
Proposed Old Etonian Banquet (The), 147  
Proverbs pro Omnibus, 293  
Publisher and his Friends (A), 159  
QUEER Queries, 87, 98, 141, 156, 183, 195, 233, 268  
Query by Ignoramus, 95  
Question of the Knight, 106  
"Quite New and Original," 118  
RAIKES Rex! 155  
Recipe, 267  
Remarkable Conversion, 63  
Reminiscences of C. K. (A), 27  
Reparate to a Spouse, 221  
Return of the Wanderer (The), 192  
Revelations of a Reveller, 129  
Rights and Wrongs of Labour (The), 228  
Rights of Counsel (The), 167  
Rival "Jarvis" (The), 90  
Robert at the Academy, 263  
Robert at the Children's Fancy Ball, 218  
Robert at the Derby, 278  
Robert on English and Foreign Waiters, 239  
Robert on Skatin', 57  
Robert's Xmas Bankwet, 4  
Rolling of the R's (The), 48  
"Rouge et Noir!" 54  
Rough Crossing (A), 132  
Sad Story, 221  
Salisbury's Version, 261  
"Salvage Men" (A), 51  
Same Old Game (The), 108  
Savoy Question (A), 215  
School of Criticism (A), 147  
Seasonable Reply, 21  
Semi-Official Introduction, 21  
Serenade; or, Over the Garden Wall, 86  
Shadows from Mistletoe and Holly, 9  
Shah (Lefevre) and the Sultan (The), 85  
Shakespeare and the Unmusical Glasses, 113  
Shelley Revived, 137  
Shipping Intelligence, 114  
"Shodkin" (The), 315  
Show of the Old Masters at Burlington House, 15  
Silent Shakespeare, 167  
Somebody's Luggage, 207  
Something in a Name, 128  
Something like a Subscription, 49  
Song of the Bacillus (The), 144  
Songs by a Cynic, 129  
Songs of the Unsentimentalist, 189, 195, 205  
Sons of Britannia, 195  
Sound and Safe, 145

South African Sentiment (A), 98  
Specimens from Mr. Funch's Scamp-Album, 77, 87, 121, 240  
Still another Chapter of my Memoir, 47  
"Strait" Tip (The), 39  
Strange, but True, 71  
Striking Intelligence, 291  
Striking Times, 125  
St. Valentine's Eve, 84  
"Such a Dawg!" 173  
Sullivanhoe! 76  
Summer! 281  
Summery Mummery, 302  
"Survival of the Fittest," 17, 78  
"Sweet Strife," 198  
Sword versus Lance, 191  
TAKEN upon Trust, 161  
Taking the Census, 178  
Talking by Time, 162  
Ten Minutes' Idyl! (A), 165  
"That Con-foundland Dog!" 162  
Theatrical Plunge; or, Taking a Hedda (A), 233  
To a Debutante, 141  
Their "Isen-dixit," 75  
"Thermidor" Up to Date, 72  
Three Acres and an Egg, 183  
To a Complimentary Counsel, 111  
To-day's Amusements, 2  
Tolstoi on Tobacco, 85  
To Mlle. Jane May, 229  
Tommy Atkins's Hard Lot, 74  
To Mr. Rudyard Kipling, 88, 105  
Too Civil by Half; or, Past, Present, and Future, 83  
To Rose Norreys as "Nora," 277  
To the Queen of Mays, 240  
To those it may concern, 159  
Tracks for the Times, 185  
Traveller's Friend (The), 285  
Triumph of Black and White (The), 138  
Tryst (The), 266  
Tyrants of the Strand (The), 285  
Under a Civil Commander-in-Chief, 124  
United Service Diary for 1891 (The), 9  
Unrehearsed Effect (An), 29  
"Up, Guards, and At 'em!" 173  
Upon Africa's Shore, 215  
Upper Note (An), 88  
Up-to-Date Conversationist, 62  
Up-to-Time Table, from the North, 30  
VERY Wildest West (The), 269  
Vice Versa, 51  
Voces Populi, 8, 24, 25, 40, 49, 109, 265, 277, 292  
WAIL from the Tub (A), 801  
Waking Them Up, 53  
Wanted for the Eton Loan Collection, 159  
Way of Westminster (The), 160  
Welcome Back! 54  
What do you Think? 66  
What it may Come to, 181  
What it may Come to in London, 269  
What it will Come to, 180  
What's in a Name? 120, 126, 192  
What they have been Told down East, 293  
"Wherever we Wander," 121  
Why should London wait? 254  
Wild Flowers, 125  
Wild Welcome (A), 129  
Word to Mothers (A), 45  
"Worse than Ever!" 42  
YANKEE Oracle on the Three-Volume Novel, 195

## LARGE ENGRAVINGS.

ADOPTED Child (The), 228  
"Advance, Australia!" 127  
Alarmed Autocrat (The), 288  
All Adritt! 271

Arbitration, 81  
"Blood" versus "Bullion," 235  
Bumble at Home, 19  
Coriolanus, 103  
Fair Exchange (A), 175  
Fruit of the Session (The), 295  
"General Election Stakes," 259  
"Happy New Year!" (A), 7  
Hymen, Fin de Siècle, 211  
In a Maze, 247  
Kept in the Stable, 139  
Not Caught Yet! 187  
"Paper-Chase" (The), 79  
Parliamentary Aside (A), 307  
"Please give me a Penny!" 199  
Private and Confidential, 151  
"Retire!—What do You Think?" 67  
Rival "Jarvis" (The), 91  
"Rouge et Noir!" 54  
"Sprat to Catch a Whale!" (A), 115  
"That Con-foundland Dog!" 163  
"Worse than Ever!" 43

## SMALL ENGRAVINGS.

AMERICAN Bride amid Roman Ruins, 282  
American "Copyright Bill," 131  
Ancient Example of Female Masher, 268  
Appeal Case in the Lords (An), 82  
Applicant for a Boy's Situation, 159  
April Fools, 166  
Arthur Goufour, 130  
Artist's Room good for a Dance, 174  
Assisted Education Bill, 280  
Author and a Pompous Critic, 23  
Authoress and the Looking-Glass, 39  
Baccarat Case in Court (The), 279  
Barrister in Pugilistic Costume, 9  
Bill Sikes and the Electric Light, 87  
Block System at Eton, 303  
Bobby and the Aristotelian MS., 83  
Britannia and the United Service, 194  
Butcher, Dog, and Meat, 93  
Calendar for 1891, 1  
Canoliet and Opposition Swan, 146  
Census Day Characters, 178  
Chaplin and the St. Bernard, 38  
Cheap Horse for the Derby (A), 257  
Cloak-room Boy and Crush-Hats, 201  
Cold Reception; or, Parliament Meeting in a Blizzard (A), 46  
Concave Partner Wanted (A), 231  
Cricketer in the Commons, 155  
Crossing-Sweeper and a Big Swell, 255  
Crossing-Sweeper and Pavement Artist, 109  
Curate who is a Chalybeate, 143  
Discontented Jurymen, 59  
Doctor's Footman and Visitor, 119  
Drawing a Badger, 25  
Ecotistical Poet and the Papers, 306  
Electric Light at St. Stephen's, 70  
Engaging a Partner for a Waltz, 114  
English Art and her Supporters, 207  
English Bookmaker and French Gen-darme, 122  
Eton Centenary (The), 303  
Exchanged Hats (The), 138  
Fair American and Two Artists, 258  
Fancy Portrait of "General Idea," 195  
Faraday Congratulating Science, 309  
Fascinating Serpent (The), 158  
Fashion's Floralia, 218  
Father Time's Vanishing Trick, 12  
Fight between Big and Little Guns, 110  
Follies of the Year, 10  
Foreigner quotes Shakespeare at Dinner, 42  
Friends for Forty Years, 128  
General Guzzleton doesn't take Tea, 270  
Gentleman well thrown off his Horse, 261  
Gentle and Mamma's Letter, 171  
German who speaks English not well, 263  
Gladstone, the Knife-Grinder, 50  
Golfour Statue (The), 273  
G. O. M. Variety Entertainer (The), 94  
Goschen the Wine Merchant, 230  
Grand Old Man's Irish Dog, 63  
Grandolph the Prodigal, 226  
Guards and the Common Army (The), 126  
Hamlet, according to Shakespeare, 11  
Harcourt and the Hares' Bill, 182  
Home Secretary and Laundry-Women, 260  
Horse you can Sit on Anywhere (A), 249  
Hunting Man's Hat and Scarecrow, 117  
Hunting with a Drag, 124  
Husband's Departure for Paris (A), 162  
Ibsen in Brixton, 215  
India and the Russian Bear, 62  
Indignant Crossing-Sweeper (An), 191  
Inebriate at the Natural History Museum, 167  
Infated Safety Skating Costume, 15  
Intelligent Briton and French Blank Verse, 107  
Irish O'lip van Winkle (The), 34  
John Bull and Miss India, 206  
Jones's Stale Story to Miss Smith, 51  
Judge Jeune in Judicial State, 74  
King Stork and King Log, 134  
Ladies Prig-Sticking, 6  
Lady Godiva and the Electric Light, 294  
Lady Identifying Artist's Portraits, 30  
Landlady and Old Bachelor's Mutton, 275  
"La Rixe," 118  
Larkins at the Naval Exhibition, 310  
Launce and his Dog, 14  
Liking her Cheek, 186  
Literary Stars, 2  
Little Girl and Gentleman Ringing Bell, 27  
London University and the Medical Student, 254  
Lord Archbishop of Nova Scotia (The), 299  
Lord Hartington's different Characters, 298  
Lord Randolph's Career, 214  
Major O'Gourmand's Dry Champagne, 291  
"Matthews at Home," 154  
M'Dougall and the Cambridge Don, 111  
Metropolitan Railway Types, 18  
Miss Parliament's Dream of a Fancy Ball, 106  
Monsieur van de Blowtowntown Tromp, 47  
Mrs. Gladstone's New House, 75  
Mrs. Grimwood's Manipul Adventures, 302  
New Curate and the High Pulpit, 234  
Nobleman's New Racer (A), 237  
Old Lady and Linkman in Fog, 99  
"On the Scent!" 57  
Oysters Frozen in their Beds, 81  
Painter's Rejected Picture (A), 219  
Painting on a Pocket-Handkerchief, 222  
"Paul and Virginia" Umbrella, 3  
Pick of the Pictures (The), 237, 238, 243  
Political Boating Party in a Lock, 260  
Political Military Tournament (A), 286  
Pony Treading on Rider's Toe, 210  
Post-Office Cuckoo (The), 145  
Professor Borax and the Listening Lady, 246  
Proposed Heraldic Device for the L.C.C., 242  
Psychical Society and 'Cycling, 203  
Queen Victoria and her Water Babies, 98  
Quiet time without Omnibuses (A), 297  
Raikes' Progress (The), 190  
Random Aladdin, 142  
Reason for leaving a Theatre early, 213  
Removing an Organ-Grinder, 69  
Rhodes and Mashonaland, 266  
Robert and the German Waiters, 239  
Robert Burns v. John Burns, 26  
Samples of Salisbury, 262  
Sarcastic 'Bus-Driver and Passenger, 287  
Sea-sick Channel Passengers, 158  
Sergeant-at-Arms' Dream of Bar of the House, 274  
Shah (Lefevre) and the Sultan (The), 85  
Shinuer Quartette (The), 47  
Sir William Variety Harcourt, 202  
Skating Curate (A), 66  
Skating during a Thaw, 54  
Sketch from "L'Enfant Prodiges," 179  
Sketch of the Blizzard, 135  
Sport in the Snow, 58  
Swell going to his Tailor's, 147  
Sympathetic Brother Artist (A), 71  
Taken cum (Corney) Grain O' 12  
Tommy and his Toys in Studio, 102  
Trouble in Tom Tiddler's Ground, 278  
Twelfth-Night Drawings for Time, 22  
Two Cronies discussing Old Friends, 183  
Two Influenza Invalids, 292  
Two well-matched Horse-Dealers, 90  
Uncle Sam serenading Miss Canada, 86  
Unsatisfactory Breakfast Bacon (The), 198  
Victory Road-Car (The), 267  
Volunteer Officer Resigning, 170  
Waiters' and Gentlemen's Dress, 95  
War Secretary and Army Doctors, 285  
Would-be Golf-Player (A), 78  
Yankee Lady and the Dead Fox, 83  
Young Lady and the Family Dentist, 150  
Young Lady instructing in Cookery, 251





# PUNCH



*PEGASUS AND HIS TRAINER.*

LONDON :  
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,  
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1891









**I**T was the eve of the New Year, the Year of Grace 1892, and Mr. PUNCH, musing deeply upon the manifold duties opening upon him with his opening Volume, nodded over his cigar, drowsed, and dreamed a dream of the Old Days and of the New, "in visionary vagueness strangely blent." The substance of that suggestive Vision he thus dramatically sets forth:—

SCENE—Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern. Enter PRINCE ALBERT EDWARD and Mr. PUNCH.

Prince. After you, Mr. PUNCH!

Punch. Though you be but Prince of WALES, yet are you the King of Courtesy!

Prince. Well quoted, i' faith! Verily this shadowy precinct smacks of antiquity, and suggesteth Shakspearian tags.

Punch. To a Prince of WALES, and his *fidus Achates*—naturally!

Prince. Yet art thou no POINS!

Punch. No more than thou art a madcap Prince HAL.

Prince. Thou art perfect! The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, Man, is not able to invent anything that tends to laughter more than thou inventest. "At the old place, my Lord, in Eastcheap." How real it seems! Mahatmas could not outdo this, though they re-incarnated in all his tun of flesh the Fat Knight of SHAKESPEARE's virile fancy. One fancies one can hear the shout for "FRANCIS!" the drawer's cry of "Anon, anon, Sir!" the shrill addition of the irate treble of Dame QUICKLY, and the stertorous snore of Sir John Sack-and-Sugar from behind yon faded phantom arras!

Punch. Would we could, would we could! I am of all humours that have show'd themselves humours, since the old days of goodman ADAM to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight; but, by my faith, the humour of the frolic Fat Knight—

Prince. Hist! What is't that fetches breath so hard?

Enter SHADE OF FALSTAFF from behind the Arras.

Punch. Welcome, JACK. Where hast thou been?

Falstaff. A plague on all spooks! say I. Give me a cup of sack, an ye love me. Is there no hospitality extant?

Punch. Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it?

Falstaff. Ah, art there? What doth Gravity out of his bed at midnight?

Punch. Looking for Levity, who, at holier hours, may hardly be encountered within the precincts of Cockerowdom.

Falstaff. Fairly answered, i' faith. Well, if sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then thou, PUNCH, art but a latter-day plump JACK thyself.

Prince. Bating the grossness, and retaining the humour without the humours, thy comparison is not so wholly unapt, Sir JOHN.



*Falstaff.* Sweet Prince, I kiss thy neif! Body o' me how are times changed, and Princes with the times, and Prince's Companions with Princes. No marvel i' faith, that heirs-apparent are so improved, when such a Momus and Mentor in one as PUNCH supersedeth such a Silenus-Mercury as poor old tun-bellied, pottle-pot-loving, though loyal, jocund and jape-enjoying JACK FALSTAFF!

*Prince.* Truly, JACK, we have, as it were, bought thine ancient desideratum, "a commodity of good names."

*Falstaff.* Indeed, you come near to me now, HAL,—beshrew me, I should say ALBERT!—I was, if a man should speak truly, but little better than one of the wicked. A Lord of the Council of your day,—of the County Council to wit,—would indeed rate me roundly, had he the chance, a McDougall having little more understanding of wild wit than a SHALLOW of civic wisdom. Howbeit I can appreciate a Prince—a true Prince and a dutiful withal—who layeth foundation-stones in lieu of plots with POINS, who openeth exhibitions instead of bottles. Yet would I fain bibe to thy Jubilee—together with that of Mr. PUNCH which it so closely follows—in a cup of that same rememberable sack, my Prince!

*Prince.* Fifty years or so of ceremonials, FALSTAFF! Trust me, I am sometimes exceedingly weary, a little out of love with my greatness, and inclined, amidst the sparkle of champagne and—and, loyal addresses, &c., to remember, like my predecessor, the poor creature, small beer!

*Falstaff.* Why, that's my Prince! What say'st, Mr. PUNCH, smacks not that avowal of a larger humanity and, a freer humour than courtiers and County Councillors can compass? Whence hath he it, this Horatian heartiness, this Terentian catholicity?

*Punch.* Partly from the kindly dower of Mother Nature, partly also from the humorous humanities of that same Momus-Mentor of whom you spake erewhile, Sir JOHN, though I say it who—

*Prince.*—Has the best right to. He hath a good wit, Sir JOHN, not—as thou saidst of POINS's—as thick as Tewksbury mustard. That's why the Prince doth love him so! That, Sirrah, is the humour the Prince is of!

*Falstaff.* Very singular good! I would fain share his wit, his conceit, with thee, Prince, as Madcap HAL did mine of old.

*Punch.* And shall, Sir JOHN, an it please thee. I have devised matter enough out of this half-year's doings, to keep Prince HAL—and thee—in continual laughter the wearing out of six passions, and ye shall laugh without intervallums. Oh, you shall laugh till your face be like a wet cloak ill laid up!

*Falstaff.* Despatch then, I prithee, PUNCH, for, by this chill, cock-crow approacheth, and I must unwillingly hence, from well-loved ancient haunt, and well-liked new company!

*Punch.* First then a Jubilee Health, and Long Life to our Visible Prince, to his Pearl of Princesses, to his happily-recovered younger son, and—with three times three—to his newly-betrothed elder one, and his English Merry MAY!!!

*Falstaff.* "The heavens thee guard and keep, most Royal imp of fame! God save thee, my sweet boy! My king, my love! I drink to thee, my heart!"

*Prince.* Best thanks to ye both!

*Punch.* Secondly, TOBIAS mine, illustrate once again the Mysterious Magnetic Force of the Great Fleet Street Magnate, the force that raises and cannot be resisted, the power that sways and is not swayed. Present, TOBY, both to the Prince and the Knight a copy of my

## One Hundred and First Volume!!!







## URBI ET ORBI.

MR. PUNCH returns thanks for the anticipatory congratulations on the occasion of his Jubilee, and takes this opportunity of informing his friends—which means Everybody Everywhere—that the 50th anniversary of his natal day is July 18 *prox.*, which day Mr. PUNCH hereby gives full and entire permission to the aforesaid Everyone Everywhere to keep as a whole Holiday, and do in a general way, and to the utmost of their ability, just exactly what best pleases them. **PUNCH.**

## THE CHANTREY BEQUEST À LA MODE DE LISLE.

["MR. DE LISLE wished the Government to veto any pictures purchased under the Chantrey Bequest that did not meet with their approval."—*Daily Paper.*]

SCENE—A Studio in the Royal Academy. The President and several Members of the Council waiting arrival of Government to inspect their most recent purchase.

President (with assumed joviality). Well, my dear Colleagues, I do not think exception can be taken to this composition. Simple and effective, is it not?

First Member of Council (gloomily). Oh, you never know! I think we ought to have opposed the admission of the Cabinet—what should they know about Art?

Second Mem. (drily). Enough to make speeches at the annual dinner—to which they wouldn't come if we snubbed them.

First Mem. What of that? I am sure the President is quite eloquent enough to stand alone.

Pres. (with a graceful bow). You are most kind. But, hush! here comes Lord SALISBURY!

Enter the PRIME MINISTER. Cordial greetings.

Premier (briskly). I am sure you will forgive me if I get through this quickly. (Looking at picture.) Hm! Yes, very nice; but did EDWARD the Black Prince wear his Garter ribbon in battle? I am sure I refrain from appearing in mine under similar circumstances. (To Pres.) Do you think the Artist could paint it out?

Pres. I feel sure he will do everything in his power to satisfy your Lordship's artistic instincts.

Premier. Just so.

[Exit R. when enter FIRST LORD of the TREASURY, L.

Pres. (greeting new-comer cordially). Most glad to see you, my dear Right Hon. Sir!

First Lord. Very good indeed of you to say so, but am always anxious to do my duty to my Queen and Country. (Gazing at picture.) Hm! Not bad! But, I say, I do know something of yachting, and that isn't the way to brace up the marling-spike to the fokesell yard with the main jibboom three points in a wind with some East in it! If I may venture a suggestion—hope Artist will paint out the gondola. Ta-ta! A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. [Exit.]

Pres. Well, well, I do not know what our friend will think of the matter, but perhaps the Hansom of Venice is a little superfluous. Why here is the HOME SECRETARY.

[Enter that august personage—mutual greeting.] Home Sec. (examining picture). Yes, very nice. Just my idea of what a historical picture should be! Sea-view very fair indeed, and I think that the suggestion of the presentation at Court is also extremely neat. The Black Prince, perhaps, a little near OLIVER CROMWELL, but then that is a detail that will not challenge particular attention. I like too the view of Vauxhall Gardens—very good, indeed! But why should a scene of this great historical importance be laid in Charing Cross during a labour demonstration?

Pres. (frankly). I cannot say that I have looked up all my authorities, but I do not think our friend would allow himself to be wrong on so important a point.

Home Sec. Well, I think it would be in better taste if the Artist cut out that stampede of police—it is not true to nature! [Exit.]

Pres. There may be something in what he says, but I do wish these amateurs would keep their suggestions to themselves.

Enter FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY.

Pres. (cordially). My dear Lord, delighted to see you—what do you think of it?

First Lord. Hm! Yes! Perhaps! But, I say, what right has the Artist to put the white ensign on the top of that light-house? It's against the regulations—they should be flying the Trinity House flag—if anything. That must come out, you know—it really must! [Exit.]

Pres. Silly blunder, but it can be easily remedied. Ah! the Secretary of State for War! (Enter that official.) Well, Mr. STANHOPE, and how do you like the new purchase?

War Minister (after a glance at the canvas). Tol lol. But come, I say, come; the Iron Duke never wore a hat like that! And, I say, as it isn't raining, why has he put up his umbrella? In the cause of historical accuracy that should not be allowed. [Exit.]

Pres. (drily). I am afraid our friend will have enough to do. (Enter the remainder of the Cabinet together). Well, Gentlemen—hope you approve of our purchase?

Remainder (together). Not at all. You should have only bought the frame! [Scene closes in on the consideration of this new point.]





"MANNING THE (BACK-)YARDS."

CHELSEA, JUNE, 1891. FOUR BELL(E)s.

## SHAKSPEARE AND NORTH, NOT CHRISTOPHER.

COLONEL NORTH is popularly supposed to have been the architect of his own fortune, but he doesn't seem to have profited much by his architectural knowledge when applied to house-building. The burly Colonel—we forget at this moment what regiment is under his distinguished command—has met many a great personage in his time, but, like the eminent barbarian who encountered a Christian Archbishop for the first time—St. Ambrose, we rather think it was, but no matter—our bold Colonel had to climb down a bit on coming face to face with the Lord Chief Justice of England. What a cast for a scene out of *Henry the Fourth*! *Falstaff*, Colonel NORTH, and My Lord COLERIDGE for the Lord Chief Justice. The scene might be Part II., Act ii., Scene 1, when the Lord Chief says to Sir John, "You speak as having power to do wrong; but answer, in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman,"—only for



C-l-n-l N-rth as *Falstaff*.  
L-rd C-l-r-dge as the Lord Chief Justice.  
*Henry the Fourth*, Part II., Act ii., Sc.

At St. James's Hall.—Hair PADDY REWSKI is a pianofortist up to the time and tune of day. Knowing that *L'Enfant Prodigue* is now all the go, he keeps himself up to date by performing the Musical Prodigy Son's, I mean MENDELSSOHN's "Songs without Words;" and this so effectively, that the last wordless song he was obliged to repeat, and much obliged the audience by repeating. Then the good fellow played *La Campanella*, which I prefer to *Gentle Zittella*. The Princess LOUISE, &c., were there, and "&c." was really looking uncommonly well considering the heat. Bravo, PADDY REWSKI! Ould Ireland for ever!

## MR. PUNCH EXPLAINS.

[Last week *Mr. Punch* congratulated King HENRY's "holy shade" on the Four-hundredth Anniversary of the Foundation of Eton College.]

To *Mr. Punch's* friends, who think he blundered, In thinking Eton's years were just four hundred, And acted quite in error when he paid Congratulations to King HENRY's "shade," A word of explanation now is due, To show how what he stated then was true. The word is this—that fifty years have now Elapsed since *Mr. Punch* first made his bow; And though since then with many friends he's parted, Himself he is as young as when he started. Just fifty years ago it now appears That fair Etona claimed four hundred years. Ungallant it had been if one had told her That *Mr. Punch* kept young whilst she grew older! Yet if it is indeed the Fourth Centenary Or Jubilee the Ninth since holy 'ENERY Became the founder of a Royal College— Well, *Mr. Punch* prefers to have no knowledge. He only does not know—has never known a More worthy toast than "*Floreat Etona!*"

## The New Crusaders.

["Kaiser Wilhelm, according to a Berlin Journal, has given his consent to a lottery being instituted throughout the Empire 'for combating the slave trade in Africa.' Tickets to the amount of eight millions of marks will be issued, five and a half millions of which will be devoted to prizes."—*Daily Telegraph Berlin Correspondent*.]

KNIGHTS-ERRANT of earth's earlier days,  
Might learn from WILHELM KAISER.  
They risked their lives in Paynim frays,  
We moderns have grown wiser.  
'Tis not enough by Big Bazaars  
To buttress Churches tottery;  
We, with the dice "financing" wars,  
Conduct Crusades—by Lottery!

LIVE AND LEARN.—Mr. PARKINSON will now probably admit that the foolish process known as "breaking a butterfly on a wheel" may bring the breaker woe.

"woman," read "architect." Curious that the name of GAMBLE should be the pre-surname of Mister Colonel NORTH's brother. What's in a name? Yet there's a good deal in the sound and look of GAMBLE NORTH, especially when up before the Lord Chief, who must quite recently have got hold of quite a little library of useful knowledge. Also odd that most of Mr. NORTH's money seems to have been made in the South. But "A 1," that is, the architect, won, and the gallant Mister Colonel, or Colonel Mister, left the Court, feeling comparatively A-Norther man. Never mind, even the Millionaire Colonel can't always be lucky.

## MR. PUNCH'S QUOTATION BOOK.

I.—FOR INFERIOR CHAMPAGNE.

'How mad and bad and sad it was—  
But then, how it was sweet!'—BROWNING.

II.—FOR MR. GLADSTONE.

"Et longa canoros  
Dant per colla modos."—VIRGIL.

III.—FOR THE NEW BISHOP OF LICHFIELD.

"Gaiter.—A covering for the leg."—ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

IV.—FOR A TENNIS-PLAYER, IMPRISONED BY BAD WEATHER.

"They also serve who only stand and wait."—MILTON.



## OFF TO MASHERLAND.

(By Our Own Grandolph.)

(FIRST LETTER—A.)

1.—From Paddington to the first comma is a comparatively slight stop.

Left Paddington. Was compelled to leave Paddington, as train started from that station. "The Great Western!" What boundless ideas are suggested by this title, &c., &c. (This part I'll send to *Daily Graphic*.)

## REASONS FOR THE JOURNEY.

Well, never mind my reasons. I had made up my mind to go. That's enough. "*Marlbrook s'en va t'en guerre*," mais as MARLBROOK Junior I may say, "*Je reviendrai*."

Politics to the winds! or, colloquially, Politics be blowed! I'm off to TOM TIDDLER's ground. Nice fellow, TIDDLER. Knew him years ago. He is now a Limited Company, "TIDDLER & Co."

## THE COMPOSITION OF THE PARTY.

Well, you know what it was once upon a time. There was A BALFOUR—beg pardon, should say, THE BALFOUR—and DRUMMY WOLFFY, and De GORSTIBUS non disputandum ("no arguing with GORST"), and self. As good a quartette, though I say it who shouldn't, as ever sat down to a concerted piece, with myself as First Fiddle. But now—"Where am dat barty now?"—I don't know if I quote correctly; quoting correctly is not my forte. "Dat barty," suggests WOLFFY; he was the "barty" of our party, in the merry days of old. Now—none of 'em here, and I with my ink-stand before me, a pencil, a pen, note-books galore, and any amount of foolscap, represent "the composition" of our party. I must get on with my "compo." Is reminds me of doing a "Theme" at Eton. This is a holiday task. One, two, three, off!—and away!

## ALL ABROAD.

Before I know where we are, so to speak, we have left London, and are at Lisbon. On the voyage Captain G. WILLIAMS suggests these lines, to which I append my own translation. BALFOUR rather behind me in Latin at Eton (I hear by private wire that he admitted as much in his recent speech at the fourth centenary celebration), and so, perhaps, couldn't give the translation as easily as I do. Here is the Captain's reminiscence, and my translation when he isn't looking:—

"Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes  
Angulus ridet, ubi non Hymetto  
Melle decedunt, viridique certat  
Bacca Venafro.

"Vir ubi longum tepidusque præbet  
Jupiter brumas, et amicus Aulon,  
Fertili Baccho nimum Falernia  
Invidet uvis."

Which translated means:—

He, the Englishman (*Angulus*), beside me (that is, "sitting on deck by my side") laughs at all people on shore when he is quite certain (*certat*) that he can't get good tobacco from VENAFER's (a local tobacconist). (This) man prefers the long clay pipe, which gets so soon hot, for, by Jove, you'll burn yourself (*brumas*), and being a friend of AULON's ("all on," local joke), he envies those who can smoke the green tobacco, and doesn't wonder that they go in for Falernian (*classic metaphor for Cape wine*).

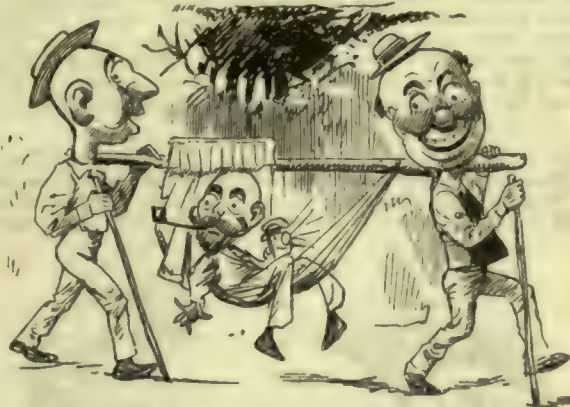
I think that's pretty good for an old Etonian who could give BALFOUR (the "Four" of the Fourth Party, a four-oar without a steerer) a mile over any course of VIRGIL or OVID, and beat him easily.

## WHERE ARE WE NOW?

*En route*, called on the Bey of Biscay. Found him in amiable temper—not a bit rough. Lisbon delightful. Chatsworth not in it with the smallest flower-and-kitchen garden here. Dined at the "Brag"—short for Braganza. Suddenly inspired—wrote drinking song:—

*Sancho Panza*  
At Braganza,  
Quaffed no end of cup,  
But *Don Quixot*  
Said "Don't mix it—  
Let us go and sup."

Have composed my own music to this—call it my musical cup-yright. Shan't publish it, for fear of pirates. No other rates at sea, except pi-rates, and the rate we're now going at—i.e., two knots an hour, and ties pay the dealer. Hoorah! I enclose portrait of self after the above symposium, carried round the town to the air of "*Please*



The Fifth of November anticipated in Quite Mad-sira.

to Remember," &c. Too November perhaps, but everything too previous here, and it's summer even in winter, and winter's nowhere, except in some other places. This is the meteorological or illogical rule, the "*Summa Lex*." Look at my bearers! These are heads of the people, eh? Carried round town in triumph, and then back to the ship, which I now look upon as my native place, or the land of my berth!

## "ONCE MORE ABOARD THE LUGGER!"

Here we are, off the Cape of Good Hope. HOPE, as you know, was a worthy Admiral who discovered this place; he is mentioned by the poet as having done so; you remember—

"Hope told a flattering tale;"

but no one believed him. Wish BALFOUR, GORSTY, and WOLFFY were here, and WOLFFY better than when I left him. First-rate place to pick up health. Every morning I climb the maintop-gallant, plunge into the ocean, and out again in the blowing of a Bo'sen's whistle. I dive, grapple with fresh lobster, bring him up by the tail, and before he knows where he is, he is boiled and on my table, hot, for breakfast. Excellent lobster! But how he changes colour at being caught and boiled! Such a breakfast!

## QUITE A TROPICAL SONG!

Something spicy at last. Rather! The "Umbrella-tree" magnificent! Spreads out in wet weather, and folds up when it's fine. Splendid specimen of the "Boot-tree" (*Arbor tegumenpedis*), and the quaint "Blacking-Brush Plant," which is its invariable companion. No time to spare, however—off again to the *Gran-tully Castle*, with pockets full of fruits of all kinds. Must take care not to sit on them in boat. Lemon squash all very well, but a mixed fruit squash in your tail-coat pocket not so refreshing.





## CAPERING.

There are 50,000 souls and as many bodies in Cape Town. Give you my word, it's a fact. I may have omitted one or two, but saw most of 'em through telescope before landing. There's an old Town House and a Castle, and an Excellency for Governor; Museum, Library, with Manuscripts badly illuminated before the discovery of gas; and as good a glass of Port (called here "Port Elizabeth," after Miss ELIZABETH MARTIN, who first took to it, but didn't finish it, thank goodness!) as you'd wish to get away from the Turf Club. The little boys toss for halfpence in the street, which impressed me with the wonderful mineral wealth of South Africa. Having nothing better to do, I joined them, and won. I lectured them on incautious play, and they said something in South-African, which the street Arabs here speak to perfection, and which, I fancy, was both flattering and apologetic. Called on CEOL, the Colossus of Rhodes, but he was absent at the time. Fine place, the Cape. "Why," I asked myself, "do our people go to Ramsgate, Southend, Herne Bay, and even Scarborough, when there is such a splendid seaside place as this to come to?" But no; because their people have done it before them, so they'll go on doing; and, unlike yours, truly, they won't strike out a line of their own. [N.B.—I must beg the Editor, when he gets this, not to strike out any line of mine, as it's business, and means advertisement.]

## THE ODD TREK.

Had a game of single-handed poker with one of the Trekkers, and beat him hollow. Not at first, of course, out of politeness; but at game No. 3 he was nowhere. Bless him, I knew a "trek" worth any three of his. He wanted to go about with me after



this, but he became such a Boer (that's the origin of our word at home signifying "nuisance") that I cut him, and his pack of cards too. Just off to see the Dutch races. Shall pick up a little coin over this. You'll excuse my not writing any more this week, as I have to send a lot of stuff to the *Daily Graphic*, besides cramming and reading up for it far more than ever I did at Oxford. However, the *jeu d'esprit* is well worth the *chandelle*. You don't want much about local politics—do you? If so, wire's the word, and I'm there. Looking forward to see *What-can-the-Matter-be-Land*, also SAM BEER, and other old friends, with whose names, at least, the papers have already made you familiar. Must be off now, as I've an interview with the High Commissioner, who does all my business for me at the native races. Obligated to give him twenty per cent. on commission, and that, of course, is the reason why he has earned the proud title of "High," which he now deservedly enjoys. "How's that for High?" And the answer is, "Fifteen per cent. on ordinary business, and twenty per cent. for a win." Newmarket not in it with this place. So for the present, "Adoo, adoo!" Mind you, I've got my eyes open, and this is my tip for all the country out here, "White to win in a few moves," [to which I shall soon be able to put you up], and "Black not to win anyhow." Very hot out here; dry work, scribbling; but luckily in the Orange Free State that delicious fruit can be had for the asking. Tell GORSTY that, and WOLFFY can use the information, if he likes, till I return. *Au revoir!* Yours ever,

*Grandolph, the Explorer.*

QUEER QUERIES.—AUTHORSHIP.—I should be glad to know the name of a Publisher of repute who would be likely to purchase for £1000 a first-rate Sensational Novel? I have only written one chapter so far, but I have the plot in my head, and I think a really able and energetic Publisher would be able to judge of the work from a small specimen. Which was the Firm that gave GEORGE ELIOT £5000 for *Middlemarch*? I should like to go to them.—No JUGGINS.

## LEAVES FROM A CANDIDATE'S DIARY.

*Billsbury, Tuesday, 3rd June.*—We had an immense meeting here last night, just to keep the enthusiasm going. We had done our best to get a Cabinet Minister to come down, but they all had some



Free and Independent  
Elector.

excuse or other, and we had to content ourselves with CARDEW, who, being an Under-Secretary, is the next best thing to the genuine Cabinet rose. VULLIAMY came too. A most extraordinary chap that. Instead of being offended at what I did with reference to his proposals for wholesale illegality, he merely delivered his soul of what he called "a gentle protest," and declared himself ready to do all he could to help me to counteract the effects of my own obstinacy. There was considerable difficulty, as there always is, in apportioning the various speeches, so as not to leave any of the important local chiefs out of the proceedings. First of all TOLLAND, as Chairman, opened the proceedings. Then came a vote of confidence in Her Majesty's Government, proposed by Colonel CHORKLE, and seconded by VULLIAMY. To this CARDEW responded.

Then MOFFAT proposed, and JERRAM seconded, a vote of confidence in me, to which, of course, I responded. Old DICKY DIKES proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman. This was seconded by BLISSOP, and after a few cordial words from TOLLAND, the gathering broke up. On the whole, everything went off extremely well. VULLIAMY's speech was a masterpiece. He said:—

"I turn from the larger questions of public policy to the private concerns of the borough of Billsbury. On previous occasions I have had an opportunity of saying what I think of your Candidate, Mr. PATTLE. I have known him for years. Ever since I first met him, I have been more and more struck by the extraordinary intelligent interest he takes in political matters. His views are enlightened, his judgment is sound, and his eloquence is of so high an order as to ensure to him a brilliant success in the House he is destined to adorn. But what chiefly commends him to my regard and to yours, is the honourable uprightness of his character. The contest here will be a fierce and determined one; but, thank heaven, with such a Candidate as yours, it will be kept free from all personal bitterness, and will be conducted in such a way that no breath of suspicion will rest on the absolute and scrupulous legality of everything that may be done. The conscience of the people demands this of the candidates who may appeal to its suffrages, and, speaking as an old man, I can only say that I rejoice to see those who are yet young bearing themselves so honourably, and maintaining the great traditions which have made of England the greatest and proudest nation in the world, and have advanced Billsbury to a position of glorious prosperity which other towns strive in vain to approach."

This from VULLIAMY was splendid, considering that if I had followed his advice, I should have steeped myself in illegality. But the cheers that greeted the speech were deafening, the most enthusiastic coming from MOFFAT, BLISSOP, and JERRAM, who had urged my compliance with VULLIAMY's suggestions.

*Wednesday, June 4th.*—The Meteor is furious about our meeting yesterday. It says, in a leader:—"Do these gentlemen suppose that the froth blown by them over the addle-pates who cheered their speeches is likely to shake sir THOMAS CHUBSON from the secure position in which the affection of the Billsbury public has enthroned him? We have nothing to say against Mr. PATTLE except this, that his youth, combined with the ridiculous immaturity of his views, absolutely disqualifies him for the responsible post to which his foolish ambition aspires. Let him go back to the briefs, which the vivid imagination of his supporters pictures as crowding his table in the Temple. Let him join debating societies, and learn how to speak in public; let him eat, drink, and be merry in London; let him, in fact, do anything except run the head which flattery has turned against the sturdy stone of Billsbury Liberalism. We give him this advice in no unfriendly spirit. Let him be wise in time, and take it."

The *Guardian* is of course jubilant. "Never," it says, "has it been our lot to hear the magnificent principles of our cause expounded with an eloquence so convincing. Mr. CARDEW spoke, as he always does, with that sturdy good sense which has not only made him a redoubtable foe in the House of Commons, but has endeared his name to the masses of the English people. Mr. VULLIAMY again showed himself a master of the great questions of finance, and held his audience enthralled while he contrasted the futile extravagance of Liberal Governments with the wise, but generous economies, established by those who now hold the reins of Government. Our popular and eloquent young Candidate, Mr. PATTLE, showed himself not unworthy to take his place side by side with the two great men we have mentioned upon the Government benches. Rarely has any



meeting displayed greater enthusiasm and unanimity. Our wretched opponents may well hide their diminished heads. Another nail has been struck into the coffin of the CHUNSONS, and the rest of the gang whom the unfortunate apathy of the Conservatives, at the last election, permitted to rise to high places in Billsbury politics. They have earned their doom. *Sic semper tyrannis!*"

There's a curious paragraph in a little weekly sort of Society rag published in Billsbury. It says:—"Mr. PATTLE has prolonged his stay in Billsbury for some time. Can it *all* be politics? I say nothing. But others have been heard to whisper nothings which are sweet. What price bonnets?" I suppose the idiot means to hint that there's something between me and Miss PENFOLD? Hope MARY won't hear of this rubbish.

## MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Type Writer.)

### No. XXVI.—THE LADY SHOPKEEPER.

LADIES who, in order to correct the inequalities of fortune, or to counteract a spendthrift husband, have betaken themselves to the keeping of shops, form a large and rapidly-increasing body. In times so ancient as to be scarcely within the memory of a juvenile dowager, it was held by the high dry exponents of aristocratic privilege that to touch trade, even when it proffered a bag of money in a well-gloved hand, was to be defiled beyond the restoring power of a Belgravian Duchess. To be sure, even the highest and the driest of these censors contrived to close an indulgent eye when a moneyless scion of nobility sought to prop his tottering house by rebuilding it upon a commercial foundation, and cementing it with the dower of a "tradesman's" daughter. But if these blameless ones, whose exclusive dust has long since been consigned to family vaults with appropriate inscriptions, could have foreseen the dreadful inroads of the trading spirit, if in a moment of prophetic rapture they could have watched the painful decay of caste which permits a lady to dabble in bonnets, to toy with the making of fancy frames, to out dresses almost like a dressmaker, and, horror of horrors, to send in bills to her customers, surely they would have refrained from the tomb in order to stem the tide of advancing demoralisation. But they are dead, and we who remain are left to deal as best we may with the uncompromising spirit of the age.

It is absolutely essential to the proper production of a Lady Shopkeeper that she should have been at one time both affluent and socially distinguished. If to these qualities she can add the supreme advantage of good looks and a modest demeanour, her career is certain to be a prosperous and a rapid one. If, finally, she has been mated to a husband who, having long ago spent his own cash, contrives in a short time to run a best on record through hers, if he is a good fellow of a sort, with a capacity for making friends which is as large as his generosity in staking money, she may be sure that no element will be wanting to her success. It is of course unnecessary that she should have served any apprenticeship to the trade that she ultimately adopts. When, after some glittering seasons of horses and footmen and brilliant parties, the crash comes upon the little household, her friends will be called into council. Some will recommend a retired life in a distant suburb, where it is currently reported that £250 a year may be made to play the part of £2,000 in the heart of May Fair. Others will hint that governesses have been known, after years of painful labour, to lay by a sufficiency for a short old age; others, again, will dive into the storehouse of their reminiscences, in order to produce for inspection the well-known example of a colonel and his wife, who defied both the fates and the rheumatism in the modest *pension* of a Continental watering-place. All these suggestions, however, are eventually put aside in favour of the advice that a shop should be started, a *nom de commerce* adopted, and a circle of friendly customers be acquired by discreet advertisement. After these matters have been decided, but not till then, it becomes necessary to determine to what special branch the talents of the prospective Shopkeeper are to be devoted. At last even this is accomplished, and in a few months more the world of fashion may learn by private circular or public paragraph, that a new competitor



for its favours has been launched into commercial activity under a sweetly symbolical name.

After this everything depends upon the Lady herself. At first everything will go swimmingly. Friends will rally round her, and she may perhaps discover with a touching surprise that the staunchest and truest are those of whom, in her days of brilliant prosperity, she thought the least. But a *succès d'estime* is soon exhausted. Unless she conducts her business on purely business lines, delivers her goods when they are wanted, and, for her own protection, sends in her accounts as they fall due, and looks carefully after their payment, her customers and her profits will fall away. But if she attends strictly to business herself, or engages a good business woman to assist her, and orders her affairs in accordance with the dictates of a proper self-interest, she is almost certain to do well, and to reap the reward of those who face the world without finching, and fight the battle of life sturdily and with an honest purpose. Some painful moments may fall to her lot. It may be that in a crowded assemblage of wealth and fashion she may see one of her masterpieces in the dress-making art torn into shreds under the clumsy heel of a Cabinet Minister, or a Duchess may speak unkindly in her hearing of her latest devices in floral decoration. Or, some brainless nincompoop may, in his ignorance of her profession, cast aspersions on the general character and behaviour of all who keep shops. And it may be that friends, after a prolonged period of non-payment, will desert her, and speak ill of her business. But she will be able to console herself for these and similar bitternesses by the knowledge that on the whole the world honours those who battle against ill-fortune without complaint far above the needy crowd of spongers who strive to batten without effort on the crumbs that fall from the tables of the rich.

## ROBERT ON THE HEMPERER'S VISIT TO THE CITY.

WELL, we are jest a going for to have a fine time of it in the old City, we are! On the werry tenth of next month, which this year happens for to be Jewly, we are a going for to receive to Lunshon, quite in a frendly way, the Hemperer and the Hempress of all GERMANY, not forgetting Hellygoland which we so kindly guv 'em larst year, and, in addishun, about twenty other princes and princesses from differing forren parts, as has all agreed for to cum at the same time to do 'em honour, and as if that wasn't quite enuff for one day, the noble Prince of WHALES, and the butifful Princess of WHALES, and all the Royal Family, will be werry much "hall there" for to receive 'em and shew 'em praps the luvlyest site in Urope, wiz., the butifful Gildhall made into a bowor of roses, and covered with reel dammarsk tablecloths from top to bottom, and them all covered with such a fairy-like Lunshun as makes my pore old mouth water any jest to think upon! There's one thing as I'm afraid as His Himperial Madjesty will be werry angry at, and that is, as they ain't a going for to make him free of the City, which is one of them grate honours as all the celibryties of the World pines for. BROWN says it ain't *commy fo*, as the French says, but BROWN don't know everythink, tho' he is a trying his werry best to learn a few German words in case the Hemperer asks him for sumthink to eat, such as a little sour krowt. The best of the fun is that he achally spells sour, *sauer!* I ain't not a pertickler good speller myself, but I reely should be artily ashamed of sich a blunder as that.

The pore Committee, as has to see to hewerythink, begins for to look jest a little pail and worried—and who can wunder at it, for I'm told as they is amost torn to peaces with applications for Tickets, tho they ony has two a-peace for their friends, and won't have one for themselves, but will have to walk about all the time of the Lunch, with their long sticks of office, to pass as ewerybody xcept themselves is nice and cumferal, and got plenty to eat and drink. And, torking of drink, jest reminds me of the tasting Committee, pore fellers! who has got for to go to all the werry best Wine sellers in the City, to taste all their werry best wines, and decide which, of every kind and description, they shall select for their himperial royal gasts. Why it's amost enuff to give 'em all hedakes for the rest of their natrual lives.

I don't know of any further arrangements as is quite finally settled, so praps I may have jest a few lines to add nex week. ROBERT.



QUEER QUERIES.—A FIRST READING.—Would some person kindly inform me of a good Recitation for a Smoking Concert? I have been asked to recite "something telling" after the annual banquet of a Club of local Licensed Victuallers. I am thinking of the First Book of *Paradise Lost*. Or would parts of *The Excursion* be more likely to create a *furor*? I have never recited in public before, and feel rather doubtful of my ability to "hold" the Victuallers.—WILLING TO OBLIGE.





## GENTLE SATIRE.

"I SAY, BILL, LOOK 'ERE! 'ERE'S A OLD COVE OUT RECORD-BREAKING!"

## "THE DILEMMA."

(An old Irish Story newly applied.)

"[On which horn of the dilemma will the Gladstonians elect to stand?]"—*Mr. Chamberlain, in his controversy with Sir W. Harcourt on the place of Home Rule in the Gladstonian programme.*

Faithful Unionist Sentry, loquitur:—

FAITH! yes, a dilemma, no doubt, is *the* thing  
To stagger Big Bounce, in a fashion Socratic.  
I fancy I know how to plant a sharp sting.  
The success of my bayonet-play is emphatic.  
Remember a picture I once chanced to see,  
A Pompeian sentinel posed at a portal,  
And "faithful to death" though fire  
threatened. That's Me!

As my country's defender, my fame is  
immortal.

Yes, the Sentinel's rôle suits my style passing  
well; [ding.  
The enemy won't find me napping or nod-  
But what I *most* like as I do sentry spell,  
Is the fine opportunity offered for—prod-  
ding!

I watch like a lynx, as a sentry should do,  
With an eye like a hawk, and a smile sweet  
as syrup;

But when there's a chance for a thrust—  
whirraroo!

My bayonet-point is agog for a stir up!

JOE, the Sentry, you know, like *Joe Bagstock*,  
is sly,

Ay, "devilish sly,"—if I may speak  
profanely.

That swashbuckler H-RC-RT now, swaggering  
there—why,

The big burly Bobadil's acting insanelly.

I do like to draw him. These ramparts are  
mine,

But because we're old comrades he cheeks  
me. "Woa, EMMA!"

As cads used to shout. I extremely incline  
To tickle him up with—a two-horned  
Dilemma!

"Well, WILLIAM, what cheer?" He is  
struggling out there

With a—Snark; 'tis a Boojum which  
shortly may vanish.

Like *Frankenstein's*, his is a Monster, I  
fear,

He would—did he dare—be delighted to  
banish.

That big "Home-Rule" Bogey, my Bobadil,  
seems

A "handful" with which you are destined  
to struggle,

Which darkens your days as it haunts all  
your dreams;

Which you cannot get rid of by force or by  
juggle.

You've got him, you say? Well, then, bring  
him along!

Ha! ha! Says "he can't!" That's ex-  
ceedingly funny!

It is very hard when your "captive"'s so  
strong,

He won't do your bidding for love or for  
money.

Like SAMSON he leads his DELILAH a dance,  
Like PAT's prisoner—all know the old  
Irish story—

He won't give his captor a ghost of a chance.  
Such "prisoners" do mar their conqueror's  
glory.

"Well, leave him behind, then, and come on  
alone!"—

Eh! "Captive won't let you?" That's  
just what I told you!

Your trophy, "Home Rule," has an incubus  
grown;

He's got *you*, my friend, and, my faith,  
he will hold you.

'Tis PADDY'S Dilemma all over again,  
Only you're the true PAT. You can't take  
it or leave it. [vain;

Your triumph was futile, your struggles are  
Mine's the Sentinel's eye, and you cannot  
deceive it.

[Left chortling, but still "on duty."

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE"—  
SUCCESSION?

"Supply—Army Estimates."

GENERAL FRASER—not a *phraser* clearly—  
Military grumbling vents sincerely;

House won't listen, and the cruel *Times*  
Summarised his tale of woes and crimes,

As—great CESAR!—"a few observations,"  
TANNER, always great on such occasions,

Intimates that it is his impression  
Soldiers are "succeeding in succession"

In the interest of more Expense.  
Well, "economists" make stir immense,

But in spite of most Draconic manner,  
Hardly ever seem to save—a "tanner."

So that one is prone to think indeed,  
In succession they do *not*—"succeed!"

"A LEGGE UP."—The new Bishop of LICH-  
FIELD.





## “THE DILEMMA.”

(NEW ADAPTATION OF AN OLD IRISH STORY.)

H-RC-RT. “HILLO, JOE! I’VE GOT HIM!”

CH-MB-RL-N. “ALL RIGHT; BRING HIM ALONG THEN!”

H-RC-RT. “BUT HE *WON’T* COME!”

CH-MB-RL-N. “THEN LEAVE HIM, AND COME AWAY!”

H-RC-BT. “BUT *HE* *WON’T* LET ME!!!”







## VOCES POPULI.

## DILATORY DINNERS.

SCENE—The Grounds of a certain Exhibition. On this particular evening, there has been a slight hitch in the culinary arrangements, and the relations between the Chef and the Waiters are apparently strained. Enter an Egotistic Amphitryon, followed by a meek and youthful Guest.

The Egotistic Amphitryon (concluding an harangue). Well, all I've got to say is I've been here half-an-hour—(with a bitter sense of the anomaly of the situation)—waiting about for You!! (They seat themselves at one of the little tables under the verandah.) Oh, you're going to sit that side, are you? It's all the same to me, except that there's a confounded draught here which—well, you're young, and these things don't affect you—or oughtn't to. (They exchange sides.) We shall have to hurry our dinner now, if we mean to hear anything of the music. That was the reason I expressly told you seven sharp. Here, Waiter! (Waiter presents a carte, and stands by with a proud humility.) Now, what are you going to have? (To Guest.) You don't mind? I hate to hear a man say he doesn't care what he eats—he ought to care, he must care. What do you say to this—“Potage Bisque d'écrivisses; Saumon Sauce Hollandaise; Brimbors de veau farcis à l'imprévu; Ducklings and green peas; New Potatoes; Salad”? Simple and, ah, satisfying. (To Waiter.) Let us have that as sharp as you can; do you hear?

Waiter. Quick? Yes, I dell zem. [He hurries off.]

The E. A. Hang the fellow, he's forgotten the wine! (To Guest.) What will you drink?

The Guest (thinks it will look greedy if he suggests champagne). Oh—er—whatever you're going to drink.

The E. A. Well, I'm going to have a glass of champagne myself. I want it after all this worry. But if you prefer beer (considerately), say so. (The Guest, in a spirit of propitiation, prefers beer.) Well, we could have managed a bottle of Pommery between us, and it's never so good to my mind in the pints—but please yourself, of course.

[The Guest feels that his moderation has missed fire, but dares not retract; they sit in silence for some time, without anything of importance happening, except that a strange Waiter swoops down and carries away their bread-basket.]

A Meek Man (at an adjoining table, who, probably for family reasons, is entertaining his Sister-in-law, a lady with an aquiline nose and remarkably thick eyebrows.) You know, HORATIA, I call this sort of thing very jolly, having dinner like this in the fresh air, eh?

Horatia (acidly). It may be so, AUGUSTUS, when we do have it. At present we have been sitting here fifteen minutes, and had nothing but fresh air and small flies, and, as I don't pretend to be a Chameleon myself, why—

Augustus. Well, you know, my dear, we were warned that the trout en papillotes might take some little time. I suppose (with mild jocularity)—it's a fashionable fish—wants to come in with a “little head sunning over with curls,” as the poet says.

Horatia. Please don't make jokes of that sort—unless you wish to destroy the little appetite I have left!

Augustus (penitently). Never mind—I won't do it again. Here's our Waiter at last. Now we're all right!

[The Waiter puts a dish down upon another table, and advances with the air of a family friend who brings bad tidings.]

Horatia. Will you kindly let us have that trout at once?

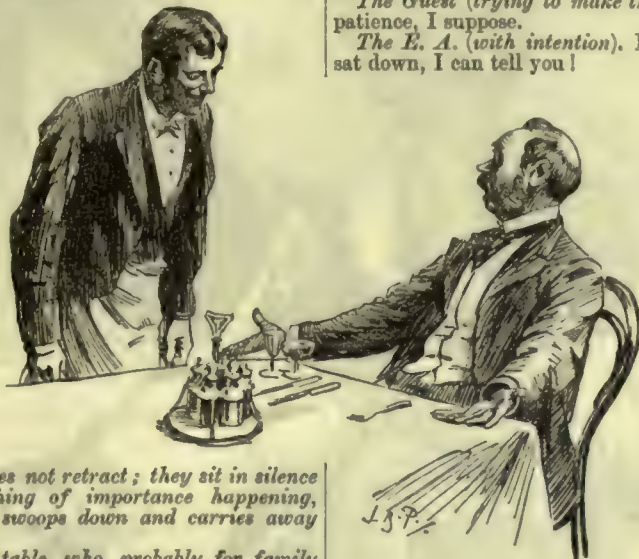
The Waiter (bending down to AUGUSTUS with pity and sympathy). Very sorry to dell you, esbeacially after keebin you so long waiting, bot (thinks how he can break it most gently) ve haf so many people hier to-day, and zey haf shust dold me in ze gitchen zere is no more drou. Zis hote vedder ze drou, he vill nod stay!

Augustus (mildly). No, of course not—well, let me see, now, what can you—?

The E. A. Here, you Kellner, come here, can't you? What the—Waiter (to AUGUSTUS). Von minute. I gom back bresently. (To E. A.) You vant your pill, Sir, yes?

The E. A. (exploding). My bill! Confound it! I want something to eat first. When is that Bisque coming?

Waiter. Ach, peg your bardon, ve haf peen so pusy all day. Your Bisque vill pe retty diregly. I go to vetch him. [He goes.]



Horatia. Now we're farther off from getting any food than ever! I suppose you mean to do something, AUGUSTUS?

Augustus. Of course—certainly. I shall speak very strongly. (Bleating.) Waiter!

Horatia (with scorn). Do you imagine they will pay the least attention to a noise like a sixpenny toy? Let them see you insist upon being obeyed.

Augustus. I am—I mean, I will—I am very much annoyed. (Fiercely.) Wa-ai-ter!

A Stern Waiter (appearing suddenly.) You vant somsing, Sir?

Augustus (apologetically). Yes; we should—er—like something to eat—anything—so long as you can bring it at once, if you don't mind. We—this Lady is rather in a hurry, and we've waited some little time already, you see.

The Waiter. Peg your bardon, zis is nod my daple. I send your Waiter. [He vanishes.]

The E. A. Scandalous! over twenty minutes we've been here! Ha! at last! (A Waiter appears with a tureen, which he uncovers.) Here, what do you call this?

Waiter. Groute au Bot—you order him, yes? No? I dake him away!

[He whisks it away, to the chagrin of Guest, who thought it smelt nice.]

The E. A. I ordered Bisque—where is it? and I want some wine, too—a pint of Pommery '84, and a small lager. If they're not here very soon, I'll—

The Guest (trying to make the best of things). Nothing for it but patience, I suppose.

The E. A. (with intention). I had very little of that left before I sat down, I can tell you!

A Sarcastic and Solitary Diner.

Waiter, could you spare me one moment of your valuable time? (The Waiter halts irresolutely.) It is so long since I had the pleasure of speaking to you, that you may possibly have forgotten that about three-quarters of an hour ago I ventured to express a preference for an Entrecôte aux pommes de terre with a half-bottle of Beaune. Could you give me any idea how much longer those rare dainties may take in preparing, and in the meantime enable me to support the pangs of starvation by procuring me the favour of a penny roll, if I am not trespassing too much upon your good-nature?

[The Waiter, in a state of extreme mystification and alarm, departs to inform the Manager.]

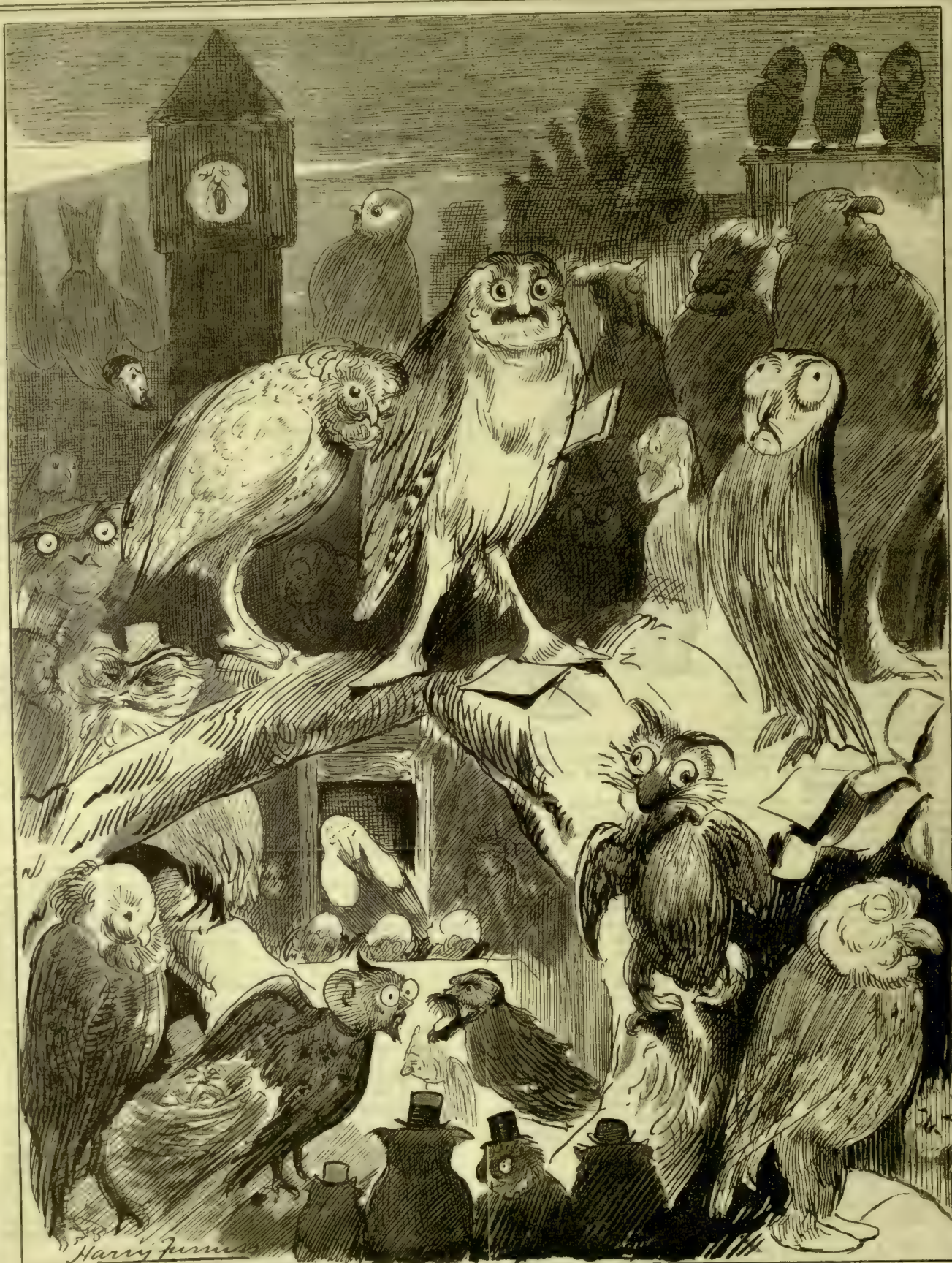
The E. A.'s Waiter (reappearing with a small plated bowl, champagne bottle and glass of lager.) I regred fery mooch to haf to dell you zat zere is only shust enough Bisque for von berson.

[He bows with well-bred concern.] The E. A. Confound it all! (To Guest.) Here, you'd better take this, now it's here. Afraid of it, eh? Well, Bisque is apt to disagree with some people. (To Waiter.) Give it to me, and bring this gentleman some gravy soup, or whatever else you have ready. (He busies himself with his Bisque, while the Guest, in pure absence of mind, drinks the champagne with which the Waiter has filled his glass.) Here, what are you doing? I didn't order lager. (Perceives the mistake.) Oh, you've changed your mind, have you? (To Guest.) All right, of course, only it's a pity you couldn't say so at once. (To W.) Another pint of Pommery, and take this lager stuff away. (Exit W.; the unfortunate Guest, in attempting to pass the bottle, contrives to decant it into his host's soup.) Hullo, what the—there—(controlling himself). You might have left me the soup, at all events! Well—well—it's no use saying any more about it. I suppose I shall get something to eat some day.

[General tumult from several tables: appeals to the Waiters, who lose their heads and upbraid one another in their own tongue; HORATIA threatens bitterly to go in search of buns and lemonade at a Refreshment Bar. Sudden and timely appearance of energetic Manager: explanations, apologies, promises. Magic and instantaneous production of everybody's dinner. Appetite and anger appeased, as Scene closes in.]

N.B.—Mr. Punch wishes it to be understood that the above sketch is not intended as a reflection upon any of the deservedly popular restaurants existing at present in either exhibition.





PARLIAMENTARY NIGHT-BIRDS.



## MEDICINAL MUSIC.

*(A Crawl from a "Quiet Street.")*

["There is a disposition just now to revive discussion upon a very old subject, namely the curative influence of Music in cases of mental and bodily disease."—*Daily Telegraph.*]

CURATIVE Music? Just as well expect  
An Influenza-cure from Demogor-  
gon!

Some dolts there be, no doubt, who  
would detect

Anodyne influence in a barrel-  
organ;

A febrifuge in a flat German Band,  
A prophylactic in a street-piano!

Some quackery a man can understand,  
But Music I'll not take, even *cum*  
*grano.* [say,

I don't believe what classic noodles  
That Music stopped the hæmor-  
rhage of ULYSSES;

That CATO's stiffened joints attained  
free play

From harmony of sounds. Such  
"rot" sense hisses.

I'd just as soon believe the Theban  
walls

Were twangled into place by young  
Amplion.

Bah! Minds made sane by Music's  
scrapes and squalls?

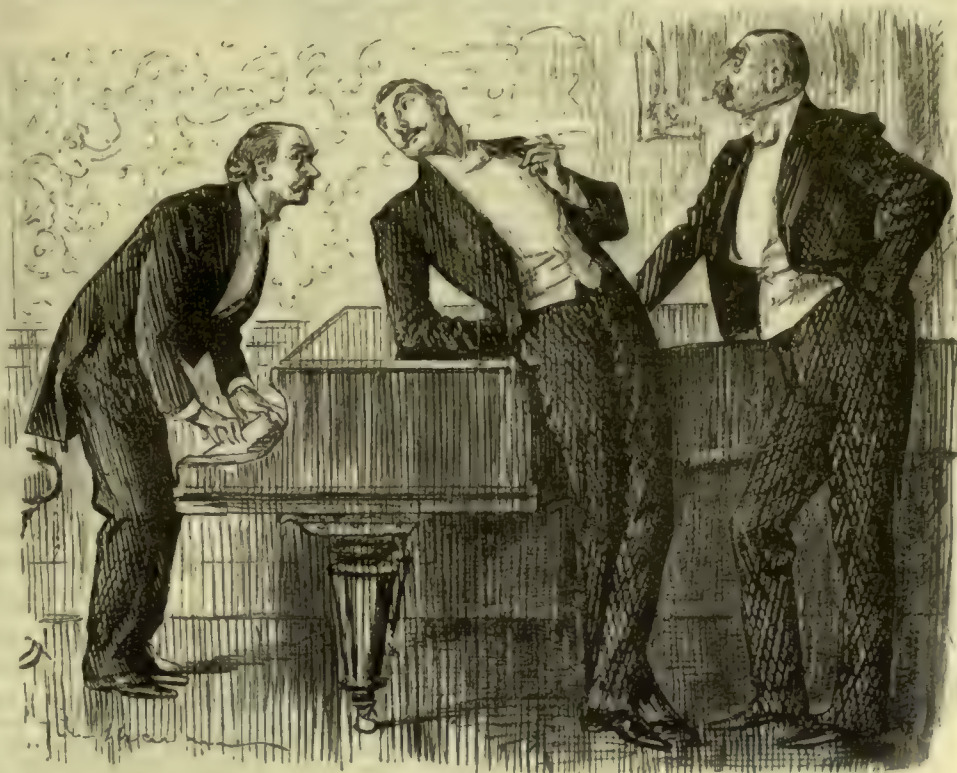
Not mine, though the lyre-thrum-  
ber were Arion.

Drums, trumpets, fiddles, organs—  
all are bad.

And vocal fireworks are far worse  
than vanity.

Stop, though! I'm sane, and they  
just drive me mad;

So Music may drive idiots into  
sanity!



## AT A SMOKING CONCERT.

*Distinguished Amateur (with good Method but small Voice, suddenly jumping up from Piano). "LOOK HERE, ALOY. I DO CALL IT BEASTLY BAD FORM FOR YOU AND SIKES TO TALK WHEN I'M SINGING!"*  
*Aloy. "ALL RIGHT, OLD MAN—AWFULLY SORRY—DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE SINGING, YOU KNOW!"*

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Tuesday, June 23, 12.15 A.M.*—House just adjourned; a little dazed by shock of narrow escape from grievous danger. Been at it through greater part of night debating Second Reading of Education Bill. JULIUS 'ANNIBAL PICTON led off with speech of fiery eloquence. The SQUIRE of MALWOOD declares he never listens to J. A. P. without an odd feeling that there have been misfits. Both his voice and his gestures are, he says, too large for him. But that, as ALGERNON BORTHWICK shrewdly points out, is professional jealousy supervening on the arrogance of excessive stature. The SQUIRE, though not lacking in moods of generosity, cannot abear a rival in the oratorical field. Had things turned out differently to-night, he might have enjoyed the advantage of addressing House at this favourable hour, whilst its withers were yet unwrung.



Sir Algernon.

But JULIUS 'ANNIBAL has not studied his great ancestor's strategy for nothing. As soon as Second Reading of Education Bill appeared on the paper, he romped in, and put down Amendment. Needn't move it; didn't mean to move it; doesn't move it; but he gets first place in principal Debate of Session, and shows himself worthy of it by the luminous argument and almost passionate eloquence of his oration.

It wasn't that the House was disturbed about. The particular incident arose a quarter of an hour before midnight, when CRANBORNE suddenly got up and moved Adjournment of Debate. J. A. had bowled him and others over in the earlier part of the Sitting; but there was a second night, and the HOPE of HATFIELD determined he would collar that. Had the Motion for Adjournment been accepted, he would, in accordance with usage, have opened the ball when the House met again once more, fresh, and in the mood to listen. But JOKIM objected to losing the quarter of an hour.

"We can," he said, pleasantly, "bear another speech."

All right; CRANBORNE only a private Member, and modest withal; not the person to argue with his pastors and masters. So resumed his seat. If they wanted to use up the time, let some one else speak through the quarter of an hour. Had things been so left, the listening Senate and the waiting world would never have heard CRANBORNE in this Debate. As the SPEAKER gently pointed out to him, having moved the Amendment he had exhausted his privilege of speaking. He might sustain his thesis at any length, or, being on his legs, might continue the Debate without insisting on his Motion for the Adjournment. But he must speak now, or for ever hold his tongue as far as the Debate was concerned. This was awkward, but no help for it; so CRANBORNE plunged in and talked up to midnight, when the Debate stood adjourned.

*Business done.*—Second Reading of Education Bill moved.

*Tuesday.*—Another night with Education Bill. Position rather peculiar; everyone, or nearly everyone, in state of frantic adulation of the measure; and yet everyone passing the cradle in which the infant alubmers gives it a sly pinch. Here and there a Ministerialist gets up and honestly denounces a Bill embodying principle which Conservatives been led for generations to denounce. BARTLEY last night made capital speech in this sense. To-night LAWRENCE bluntly declares his regret that good Tories should be asked to support principles which they, under their present Leaders, violently opposed at General Election of 1885. ADDISON blandly and persuasively attempts to stem this growing torrent of discontent. "The change of opinion on this side of the House," he said, hitching on one side an imaginary wig, clutching at an imperceptible gown, and turning over the pages of an impalpable brief, "is owing to the fact that circumstances and times have altered. It is the duty of statesmen,"—and here ADDISON, like another Fat Boy known to history, wisely swelled,—"to adapt themselves to the necessities of the case."

JENNINGS, speaking from the Bench immediately behind ADDISON, had no patience with this kind of argument. "Six years I've sat in this House, Mr. SPEAKER," he said, "and during that time have seen measures which we Conservatives have been encouraged, almost instructed, to denounce, cordially received by our Leaders and passed into law. For my part, I cannot flourish on this diet of broken pledges. One might eat of it now and then, but when continually invited to the same dish, it becomes a little monotonous."



OLD MORALITY happily out of the way of hearing all this. Gone off, and wisely left no address. People walking along Downing Street, find written over the door at the Treasury, "Back in Ten Minutes." That's all; neither date nor hour specified. Ten minutes roll on, and OLD MORALITY comes not. But he sometimes communicates with his most intimate friends. Have this morning a note from him.

"I send these few lines," he writes, "hoping they will find you well as they leave me at present. Talking about lines, mine have fallen in pleasanter places than yours, or JOKIM's chance to be just now. Some people are inclined to deny me the faculty of humour. But I think the merry-go-round of leaving JOKIM in charge of the Free Education Bill is pretty well for a beginner. Everything must have a commencement. Now I've started I may in time become a regular JOSEPH MILLER. Excuse my not mentioning my present address, and be sure that wherever I am, I am animated solely by desire to do my duty to Queen and Country, and to meet the convenience of Hon. Gentlemen in whatever part of the House they may sit. If you want to write to me, address 'Mr. SMITH, England.' I have reason to believe that so perfect is the machinery of the Post Office under the direction of my Right Hon. friend, that the missive thus directed will not fail to reach its destination."

*Business done.*—On Second Reading of Education Bill.

*Thursday.*—An old acquaintance looked in at Lobby to-night. When he was here, we used to call him LONG LAWRENCE. Now he is one of Her MAJESTY's Judges, and we must behave to him as such.



Long Lawrence.

"How're you getting on here, TOBY?" he said, just as friendly as if he were still at the Bar.

"As your Ludship pleases," I replied, too old a Parliamentary Hand to be inveigled into familiarity by his unassuming manner.

Fact is, as, on his further entreaty, I proceeded to explain to the learned Judge, we are getting on very well indeed. Truce been called in party conflict, and is strictly observed. Mr. G. is absent on sick leave—not keeping out of the way of Education Bill, as some will have it. OLD MORALITY back to-night; came down in a penny 'bus, in final effort to elude discovery of his place of recent retreat. PARNELL also absent; news comes to-night that his business is matrimonial; graphic accounts current of his expedition "in a one-horse vehicle" from Brighton to Steyning.

"If," says his Ludship, fresh from a Criminal Court, "he had been committing a burglary, and was getting off with the loot in the one-horse O'Shay, he could not have taken fuller precautions to evade pursuit."

At first some doubt as to truth of story. Been rumoured often before. Then comes, in special edition of evening paper, the detail: "The ceremony being concluded, Mr. and Mrs. PARNELL drove away in the direction of Bramber, Mrs. PARNELL taking the whip and reins."

"Ah!" said DICK POWER, "that's KITTY, and no mistake. She always takes the whip and reins. Bet you three to one the trick's done."

SQUIRE of MALWOOD faithful at his post, but he, too, observant of the Truce. Everyone tired to death of dulllest Session ever lived through, and chiefly anxious to bring it to an end.

*Business done.*—In Committee of Supply.

*Friday.*—In Lords to-night, Irish Land Purchase Bill read Second Time, after series of essays delivered by half dozen Peers. Point of honour not to take less than one hour in delivery. DERBY brought down his contribution nicely written out on quarter sheets. Whilst ASHBOURNE declaiming, DERBY seized opportunity to read his speech over to himself. This all very well if he had strictly carried out intention, but, when he grew so interested in it as to mumble passages in an audible voice, situation grew embarrassing. At last KIMBERLEY, who sat near, gently nudged him. "One at a time, my dear DERBY," he whispered. "We know you're accustomed to dual action. DABBY and JOAN, you know; but won't do here."

DERBY blushed, and thrust manuscript in pocket till his turn came, when he had the pleasure of reading it aloud.

*Business done.*—Irish Land Bill through Lords; Public Health Bill in Commons.

## MISS NOMER.



Tree in Hamlet.

TREE is in the provinces he is to appear as the *Prince of Denmark*.

Now why was *The Dancing Girl* ever called *The Dancing Girl* at all? As a matter of fact she never did dance, and from last week's advertisements we find that she has been "running" ever since her first appearance. Now she's off for another run in the provinces, and then back again. Quite a theatrical illustration of the sporting term "running in and out." And when Mr. BEERBOHM

## THE PURCHASE-OFFICERS' GUIDE TO THE ARMY.

(Arranged in Question and Answer Form.)

*Question.* I may take it that the backbone of the British Army (especially in the time of peace) are those commissioned warriors who obtained admission to the Service by paying for their footing?

*Answer.* Indeed you may.

*Q.* And, at the time when these warriors were admitted, I fancy the scientific branches of the Force (the "Gunners" and the "Sappers") were rather looked down upon than otherwise?

*A.* Certainly, for you see they obtained their Commissions by brains, and not through money-bags.

*Q.* And now you have to complain that the Generals' Establishment has been reduced from 275 to 68?

*A.* A scandal and a shame! For this means that only a certain number of us can hope to wear sashes round the waist, instead of hanging down from the left shoulder.

*Q.* Does not promotion by selection, instead of seniority, cause you also considerable loss?

*A.* Unquestionably. The Purchase Officer had a right to suppose that once gazetted he would go up to the top of the tree, always supposing he was able to pay his way like an officer and a gentleman.

*Q.* Is it not also sad that Officers who accept half-pay should be called upon to serve in the Auxiliary Forces?

*A.* Not only sad, but confoundingly undignified.

*Q.* And do you not object to your condition generally?

*A.* Yes, certainly. And let me tell you the subject is *the burning* one of the hour!

*Q.* And what do you think of other matters affecting the welfare of the Army?

*A.* That they are merely details that can safely wait indefinitely the consideration of the Authorities!

## THE "WHETHER" AND THE PARKS.

To ask The RANGER and the Right Honourable Mr. PLUNKET, or "Plunketto," as the name appears in the opera of *Marta*—

*Whether* there cannot be some improvement made in that Despondent Slough known as Rotten Row?



*Whether* Kensington Gardens, now sacred to nursery-maids and their charges, and a few loungers, couldn't be opened up with one or two good rides right across, and a few intersecting bridle-paths, after the fashion of the Bois de Boulogne, and thus relieve the monotony of the Row, which is getting more and more Rotten after every shower, and more and more crowded every summer?

*Whether*, as every equestrian is rightly complaining, something cannot be done in time for the season of 1892?



## VOCES POPULI.

## MORE POT-POURRI FROM THE PARK.

SCENE—The Park, near Cumberland Gate, on almost any fine afternoon. Behind the rails separating the turf from the paths, Orators, Preachers, and Reciters are holding forth, for the delectation of small groups, who are mostly engaged in discussing some totally different subject. A set debate, with a time-limit, and a purely ornamental Chairman, is in progress between a Parnellite and an Anti-Parnellite. The reader will kindly imagine himself to be passing slowly along the line.

A Youthful Socialist (haranguing the usual crowd of well-to-do loungers, and working himself up to the requisite white-heat of factitious fury). And what are these Capitalists? I'll tell yer. Jest a lot o' greedy gobblers and profit-mongering sharks, as eat up the smaller fry. And what are you? Why, you're the small fish as eat mud—and let yourselves be gobbled! (The crowd accept this definition of themselves with perfect gaiety and good-humour.) Some will tell yer that these lazy, idle loafers, work as hard as what we do ourselves. (Derisive laughter at this ridiculous idea.) Mind yer, I'm not saying they don't. Honly, the 'arder they work, the worse it is for us; because the more they work the more they rob! That's what they send their sons to Oxford and to Cambridge—as was built and endowed for the benefit of us, the labourin' classes—for. They send 'em there to learn 'ow to rob!

[Here a discussion breaks out between a Sceptic and a Spiritualist, who, with half-a-dozen interested auditors, have been putting their heads together in a corner.

The Sceptic. No,—but keep to the point,—you're shufflin' the question. I want to argue this out on logical grounds. I know as well as you do that, if only I 'ave 'armony and a round table in my family, I can make that table dance the poker—but what I'm puttin' to you is (triumphantly), 'ow does that prove to me as I'm in communication with the Bogie Man? That's what you've got to answer.

The Y. S. S. Soshalists 'ate the Tories as we 'ate sin. Why, young polertician as I ham, &c., &c.

The Spiritualist (an elderly and earnest person). All I can reply to you is, we Spiritualists do not think—we know that these phenomena appear—yes, as surely as I know I am 'oldin' this stick in my 'and.

The Sceptic (pitilyngly). There you go again, yer see—that stick ain't the point. I can see the stick. A stick ain't a phenomena—you're confusin' two different things. Now I'm goin' to offer you a fair challenge. You perdooce me a Spirit—not in a back room, with the lights out, but 'ere, in broad daylight, in this Park—you get that Spirit to naturalise itself, or whatever you call it, and I'll believe in 'im. Come, now!

A Bystander. Ah, that's the way to corner 'is sort. 'E knows 'e can't do it!

The Spiritualist (with a smile of sad superiority). Ridicule ain't argyment. [The discussion continues.

The Young Socialist. Don't tork to me of Patriotism!

What have the likes of you and me got to be patriotic about? I'm a Universalist, I am, and so long as a man rallies round our glorious Red Flag (here he waves a dingy scarlet rag on a stick), it's all one to me whether his own colour is black, yeller, green, brown, or white! [Applause.

Reciter Number One (in the midst of a thrilling prose narrative about a certain "ARRY," who has apparently got into legal difficulties for having thrown a cocoa-nut stick at a retired Colonel). Well, I went into the Court 'ouse, and there, sure enough, was my pore mate 'ARRY in the dock, and there was hold Ginger-whiskers (laughter) a setting on the bench along with the hother beaks, lookin' biliouser, and pepperier, and more happerplecticker nor ever! "Prison-ar," he sez, addressin' 'ARRY (imitation of the voice and manner of a retired Colonel), "Prison-ar, 'ave you—har—hanythink to say in your beyarf—har?" And then, hall of a sudden, I sor a flash come into my dear 'ole comride 'ARRY's heyas, as he strightened 'imself in the dock, and gave the milingtery slood, and then, in a voice as sounded as true and sweet and clear as a bell, he sez—

A Dingy and Unprepossessing Preacher (unctuously). Well, beloved friends, as I was telling yer, I went 'ome to the 'ouse of that pious Methodist lady, and she told me as 'ow she 'ad two dear unconverted sons, an' I knelt down (&c., &c.), an' after that we 'ad our tea, and then I preached a sermon—ah, I well remember I took my tex from (&c., &c.)—an' then she gave me supper (more unctuously still), as nice a bit o' cold beef and 'ome-brewed ale as ever I wish to taste, and I slep' that blessed night in a warm comfortable bed—and this (drawing the inevitable moral) this brings me round to what I started on, inasmuch as it proves (with a

forbidding smile) as 'ow yer may sometimes hentertain a angel un-awares!

Reciter Number Two (giving his own private version of "The Ticket of Leave Man.") Fourpence 'ap'ny, Gentlemen, is not a very 'arty nor corjial recognition of my talent; 'owever, I will now perceed with the Drammer. The Curtain rises upon the Second Act. 'Hoover three years 'ave elapsed since Robert Brierley—(&c.) We are in May Hedwardses lodgings. She is torkin to 'er goldfinch. If you boys don't give over larkin' and stand back, you'll get a cuff on some of your 'eds. "Goldie," she sez, "I've 'ad a letter from 'Im this morning!" And the bird puts his little 'ed a one side, and a'most seems as if he compre'ended 'er meanin'! Mrs. Willoughby is 'eard outside sayin', "May I come in?" I will now hendeavour to give you a imitation of Mrs. Willoughby.

[He cocks his hat rather more on one side, to indicate feminine garrulity, and continues.

Anti-Parnellite Irishman (earnily). Is it kape to the point? Oi till that white-feced an' black-hearted loiar, TIM MURPHY, that if he interrups me wance more whoile o'im in possession o' the chair, oi'll step down an' call 'm to orrder by landin' 'um a clump on the conk!

Reciter Number Three (who is working his way through a blood-curdling poem, with a hat on the ground before him):—

And on came them maddened 'orses, with their foyery, smokin' breath;

As were bearin' the woman I lurved to a crule and 'orrible death!

'Ow could I save my darlin' from layin' a mangled 'eap On the gorros below where the buttercups blow, along of the innercent sheep!

(Wildly.) I felt my brine was reelin'—I 'adn't a minnit to lose!

[He strains forward, in agony.

With a stifled prayer, and a gasp for air, I— [Here he suddenly becomes aware of an overlooked penny on the grass, and replaces it carefully in the hat before proceeding.

First Bystander (discussing Physical Courage with a friend). No, I never 'ad no pluck. I don't see the use of it myself—on'y gits you into rows. (Candidly.) I'm a blanky coward, I am.

His Friend (admiringly). Give us yer 'and. Yer can't be a blankier coward than me!

The A. P. (with just pride). Oi've been wan o' the biggest libertines in this or anny other city in me toime—there's no blagardhim oi'd have put beyant me—but oi till ye this. If PARNELL was to come up to me here, now, and ask me to sheek um by the hand, oi'd say, "Shtand back, ye d—d seoundthrel!" Ah, oi would that!

Belated Orator (perorating to an embarrassed stranger on a seat before him, under a muddled impression that he is addressing a spell-bound multitude). I tell yer—yes, hevery man, and hevery woman among yer—(Here he bends forward, and touches his hearer's right and left elbow impressively)—don't you go away under the impression I'm talking of what I don't understand!

(The Stranger shifts his leg and looks another way.) I speak sense, don't I? You never 'eard nothin' like this afore, any of yer, 'ave yer? That's because I read between the lines! (Waving his arm wildly.) An' I want heach man and boy of you to 'member my words, and hact upon them when the time comes!

[Here he staggers off with a proud and exalted air, to the immense relief of his hearer.

A Professional Pietist (with a modest working capital of one hymn and a nasal drone). "My richest gynes" . . . (To Charitable Passer. A copper, Sir? bless your kind 'art!) "I cayount" . . . (Examining it. A bloomin' French 'ap'ny!) . . . "but loss; And pour contempt" . . . (Call yerself a Christian gen'lman, yer—&c.) . . . "on a—a—ll my pride!"

(Here the Reader will probably have had enough of it.)

A REAL TREAT.—Advice to Covent-gardeners.—If Carmen is to be done again this season with the same cast as it had on Saturday last, no one who cares for an exceptionally first-rate performance should miss this opera-tunity. There is no better representative of Carmen than Mlle. ZELIE DE LUSSAN,—how can there be, since the Spanish Gipsy heroine of the plot is herself a Loose'un? Madame MELBA was charming as Mickie Ella, the Irish girl in Spain. M. LASSALLE appeared as Escamillo, the bull-fighter, in a novel, and doubtless a correct, costume, and his great Toréador song was vociferously encored. Then, finally, JEAN DE RESKÉ, who made of the usually idiotic Don José a fine acting as well as a fine singing part. It drew a big house, and would have been a pretty dish to set before an Emperor on Wednesday, if, on that occasion, the Opera itself were the only consideration.



"Yer may sometimes hentertain a angel un-awares!"



## THE FIRE KING'S ABDICATION.



"My palate is parched with Pierian thirst,  
Away to Parnassus I'm beckoned."  
I sing of the glories of Fire King the First!  
(Who's fit to be Fire King the Second?)

Captain EYRE MASSEY SHAW is a "Sovereign" indeed,  
Abdicating? Alas! that too true is;  
For he's a Fire King of a different breed  
From the Monarch described by MONK LEWIS.

No mere King of Flames, fiery-faced *à la*  
SKELT,  
Inhabiting regions most torrid,  
With a breath that is warranted copper to  
And eyes indescribably horrid. [melt,  
He hath not a blazing Bardolphian nose,  
He is not *flamboyant* or furious; [hose;  
His Crown's a brass helmet, his Sceptre a  
True Fire King,—all others are spurious.

For he rules the flames; he has done so for  
And now that he talks of retiring, [long;  
Men mourn for the fire-queller cautious and  
strong,  
Whose reign they've so long been admiring.  
Clear-headed, cool Captain, great chief  
All London is sorry to lose you; [M.F.B.,  
As kindly as kingly, from prejudice free;  
No danger could daunt or confuse you.



As doffing your helmet, and dropping your hose,  
You bid us farewell, we all own you  
As one of Fiend Fire's most redoubtable foes;  
As that thirty years we have known you.  
Our Big Boards might job, and our Big Wigs might jaw,  
But, spite of their tricks and their cackle,

One Chief we could trust; we were sure that our SHAW  
His duty would manfully tackle.

So farewell, great Fire King!  
Your crown you lay by;  
E'en you cannot lay by your credit.

Ignipotent Knight? Well, you ought to stand high  
In the next Honour—List!  
*Punch* has said it!

## OFF TO MASHERLAND.

(By Our Own Grandolph.)

(SECOND LETTER. — B.)

*The Magnum Opus.*

*À propos* of this heading, what a treasure a *Magnum Opal* would be. This remark is only "by the way." My motto is Business First, Play (on words) afterwards. So to work.



REALLY think I shall take to Guide-book writing. *Grandolph's Guides* would be immensely popular. I'm sure I can do it—for upon my word I can do almost anything if I only buckle to. By the way, 'Buckle' suggests history. Can go in for "making history" when I've done this work. WILLIAMS—not MONTAGU the Magistrate—(good title this for something)—but my friend the Companionable Captain—is at work; when he has done, he reads out a few descriptive paragraphs for my approbation, or the contrary. When I nod it means that I like it; when I don't nod, he has to wait till I do. I generally begin nodding about the middle of the first paragraph.

"Well," says he, the other day, quite suddenly, "I'm glad you like it all so much."

"Like all what?" I exclaimed, blowing the cigar-ash off my pyjamas, and wondering to myself how I could have been so absorbed in his reading aloud as to have let my half-smoked havannah tumble on to the floor.

"Why, all I've been reading to you for the last hour and a half," returned the Captain, apparently somewhat annoyed; peppery chap, the Captain,—'Curried' Captain when on board Sir DONALD's boat,—but to resume. Says the Curried Captain, still a bit annoyed, "You passed all the paragraphs, one after the other, and whenever I stopped to ask you how you liked it, you nodded."

I didn't like to hurt the gallant scribe's feelings, but the fact is that he, as a reader, has a very soothing-syrupy tone, and, I fancy, that in less than a quarter of an hour, judging by the moiety of my cigar, I must have fallen fast asleep.

"That's posted, is it?" I ask, evading further explanation.

"It is," he answers. "But I've got another lot—"

"Good!" I interrupt him, rather abruptly I own, but, from experience I say it, if I don't take myself when in the humour—"on the hop," so to speak, as they said of the *scarabæus* in Kent—(trust me for

natural history and plenty of it)—I'm no use at all. Now at this moment I am wide awake, a giant refreshed; so I light another fragrant weed, and call for another cool drink, as I haven't the smallest idea what became of the one I ordered when the Gallant Graphist commenced reading; I rather suspect he 'put it to his lips when so disposed,' and that, in this instance also, he mistook my nod for silent but emphatic encouragement.

"Now," I say to the Amiable Amanuensis and Adaptable Author, "you read your stuff aloud with emphasis and discretion, and I'll chuck in the ornamental part. Excuse me, that's my drink." I say, with an emphasis on the possessive pronoun, for the Soldierly Scribe, in a moment of absorption, was about to apply that process to my liquor. He apologises handsomely, and commences his recital. In the absence of a gong,—one ought never to travel without a gong,—I whack the tea-tray with a paper-knife. "All in to begin!"

"The mail train," &c., &c. I make my notes, and remark that MURRAY and BRADSHAW lost a great chance in not having long ago secured the services of the Corresponding Captain. "The railroad passes through mountain scenery of exceptional," &c., &c. BRADSHAW and MURRAY, not to mention BAEDERER and BLACK, absolutely not in it with the Wandering Warrior. "About thirty miles from Cape Town"—

A SIMPLE SUGGESTION.

I stop him at this point. "Couldn't we have a song here?"

"Why?" asks the Simple Soldier, glaring at me, and pulling his moustache.

"Just to lighten it up a bit," I explain. "You see 'About thirty miles' and so forth, suggests the old song of *Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town*."

"Don't see it," says the Virtuous Veteran, stolidly.

"Well, I'll make a note of it," and I add pleasantly, as is my way, "if it's a song, I'll make several notes of it."

"Um!" growls the Severe Soldier, and once again I defeat him in an attempt at surprising my outpost, i.e., my tumbler of cool drink. He apologises gruffly but politely, and then continues his reading.

ON WE GOES AGAIN.

He continues to read about "distances," "so many feet above sea-levels," "engineering skill," &c., &c., which I observe to him will all make capital padding for a guide-book, when I am suddenly struck by the sound of the word I had just used, viz., 'padding.'

PADDINGTON.

"By Jove!" I exclaim.

"What is it?" asks the Confused Captain, looking up from his MS.

"Padding," I reply—"Only add a 'ton' to it, and that will give it just the weight I require. Don't you see?" I ask him, impetuously. But he merely shakes his head, and lugs at his moustache. I explain the idea, as if it were a charade. I say, "The whole notion is 'padding—ton.' See?"

The Ruminating Reader thinks it won't do. "Yes it will," I urge—"it will lighten it up. Who wants statistics without anecdote? Now for an anecdote; and I knock one off, *sur le champ*, about the engine-driver, the stoker, and several other persons, all on the look-out for promotion, informing me of their being *Paddington men of considerable political influence at home*. The Cautious Captain accepts the anecdote, interpolates it, and after I have called for and imbibed another tumbler of 'my own partik,' and lighted another cigar, the Conscientious Captain resumes his entertainment.

NO PIANO.

He reads on. Another drink, just to rivet my attention. Will he take something? No? Then I will. His health, and song—I mean 'treatise,' or whatever he calls it—say 'lecture.' Wish we'd had a piano. Never will travel without one again. *Mem.*—Gong and piano. I don't pretend to be a thorough musician, but as a one-fingered player I'd give Sir CHARLES HALLÉ odds and beat him. Now then—let's see where were we. Another tumbler iced. Good. *Allez!* Captain, go ahead!

Somehow or another, after this—that is, I can only time it by the fact of my having called for a fourth or fifth glass of iced drink, or it may have been my half-dozen, for time does fly so,—the Captain having, I suspect, drank the greater part of the previous one whenever I didn't happen to be looking that way—I begin to think I must have once more given my assent by nodding to a lot of stuff of which I could not have heard more than three pages, as, when I arouse myself from my reverie, the tumbler is empty, the Captain has gone out, and so has my cigar.

AWAY! AWAY!

"Action is the word!" said I, suddenly jumping up; and, having seized a spade, and provided myself with a large sack, which I carried across my shoulders, I set off for the diamond-fields. Unrecognised by a soul, I went to work on my own account;





and the brilliant things I saw—far more brilliant than even the witticisms of WOLFFY, or the sarcasms of ARTHUR B! Into my sack go thousands of diamonds! The sack is full! Aladdin and the Lamp not in it with me! "Hallo!" shouts a voice, gruffly. I could see no one. "*Vox et praterea nil*," as we used to say at Eton. Suddenly I felt myself collared. I made a gallant attempt at resistance. A spade is a spade I know, but what is a spade and one against twenty with pistols and daggers, headed by the redoubtable Fillibusterer THOMAS TIDDLER himself? "Strip him!" said T. T., shortly.

Will you believe that the only way in which in this country they arrive at implicitly believing every word you utter, is by denuding you of all your clothes, so as to get at the naked truth, holding you

the kudos of it, not one little bit)—or to the change of air, but I am bound to say openly that I do think the G.O.M. has been right about most things, especially about Majuba (who was *Pa JUBA*? Send this to DRUMMY WOLFFY), and—well, I shall have more to say on this subject. If this meets the eye of any friendly person, will he kindly remember me to my Uncle? Thanks. That's the ticket. More anon.

*Grandolph the Explorer.*

## ROBERT ON THE HEMPERER'S VISIT TO THE CITY.

THE pore overworked Committee has gone and got themselves into a nice mess, and all by their kindness in wanting to let as many people as possible see the grate show on Friday. They has acshally bin and ordered a grate bilding with rows of seats, out in Gildhall Yard, enuff to hold about a thousand Ladies and Gentlemen, all in their best close, with capital views of ewerybody and ewerythink, and now they are told that it won't be possibel not to give em nothing to heat or to drink, tho' they must set there quite quiet for at least three hours! I wonder what they will all think of Copperashun Hospitality after that!

I'm told as one werry respectable but ancient Deputy acshally surgested, that after the Hemperer and Hempress and their sweet had all gone home, all the whole thousand starving wisitors should be turned into Gildhall and allowed to eat and drink all the fragments as was left. Yes, Mr. Deputy, all wery kind and thortful of you as regards the harf-starved wisitors, but how about us Waiters? You, with all your experience, ewidentally don't know the wally of what such eminent Swells as Hemperers and Hempresses leaves on their plates, and the skrambel for 'em drectly as they leaves. Why, I have acshally seen with my own estonished eyes, a lady, after enquiring of me which chair a suttien elustreous person had set in, stoop down and kiss its harm, wich was nex to kissin his hand, and then give harf-a-crown for harf a happel as was left on the plate! Ah, that's what I calls true loyalty, and werry much it is admired by all of us.

I hunderstands as the Government, wanting to estonish the Hemperer, has lent the City a reglar army of troops to stand on both sides of the Streets from Buckinham Pallis all the way to Gildhall. And in case the estonishing site shood make him feel just a leetle dazed, the jolly old Copperashun has bin and gone and hired no less than three Millingerry Bands of Music to play to him, and cheer him up.

There was a talk of engaging all the many German Bands, as makes our streets so musical, to give the Hemperer a serrynade at Lunch; but Mr. WEST HILL, of the Gildhall Skool of Music, thort it might be too much for His Madjesty's feelinx, so the highdear was given up. I weryly bleeves that of all the many anxious buzzoms as is a beating with suppressed emotion for next Friday, the carnest and the all serenest of the lot is that of

ROBERT.

## "A BOOK OF BURLESQUE."

A VOLUME most welcome on table or desk  
Is DAVENPORT ADAMS's *Book of Burlesque*.  
He deals with the subject from earliest days,  
To modern examples and Gaiety plays.  
We've extracts from PLANCHÉ and GILBERT to hand,  
With puns ta'en from BYRON and jokes from BURNAND.  
There's fun at your asking wherever you look,  
And not a dull page you'll declare in the book.  
You'll find it delightful, for no one Macadams  
The road of the reader like DAVENPORT ADAMS.

**LIBERTY AND LICENCE.**—It is said that *The Maske of Flowers* would never have drawn gold on Monday last to the coffers of that excellent charity, the Convalescent Home at Westgate-on-Sea had not one of the Prominent Performers consented to become the responsible and actual Manager of the "Theatre Royal, Inner Temple." By the terms of his licence he was bound, amongst other things, to see that no smoking was permitted in the auditorium, no exhibition of wild beasts was allowed on the premises, and no hanging took place from the flies. It is satisfactory to learn (that, in spite of many Benchers being present) none of these wholesome regulations were infringed. It is true that the Music of the *Maske* was duly executed, but then this painful operation was conducted (by Mr. PRENDERGAST) from the floor of the building, and not from its roof. Thus the orders of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN were strictly observed by a Barrister, who can now claim to have been Manager of a genuine Temple of the Drama.

**A REMINDER.**—Mr. EDMUND B. V. CHRISTIAN, in *Baily's Magazine*, quoted by the *P. M. G.* last Thursday, complains "that cricket, the most popular of games, fills so small a space in literature." Does he forget that CHARLES DICKENS devoted one entire Christmas Book to *The Cricket on the Hearth*?



up by the heels for the purpose of shaking the diamonds out of you, in case any are concealed in your hair, mouth, ears, eyes and so forth. "He has diamonds on the brain!" I hear some ruffian exclaim, and in another second—

Well—what happened I cannot tell you: I must have fainted. When I came to myself I was lying by the chair in which I had been previously sitting when listening to the Captain's reading, and bending over me with a glass of water in his hand, was the faithful and clever Doctor whose companionship on this voyage of discovery I am daily and hourly learning to appreciate at its proper value. I fancy the ship's crew were round about me, with the Engineer and the Chaplain. I feel inclined to say, "HARDY, HARDY, kiss me, HARDY!" and then something about "Tell them at home"—but the words stick in my throat, as they did in *Macbeth's* throat (only they were other words) when he was on his throat-sticking expedition. (Little Shakspearian reference thrown in here, and no extra charge.)

"How many of these has he had?" I hear the Doctor say, and I perceived that he was holding up an empty tumbler. I should like to explain that, as we were engaged in composition, there had been 'composing draughts.' I fancy I caught the tone of the Clever Captain's voice in reply, but the next minute I felt myself being lifted up and carried off. I wished to tell them of my strange adventure, and how I had barely escaped with my life, but somehow drowsiness overcame me, and I must have fallen asleep.

## BUSINESS AS BEFORE.

To-day I sit down to write out this strange story. Once I asked the Cautious Captain and the Doubting Doctor "if they had seen anything of my pickaxe and the sack of diamonds." But they only smiled at one another, elevated their eyebrows, then winked, and laughed.

What is their little game?

No matter. I will lie low. My motto is "Diamonds are trumps." I'm not here as *Aladdin* for nothing. "Aha!" as the old melodramatic villain used to say, "a time will come! No mattar!"

## RATHER CURRIE-ous!

I don't know whether it is owing to my voyage in a DONALD CURRIE steamer—'twas the first opportunity that ever I had of tasting a DONALD CURRIE, and excellent it is, as of course, was all our "board" on board—(send this joke to WOLFFY—he'll work it up and make a real *impromptu* sparkler of it—and I don't grudge him



## LETTERS TO ABSTRACTIONS.

No. I.—TO SOCIAL AMBITION.

DEAR SIR, OR MADAM,

I TRUST you will observe and appreciate the discreet ambiguity of style with which I have chosen to address you. I may assure you at once that I have done this not without considerable thought. For, though I have often watched you in the exercise of your energies, I have never yet been able to satisfy myself as to whether I ought to class you amongst our rougher sex, or include you in the ranks of those who wear high heels, and very low dresses. Sometimes you fix your place of business in a breast adequately covered by a stiff and shining shirt-front and a well-cut waistcoat.

S o m e - times you inhabit the expansive bosom of a matron. Nor do you confine your-

self to one class alone out of the many that go to the composition of our social life. You have impelled grocers to ludicrous pitches of absurdity; you have driven the wife of a working-man to distraction because her neighbour's front room possesses a more expensive carpet, of a sprucer pattern than her own. Clerks have suffered acutely from your stings, and actresses have spent many a sleepless night under your malign influence. You have tortured Dukes on the peaks of gracious splendour where they sit enthroned as

far above common mortals as they ought to be above the common feeling of envy; and you have caused even Queens to writhe because there happened to be a few stray Emperesses in the world.

On the whole, then, I think I do wisely in leaving the question of your sex a doubtful one. You would wish it so left yourself, otherwise so powerful a personality as yours would, I am certain, have revealed itself with greater clearness to an honest investigator, such as I humbly trust I have proved myself. But, be that as it may, I can assert with perfect confidence that you are no respecter of persons, though it must, in fairness, be added, that one of your chief functions seems to be to implant an exaggerated respect and admiration of others in the minds of your victims. In saying this I praise your impartiality, while I hint a dislike of your ordinary methods. Not that I have any hope of causing you to desist. For to desist would be to cease to exist, and I cannot fairly expect you to commit suicide, however much I may desire it. Moreover, your subjects—for, to be candid, you are a despot—seem to like you. You minister so craftily to their self-esteem, you flatter their vanity with an adroitness so remarkable, that, after a few feeble struggles, they resign themselves, body and soul, to your thrall. Even then you proceed warily. Your first labour is to collect, with patient care, all the little elements of dissatisfaction that are latent in every nature, and to blend them with the petty disappointments to which even the best of us are liable. The material thus obtained you temper with intentions that seem to be good, and eventually you forge out of it a weapon of marvellous point and sharpness, with which you mercilessly goad your victims along the path that leads to ridicule and disaster.

Let me take an instance which I am sure you will remember. When I first met little DABCHICK, I thought I had never seen a happier mortal. He was clever, good-natured, and sprightly. He sold tea somewhere in Mincing Lane, and on the proceeds of his sales he managed to support a wife and two pleasant children in reasonable comfort at Balham. Mrs. DABCHICK could not be accused by her best friends of over-refinement, but everybody agreed that she was

just the homely, comfortable, housewifely person who would always make DABCHICK happy, and be a good and careful mother to his children. Often in the old days when I came down to Balham and took pot-luck with DABCHICK, while Mrs. DABCHICK beamed serenity and middle-class satisfaction upon me from the other end of the table, and the juvenile JOHNNY DABCHICK recited in a piping treble one of Mr. GEORGE R. SIMS's most moving pieces for our entertainment, often, I say, have I envied the simple happiness of that family, and gone back to my bachelor chambers with an increased sense of dissatisfaction. Why, I thought to myself, had fate denied to me the peaceful domesticity of the DABCHICKS? I was as good a man as DABCHICK, probably, if the truth were known, a better than he. Yet there he was with a good wife, an agreeable family, and a comfortable income to compensate him for his extravagance with the letter h, while I had to toil and moil in solitary gloom.

Now, however, all is changed. In an evil moment for himself, DABCHICK speculated largely and successfully in the Gold Trust of Guatemala. In a very short time his income was multiplied by ten. The usual results followed. The happy home in Balham was given up. "People about here," said DABCHICK, "are such poor snobs!"—and a more ornate mansion in South Kensington was taken in its stead. The old friends and the old habits were dropped. JOHNNY DABCHICK was sent to Eton with an immoderate allowance of pocket-money, and was promptly christened "PEKOR" by his schoolfellows. Mrs. DABCHICK rides in a huge landau with blue wheels, and leaves cards on the fringes of the aristocracy. DABCHICK himself aspires to Parliament, and never keeps the same circle of friends for more than about six months. He knows one shady Viscount to whom rumour asserts that he has lent immense sums of Guatemalan money, and the approach of a Marquis makes him palpitate with emotion. But he is a profoundly miserable man. Of that I am assured. It amuses me when I meet him in pompous society to address him lightly as "DAB," and remind him of the dear old Balham days, and the huge amount of bird's-eye we used to smoke together. For his motto now is, "*Delenda est Balhamia*"—I speak of course figuratively—and half-crown havannahs have usurped the place of the honest briar. I know the poor wretch is making up his mind to cut me, but I must bear it as best I may.

Now, my dear Sir or Madam, for this melancholy deterioration in the DABCHICKS you are entirely responsible. I am saddened as I contemplate it, and I appeal to you. Scarcify Dukes and Duchesses, make vain and useless social prigs as miserable as you like, but leave the DABCHICKS of this world alone. They are simple folk, and really I cannot think that the game is worth the candle.

Believe me to be, your obedient servant,

DIODENES ROBINSON.

## BROADLY SPEAKING.

ADVISED by friend to try Norfolk Broads for holiday. Oulton Broad, Wroxham Broad, Fritton Decoy (curious name!), Yare, Waveney, and no end of other rivers. Yachting, shooting, fishing, pretty scenery, divine air, he says. Have come down to Yarmouth for a start.

Up the Bure in a yacht, and into river Thurne. All right so far. Fish scarce. My pilot says, "wait till I get to Hickling Broad. Full of bream and roach." I agree to wait.

In Hickling Broad. Surprised to find notice-boards up all round saying, "sailing" is prohibited in the Broad, also fishing and shooting! "What's the meaning of this?" I ask pilot. He says, "it's all the doings of the Lord of the Manor." Wants to keep the Broad free from tourists. He certainly does it "as to the Manor born." Quite a village autocrat. "Shall I be the 'Village HAMPTON'?" I will.

Fishing. Several men on bank shouting at me. One comes off in a boat and serves me with a summons. This might almost be called a Broad hint to go away! But I don't go. I stop and fish. Another man comes off in boat and threatens me with action "on behalf of riparian owners." Tell him "ripe-pear-ian season isn't till Autumn, and I shall wait here till then." He doesn't see the joke—perhaps too broad for him.

Other yachtsmen, we hear, have been stopped, and threatened. Yachtsmen up in arms generally. Savage artists wander along banks, denouncing Lord of Manor of Hickling. Say they have "right of way" along banks (sounds as if they were Railway Guards). Hear that Lord of Manor is going to put a gunboat on Broad, also torpedoes. Hear, also, that Wroxham Broad—one of the biggest—is to be closed in same way.

Disgusted at such inhospitality. Back to Yarmouth. Give up yacht, and decide to go to Switzerland instead. Find Yarmouth yacht-owners furious with Hickling's Lord of Bad Manners. "Say 'closing the Broads will ruin them.' Very likely, but it'll help the foreign hotel-keeper. Glad to see they've started a 'Norfolk Broads Protection Society,' subscriptions to be sent to Lloyd's Bank. 'I know a Bank'—and all lovers of natural scenery and popular rights ought to know it too, and help in giving the Hickling obstructionist a 'heckling,' when he takes the matter (also the Manor) into Court.





## A TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

(A Scene of To-day, in a Shakspearian Setting.)

**Mr. Punch.** "How now, my hearts! Did you never see the picture of 'We Three?'"

**Emperor.** Marry, forbend, **Mr. Punch!** Well quoted indeed, and, pertinently, from the Swan! "A mellifluous, voice, as I am a true Knight!" But talk not of things triune too openly, lest quidnuncs overhear, and L-B-C-H-A-E devise thereanent fresh heckling interrogations for the Treasury Bench.

**Mr. Punch.** Nay, Kaiser; 'tis not the actual Triple, but the conceivable Quad-ruple, that perturbs the importunates. *We Three* form an informal but fast-knit trinity, that can offend none but churls, and affright none but dullards. Peace, Good-fellowship, Wit! By my bauble, a triad that PYTHAGORAS himself might have favoured! Talking of Threes, Kaiser, it's your third visit to us—and, believe me, you are thrice welcome.

**Emperor.** "Yea, and I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you, pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace at home" (as *Jack Falstaff* put it), that—you gird not too suspiciously at those who would fain embrace her abroad!

**Mr. Punch.** Well quoted, Sir, though not directed to *mine* address. But "A good wit will make use of anything. I will turn diseases to commodity." Two diseases of the time are, faction and fussiness—the one a fever, the other a prurigo. The one makes little of greatness, the other makes much of littleness. You have been the mark of both, young Hohenzollern!

**Emperor.** "An't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal."

**Mr. Punch.** *Falstaff* again, and pertinently applied. Fittingly did the Fat Knight say that he was not only witty himself, but the cause that wit is in other men.

**Prince.** By cock and pye, *Poins*,—*Punch* I mean—am I to be out of this tournament of tags, this joust of quotations? Marry, not so!

[Grasps the EMPEROR'S hand cordially.]

"The Prince of WALES doth join with all the world  
In praise of—Kaiser WILHELM; by my hopes,  
I do not think a braver gentleman,  
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,

More daring, or more bold, is now alive  
To grace this latter age with noble deeds."

**Mr. Punch.** Bravo! "Delivered with good respect." Your Royal Highness has fairly capped us! *Harry Monmouth*, KAISER, could not more fitly have

"Trimmed up your praises with a princely tongue;  
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle."

and *Harry Hotspur* less deserved the praise.

**Emperor.** "I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity." I can but thank you both! (To the PRINCE.)

"By heavens, I cannot flatter; I defy  
The tongues of soothers;  
but a braver place  
In my heart's love hath  
no man than yourself."

**Mr. Punch.** That's as it should be. If 'twere not always wholly so—but no matter! I love not to speak in needless or heedless dispraise of dignities, of "Shouting Emperors," or "Madcap Princes," but rather—

"As in reproof of many tales devised,—  
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,—  
By smiling pick-thanks  
and base newsmongers."

Sweet WILLIAM (of Avon, *bien entendu*), hath armed us in advance against even the latest developments of the detestable. The "base newsmongers" of the day are to be shunned as carefully as the "smiling pick-thanks." They would set strife between the two sides of a sixpence or a sovereign. In vain, let us hope! Than that Uncle should admire Nephew, and Nephew respect Uncle, who could wish more or better—for both? We Three!!! My Emperors and Heirs-Apparents, pray charge your glasses! Something like a Triple Alliance! A Veritable League of Peace! Kaiser; at least this is as pleasant as the proceedings on board the *Cobra* during her passage down the Elbe, *n'est-ce pas?* No formal appending of

Statecraft's Scarlet Seals, or scrawly Imperial Signs-manual need we for our Amicable Treaty. A handclasp and a Loving-cup shall suffice us for marking the happy accord of Peace—Goodfellowship—Mirth!!! These be verily the "Central Powers," which *RUDINI* might have referred to when he said,—“Our Alliance, firmly and sincerely maintained, will assure the Peace of Europe for a long time to come.” So mote it be! Let us toast them—in a Bumper!

[Left doing so.]



## INANITIES OF THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"SEEN THE ENFANT PRODIGE, MR. SOTTEY?"

"NO; WAITING TILL THEY DO IT IN ENGLISH!"





### A TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

"THE PRINCE OF WALES DOETH JOIN WITH ALL THE WORLD  
IN PRAISE OF—KAISER WILHELM; BY MY HOPES,  
I DO NOT THINK A BRAVER GENTLEMAN,

"MORE ACTIVE-VALIANT, OR MORE VALIANT-YOUNG,  
MORE DARING, OR MORE BOLD, IS NOW ALIVE  
TO GRACE THIS LATTER AGE WITH NOBLE DEEDS."







## HENLEY REGATTA.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Oarsman.)

SIR.—This letter is private and is not intended for publication. I particularly beg that you will note this, as on a former occasion some remarks of mine, which were intended only for your private eye, were printed. I of course accepted your assurance that no offence was meant, and that the oversight was due to a person whose services had since the occurrence been dispensed with; but I look to you to take care that it shall not happen again. Otherwise the mutual confidence that should always exist between an editor and his staff cannot possibly be maintained, and I shall have to transfer my invaluable services to some other paper. The notes and prognostications which I have laboriously compiled with regard to the final results of the Regatta will arrive by the next post, and will, I flatter myself, be found to be extraordinarily accurate, besides being written in that vivid and picturesque style which has made my contributions famous throughout the civilised world.



There are one or two little matters about which I honestly desire to have your opinion. You know perfectly well that I was by no means anxious for the position of aquatic reporter. In vain I pointed out to you that my experience of the river was entirely limited to an occasional trip by steamboat from Charing Cross to Gravesend. You said that was an amply sufficient qualification, and that no aquatic reporter who respected himself and his readers, had ever so far degraded himself as to row in a boat and to place his body in any of the absurd positions which modern oarsmanship demands. Finding you were inexorable, and knowing your ridiculously hasty temper, I consented finally to undertake the arduous duties. These circumstances, however, make it essential that you should give me advice when I require it. For obvious reasons I don't much like to ask any of the rowing men here any questions. They are mostly in what they call hard training, which means, I fancy, a condition of high irritability. Their strokes may be long, but their tempers are, I regret to say, painfully short. Besides, to be candid, I don't wish to show the least trace of ignorance. My position demands that I should be omniscient, and omniscient, to all outward appearance, I shall remain.

In the first place what is a "lightship?" As I travelled down to Henley I read in one of the newspapers that "practice for the Royal Regatta was now in full swing, and that the river was dotted with lightships of every description." I remember some years ago passing a very pleasant half hour on board of a lightship moored in the neighbourhood of Broadstairs. The rum was excellent. I looked forward with a lively pleasure to repeating the experience at Henley. As soon as I arrived, therefore, I put on my yachting cap (white, with a gold anchor embroidered in front), hired a boat and a small boy, and directed him to row me immediately to one of the lightships. I spent at least two hours on the river in company with that boy—a very impudent little fellow,—but owing no doubt to his stupidity, I failed to find a single vessel which could be fairly described as a lightship. Finally the boy said they had all been sunk in yesterday's great storm, and with that inadequate explanation I was forced to content myself. But there is a mystery about this. Please explain it.

Secondly, I see placards and advertisements all over the place announcing that "the Stewards Stand." Now this fairly beats me. Why should the stewards stand? They are presumably men of a certain age, some of them must be of a certain corpulence, and it seems to me a refinement of cruelty that these faithful officials, of whom, I believe, the respected Mayor of Henley is one, should be compelled to refrain from seats during the whole of the Regatta. It may be necessary for them to set an example of true British endurance to the crowds who attend the Regatta, but in that case surely they ought to be paid for the performance of their duties.

Thirdly, I have heard a good deal of talk about the Visitors' Cup. Being anxious to test its merits, I went to one of the principal hotels here, and ordered the waiter to bring me a quart of Visitors' Cup, and to be careful to ice it well. He seemed puzzled, but went away to execute my orders. After an absence of ten minutes he returned, and informed me, with the Manager's compliments, that they could not provide me with what I wanted, but that their Champagne-cup was excellent. I gave the fellow a look, and departed. Perhaps this is only another example of the asinine and anserous dunder-headedness of these crass provincials. Kindly reply, *by wire*, about all the three points I have mentioned.

I have been here for a week, but have, as yet, not been fortunate enough to see any crews. Indeed, I doubt if there are any here. A good many maniacs disport themselves every day in rickety things which look something like gigantic needles, and other people have been riding along the bank, and, very naturally, abusing them loudly for their foolhardy recklessness. But no amount of abuse causes them to desist. I have puzzled my brains to know what it all means, but I confess I can't make it out. I fancy I know a boat when I see one, and of course these ridiculous affairs can't be boats.

Be good enough to send me, by return, at least £100. It's a very difficult and expensive thing to support the dignity of your paper in this town. Whiskey is very dear, and a great deal goes a very short way.

Yours sincerely,

THE MAN AT THE OAR.

Henley-on-Thames, July 4.

## A COMMON COMPLAINT.

(By a Daily Victim.)

O EDITORS, who earn your daily bread  
By giving us all kinds of information,  
There's something that I fear ought to be said,  
Which may—which will arouse your indignation;  
For you may not be happy when it's more than hinted  
Your news is such that we can't read it when it's printed.

Yet I would have  
you fully under-  
stand

The real reason  
why I choose to  
quarrel

With what you  
print—your  
columns are not  
banned

Because their con-  
tents are at all  
immoral

Yet if there is a  
scandal, though a small  
amount of it,

You sometimes soil your  
pages with a long account  
of it.

Far other reasons urge me to  
reveal

My feelings on this matter  
—to assail your

Too common practice, and  
say why I feel

Your daily efforts are a  
daily failure;

Your paper by its columns  
and its size confuses me,  
And worse—there's nothing  
in it in the least amuses  
me.

Can you indeed in seriousness suppose—

To me, I tell you, naught could be absurder—  
That anywhere at all there can be those

Who read the noisome details of a murder,  
Or take delight in knowing that in such a county  
Some teeming, triple mother earns the Royal Bounty?

Ibsenism! Amid the maze of words

I find it difficult to pick my way right;

This critic at the Master only grids,  
That promptly hails him as the "premier playwright,"  
Whilst I don't mind confessing that I swear right roundly  
At mention of a subject that I hate profoundly.

Then Parliament—without the slightest doubt  
Of all dull things the dullest. What could be more  
Distressing than to have to read about

The coming (?) KEAY, whose other name is SKYMOUR?  
And now that Patriots' speeches flow with milk and honey,  
They're very much less Irish, and of course less funny.

The Bye-Elections are a little fun,

I laugh to note the jubilant precision

With which you tell me that a seat that's won

Exactly counts two votes on a division,

Though this is all I care for, and am bored at knowing  
How pleased is Mr. GLADSTONE with the tide that's  
flowing.

Yet all these many, varied forms of pain

Are trifling, small and hardly worth attention.

One thing is so much worse—oh! pray again

The "epidemic" never, never mention,  
And promptly tell your poet that the rhyme "cadenza"  
Must never more be worked in for the Influenza!

## Defeat—or Something Near It.

WHEN a few months ago on the Thames with the oar

The 'Varsities met in a contest of strength,

7 to 2 were the odds that the Dark Blues would score

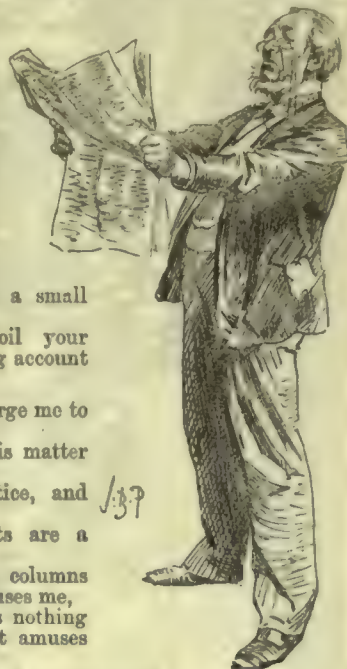
A win, which they did—by a lucky half-length:

And last week, when the thousands assembled at Lord's

To see Cambridge win by an innings—at Cricket's

Great luck they're astonished, as Fortune awards

The Light Blues the game—by a couple of wickets!







FLOWERS OF SOCIETY AT THE BOTANICAL GARDENS. WEDNESDAY NIGHT.



## A BALLADE OF EVENING NEWSPAPERS.

THE evening shadows gather round the room ;  
 How full of joy it were to sit and greet  
 The twilight slowly deepening into gloom,  
 And in the cool forget the noontide heat.  
 The busy hum, the noise of passing feet,  
 Such quiet calm could scarcely serve to mar,  
 Did there not come to us from out the street,  
*Globe, Evening News, Pall Mall, St. James's, Star !*  
 The gaily-coloured omnibuses loom,  
 Approach, and disappear with footsteps fleet,  
 The crossing-sweepers blithely ply the broom,  
 Policemen slowly pace upon their beat.  
 We buy the blossoms with their fragrance sweet,  
 And only on our senses sadly jar  
 The noises of the ruffians who repeat,  
*Globe, Evening News, Pall Mall, St. James's, Star !*  
 The latest aspect of the latest boom,  
 The starting price of winners and of wheat,  
 The thousand lives lost in a late simoom,  
 A conflagration, or a bursting leat,  
 How gallant gentlemen can stoop to cheat,  
 The spiey current gossip of the Bar—  
 Can all be found in this or that news-sheet,  
*Globe, Evening News, Pall Mall, St. James's, Star !*

## L'ENVOI.

Friend, if you wish for happiness complete,  
 Look for it in some hamlet distant far.  
 Forget—where catkins blow and lambkins bleat—  
*Globe, Evening News, Pall Mall, St. James's, Star !*

**QUEER QUERIES.—FISH-DIET.**—I am writing an important historical work, which takes a great deal out of my brain, and I shall be glad to know what is the best kind of diet for nourishing the brain-cells. Fish has been strongly recommended to me. Would a herring and a half for breakfast take me through a chapter on the Norman Conquest? If a herring and a half does for WILLIAM the Conqueror, how many would be necessary for ELIZABETH? Would a whole salmon or barrel of oysters be best for tackling our early Constitutional History?—MACAULAY JUNIOR.



## THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNWRITTEN.

*Proud Father (reading his Son's School Report). "MANNERS VULGAR—VERY VULGAR. BUT PERHAPS THIS IS HEREDITARY!"*

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, June 29.*—Early promise of JAMES BAIN, Knight, begins to be realised. Created profound sensation on night he took his seat, by walking about with his hat on. SPEAKER down on him with swift stern reproof. BAIN couldn't make out what all the bother was about. Seeing a friend on Bench below him, thought he would go and have a chat with him. Members seated all about had their hats on; he had cautiously mounted his without reproof, and now, when he moved three steps with his hat on, Members howled, "Order! order!" and SPEAKER joined in the cry. Six or seven Members having explained to him that though a Member may wear his hat when seated, the stability of the Constitution is imperilled if he does not uncover when he moves, albeit a step, to the right or left, the new Member passed remainder of sitting in safety.



Barran de Leeds.

Next night in his place when BARTLEY was speaking from corner seat below Gangway, BAIN on top Bench behind. Thought he would stroll out. Not going to be caught again moving about with his hat on. Carefully took it off, and holding it firmly in right hand, walked with springy steps down Gangway and, crossing between BARTLEY and the Chair, made for the door. As he emerged in full view, there went up from a hundred throats such a howl of indignation that BAIN stood stock still; stared round with look of astonishment. Were they howling at him? No doubt about it. SPEAKER also calling "Order! order!" in those thrillingly solemn tones. What had he done now? hat in his hand; could someone else's by any chance have got on his head? passed his left hand over massive brow.

No, all right. Best thing to do would be to get off premises as quickly as possible. So BAIN bolted.

"My dear fellow," said BARRAN, running after him, "you know you mustn't do that any more. You're a young man, and I'm an old one. I know all the ropes in this machine. When you want anything ask me."

"Well," said BAIN, "since you are so kind, I'd like to ask you what I've done now?"

"Done?" cried BARRAN, "why you've crossed between a Member on his legs and the Chair. If you wanted to go out, you should have gone round by the back of the Bench."

After this BAIN disappeared for some days. Getting coached up in Parliamentary practice. Back to-night and made maiden speech. Quite delightful; button-holed House as it were; informed Members he was sent there with a mandate; incidentally mentioned that he was a Magistrate in several counties; waved his arm in defiance of School Board and sat down, after declaiming, with much animation, a new and original peroration. "Gentlemen," he said,—"I mean Mr. SPEAKER, I'm for the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill."

This would have been speech of the evening only for HENRY FOWLER's. That admirable in every way; a distinct and far advance on a Parliamentary position won by sheer hard work and ability; an epoch in a Parliamentary career already notable for its steady progress. Pity Mr. G. wasn't present to witness the triumph of the most promising of his recruits of the '80 Parliament.

*Business done.*—HENRY FOWLER's Instruction to Education Bill negatived by 267 against 166.

*Tuesday.*—"My studies as you know, dear TOBY, have not specially lain in the domain of history," said Professor STOKES, in the course of a brief address delivered to me in a corner of the Library. "The pure dry light of mathematics has had an irresistible attraction for me. Possibly, therefore, I am wrong in some more or less immaterial points when I say that, since the time of WARWICK, we have had no one prominently in English public affairs with quite the same influence as is possessed by my Right Hon. friend JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN. The time is gone by when kings were made and unmade. But my Right Hon. friend has done more than anyone to make the present Ministry possible, and, having made them, he claims



the right to direct, and, in some respects, even to mould their policy. A very curious phenomenon, very curious indeed. If you were not so evidently in a hurry, I should like to dilate upon it."

A good deal in what the Professor says; CHAMBERLAIN, as a rule, most considerate in his attitude. At much pains to preserve an appearance suitable to a Gentleman who sits on the Opposition Benches, and is supposed to know no more of the secret councils and intentions of the Ministry than anyone else in same quarter of House. Made a slip in earlier stages of Education Bill; talked about "Our Bill," and disclosed familiarity with its details remarkable since, at the time he spoke, it was not printed. Doesn't blunder twice along same road. Pretty to see him yesterday inviting LORD-ADVOCATE across the table to explain details of measure, he asked leave to introduce, dealing with state of things in Highlands and Islands of Scotland. CHAMBERLAIN being much interested in question, having marked it for his own, might be supposed to have been consulted by LORD-ADVOCATE before Bill was drafted. All a mistake. JOSEPH knew no more about it than an ordinary Member of Opposition, and would be much obliged if LORD-ADVOCATE would briefly sketch his Bill.

"The pure dry light of Mathematics."

To-night, on Committee on Education Bill, MUNDELLA moved Amendment extending beyond fourteen years limit of age at which fee grants would be made. DYKE obdurate. JOXIM wrung his hands, and protested thing couldn't be done. Hour after hour Debate went forward, Ministers refusing to budge; JOSEPH chanced to look in after dinner; thinks it would be well to accept Amendment; says so in brief incisive speech, a very model of debate, and OLD MORALITY straightway capitulates. Remarkable state of things; as a study more interesting even than mathematics.

*Business done.*—Education Bill in Committee.

*Thursday.*—Land Purchase Bill came on in Lords for Committee stage. House unusually crowded; quite animated in appearance; when at length it gets into Committee LORD CHANCELLOR leaves Wool-sack and, still wearing wig and gown, lends new air of grace and dignity to Ministerial Bench. Sits between MARKISS and ASHBOURNE. Wonder what the MARKISS thinks of him? For a cheerful, social, soothing hour, imagine nothing more supreme than the confidences of the MARKISS in respect to some half-dozen other of his colleagues.

Before Committee is reached, The McCULLUM MORE comes to front, and modestly engrosses attention. Other Peers prepared, once in while, to buckle down to hard night's work, fighting over Clauses of Bill in Committee. That sort of obscure labour might suit them, but not the thing to attract the McCULLUM MORE. Had already enjoyed himself on Second Reading, delivering one of those orations which, as COLCHESTER says, may be magnificent but are not debate. That should have satisfied vanity of ordinary man; but the McCULLUM MORE not an ordinary man. There were several things he forgot to say in the speech. Others had occurred to him since. He might, without stopping progress of business, work them off in Committee; but in Committee he must needs stand on level with ordinary Peers anxious to get on with business, and his observations would probably not be reported. Thing to do was to move Instruction to Committee. This would bring him on first thing in a full House, before Peers had wearied themselves with application to real business. So gave notice of Instruction. Doesn't matter in what terms; sufficient that he was able to deliver his speech. MARKISS a little sarcastic in begging him not to press Instruction. Nobody showed inclination to debate it, but it had served its turn. Having delivered his speech, The McCULLUM MORE stalked off home, leaving to others the drudgery of Committee work.

*Business done.*—Land Bill through Committee in Lords.

*Friday Night.*—Education Bill through Committee. Last scene of

all a little lively owing to revolt on Conservative side. RICHARD TEMPLE led it in speech of unwonted eloquence. Quite overflowing wealth of imagery: described School Board as the ogre that eats up everything; that enough by way of description; but TEMPLE rising to fresh heights, went on to characterise it as the thin edge of the wedge.

Capital speech of quite another kind from JENNINGS. As the Member for Sark says, JENNINGS when he has anything to say to the House of Commons *talks*, doesn't *speechify*; style excellent, and so is the matter. House would like to hear a little oftener from JENNINGS; due to it from Stockport who has also sent us GEDGE.

*Business done.*—Education Bill through Committee.

## SONGS OF THE UNSENTIMENTALIST.

THE GREENGROECER'S REBUKE.

WE gave a little dinner; and I own,  
Led by a wish with style to stamp the *fête*,  
Palmed off, as though a butler of our own,  
A skilled Greengrocer we had in "to wait."—

I thought he seemed to sway beneath  
the fish—

And stagger with a half familiar  
smile,

When, lo! he fell, remarking blandly,  
"Thish

All comes of tryin' to do the thing  
in shstyle!"

I thundered, "Leave the room!"  
He saw my fix,

And but retorted, "'Ere, you ain't  
a Duke!

I'm not a-goin' without my three-  
and-six!"

Thus came on me that Greengrocer's  
Rebuke!

That banquet was our last. No more  
we "dined,"

In, now and then, perchance a  
friend might drop.

It is our boast that he will ever find  
At least the welcome of a homely  
chop.

Some day, perhaps, when I have  
made my pile,

And can from ostentatious show  
refrain,

Without the Greengrocer to purchase  
"style,"

I possibly once more may enter-  
tain!

And so,—I know not how it came about,

But if by chance, it is a happy fluke

That I at length without the slightest doubt

Have lived to bless that Greengrocer's Rebuke!

QUELCHING QUELCH.—MR. QUELCH, before the Labour Commission, is said to have expressed his opinion that "the liberty to combine should not involve the liberty not to combine." Doesn't Mr. QUELCH see, that without "liberty not to combine" there cannot be any "liberty to combine." For if a man is not at liberty to abstain from combination, it is obvious that he is compelled to combine; and compulsion is hardly liberty. Freedom lies in choice, and Mr. QUELCH would leave the workman none.

## A MASK ON A MASK.

[A face-mask, the latest addition to the toilet, worn during the hours of sleep, is designed to remove wrinkles.]

WEAR masks at night? Nay, when I saw your face,

Old but unwrinkled, topped with sunny ringlets,

Dear Lady OLDGARDE, while you made the pace,

And flitted like a fairy borne on winglets

From boy to boy, and flirted here and there

With that unchanging smile of rouged enamel,

I thought, "Since you are rich beyond compare,

And since the needle's eye doth bar the camel,

'Tis right perhaps that wealth should purchase youth,

And peaceful age become a ceaseless playtime;

Still, if you'd wear two masks to hide the truth,

Oh, wear this last one always in the daytime.



## LETTERS TO ABSTRACTIONS.

No. II.—TO SOCIAL AMBITION.

DEAR SIR, OR MADAM,

I HAD not intended to annoy you with another letter. But since I addressed you last week I have received one or two communications—not from you, *bien entendu*, for you are too wary to dispute the accuracy of what I have written; but from concrete human beings, who pretend to speak on your behalf, and deny that I have “proved my case.” I might answer by saying that I never set out to prove a case—that I wished merely to enjoy a friendly chat with you, and to appeal to your clemency on behalf of the large class whom I ventured to represent by the DABCHICKS. “But,” says one of my detractors, in a letter now lying before me, “you have only given one instance. You have talked grandly about Queens, and Dukes, and actresses, and, in the end, you have put us off with a wretched story about the *parvenu* DABCHICK. For my part, I refuse to admit your authority until you prove, in greater detail, that you really know something of the subject on which you presumed to write.” “Sir,” I reply, “you are brusque, and somewhat offensive in the style you use towards me. For my part I do not admit that you are entitled to an answer from me, and I have felt disposed to pass you by in silence. But since there may be other weak vessels of your sort, I will do violence to myself, and pen another letter.” And thus, my dear SOCIAL AMBITION, I once more take the liberty of addressing you, not without an inward tremor lest you should pounce upon me unawares, and cause me to expiate my rashness by driving me from the calm seclusion in which I spend my days, to mingle with the feverish throng who wrangle for place and precedence, myself the most feverish wrangler of them all. But, on the principle that we are both, in some sort, hawks, I think I may trust you to spare my eyes, while I remind you of one or two incidents in which you bore a part.

And first BLENKINSOP knocks at the door of my memory. I bid him enter, and I see a tall slim youth, not ill-favoured, wearing well-cut clothes, and carrying a most beautiful, gold-topped Malacca cane delicately in his hand. He is smoking a cigar, and complains to me that his life is a succession of aimless days, and that he cannot find any employment to turn his hand to. That very night, I remember, he dined with me. We went to the play together, and afterwards looked in at Lady ALICIA PARBOIL's dance. Dear Lady ALICIA, how plump she was, and how good-natured, and how well she married her fiddle-headed daughters. Her husband too, that clumsy, heavy-witted oaf, how cunningly and how successfully withal she schemed for his advancement. *Quid plura?* you knew her well, she was devoted to you. I only speak of her to remind you that it was in her hospitable rooms that GERVASE BLENKINSOP met you—and his fate. He had danced for the second time that evening with ELVIRA PARBOIL, and, having returned that blushing virgin to her accustomed corner, was just about to depart when the ample form of Lady ALICIA bore down upon him: “Oh, Mr. BLENKINSOP,” her Ladyship began, “I really cannot allow you to go before I introduce you to Mr. WILBRAHAM. I hear,” she continued, “he has just lost his Private Secretary, and who knows but that—” Here she paused, and archly tapping her *protégé's* cheek with her fan, she bore him off to introduce him to the Cabinet Minister. I watched the ceremony. Something whispered to me that BLENKINSOP was lost. Must I go through the whole painful story? He became Private Secretary to his new Right Honourable friend, and from that moment he was a changed man. His cheery good-nature vanished. Instead of it he cultivated an air of pompous importance. One by one he weeded out his useless friends, and attached to himself dull but potentially useful big wigs who possessed titles and influence. At one of our last speaking interviews (we only nod distantly now when we meet), he hinted that in the next distribution of honours his name might be expected. It appeared, but, alas for gratitude, he had to satisfy himself with a paltry K.C.M.G., which his wife (I forgot to say that he married ELVIRA) despises. He is now a disappointed man whom his friends, if he had any, would pity. He is getting on in life; the affectations he so laboriously cultivated no longer amuse. The wifings of his



Clubs remark openly upon his ridiculous desire to pose as an earth-shaking personage, and when he goes home he has to listen to a series of bitter home-truths from the acrid ELVIRA. Would it not, I ask, have been better for Sir GERVASE BLENKINSOP, K.C.M.G., to have continued his ancient and aimless existence, than to have had a fallacious greatness dangled before his eyes to the end of his disappointed, but aspiring life?

One more instance, and I have done. Do you remember TOMMY TIPSTAFF at Trinity? I do. He was, of course, a foolish youth, but he might have had a pleasant life in the fat living for which his family intended him. In his second year at the University, he met Sir JAMES SPOOF, an undergraduate Baronet, of great wealth, and dissolute habits. Poor TOMMY was dazzled by his new friend's specious glare and glitter, and his slapdash manner of scattering his money. They became inseparable. The same dealer supplied them with immense cigars, they went to race meetings, and tried to break the ring. When Sir JAMES wished to gamble, TOMMY was always ready to keep the bank. And all the time poor Mrs. TIPSTAFF, in her country home, was overjoyed at her darling's success in what she told me once was the most brilliant and remarkable set at Cambridge.

Where is TOMMY now? The other day a ragged man shambled up to me, with a request that I should buy a box of lights from him. There was a familiar something about him. Could it be TOMMY? The question was indirectly answered, for, before I could extract a penny, or say a word, he looked hard at me, turned his head away, and made off as fast as his rickety legs would carry him. Most men must have had a similar experience, but few know, as I do, that you, my dear SOCIAL AMBITION, urged the wretched TOMMY to his destruction.

On the whole, I dislike you. Those who obey you become the meanest of God's creatures.

Pardon my candour, and believe me,

Yours, without respect,

DIODENES ROBINSON.

## AUTHOR! AUTHOR!

LORD COLERIDGE's summing up to the Jury in the action taken by *Jones* (author of burlesques) v. *Roberts* (player of the same) was excellent common sense, a quality much needed in the case. Mr. JONES, —not our ENERY HAUTHOR, whose contempt for Burlesque generally is as well known as he can make it,—wrote to Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, formerly of the Music Halls and now of the legitimate Stage, styling him “Governor,” and professed that he would “fit him to a T.” *Poeta nascitur non “fit,”*—and the born burlesque-versifier was true to what would probably be his comic version of the Latin proverb. But the inimitable ARTHUR, who does so much for himself on the stage, hardly required any extraneous help, and at last rejected the result of poor JONES's three months' hard labour at the Joe-Millery mill. This, however, was no joke to JONES, who straightway decided that this time he would give the inimitable ARTHUR something quite new in the way of a jest; and so, dropping the dialogue, he came to “the action,” which, in this instance, was an action-at-law. Whatever Mr. ROBERTS may have thought of the words, he will hardly have considered the result of this case as “good business” from his own private and peculiar point of view. But all Dramatic Authors,—with the solitary exception of Mr. YARDLEY, formerly famous in the field, but now better known in “The Lane,” at pantomime time, than to any Court where he has a legal right to appear in wig and gown,—from the smallest, who write to please a “Governor,” up to the biggest, who write to please themselves, should rejoice at the decision in the case of *Jones v. Roberts*.

AN OMISSION AT THE GUILDHALL LUNCHEON.—On the occasion of the Civic Banquet to the German EMPEROR, an Alderman, distinguished for his courtesy to strangers, and his appreciation of good dishes, especially of anything at all spicy, wished to know why, as a compliment to their Imperial guest, he had omitted “pickelhaubes” from the bill of fare? He had understood, from well-informed friends, that the EMPEROR seldom went anywhere without some “pickelhaubes,” whatever they might be, as he himself, the worthy Alderman, had never had the opportunity of tasting one.





THE RED QUEEN AND THE WHITE; OR, ALICE IN THUNDERLAND.



## JOLLY JULY.

THE storm of rain comes swirling down,  
Our helpless flow'rets droop and die;  
The thunder crashes o'er the town—  
In wet July.

Our cricket-match is spoilt, the stumps  
We draw beneath a drenching sky;  
Then homeward wend in doleful dumps—  
In wet July.

The lawn's a lake, whereon there float  
The balls that erst would o'er it fly;  
We can't play tennis from a boat,  
In wet July.

Our garden-party's ruined quite,  
Of invitations friends fight shy;  
They wisely shun the sloppy sight  
In wet July.

Take that old aneroid away,  
A new barometer we'll try;  
With hope for haply one fine day—  
In wet July.

BEATING THE RECORD.—Mrs. MALAPROP'S "Cerberus, as three single gentlemen rolled into one," was "not in it" last week with H. R. H. the Prince of WALES, who, in the course of the Royal Entertainments given to our Imperial Cousin-German, appeared as "a host of illustrious personages." An admirable performance.

## A Nursery Echo from Carlow.

PARNELL put the KETTLE on,  
TIM HEALY came it rather strong,  
HAMMOND was the people's man,  
And he's now M.P.



## IN DESPERATE STRAITS.

Jones (Blue Ribbon—to abstemious Lady he has taken in to dinner). "LOOK HERE, MADAM, WE DON'T SEEM TO BE GETTING ON A BIT! EITHER YOU MUST HAVE A GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE, OR, BY JOVE, I MUST!!"

## ALICE IN THUNDERLAND.

Alice . . . The TH-ND-R-R. White Queen . . . H-EC-RT.  
Red Queen . . . CH-MB-RL-N.

"I'LL tell you what it is, your Majesty," said ALICE in a severe tone (she was always rather fond of scolding the White Queen), "it'll never do to swagger about all over the place like that! Dignitaries have to be dignified, you know!"

Everything was happening so oddly (since Thunderland had turned against Blunderland) that she didn't feel a bit surprised at finding the Red Queen and the White Queen sitting close to her, one on each side. But she found it rather difficult to be quite civil to them—especially the White Queen, who had once been rather a favourite with her, but at whom she now never lost an opportunity of girding.

"Always speak the truth," said the Red Queen (cocking her nose at the White)—"think before you speak—and write it down afterwards. It's safest, if you're dealing with some persons."

"That's just what I complain of," said the White Queen, loftily. "You couldn't tell the truth—about that Table—if you tried with both hands."

"I don't tell the truth with my hands," the Red Queen objected, icily.

"Nobody said you did," said the White Queen. "Nobody said you told it anyhow. I said you couldn't if you tried. And you don't try either. So there!"

"She's in that state of mind," said the Red Queen, "that she wants to deny something—only she doesn't know what to deny!"

"A nasty vicious temper," the White Queen remarked; and then there was an uncomfortable silence for a month or two.

The White Queen broke the silence by saying to the Red Queen, "I invite you to ALICE's Party—which used to be neutral ground—to explain, if you can, that nondescript nonsense of yours about National Councils as a substitute for Home Rule."

The Red Queen smiled sourly, and said, "And I invite you."

"I didn't know I was to have a Party at all," said ALICE. "Parties are things I don't hold with, as a rule; too great a tax and a tie. I like my freedom, I do. But, if I am to have one, I think I ought to invite the guests."

"ALICE of Thunderland, you require some lessons in manners," the White Queen remarked.

"Manners are not taught in lessons," said ALICE. "Lessons teach some people to do sums, and things of that sort."

"Can you do addition?" the Red Queen asked scornfully of the White. ("Bah, she can't do sums a bit!" she added, aside.) "She is doubtless better at Division," interposed ALICE, significantly.

"Divide a State by a Statutory Parliament," said the Red Queen, with a derisive wink. "What's the right answer to that?"

"Much the same as dividing a Nation by an indefinite number of Councils," retorted the White Queen, smartly. "Talk about tu quoques, there's one for you!"

"Oh, as for that," rejoined the Red Queen, sniffing, "try another subtraction sum! Take a Grand Old Leader from a 'Party' of discredited 'Items,' and what would remain?"

"Why, a Policy, of course," replied the White Queen. "And another Leader," she added, sotto voce. "Here's another for you," she pursued, aloud. "Take a Liberal-Unionist Tail from a Radical 'Rat,' what would remain then?"

"I suppose you think nothing would remain," sneered the Red Queen.

"Wrong, as usual," said the White Queen; "the Rat's nasty temper would remain."

"But I don't see how!"

"Why, look here," the White Queen cried; "the Rat would lose its temper with its 'tail,' wouldn't it?"

"Perhaps it would," ALICE replied, cautiously.

"Then, if the 'Rat' went away from its 'Tail,' its temper would remain," the White Queen exclaimed.

ALICE said, as gravely as she could, "They might go different ways—the 'Rat,' the 'Tail,' and the 'Temper.'" But she couldn't help thinking to herself, "What dreadful nonsense we are talking!"

THE ONLY ONE.—A ready-penning writer in his *Daily Graphic* notice of doings in the Houses of Parliament, winds up his description of giving the Royal Assent to Bills in the Upper House with these words—"So ends the ceremony, which seems to take one away from the Nineteenth Century"—a little sum in subtraction—i.e., take one away from the Nineteenth Century, and the Eighteenth Century remains; but to continue—"back to the days of the Edwards and the Henrys." But why go back to any other century than the "so-called Nineteenth"? Isn't it only a very few years ago that the EDWARDS, the singular HENRY with plural surname of EDWARDS, sat for Weymouth? What other HENRYS or EDWARDS could ever occur to any well-conditioned Parliamentary scribe?



## VOCES POPULI.

## A RECITATION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

SCENE—An Evening Party: Miss FRESIA BLUDKINSON, a talented young Professional Reciter, has been engaged to entertain the company, and is about to deliver the favourite piece entitled, "The Lover of Lobelia Bangs, a Cowboy Idyl." There is the usual crush, and the guests outside the drawing-room, who can neither hear nor see what is going on, console themselves by conversing in distinctly audible tones. Jammed in a doorway, between the persons who are trying to get in, and the people who would be only too glad to get out, is an Unsophisticated Guest who doesn't know a soul, and is consequently reduced to listening to the Recitation. This is what he hears:—

Miss Fresia Blud. (in a tone of lady-like apology).

I am only a Cowboy—

[Several Ladies put up their glasses, and examine her critically, as if they had rather expected this confession. Sudden burst of Society Chatter from without.

Society Chatter. How d've do?... Oh, but her parties never are!... How are you?... No, I left her at... Yes, he's somewhere about... Saw you in the Row this mornin'... Are you doing anything on—?... Oh, what a shame!... No, but doesn't she now?... No earthly use trying to get in at present... &c., &c.

Miss Fresia B. (beginning again, with meek despair, a little louder).

I am only a Cowboy; reckless, rough, in an unconventional suit of clothes; I hain't, as a rule, got much to say, and my conversation is mostly oaths.

[Cries of "Shh!" intended, however, for the people outside, who are chattering harder than ever.

When the cackle of females strikes my ear—

Society Chatter (as before). Oh, much cooler here... Yes, delightful, wasn't it? Everybody one knows... No, you don't really?... Oh, Porsy's flourishing, thanks... The new Butler turned out a perfect demon... but I said I wouldn't have his tail docked for anything... so they've painted it *eau de Nil*, and it looks so nice!

Miss F. B. (pointedly).

When the cackle of females strikes my ear, I jest vamous, for they make me skeered, And I sorter suspicion I skeer them too, with my hulking form, and my bushy beard!

[Here, of course, she strokes a very round chin.

Society Chatter. Seems to be somethin' goin' on in there—singin', actin', dancin', or somethin'... Well, of course, only heard her version of it as yet, y' know... Have you seen him in... white bensaline with a Medici collar, and one of those... nasty gouty attacks he will have are only rheumatism, &c., &c.

Miss F. B. (when next heard).

I cleared my throat, and I tried to speak—but the words died strangled—

A Feminine Voice outside. So long since we had a quiet talk together! Do tell me all about, &c., &c.

Miss F. B.

—strangled by sheer alarm.

For there in front—

[Here she points dramatically at a stout matron, who fans herself consciously.

—was the slender form, and the sweet girl-face of our new "School Marm"!

Say, boys! hey! ye heard an Æolian harp which a Zephyr's tremulous finger Wa'al, it kinder thrills ye the way I felt when I first beheld LOBELIA BANGS!

Soc. Chat. Oh, you really ought to go—so touching! DICK and I both regularly howled all through the last Act... Not in the least, thanks. Well, if there is a seat... You're sure there are any ices? Then, strawberry, please—no, nothing to drink!... Will you allow me?... Told she could dress hair perfectly, but I soon found she was... a Swedenborgian, my dear, or something horrid... Haven't you? I've had it three times, and... so many people have asked me for cards that really I... had the drains thoroughly looked to, and now they're... delicious, but rather overpowering in a room, I think! &c., &c.

Miss F. B. (with genuine feeling).

Who would imagine one meek-voiced girl could have held her own in a deafening din!

But LOBELIA's scholars discovered soon she'd a dead-sure notion of discipline;

For her satin palm had a sting like steel, and the rowdiest rebel respected her, When she'd stretched out six of the hardest lots in the Bible-Class with a Derringer!

Soc. Chat. No, a very dull party, you could move about quite easily in all the rooms, so we... kicked the whole concern to shivers and... came on here as soon as we could... Capital dinner they gave us, too... &c., &c.

Miss F. B. (with as much conviction as possible under the circumstances).

And the silence deepened; no creature stirred in the stagnant hush, and the only sound Was the far-off lumbering jolt, produced by the prairie rolling for leagues around!

Soc. Chat. (crescendo). Oh, an old aunt of mine has gone in for step-dancing—she's had several lessons... and cut her knees rather badly, y' know, so I put her out to grass... and now she can sit up and hold a biscuit on her nose... but she really ought to mix a little grey in her wig!

[&c., &c., to the distraction of the Unsophisticated Guest, who is getting quite interested in LOBELIA BANGS whom he suddenly discovers, much to his surprise, on horseback.

Miss F. B.

And on we cantered, without a word, in the mid-day heat, on our swift mustangs.

I was only ignorant Cowboy CLEM—but I worshipped bright LOBELIA BANGS!

Soc. Chat. (fortissimo). Not for ages; but last time I met him he was... in a dreadful state, with the cook down with influenza... and so I suppose he's married her by this time!

Miss F. B. (excitedly).

But hark! in the distance a weird shrill cry, a kinder mournful, monotonous yelp—

(Further irruption of Society Chatter)... is it jackal?—bison?—a cry for help?

Soc. Chat. Such a complete rest, you know—so perfectly peaceful! Not a soul to talk to. I love it... but, to really enjoy a tomato, you must see it dressed... in the sweetest little sailor suit!

Miss F. B.

My horse was a speck on the pampas' verge, for I dropped the rein in my haste to stoop;

Then I pressed my ear to the baking soil—and caught—ah, horror—the Indian whoop!

Soc. Chat. Some say it isn't infectious, but one can't be too careful, and, with children in the house, &c., &c.

Miss F. B.

I rose to my feet with quivering knees, and my face turned white as a fresh-washed towel;

I had heard a war-cry I knew too well—'twas the murderous band of Blue-nosed Owl!

Soc. Chat. Nice fellow—I'm very fond of him—so fresh—capital company—met him when I was over there, &c.

Miss F. B.

"What? leave you to face those fiends alone!" she cried, and slid from her horse's back;

"Let me die with you—for I love you, CLEM!" Then she gave her steed a resounding smack,

And he bounded off; "Now Heaven be praised that my school six-shooter I brought!" said she.

"Four barrels I'll keep for the front-rank foes—and the next for you—and the last for me!"

Soc. Chat. Is it a comic piece she's doing, do you know? Don't think so, I can see somebody smiling. Sounds rather like SHAKESPEARE, or DICKENS, or one of those fellahs... Didn't catch what you said. No Quite impossible to hear oneself speak, isn't it?

Miss F. B.

And ever louder the demons yelled for their pale-faced prey—but I scorned death's pangs,

For I deemed it a doom that was half delight to die by the hand of LOBELIA BANGS!

Then she whispered low in her dulcet tones, like the crooning coo of a cushat dove!

(At the top of her voice). "Forgive me, CLEM, but I could not bear any squaw to torture my own true love!"

And she raised the revolver—"crack-crack-crack!"

[To the infinite chagrin of the Unsophisticated Guest, who is intensely anxious to hear how Miss BANGS and her lover escaped from so



"I am only a Cowboy."



unpleasant a dilemma—the remaining cracks of her revolver, together with the two next stanzas, are drowned in a fresh torrent of small-talk—after which he hears Miss F. B. conclude with repressed emotion :

But the ochre on Blue-nosed Owl was blurred, as his braves concluded their brief harangues

And he dropped a tear on the early bier of our Prairie belle, LOBELIA BANGS!

[Which of course leaves him in a state of hopeless mystification.

Soc. Chat. Is that the end? Charming! Now we shall be able to talk again! &c., &c.

## OFF TO MASHERLAND.

(By Our Own Grandolph.)

(THIRD LETTER.—C.)

LANDS-CAPE POLITICS.

HAVEN'T time to send you much information this week, as We,—the firm of Self and Corresponding Captain,—have had to write rather a heavy packet for the *Daily Graphic*. I suppose you will have got Herr Von GERMAN EMPEROR with you by the time you receive this from yours truly; or His Imperialness may have quitted your,—that is, our, though I'm here now,—hospitable

old DRUMMY; he can bring it out in his new Persian Joe Miller. Cheeky little street-boys give you Capers' sauce. They can lead you a pretty dance if you ohivy them.

## AMUSEMENTS OF THE BOERS.

To-day came across a Peep-Boer-Show. Seen it all before. Also a kind of Punch-and-Judy performance going on, translated into South-African dialect. There was not a paying public to witness it; and, with all my desire and with every intention to encourage native talent, I was compelled to turn away, "more in sorrow than in anger," (SHAKESPEARE again—*Hamlet's Ghost*, I think, when the pipe-and-drummer man came to me for a contribution. Not a penny in my pocket. "I will reimburse thee nobly," said I, "on my return from the Mine-land." He quoted some line or other, which I did not catch, and gave the name of the writer,

one "WALKER," as his authority. WALKER is associated in my mind with an English Dictionary, but, though it has been much added to in recent years, I doubt whether the words the Showman used on this occasion can be found in my pocket edition, or in any other edition of that excellent and trustworthy compilation.

## CHANGE OF HAIR.

Called at native barber's to-day. Gave him no instructions. Thought of course he was going to cut it; and so fell asleep. I almost always fall asleep when under the mesmerio influence of a capillary administrator. I should like him to keep on doing it; cut and comb again. So soothing! Woke up and found myself—like this. (See *Hair Cut*.) Here-with please receive portrait, and treasure it.

## ARMA VIRUMQUE.

Must send you a sketch of some of our B.B.B.'s, or the Bold Bobbies of Basuto all armed. Ha! ha! as dear old WOLFFY would have said, "I was quite all-armed at seeing this!" Hope to be on the track of TOM TIDDLER's ground very soon. But anyhow till I am *sur la tuche*, "on the spot," any one of these letters of mine (emphasis on the "mine") of which all are genuine—"proofs before letters" you have in my signed promise—is well worth a hundred pounds, and cheap at the price. It's my note of hand in exchange for the cash,—for the "ready ay ready!" as we say at sea. Away to the fields of gold!

## PROSPECTING POSSIBILITIES.

N.B.—Rather think I am going to call on Queen ZAMBILI this afternoon. Ahem! Do you remember the ballads of "*My heart is true to Poll*," and "*The King of the Owyhees*"? Again, ahem! "Black Queen to mate in three moves." Of course, can't go in for this sort of thing myself, but by deputy, eh? Representative Government and King PROXY THE FIRST, with myself for Prime Minister. How's that Empire?

*Grandolph, the Explorer.*

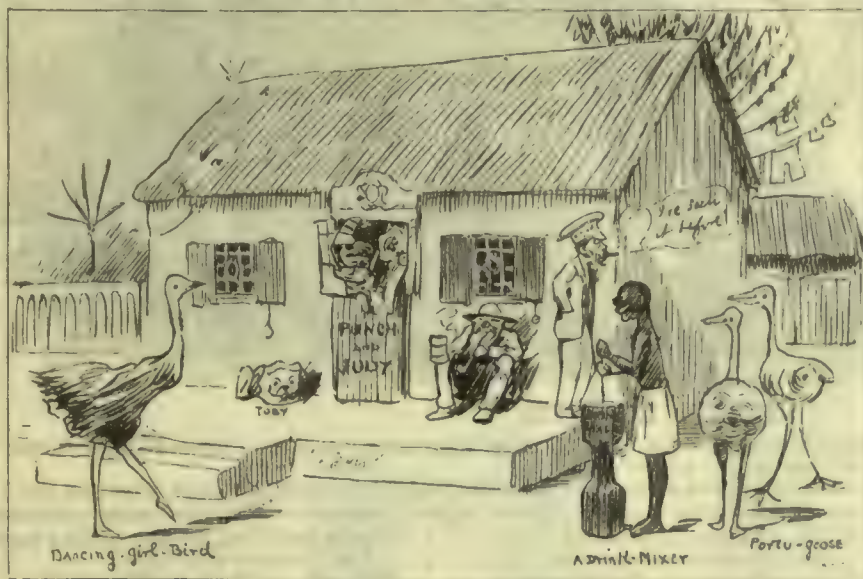
FROM OUR OWN BEN TROVATO.—Said an artistic collector to Mr. PARNELL, "Now I'll show you a beautiful specimen of CARLO DOLEI." "I wish you could have shown it me some days ago," replied the Ex-misleader of the Irish Party, "when I was presented with a specimen of *Carlou* without the *Dolei*."

COOK'S TOURIST PRIZE JUBILEE JOKE.—Mem. for Travellers contemplating a first visit to the Continent.—Being raw to the business, get Cook'd. Depend upon it, you won't be "done."

"THE HUNDRED BEST BOOKS."—Punch's Half-Yearly Volumes from the commencement, i.e., July 17, 1841, to June 27, 1891.



Native Masher from Masherland.



Native Amusements—"A Poor House."

shores. *A propos* of Hospitable Shores, remember me to the most hospitable of all Shores—Captain SHAW—of the Fire-and-Water Brigade. My companions—"Jolly companions everyone"—the Cautious Captain, or the Wily WILLIAMS, Doubting Doctor, Energetic Engineer, all well. Wily WILLIAMS hard at his MS., giving an account of the "agricultural and mineral resources" of the What-can-the-Matterland, "through the instrumentality of the Chartered Company." He's great at this. Think I shall start new Company—"The Chartered Libertine."

If my memory doesn't fail me, that's a Shakspearian title. But who was the "Chartered Libertine"? I notice these South-African States are independent of Home Government. 'Pon my word, I fancy W. E. G. was right about Home Rule. On whose shoulders can the G. O. M.'s mantle fall, without enveloping him in entire obscurity, except on those of the Leader of the once united, but now fractured quartette party, "*quorum pars magna fui*"? I still keep up my Latin, you see. I wasn't sent to Eton for nothing; nor was any other boy that I've ever heard of.

## CAPERS.

No wonder we've had so many dancing parties at the Cape, when all the inhabitants are Capers. I make this a present to my dear



Caperycornamental Hairdressing.





### SOCIAL AGONIES.

*Fair Visitor (to Hostess).* "WHAT A DELIGHTFUL CONCERT YOU GAVE US LAST WEDNESDAY, DEAR MRS. JONES! SUCH LOVELY MUSIC!—SUCH SMART PEOPLE! EVERYBODY ONE KNOWS, YOU KNOW!"

*[Mrs. Jones's Aunt Tabitha (from whom she has great expectations) hears of this delightful Concert for the first time!]*

### "GOOD-BYE, GRANDMAMMA!"

*(A Long Way after "Childe Harold.")*

ADIEU, adieu, Old Albion's shore!  
I leave, to bound the blue.  
My Yacht lies yonder! 'Tis a bore,  
But I *must* part from you.  
I sniff the brine, I love the sea;  
Half Englishman am I.  
Farewell to England, and to thee,  
Dear Grandmamma—good-bye!  
I leave your isle, the truth to tell,  
With qualified regret.  
July in London would be well,  
But for the heavy wet.  
The soaking shower, the sudden squall,  
Spare not Imperial "tiles."  
May it be dry when next I call,  
Your slushiest of isles!  
Yet I've enjoyed my visit, much,  
In spite of wet and wind.  
I with JOHN BULL have been in touch;  
You have been passing kind.  
My father and grandfather gone  
Once trod your city sad;  
Now I the daring deed have done,  
And—it is not half bad.  
That Opera Show was quite a sight;  
Your Sheriff HARRIS—well—  
AUGUSTUS, after Actium's fight,  
Was scarce a greater swell.  
The long parade, led by the Blues,  
Gave me the blues again.  
Not that the citizen were screws,  
No, Grand'ma, 'twas that rain!

I—ahem! *blessed* it fervently,  
Emperors must not complain;  
But do, *do* keep your Babylon dry,  
When I come back again.  
For Garden Parties, Shows, Reviews,  
And civic functions pale,  
When water soaks the stoutest shoes,  
And it blows half a gale.

Your Lord MAYOR and his liveried lot,  
They know a thing or two.  
Speeches of course are always rot,  
But then—the skies were blue!  
As for your Crystal Palace—ah!  
Your pride I would not shock,  
But you owe much, dear Grandmamma,  
To PAXTON and to BROCK.

Your warriors are fine, if few;  
But still, if you ask me,  
You leave far too much power to  
A Railway Company.  
I would not let civilians snub  
My paladins—no fear!  
But then a Teuton—there's the rub!  
Is no mere Volunteer!

And now I really must be gone  
Upon the wide, wide sea.  
Stiff state no more shall make me groan,  
Hurrah for liberty!  
I'm tired to death of functions fine,  
And ceremonial rot;  
Hurrah for ease! the breezy brine  
Tar-toggery, and my Yacht!

With yonder bark I'll gladly brave  
The seas about your isle.

Thanks, Grand'ma, for that kerchief wave,  
And that right royal smile!  
Welcome, ye billows, tumbling brisk  
Beneath a cloud-swept sky!  
Give your white kerchief one more whisk,  
Dear Grandmamma—Good-bye!

### SCOTT (ANYTHING BUT) FREE.

[“It is human nature, after all. When conscientiously I cannot praise actors or actresses, or authors, they turn their backs upon me. But when conscientiously I am able to draw attention to their great merits, they simply overflow.”—MR. CLEMENT SCOTT, in *The Illustrated London News*.]

UNLUCKY MR. CLEMENT SCOTT!  
Since those who act our plays or write them,  
Are so exacting that he's got  
The greatest trouble to delight them.  
When conscience tells him not to praise  
They “turn their backs” and will not know him,  
When their “great merits” make him raise  
His voice—they “simply overflow” him!

NOTE FOR AN IMPERIAL DIARY.—There were just a couple or so of real good wet days for our Imperial and Royal Highnesses. Jupiter Pluvius laded it out to us unstintingly in Imperial buckets full. Our Cousin German, so affectionately dutiful to “Grandmamma,” won't forget *La Rain d'Angleterre* in a hurry. *Mem.* Next visit to London, bring fewer uniforms and more waterproofs and umbrellas.





“GOOD-BYE, GRANDMAMMA!”







## IMPERIAL AND OPERATIC.

AFTER considerable calculation as to re-imbursement for present outlay by a consistent course of future economy, I took a six-guinea stall for the EMPEROR's state visit to the Opera. "Court dress"



being "indispensable," I decided to summon to my aid the well-known amateur theatrical costumier, DATHAN & Co. DATHAN sees at a glance what I want. He measures me with his eye. "Co." in waiting is dispatched to bring down two or three Court suits. In less than ten minutes I am perfectly fitted, that is, in DATHAN's not entirely disinterested but still highly artistic opinion, with which "Co." unhesitatingly agrees. For my own part, as a mere lay-figure, I should have preferred the continuations being a trifle less tight round the knee; also if the coat were a little easier about the shoulders, and not quite so baggy in the back I should breathe more freely; and, while we are on the subject, the collar might be lower, as it is in close proximity to the lobes of my ears and irritatingly tickles me. The white waistcoat—"well," as "Co." in the absence of DATHAN, rapturously observes, "might ha' been made for yer!" "It might," true; but it certainly wasn't, as it is somewhat long, and there's a little shyness on the part of the last button but one in meeting the button-hole with which it ought to be on the best possible terms. But sharp-eyed little "Co." sees his way out of the difficulty; he hoists up the collar, he adjusts pins in the back, and, in a second, button and hole are in each other's embrace. The coat-collar can be taken in and done for—"nothing easier," says the undaunted Co.—and the part across my manly chest can be let out,—of course not a difficulty, as the whole suit, will be "let out" for the evening.

I am generally satisfied with my appearance in the glass as a portrait of a gentleman in repose, but I feel that any display of emotion, even of irrepressible loyalty, would probably be disastrous to some portion of my attire. The Court sword, too, is rather embarrassing, and, though Co. has adroitly fixed it for me by some mysterious process of invisible arrangement, yet, when I shall be left alone with the sheathed weapon, and have to do all this buckling and hitching for myself, I feel sure that that sword, which is only worn on the left to defend the right, will give me no inconsiderable trouble. Fortunately our washerwoman's husband, who comes late on a Wednesday for the linen, is a retired sergeant, and knows how this sort of thing should be done. He will assist in arming me for the operatic fray. *Tout va bien.*

*At Opera, Wednesday Night, July 8.*—Grand sight. Very grand; not only that, but beautiful. Costumes, uniforms, military, diplomatic,—all sorts, the real article and the Dathanic,—impossible to tell one from the other, taking them as a lot; but still, I feel that it is better to remain in my Stall, where only the upper part of me is visible to the unclothed eye. The consciousness that I am here, not as myself, but in disguise as somebody else, name unknown, rather oppresses me; only at first, however, as very soon I recognise a number of familiar faces and figures all in strange array. A stockbroker or two, a few journalists, several ordinary people belonging to various callings and professions, some others noble, some gentle, some simple, but most of us eyeing each other furtively, and wondering where the deuce the other fellow got his costume from, and what right he has to wear it.

Every moment I expect some gaily attired person to come up and say to me confidentially, "I know that suit; I wore it last so-and-so. Isn't it a trifle tight about the shoulders? Beware! when I wore it, it went a bit in the back." Man in gorgeous uniform makes his way to the vacant Stall next to me. I am a bit flustered until he salutes me heartily with—"How d'ye do? How are you?" Why, it's—well, no matter who it is. I have met him everywhere for years; we are the best of friends. I know he is something somewhere in the City, but not much anywhere else, and at all events he is no more a military man than I am a courtier, but when he confides to me that he was once upon a time in the Hampshire Yeomanry, and that this uniform has served him for years, and looks uncommonly well at night though it wouldn't bear the light of day, I begin to comprehend the entire scene.

My friend—we will call him TOMMY TUCKER (for I have frequently encountered him at supper, and am aware of his capacity)—is full of information. Some of our neighbours of an inquiring turn are asking one another who *that* is, and who *this* is, and so forth; and when the answers are incorrect, or even before the answers can be given, TOMMY TUCKER has replied in a low voice, with a view to imparting general information gratis, that So-and-So, in scarlet and silver, is Mr. BLACKSTONE, of BLACKSTONE & SONS, head of the great Coal Merchant Firm; that the man in blue and silver, supposed to be a Hungarian *attaché*, is the junior partner in BUNXUMS & Co., the Big Cake Purveyor; and that the warlike person, with a jingling sabre, is not

a Prussian officer, but is Deputy JONES, in the gorgeous uniform of the Old Buckshire Yeomanry; and when he's in the City, where he began in the usual way that millionnaires always do begin, by sweeping out an office, he is simply JONES, of Messrs. BROWN, JONES, ROBINSON & Co., Wharfingers. TOMMY TUCKER knows everybody, and everything about everybody, too. Who is that lady with a splendid tiara of diamonds?—that is the Duchess of BURLINGTON, "who"—and here, in a semi-whisper, intended for everybody's information, he tells how those brilliants come out for "one night only," and how they will be called for to-morrow morning by a confidential agent from POPSHOPPER's Establishment in the Great Loan Land. TOM TUCKER is full of these stories. There isn't a person he doesn't know, until happening to recognise here a one and there a one, I correct him of my own private and personal knowledge, when he frankly admits that I am right; and after casually explaining how he does occasionally mistake the Countess of DUNNOYER for Lady ELIZABETH MARTIN, he goes off at a tangent, and picks out several other distinguished-looking personages, numbering them as "first to right," "second to left," and so forth, as if in a collection of wax-works, giving to each one of them a name and a history. His acquaintance with the private life of the aristocracy and the plutocracy is so extensive that I can only wonder at his knowledge, or marvel at his wondrous powers of ready invention.



So 'it goes on. Then enter the chief characters. All rise; the orchestra plays the "National Anthem" in

Birds that can sing, but wouldn't sing, and couldn't be made to sing, at Covent Garden, Wednesday, July 8.

German, I suppose, out of compliment to our 'Imperial visitors; and afterwards in English (translated, and, I fancy, "translated"), in honour of H.R.H. the Prince and Princess. All the wax-work figures form in a row, under the direction of Lord Chamberlain LATHOM; the machinery is put in motion; they all bow to the audience; glasses are riveted on them; everybody is craning and straining to get a good view; the people in the gallery and just over the Royal Box loyally enjoy the scene, being quite unable to see any of the distinguished persons who are, in this instance, "quite beneath their notice." And then Signor MANCINELLI turns his back on everybody, and gets to business.

After this, I feel that a buckle, somewhere or other, has turned traitor, and inventing an excuse with a readiness worthy of TOMMY TUCKER himself, I suddenly, but cautiously, retire. I descend the grand staircase between two rows of beefeaters reclining drowsily at their ease. Fast asleep, some of 'em, after too much beef. Imagine myself a prisoner, in disguise of course, escaping from the Tower in the olden time. Then, fearing the collapse of another buckle or button, or the sudden "giving" of a seam, I steal cautiously past the Guards—then past serried ranks of soldiers under the colonnade—then—once more in the street of Bow, and I am free! I breathe again.

Hie thee home, my gallant steed (an eighteenpenny fare in a hansom), and let me resume the costume of private life, trifle with a cutlet, drain the goblet and smoke the mild havannah. *Sic transit gloria Wednesday!*

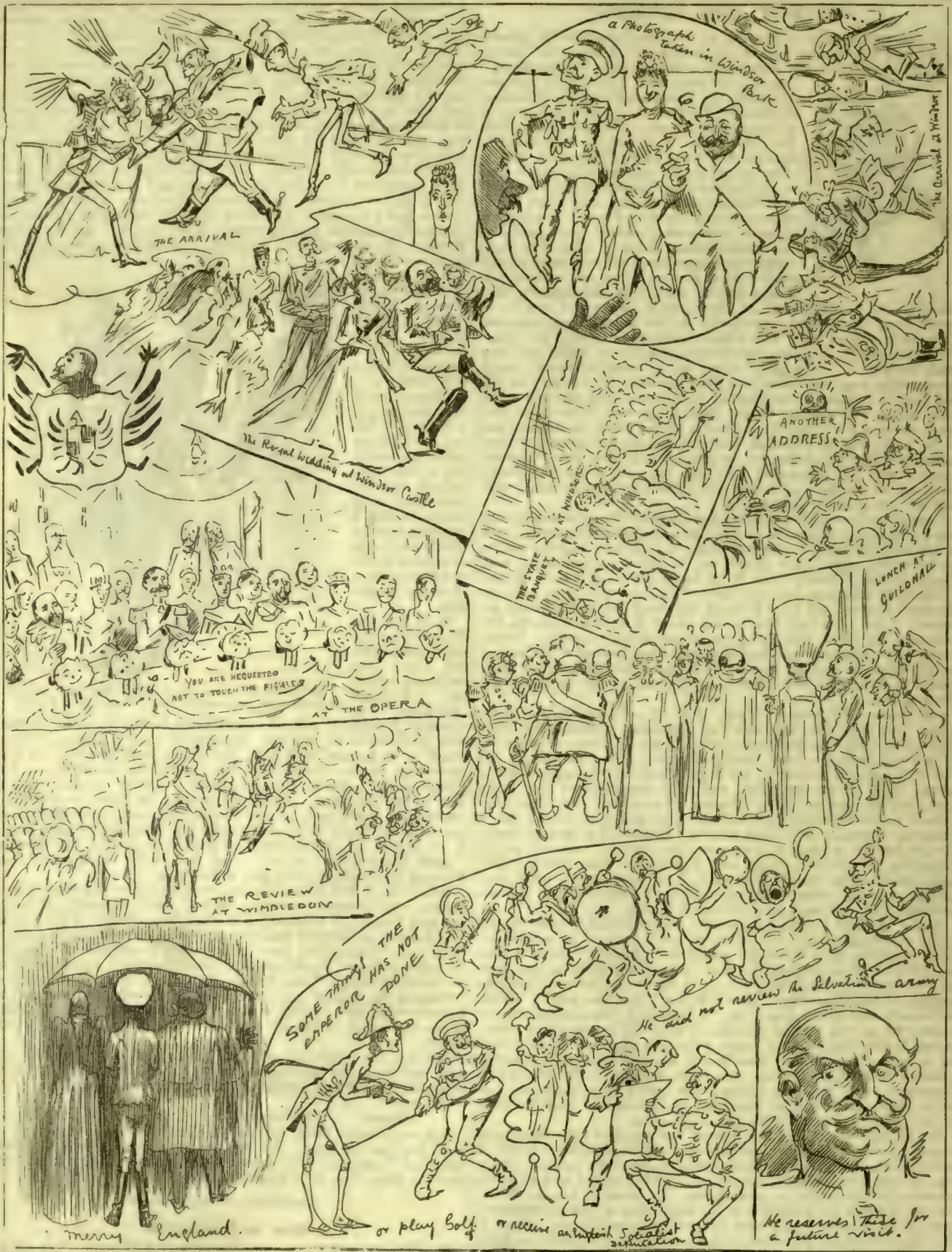
(Signed.) (Mysteriously.) THE DUKE OF DISGUISE.

P.S.—Although there was more money in the house than on any previous occasion, yet never did I see so many persons who had "come in with orders," which they displayed lavishly, wearing them upon their manly buzzums.

## Men in Possession.

THE Manager of Covent Garden is Sheriff HARRIS. Can all his operatic officials all over the house be correctly termed "Sheriff's Officers"?





THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S VISIT.

SKETCHES ON THE SPOT. BY OUR OWN GAILY CHAFFIC ARTIST.



## IMPERIAL IMPRESSIONS.

THAT they are not accustomed to ultra punctuality in the arrival of steam-yachts at Port Victoria.

That some one ought to catch it for not looking after the water-pipes in the State dining-room.

That it is rather trying to have to remain dignified with your boots in three inches of water.

That the Eton Volunteers are just the sort of boys to follow the tradition of the past, and win a second Waterloo.

That still it was a little awkward to have to review them in the pauses of a thunderstorm.

That the wedding as a wedding was not bad, but a couple of hundred thousand troops or so posted as a guard of honour, would have made it more impressive.

That Buckingham Palace is rather *triste*, when it is populated on the scale of one inhabitant to the square mile.

That Covent Garden Opera House, decorated with leagues of flower wreaths, is the finest sight in the world.

That Sheriff AUGUSTUS GLOSSOP HARRIS deserves a dukedom, and, if he were a German, should have it.

That one State Ball is like every other, but still it was very well done on Friday.

That the visit to the City was an entire success (although I wish the audience had made up their minds whether they would stand up or sit while I was speaking), thanks no doubt to the influence of the Sheriff.

That Saturday's doings were delightful. I was absolutely deafened with the cheering.

That it is very pleasant to be so well received, especially when, three years ago, I was generally snubbed and treated as a nobody.

## THE BUSY BISLEY.

SCENE—Within measurable distance of Woking. Enter Lounger and Marksman, R. and L.

Lounger (heartily). Why, I am glad to see you! And how are things going on?

Marksman (cordially, but abruptly). Capitally! Good-bye!

Lounger. But I say, what a hurry you are in! Can't you stop a minute for a chat?

Marks. Another time, but just now moments are precious.

Lounger. But I say, you see I have found myself here—it doesn't take much longer than getting down to Wimbledon.

Marks. Of course it doesn't—whoever said it did? But there, old chap, I must be off!

Lounger. You are in a hurry! Ah, we used to have pleasant days in the old place?

Marks. Did we? I daresay we did.

Lounger. Why, of course! Grand old days! Don't you remember what fun it used to be decorating your tent; and then, when the ladies came down—which they did nearly all the day long—what larks it was getting them tea and claret-cup?

Marks. Very likely. But we don't have many ladies now, and a good job too—they are a bore.

Lounger. Well, you are a chap! Why, how can there be any fun without your sisters, and your cousins, and your maiden aunts?

Marks. We don't want fun. But there, good-bye!

Lounger. But I say, I have come all this way to look you up.

Marks. (unbending). Very kind of you, but, my dear fellow, you have chosen rather an unfortunate time.

Lounger. Why, at Wimbledon you had nothing to do!

Marks. Very likely. But then Bisley isn't Wimbledon.

Lounger. (dryly). So it seems. Everyone said that, when they moved the camp further away from home, they would ruin the meeting.

Marks. Then everyone was wrong. Why, we are going on swimmingly.

Lounger. It must be beastly dull.

Marks. Not at all. Lovely country, good range, and, after it rains, two minutes later it is dry as bone.

Lounger. Yes, but it stands to reason that it *can't* be as popular as Wimbledon.

Marks. My dear fellow, figures are the best test of that. In all the history of the Association we have never had more entries than this year.

Lounger. That may be, but you don't have half the fun you had nearer town!

Marks. (laughing). Don't want to! Business, my dear fellow, not pleasure! And now, old man, I really *must* be off! Ta, ta! See you later. [Exit.]

Lounger. Well, whatever he may say, I prefer Wimbledon. And as there doesn't seem much for *me* to do down here, I shall return to town. [Does so. Curtain.]

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 6.—Don't know what the House of Lords would do without WEMYSS. How the House of Commons gets along without ELCHO is another story. Of course we are not absolutely ELCHO-less. Amurath has succeeded to Amurath, and there is still an ELCHO in the Commons. Perhaps in time he may reach the towering height of his illustrious father. He does very well as it is; made exceedingly smart speech the other afternoon on adjournment over Derby Day. We try to bear up; make the best of things; but in our secret hearts confess that this century has seen but one Lord ELCHO, and now he's Earl of WEMYSS.

Was in fine old style to-night. DORCHESTER brought on question of Volunteers. They are going to Wimbledon on Saturday to be reviewed by that veteran the German EMPEROR. DORCHESTER, in modest, convincing speech, pointed out how unfair it was that, in addition to, in many cases, losing a day's pay, in all cases incurring a day's hard work, that Volunteers should be required to pay expenses of their trip to Wimbledon. DORCHESTER left nothing unsaid; put the whole case in brief speech. But WEMYSS not going to be left out. Interposed in fine patronising manner; made acknowledgment of DORCHESTER's good intention; but, suggesting an absolutely imaginary case, took exception to the presentation of the Volunteers in the light of asking for a day's pay. That, he said, would spoil the whole case.

No one had suggested anything of the kind. WEMYSS had brought this mine-pin in with him as if it were one of a set of baccarat counters, had set it up, and was now knocking it down. Noble Lords sat and stared in polite amazement. CRANBROOK, in his impetuous way, jumped up and raised point of order. WEMYSS put him aside with sweep of sword-arm, and went on to end of his speech, which showed who was the true friend of the Volunteer forces.

"Ah," said young LAMINGTON, second Baron, regarding with pleased interest the flush of satisfaction that mantled WEMYSS' brow when he resumed his seat, "this House would have been nothing only for us fellows coming in from the Commons. It's new blood that does it. I'll make them a speech myself some day."

Business done.—Quite a lot in the Commons.

Tuesday.—FERGUSON says life at Foreign Office would be endurable only for LABBY. The Sage has got the Triple Alliance on the

brain; spends his mornings in drafting questions there afloat. That FERGUSON wouldn't mind so much, only it involves his spending his afternoons in drafting answers that shall look coherent, and yet say nothing. Answers often so admirably suited to their purpose, that doubts arise as to whether a firmer hand than FERGUSON's has not traced them on paper. "A dull man," was the phrase in which, years ago, JOHN BRIGHT dismissed from consideration the statesman then known as Sir CHARLES ADLERLY. To House of Commons FERGUSON is a dull man, incapable, as it seems, of framing these subtle answers that look as if they meant so much, and yet say so little.

Whoever be the author, it must be said that FERGUSON contributes to success of answers by his manner of reading them. So portentous is his gravity, so like a stone wall his imperturbability, that the Sage



Sage of Queen Anne's Gate.

dashe himself up against it with much the same effect as if he were attacking one of the buttresses of Westminster Hall. It is a fortuitous concatenation of circumstances, most happy in its result, that when in the House of Commons an answer is to be given which shall convey no information, the MARKISS should dictate it, and FERGUSON recite it. If, in reply to the Sage's question to-night, as to the understanding between this country and Italy with respect to the *status quo* in Mediterranean, FERGUSON had stood up and



Second Baron.



recited the multiplication table up to twelve times twelve, the remarks would have been just as relevant and informing as those he read from the paper. Moreover, the gravity of his aspect and the solemn inflection of his voice, would have compelled Members to listen to the end of the recitation with a sort of dim consciousness that they were really being informed as to the details of an understanding come to between Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and the Governments of Germany and Italy.

*Business done.*—Education Bill through Report Stage.

*Thursday.*—House having disposed of Land Purchase Bill and Education Bill, is able to devote portion of sitting to consideration of its own personal affairs. MORTON brings on subject of Bar in Lobby of House of Commons. Nothing to do with the Bar that Lockwood, Asquith, and Reid adorn; merely a counter, at which they sell what JEMMY LOWTHER alludes to, with a bewitching air of distant acquaintance, as "alcoholic liquors." MORTON, whose great ambition in life is to make people thoroughly comfortable, wants to close the Bar. SYDNEY HERBERT, making a rare appearance as spokesman for the Government on the Treasury Bench, pleads as a set-off against alleged evil example, the large consumption of "lemon squash," which he explains to the House is "a non-intoxicant." CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN sends thrill of apprehension through listening Senate by inquiring whether the House of Commons is licensed for the sale of intoxicating liquors?

No one ever thought of that before. As far as anyone knows, place isn't licensed; consequently, in very birthplace of legislation, the law has for years been systematically defied. Worse this than what happened at Temple the other day, when LORD CHANCELLOR and a score of principal Members of Bar of England narrowly escaped indictment for playing a drama in an unlicensed hall. Vision conjured up of the police making sudden descent on the House, walking off with SPEAKER, SERGEANT-AT-ARMS, and possibly OLD MORALITY, to nearest station, there to be locked up till released on bail.

JEMMY LOWTHER much struck by suggestion. His innate magisterial instincts on the alert. We all know and like JEMMY, but few of us have opportunity of seeing him at his very best. That happens when he sits on the Magisterial Bench and dispenses justice. It is as JEMMY, J.P., he rises to the fullest height of his judicial manner. Still, pretty well just now. A little embarrassed at the outset by consciousness that his postal address at Leeds is "Swillington House," Afraid some ribald person will remember this, and vulgarly connect it with the discussion. Delightful to observe the way in which he reproved GEORGE CAMPBELL for language unbecoming the precincts of the Court. CAMPBELL had lightly spoken about "Members requiring a pick-me-up." "Persons enjoying the privilege of obtaining alcoholic liquors," was the way JEMMY put it, with a severe glance towards the abashed Knight of Kircaldy.

*Business done.*—Committee of Supply.

*Friday.*—Turns out to-night that MORTON doesn't approve the Triple Alliance. This would be awkward, in any circumstances. Particularly embarrassing just now with one of the principal signatories our guest. Emperor WILLIAM was most anxious to come down to House; meant to see everything whilst he was here, not knowing what may happen before another opportunity presents itself.

"Always read your Diary, TOBY," he said to me, over a strawberry and cream at Marlborough House yesterday; "gather from it the impression that House of Commons is exceedingly interesting place; all its Members eloquent, and all its Ministers virtuous. Must go and see it. Look in on Friday."

Here's a go! Known beforehand that MORTON meant to state his views on the MARKIS's foreign policy, with its evident leaning toward Germany. Very awkward if EMPEROR came in just while MORTON was speaking.

"It would play the doose with the *ententy cordially*," said JULIUS ANNIBAL PICTON, who resents MORTON's interference in the field of foreign policy.

Happily Emperor WILLIAM didn't get as far as Westminster; detained at Guildhall; just got off in time to dine with the Great DOOK, and afterwards to the ball at Buckingham Palace. So peace between two great nations is maintained. But MORTON ran us pretty close. *Business done.*—Committee of Supply.



Jemmy, J.P.

## THEN AND NOW.

### MR. PUNCH'S JUBILEE RETROSPECT.

[*"Punch and the Elections were the only matters which occupied the public mind on July 17, 1841."—Introduction to "Punch," Vol. I.*]

FIFTY years ago, my Public, fifty years ago!  
Faith, the years fleet swiftly onward, though sad hours seem slow.  
Forty-One beheld my advent, Friend of Truth and Fun;  
From my *sanctum* still I greet you now in Ninety-One.

"*Punch and the Elections!*" Truly a compendious text.  
With how many Burning Questions men to-day are vext!  
Then the Whigs perceived their tether pretty nearly run,  
And—they're watching Bye-Elections now in Ninety-One.

Then Lord JOHN was on the Treasury Bench, though ill at ease,  
Thence to be soon torn—like Theseus;—PEEL, the Hercules.  
Now SMITH smiles a toothy smile in little JOHNNY's place,  
While the Grand Old Hercules sits watching, grave of face.

He remembers Forty-One! Few, except *Punch* and him,  
Linger from those brave old days, now distant grown and dim!  
He has reached his Jubilee, as *Punch* this year hath done.  
Veterans both, we drink each other's health in Ninety-One!

Forty-One was fierce and fiery. Young DISRAELI then  
Bravely buttered stout Sir ROBERT as the best of men.  
Peugh! But in how short a time was BEN's envenomed steel  
Destined to find rankling lodgment in the breast of PEEL!

Now? Well, there is jaunty JOSEPH poisoning his point;  
Seeking in GRANDOLMAN's mail some penetrable joint!  
Heroes and ex-armour-bearers still keep up the fun;  
One-and-Forty saw it so, and so does Ninety-One!

Mr. SHARMAN CRAWFORD (who was *he*? Let quidnuncs guess!)  
Moved Amendment relative to "Popular Distress."  
Then his cure was Wider Suffrage. *Now* what would it be?  
Land with little or no Rent, and Education Free?

Then the Corn Laws cramped Free Trade; free Competition now  
Breeds the Sweater, harsh exploiter of the toiler's brow.  
When brave PEEL achieved Repeal some deemed the task was done,  
But Commissions upon Labour sit in Ninety-One.

SIBTHORP then amused St. Stephen's; we have SEYMOUR KEAY,  
D'ORSAY then was wit and dandy, OSCAR WILDE have we.  
And if wild FEARGUS O'CONNOR fashioned Land Schemes then,  
BURNS and MORRIS well can match him now with tongue or pen.

Then TOM HOOD could sing that Song\* which moved a world to tears,  
London Laundrydom on Strike now in Hyde Park appears.  
Ah! since Eighteen Forty-One much has been tried—and done,  
But *Punch* finds no lack of labour e'en in Ninety-One!

Then HER MAJESTY, a Maiden Queen, fresh graced the Throne,  
Now her Royal Jubilee is full four years bygone.  
He who has illumed her reign with wisdom, wit, and fun,  
Greets her loyally to-day as then, in Forty-One.

Madam, much since then has happened, much has been achieved;  
Marvels, commonplace to-day, few then would have believed.  
Science, Liberty, Pure Manners, Order, Peace, Goodwill,  
*Punch* for Fifty Years has championed, and will champion still.

Then and now! The captious cynic at the contrast sneers,  
*Punch* believes in, and would help, the Progress of the Years.  
When his Century's full course, fifty Years hence, has run,  
With good heart and glad may he look back on Ninety-One!

\* "*The Song of the Shirt*," which appeared on page 260 of Vol. V., 1843, in a supplementary number entitled, "*Punch's* Triumphant Procession."

## QUEER QUERIES.

INFLUENZA.—I should feel really grateful to any reader who can tell me whether I have Influenza or not. I think I must have it, as I have tested my temperature with a thermometer attached to a weather-glass hanging in the hall, which is only slightly cracked, and find that it—my temperature, not the weather-glass—stays constantly at 120 degrees, which seems rather high. My headaches are *frightful*, and the pills with forty grains of quinine in them, which I have been recommended to take by a neighbouring chemist's assistant, do not seem to do any good. Cough and chemist's bill both very heavy. Ought I to have a change? If so, whom should I try and take it out of?—NERVOUS SUBJECT.



## MR. PUNCH'S JUBILEE NUMBER.



"MY Reminiscences!" said Mr. Punch, replying to a question put by his Interviewer, ANNO DOMINI EIGHTEEN-NINETY-ONE; "They are already before the World, in exactly One Hundred Volumes! My first 'Number' bore date 'for the week ending July 17th, 1841. My memory is indeed stored with recollections, pleasant, picturesque, pathetic, of the teeming past, memories of my joyous 'Table,' of my well-beloved 'Young Men,' of Great Names, of Genial Comrades, of Bright Wits, of Warm Hearts, of Famous Artists, of Clever Writers, who—in the words of the greatest of them all—

'Perched round the stem  
Of the jolly old tree.'

"How well the words of the wise wit written in 1847 express our thoughts to-day, Mr. ANNO DOMINI:—

'Here let us sport  
Boys, as we sit,  
Laughter and wit  
Flashing so free.  
Life is but short—  
When we are gone,  
Let them sing on  
Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew  
Happy as this;  
Faces we miss  
Pleasant to see.  
Kind hearts and true,  
Gentle and just,  
Peace to their dust!  
We sing round the tree.'

It is one of my proudest memories to recollect that THACKERAY'S 'Mahogany Tree,' was my Table."

"To have been Amphitryon to such guests must have been the most pleasant privilege of hospitality," said ANNO DOMINI.

"Very true," responded Mr. Punch, "And of all my Deputy-Amphitryons—if I may use the term—who more fully, fitly, justly, and genially filled the post than the earliest of them all, the kindly and judicious MARK LEMON? Had not he and clever HENRY MAYHEW, and Mr. Printer LAST, and EBENEZER LANDELLS, my earliest engraver, foregathered first with me in furtherance of the 'new work of wit and whim,' embellished with cuts and caricatures, to be called:—

## PUNCH; OR, THE LONDON CHARIVARI?

"LEMON, and LAST, and MAYHEW, were they here to-day, would probably agree to divide between them the early honours, as they shared the early responsibility. But doubtless MARK LEMON was the literary shaper of the 'Guffawgraph,' as he jocularly called it in his 'Prospectus,' and, from the first, its guiding spirit. Happily so, for his was a spirit fitted to rule, both by power, and tact, and taste. With 'Uncle MARK' in the chair, I knew there would be neither austere autocracy, nor *fainéant* laxity, neither weakness of stroke nor foulness of blow, neither Rosa-Matilda-ish mawkishness, nor Rabelaisian coarseness.

"How well I remember my first group of 'Young Men,'" pursued Mr. Punch, musingly. "There was swift and scathing DOUGLAS JERROLD, with his tossed and tangled mane of grey hair. GILBERT ABBOTT ABECKETT, too, the whimsically witty, the drolly satirical, the comically caustic, HENRY MAYHEW, of course; and, a little later, his brother HORACE, the simple, lovable 'PONNY.' HENNING, NEWMAN and BRINE, were my earliest Artists. HENNING drew the first Cartoon, whilst NEWMAN and BRINE, and, later, HINE, between them, were responsible for most of the smaller cuts, head-and-tail-

pieces, pictorial puns, and sketchy silhouettes, wherewith Punch's early pages abounded.

"In the fourth Number of Punch, published on August 7th, 1841, first appeared the soon-to-be-famous signature of 'JOHN LEECH.'"

"Ah! JOHN LEECH," cried the attentive ANNO DOMINI. "A name to conjure with! How did that 'Star swim into your ken'?"

"There was a certain clever, scholarly, and genial gentleman," responded Mr. Punch, "who had lately published, under the pseudonym of 'PAUL PRENDERGAST,' an extremely funny Comic Latin Grammar. 'PAUL PRENDERGAST' was, in reality, Mr. PERCIVAL LEIGH, originally a medical gentleman, the well-beloved 'Professor' of later Punch days. The Comic Latin Grammar had been admirably illustrated by a personal friend, and fellow-student, of LEIGH's named LEECH. The services of both of the contributors to the Comic Latin Grammar were soon enlisted in my interests.

"Another of LEECH's medical student friends was ALBERT SMITH, and he before long was penning his 'Physiology of London Evening Parties' (illustrated by PHIZ—HALBOT KNIGHT BROWNE—NEWMAN, and others) for my pages. KENNY MEADOWS, WATTS PHILLIPS, ALFRED 'CROW-QUILL' (FORRESTER), JOHN GILBERT, and others, drew also for the young Journal, the printing of which had been taken over by the Whitefriars firm of BRADBURY and EVANS, with whom as proprietors and fast friends, Punch has ever since been happily associated.

"As early as my Fourth Volume," pursued Mr. Punch, "it became obvious that, in the person of 'Our Fat Contributor,' a certain 'MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH' was writing and drawing for Punch.

(Continued on Page 4.)





## PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

I

FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 17, 1891.

## THE MORAL OF PUNCH.

As we hope, gentle public, to pass many happy hours in your society, we think it right that you should know something of our character and intentions. Our title, at a first glance, may have misled you into a belief that we have no other intention than the amusement of a thoughtless crowd, and the collection of pence. We have a higher object. Few of the admirers of our prototype, merry Master PUNCH, have looked upon his vagaries but as the practical outpourings of a rude and boisterous mirth. We have considered him as a teacher of no mean pretensions, and have, therefore, adopted him as the sponsor for our weekly sheet of pleasant instruction. When we have seen him parading in the glories of his motley, flourishing his baton (like our friend Jullien at Drury-lane) in time with his own unrivalled discord, by which he seeks to win the attention and admiration of the crowd, what visions of graver puppetry have passed before our eyes! Golden circlets, with their adornments of coloured and lustrous gems, have bound the brow of infamy as well as that of honour—a mockery to both; as though virtue required a reward beyond the fulfilment of its own high purposes, or that infamy could be cheated into the forgetfulness of its vileness by the weight around its temples! Gilded coaches have glided before us, in which sat men who thought the buzz and shouts of crowds a guerdon for the toils, the anxieties, and, too often, the peculations of a life. Our ears have rung with the noisy frothiness of those who have bought their fellow-men as beasts in the market-place, and found their reward in the sycophancy of a degraded constituency, or the patronage of a venal ministry—no matter of what creed, for party must destroy patriotism.

The noble in his robes and coronet—the beadle in his gaudy livery of scarlet, and purple, and gold—the dignitary in the fulness of his pomp—the demagogue in the triumph of his hollowness—these and other visual and oral cheats by which mankind are cajoled, have passed in review before us, conjured up by the magic wand of PUNCH.

How we envy his philosophy, when SHALLA-BA-LA, that demon with the bell, besets him at every turn, almost teasing the sap out of him! The moment that his tormentor quits the scene, PUNCH seems to forget the existence of his annoyance, and, carolling the mellifluous numbers of *Jim Crow*, or some other strain of equal beauty, makes the most of the present, regardless of the past or future; and when SHALLA-BA-LA renews his persecutions, PUNCH boldly faces his enemy, and ultimately becomes the victor. All have a SHALLA-BA-LA in some shape or other; but few, how few, the philosophy of PUNCH!

We are afraid our prototype is no favourite with the ladies. PUNCH is (and we reluctantly admit the fact) a Malthusian in principle, and somewhat of a domestic tyrant; for his conduct is at times harsh and ungentelemanly to Mrs. P.

"Eve of a land that still is Paradise,  
Italian beauty!"

But as we never look for perfection in human nature, it is too much to expect it in wood. We wish it to be understood that we repudiate such principles and conduct. We have a Judy of our own, and a little Punchinny that commits innumerable improprieties; but we fearlessly aver that we never threw him out of window, nor belaboured the lady with a stick—even of the size allowed by law.

There is one portion of the drama we wish was omitted, for it always saddens us—we allude to the prison scene. PUNCH, it is true, sings in durance, but we hear the ring of the bars mingling with the song. We are advocates for the correction of offenders; but how many generous and kindly beings are there pining within the walls of a prison, whose only crimes are poverty and misfortune! They, too, sing and laugh, and appear jocund, but the heart can ever hear the ring of the bars.

We never looked upon a lark in a cage, and heard him trilling out his music as he sprang upwards to the roof of his prison, but we felt sickened with the sight and sound, as contrasting, in our thought, the free minstrel of the morning, bounding as it were into the blue caverns of the heavens, with the bird to whom the world was circumscribed. May the time soon arrive, when every prison shall be a palace of the mind—when we shall seek to instruct and cease to punish. PUNCH has already advocated education by example. Look at his dog Toby! The instinct of the

brute has almost germinated into reason. Man has reason, why not give him intelligence?

We now come to the last great lesson of our motley teacher—the gallows! that accursed tree which has its root in injuries. How clearly PUNCH exposes the fallacy of that dreadful law which authorises the destruction of life! PUNCH sometimes destroys the hangman: and why not? Where is the divine injunction against the shedder of man's blood to rest? None can answer! To us there is but one disposer of life. At other times PUNCH hangs the devil: this is as it should be. Destroy the principle of evil by increasing the means of cultivating the good, and the gallows will then become as much a wonder as it is now a jest.

We shall always play PUNCH, for we consider it best to be merry and wise—

"And laugh at all things, for we wish to know,  
What, after all, are all things but a show!"—Byron.

As on the stage of PUNCH's theatre, many characters appear to fill up the interstices of the more important story, so our pages will be interspersed with trifles that have no other object than the moment's approbation—an end which will never be sought for at the expense of others, beyond the evanescent smile of a harmless satire.

## COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

THERE is a report of the stoppage of one of the most respectable *hard-bake* houses in the metropolis. The firm had been speculating considerably in "Prince Albert's Rock," and this is said to have been the rock they have ultimately split upon. The boys will be the greatest sufferers. One of them had stripped his jacket of all its buttons as a deposit on some *tom-trot*, which the house had promised to supply on the following day; and we regret to say, there are whispers of other transactions of a similar character.

Money has been abundant all day, and we saw a half-crown piece and some halfpence lying absolutely idle in the hands of an individual, who, if he had only chosen to walk with it into the market, might have produced a very alarming effect on some minor description of securities. Cherries were taken very freely at twopence a pound, and Spanish (liquorice) at a shade lower than yesterday. There has been a most disgusting glut of tallow all the week, which has had an alarming effect on dips, and thrown a still further gloom upon rushlights.

The late discussions on the timber duties have brought the match market into a very unsettled state, and Congreve lights seem destined to undergo a still further depression. This state of things was rendered worse towards the close of the day, by a large holder of the last-named article unexpectedly throwing an immense quantity into the market, which went off rapidly.

## SOMETHING WARLIKE.

MANY of our readers must be aware, that in pantomimic pieces, the usual mode of making the audience acquainted with anything that cannot be clearly explained by dumb-show, is to exhibit a linen scroll, on which is painted, in large letters, the sentence necessary to be known. It so happened that a number of these scrolls had been thrown aside after one of the grand spectacles at Astley's Amphitheatre, and remained amongst other lumber in the property-room, until the late destructive fire which occurred there. On that night, the wife of one of the stage-assistants—a woman of portly dimensions—was aroused from her bed by the alarm of fire, and in her confusion, being unable to find her proper habiliments, laid hold of one of these scrolls, and wrapping it around her, hastily rushed into the street, and presented to the astonished spectators an extensive back view, with the words, "BOMBARD THE CITADEL," inscribed in legible characters upon her singular drapery.

## HUME'S TERMINOLOGY.

HUME is so annoyed at his late defeat at Leeds, that he vows he will never make use of the word Tory again as long as he lives. Indeed, he proposes to expunge the term from the English language, and to substitute that which is applied to his own party. In writing to a friend, that "after the inflammatory character of the oratory of the Carlton Club, it is quite supererogatory for me to state (it being notorious) that all conciliatory measures will be rendered nugatory," he thus expressed himself:—"After the inflammawhig character of the orawhig of the nominees of the Carlton Club, it is quite supererogawhig for me to state (it being nowhigous) that all conciliawhig measures will be rendered nugawhig."

## NATIVE SWALLOWS.

A CORRESPONDENT to one of the daily papers has remarked, that there is an almost total absence of swallows this summer in England. Had the writer been present at some of the election dinners lately, he must have confessed that a greater number of *active swallows* has rarely been observed congregated in any one year.

## LORD MELBOURNE TO "PUNCH."

MY DEAR PUNCH,—Seeing in the "Court Circular" of the *Morning Herald* an account of a General Goblet as one of the guests of her Majesty, I beg to state, that till I saw that announcement, I was not aware of any other general gobbie than myself at the Palace.

Yours, truly,

MELBOURNE.



## PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—July 18, 1891.

Hornee Mayhem. Richd. Doyle. John Leesh. Mark Lemon. W. M. Thackeray.  
 Percival Leigh. Gilbert A. Beckett. Tom Taylor. Douglas Jerrold.



Prince de Joinville. Geo. Hudson. Shaw Lefevre. Prince Albert. B. Disraeli. Col. Sibthorp. Sir Fredk. Trench. Emperor of Russia.  
 Sir R. Peel. Sir J. Graham. D. O'Connell. Jany Lind. Lord John Russell. Louis Philippe. The British Lion. Mehander Ali. Duke of Richmond.  
 Richd. Cobden. Lord George Bentinck. Gen. Tom Thumb. THE QUEEN. Mr. Punch. Lord Brougham. Duke of Wellington.

MR. PUNCH'S FANCY BALL. 1847.





Yes, the lion THACKERAY had joined the Table, and thenceforth for many years he illumined my pages with his keen wit and ripe wisdom, his graceful prose, his polished verse, and his characteristic pictures.

"The frontispiece to Volume V. (1843) was by RICHARD DOYLE, a plain foreshadowing of the celebrated design

which was ever after to form the familiar Cover of the *Punch* Number. DOYLE had now joined the Staff, and for many years his fine fancy was allowed full play in my pages.

"At the end of the same Volume, upon page 260 of a supplement, entitled, '*Punch's* Triumphal Procession,' appeared Tom Hood's never-to-be-forgotten 'Song of the Shirt.' It is one of *Mr. Punch's* pleasantest Reminiscences that this gentle genius, this true poet, contributed this famous masterpiece to his pages.

"The scholarly, accomplished, and warm-hearted TOM TAYLOR was the next to join the Table, and his 'Spanish Ballads' (in 1846), admirably illustrated by DOYLE, made their mark, as did later his 'Unprotected Female.' In Volume XVI. PERCIVAL LEIGH commenced his 'Mr. PIPS, his Diary, or, Manners and Customs of ye Englyshe in 1849,' characteristically illustrated by RICHARD DOYLE at his graphic best. The same year was remarkable for the appearance of LEECH's most delightful character, the simple-minded, sport-loving, philistine paterfamilias, Mr. BRIGES, first met with in connection with 'The Pleasures of Housekeeping,' though subsequently associated especially with humorous sporting scenes.

"The frontispiece to Volume XIX., for the second half of the year 1850, was by a 'new hand,' none other than JOHN TENNIEL the 'Cartoonist' *par excellence*, whose work henceforth was to be—as happily it still is—the pride of *Mr. Punch* and the delight of the British Public. TENNIEL's first Cartoon, 'Lord JACK the Giant-Killer,' graced *Mr. Punch's* 499th Number, he having taken, at short notice, the place of RICHARD DOYLE, who after many years

of excellent work had voluntarily withdrawn from the Table, owing to certain religious scruples, not wholly unconnected with the subject of his successor's first 'Big Cut.'

"Another member of my little army about this time was GEORGE SILVER, and my next recruits were the polished and witty SHIRLEY BROOKS, and, one who was to develop into the greatest master of Black-and-White Art this country has produced, CHARLES KEENE to wit, our dear, picturesque, unsophisticated 'CARLO,' lost to the Table—an irreparable loss!—but a few months ago.

"At the opening of Volume XXVII. for the second half of the year 1854, you will observe, Mr. ANNO DOMINI, a Picture by JOHN TENNIEL (reproduced above), in which the then existing Staff of *Punch* are humorously sketched. They are engaged in somewhat varied sports and pastimes. *Mr. Punch* is keeping wicket in a game in which THACKERAY wields the bat, and PERCIVAL LEIGH is bowling; MARK LEMON, and GILBERT ABECKETT are playing at battledore and shuttlecock, and DOUGLAS JERROLD is having a solitary game of skittles, the 'pins' being the CZAR OF RUSSIA, &c. SHIRLEY BROOKS, MAYHEW, and TOM TAYLOR are playing at Leapfrog, TOM TAYLOR 'overing' MAYHEW, whilst SHIRLEY BROOKS is following up. In the background JOHN TENNIEL is sketching the Good Knight *Punchius* upon a wall, whilst in the immediate foreground JOHN LEECH, upon a hobby-horse, is leaping over an easel. These were the chief of my 'Young Men' at this time. In front of the tent are two gentlemen, one in a black, the other in a white, hat. The first is WILLIAM BRADBURY, the second is 'Pater' EVANS, our 'proprietors and friends' of that day.

"In 1856 an obituary notice showed that the Table had experienced one of its earliest losses, that of GILBERT ABBOTT ABECKETT. And on June 8th, in the following year, the boding black border appeared 'In Memoriam' of DOUGLAS JERROLD. Ah, me, Mr. ANNO DOMINI, the jingling of the cap-and-bells, howsoever merrily it may sound, is perforce interrupted now and again by the chiming of a bell of deeper note and sadder tone.

"Volume XXXIX. for 1860 saw the artistic advent of the Society Satirist of the Victorian Era, GEORGE DU MAURIER; and in Volume XLIV. for the year 1863, the presence of another 'New Boy' at my Table, was evidenced by the appearance of the burlesque London-Journalish Novel, 'Moheanna,' in which FRANCIS COWLEY BURNAND parodied the 'Penny Dreadful.'

"The very first page of my Volume for 1864, Mr. ANNO DOMINI,



recorded a great, a grievous, an irreparable loss to me and to the world. WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, the greatest of my contributors, had gone for ever from my Table. And a little later—only a little later—in my Number for November 12th, 1864, appeared an obituary notice—alas the day!—of the great, the genial, the loved, the lamented JOHN LEECH.

"In the Volumes for this year, 1865, appear for the first time the fanciful, ingenious, elaborately symbolical designs of CHARLES H. BENNETT, who unhappily did not long enrich my pages with his facile execution and singular subtlety of fancy. He died on the 2nd April. His place at my Table was soon after taken by LINLEY SAMBOURNE.

"On the 23rd May, 1870, he who had sat at the head of my Table ever since its first establishment, 'who wrote the first article in this Journal, who from its establishment had been its conductor,' left empty the chief seat at my board.

"If this Journal has had the good fortune to be credited with habitual advocacy of truth and justice, if it has been praised for abstention from the less worthy kind of satire, if it has been trusted by those who keep guard over the purity of womanhood and of youth, we, the best witnesses, turn for a moment from our sorrow to bear the fullest and the most willing testimony that the high and noble spirit of MARK LEMON ever prompted generous championship, ever made unworthy onslaught or irreverent jest impossible to the pens of those who were honoured in being coadjutors with him.

"This, MR. ANNO DOMINI, was the high and merited tribute which the spokesman of his surviving colleagues paid to the beloved memory of MARK LEMON.

"SHIRLEY BROOKS succeeded him in the editorial chair, which he filled fittingly and faithfully for—alas!—only four years. In 1874 I lost my second Editor. TOM TAYLOR was his successor, taking up with the Editorship, the extraction of that weekly 'Essence of Parliament,' so long and so delightfully distilled by the deceased Chief.

"Meanwhile, on April 30th, 1872, HORACE MAYHEW, had departed from our midst. A little later the Table received a further accession in the person of ARTHUR WILLIAM ABECKETT, ('MR. BRIEFLESS Junior,') son of that GILBERT ABBOTT ABECKETT who was one of my earliest 'Stars.' His brother, a second GILBERT ABECKETT, took his seat at the Table a few years later. In Volume LXVIII. for 1875, E. J. MILLIKEN made his first appearance as a *Punch* Writer. The Author of the 'ARRY papers,' 'CHILDE CHAPPIE'S Pilgrimage,' &c., joined my Table two years later.

"On the 12th July, 1880, another great loss befel me. TOM TAYLOR, my third Editor, left that honourable post vacant, after occupying it with credit and distinction for six years. MR. F. C. BURNAND, author of 'Happy Thoughts,' &c., reigns in his stead. R. F.

SKETCHLEY, who had a seat at my Board for several years, resigned it a little later.

"The same year, 1880, saw the introduction of a new Artist, in the person of HARRY FURNISS; and the next introduced HENRY W. LUCY, the 'TOBY' of Mr. *Punch's* remodelled Essence of Parliament.

"In 1887, the appearance of 'Mr. *Punch's* Manual for Young Reciters,' gave evidence of the fact that the Author of *Vice Versa*, MR. F. ANSTEV, had joined my Table. He, with R. C. LEHMANN, Author of 'Modern Types,' &c., and E. G. REED, the Artist, are the very latest additions thereto. That Table has, within the last two years, sustained yet two other losses: PERCIVAL LEIGH, last survivor of the 'Old Guard,' dying on 24th October, 1889, whilst, early in the present year, the inimitable CHARLES KEENE, universally acknowledged to be the greatest master of 'Black-and-White' technique who ever put pencil to wood-block, was taken away from me.

"Merely to mention all the bright pens and pencils which have occasionally contributed to my pages, would occupy much space. Amongst Writers may be named MAGUIR HANNAY, STIRLING COYNE, COVENTRY PATMORE, MORTIMER COLLINS, GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, ANDREW LANG, JAMES PAYN, and LORD TENNYSON; amongst Artists, HOWARD (whose signature, a trident, was at one time familiar to *Punch* readers), MISS BOWERS, RALSTON, BRYAN, BARNARD, W. S. GILBERT (who illustrated several of his own articles), CORBOULD, CALDECOTT, RIVIERE, H. S. MARKS, FRED WALKER, SIR JOHN MILLAIS, and SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON.

"The present Staff, MR. ANNO DOMINI, you may see assembled 'round the old Tree' in the accompanying Cartoon. Around on the walls are the counterfeit presentiments of their illustrious and honoured predecessors. My guests, you perceive, are drinking a toast. That toast is, 'MR. *Punch*, his health and Jubilee!' "In which I am delighted to join!" responded ANNO DOMINI. "MR. *Punch*, you must be as proud of your 'Mahogany Tree,' and its many memories, as KING ARTHUR of his Table Round."

"For dear to ARTHUR was that hall of ours,  
As having there so oft with all his Knights  
Feasted,"

quoted the Sage, musing deeply of many things. Many of my Knights have 'gone before,' but they have not

"Left me gazing at a barren board."

"Their monograms are carved on this Table, their memories abide with us as we drink to *Punch's* Jubilee, and will abide when, as I hope, yet another fifty years hence, our successors drink with equal heartiness to *Punch's* Centenary!"



J. Tenniel.

H. Silver.

C. Keene.

T. Taylor.

F. C. Burnand.

R. F. Sketchley.

H. Mayhew.

M. Lemon.

Shirley Brooks. Du Maurier.

P. Leigh.



## PAST AND PRESENT.



IN THE SIXTIES.



IN THE SEVENTIES.



IN THE EIGHTIES.



IN THE NINETIES.

























MR. PUNCH'S J

(AS REFLECTED IN





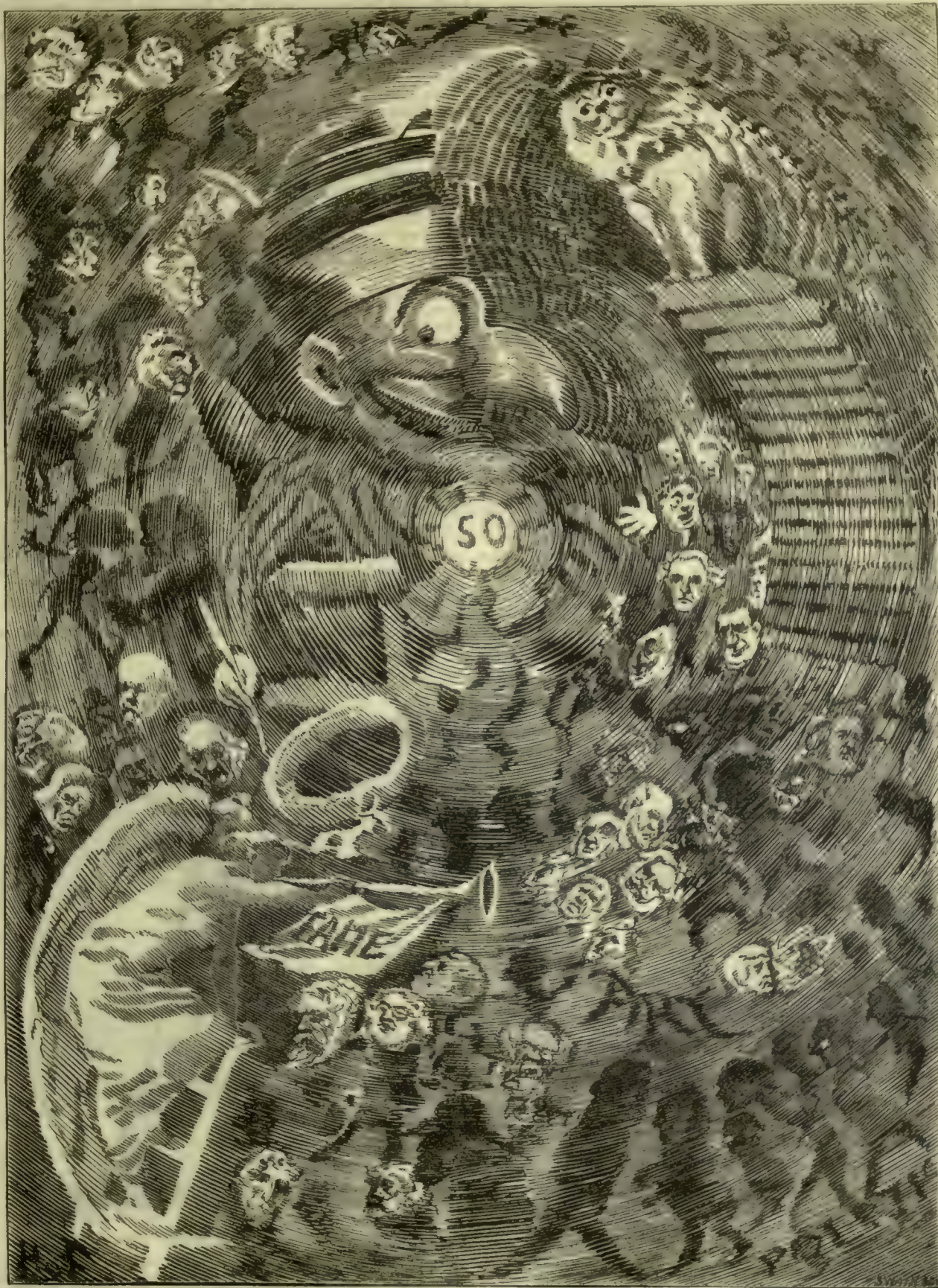
# LEE PAGEANT.

(N MAGIC MIRROR.)









JUBILEE SHADOWS; OR, THE WHIRLIGIGS OF TIME.



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

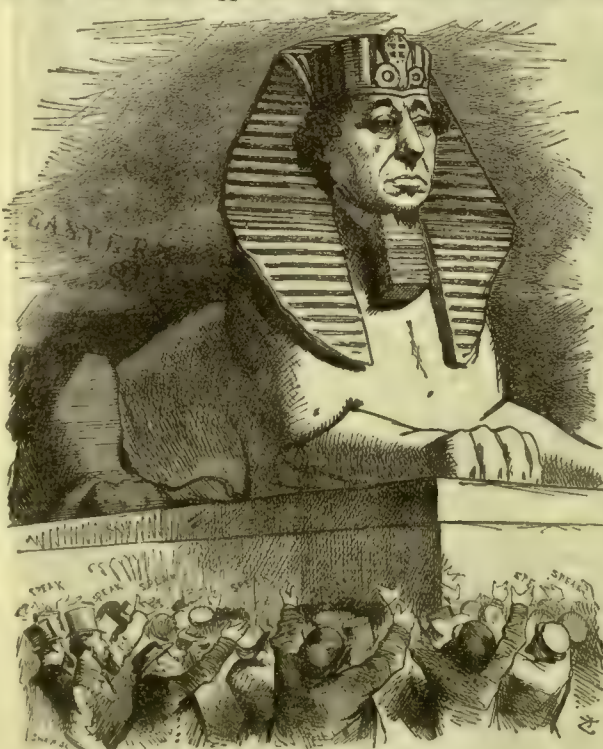
House of Commons, July 14th, 1891.—Things going on here much as usual. Rapidly winding up Session amid familiar surroundings. OLD MORALITY in seat of Leader of the House; Mr. G. opposite; SPEAKER in Chair; Sergeant-at-Arms on guard by the door; and WINDBAG SEXTON on his feet.



"Dizzy," 1847.

Remember it as if it were yesterday. It was MELBOURNE's Ministry; but he of course sat in another place. On the Treasury Bench, distinctly visible under his hat, was JOHNNY RUSSELL, Colonial Secretary and Leader of the House of Commons. At a safe distance from him sat PAM, then in the prime of life, and at the time holding the post of Foreign Minister, in which he was able to make a remarkably large number of people uncomfortable. There was Sir GEORGE GREY, Chancellor of the Duchy, whilst a sturdily built gentleman, then known as the Right Hon. THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, was Secretary for War; HENRY LABOUCHERE (not the SAGE of QUEEN ANNE'S GATE) was President of the Board of Trade, and Master of the Mint; whilst FRANCIS BARING was Chancellor of the Exchequer, all untroubled by the necessity of constructing a Budget since he knew he would never be called on to bring one in.

On the Front Bench opposite was Sir ROBERT PEEL with JAMES



"The Sphinx is Silent," 1876.

GRAHAM at his right elbow. In modest retirement at the end of the Bench sat a young man, of full height, and good figure, with a mass of black hair crowning a large, well-shaped head. Remember noticing how carefully the hair was parted down the middle, in a fashion then unusual with men. His face was pleasant to look upon,

even mild in its expression; but from time to time, more particularly when he spoke, there flashed from beneath his dark and bushy eyebrows a pair of eyes that shone like stars. This was the Mr. G. of those days, whose highest Ministerial office, as yet, had been the Under-Secretary for the Colonies, held for a few months six years earlier.

Big House on this first night, as Houses were counted then, when the number of Members was considerably less. First business was to choose SPEAKER. SHAW-LEFEBVRE (not the Member for Bradford, but a forerunner) had been SPEAKER in last Parliament; re-elected now, PEEL, who, by the lifting of a finger, could have put his own nominee in the Chair, graciously consenting.

Of all who filled the House on that night, only two have seats in the present Parliament—Mr. G., and the humble person who, by favour of the Electors of Berkshire, is permitted to pen these lines. (CHRISTOPHER TALBOT, then represented Glamorganshire, but he just failed to live into this Jubilee time.) Yet, when I look round on the Benches now, I see a score of men who bear the names, and are, in many cases, descendants, of Members who sat in the Parliament that will ever have a place in history, if only because it was born in the same year, almost in the same month, as Mr. Punch. There was a THOMAS DYKE ACLAND, representing Devonshire; there were two HENEAGES, one representing Devizes, and the other, EDWARD, sitting for Grimsby, as EDWARD HENEAGE sits to-day for the same borough. There was a BORTHWICK, Member for Evesham. There was a PHILIP STANHOPE, Member for Hertford. STANFELD sat for Huddersfield, and MAJORIBANKS for Hythe, a LAWSON for Knaresborough, a BECKETT for Leeds, a CHILDERS for Malton, a MANNERS for Newark-upon-Trent, having a certain WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE for colleague. He was the Lord JOHN, well known to students of poetry, who now wears a Ducal coronet.

Of course there was a SMITH, VERNON by Christian name,



"W. E. G.," 1860.

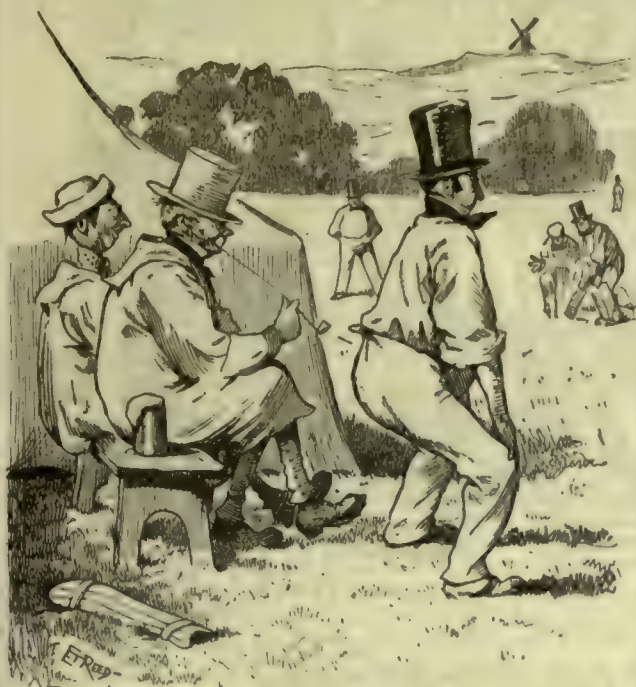


"The Colossus of Words," 1879.

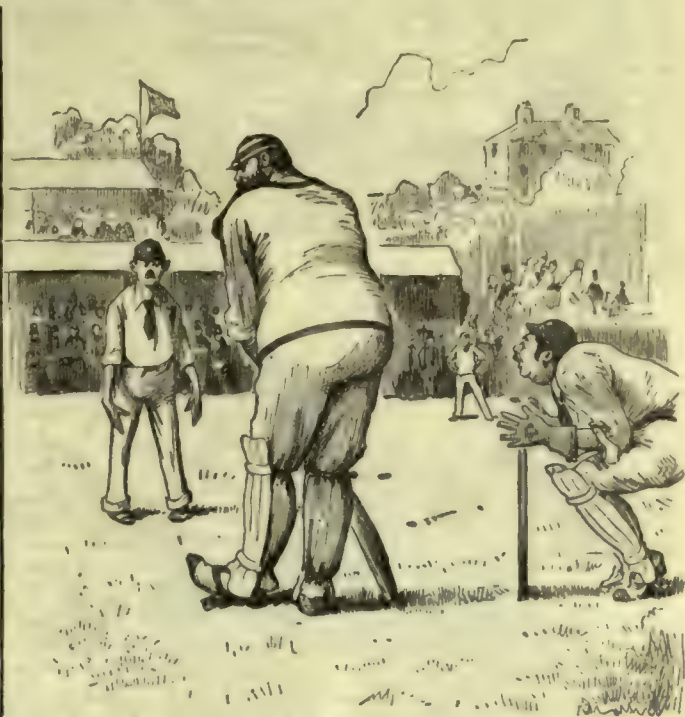
Member for Northampton; a HOULDSWORTH representing Nottinghamshire, a MACLEAN for Oxford, a HARCOURT for Oxfordshire—nay, in this happy Parliament there were two HARCOURTS, GRANVILLE HARCOURT VERNON sitting for East Retford. A VIVIAN sat for



## MR. PUNCH KEEPS HIS EYE ON CRICKET.



THEN (1841)



NOW (1891).

and

Penrhyn—HUSSEY VIVIAN's father, JOHN HENRY, sat in the same Parliament for Swansea. LORD EBRINGTON sat for Plymouth, and CHARLES RUSSELL for Reading. ORMSBY GORE represented North Shropshire, long a possession of his family. The Markiss o' GRANBY sat for Stamford, with a CLARK for colleague. FREDERICK VILLIERS (not our present Father) kept the name green at Sudbury, and there was a WYNDHAM for Sussex. The HENRY LABOUCHERE of those less lively days sat for Taunton, and SIR ROBERT PEEL, our SPEAKER's father, for Tamworth. There was a HAYTER, GOOD-ENOUGH for Wells, one LOWTHER represented Westmoreland, and another York. A WALTER LONG sat for North Wilts, STUART VORTLEY sat for the West Riding, and JAMES DUFF for Banffshire. We had a BALFOUR for Haddington, and LORD DALMEY of that lay, happier than the present head of the family, sat in the Commons for Inverkeithing, a place long since swept off the electoral board. These surnames, with one or two others I can't recall—yes, there was a DALRYMPLE for Wigtonshire—are familiar on the Roll of Parliament to-day.

Amongst the prominent Members of this Parliament I remember ROEBUCK sitting for Bath; and PAKINGTON—then plain JOHN all unconscious of the coming marvel of a Ten Minutes' Reform Bill—for Droitwich. STRATFORD CANNING had a seat for King's Lynn, and MONCKTON MILNES was Member for Pomfret. JOHN BRIGHT was not in the House, but RICHARD COBDEN sat for Stockport, and there was an acidulous person, then known as RALPH BERNAL, who sat for Wycombe. We knew BERNAL OSBORNE in many later Parliaments.

Curious to think how Ireland at this epoch belonged to the classes! DANIEL O'CONNELL was just in his prime, and in addition to himself returned three of his name. SMITH O'BRIEN was yet far off the cabbage garden, and HENRY GRATTAN sat for Meath. There is a living image of him now among the busts in the corridor leading out of the Octagon Hall; a fiery dramatic speaker in the House, who, as someone said of him at the time, used in his passion to throw up his arms, bend over till he touched the floor with his finger-nails, and thank

Heaven he had no gestures. The O'CONNOR DON whom Members younger than I remember as he sat above the Gangway in the Parliament of 1874, then represented Roscommon. But for the most part the Irish Members of those days were Earls, Viscounts, Knights, Baronets, Honourables and Right Honourables.

There were, on the Motion for the Address, big debates in both Houses on this particular night, when I first saw the SPEAKER in wig and gown. The fate of the Ministry could scarcely be said to hang in the balance; they knew they were doomed. In the Lords the shrift was short. Not too late for dinner, their Lordships divided: "Contents 96, Not Contents 168," majority against Government 72. I well remember COVENTRY's speech; worth reciting as a model for these later days. He followed LANSDOWNE, and House wanted to hear NORTHAMPTON. When COVENTRY presented himself, fearful row kicked up. He stood there till silence partially restored, then he said in deep voice, as who should say "My name is—Norval,"—

"I am LORD COVENTRY. A few words from me. I think the country is in a safe state, and I hope to find it placed in the hands of the Duke of WELLINGTON. My Lords, I hope I have not detained you."

Then he sat down.

In the Commons, debate lasted four days; majority against Government 91.

The LABBY of 1841 spoke at length, and was followed by Mr. D'ISRAELI (he spelt it with an apostrophe in those days): a good Disraelian ring about the last sentence of his speech.

"The House," he said, "ought now to act as it had been acted upon in times when Parliament was unreformed, when DANBY found himself in a dungeon, and STRAFFORD on a scaffold. Now the Whigs hold office by abusing the confidence of the Sovereign, and defying the authority of Parliament."

After him came the still budding BERNAL OSBORNE, CHARLES NAPIER, ROEBUCK, JOHNNIE RUSSELL, fighting to the last with his back to the wall; CORDEN, HENRY GRATTAN, PAM, MILNER GIBSON, O'CONNELL, PEEL, and Colonel SIBTHORP.



"AU REVOIR!"





PUNCH PRESENTING YE TENTH VOLUME TO YE QUEENE,  
(1846.)

FROM W. M. THACKERAY TO MR. PUNCH. (FEBRUARY, 1849.)

MR. PUNCH,—“When the future inquirer shall take up your volumes, or a bundle of French plays, and contrast the performance of your booth with that of the Parisian theatre, he won't fail to remark how different they are, and what different objects we admire or satirise. As for your morality, Sir, it does not become me to compliment you on it before your venerable face; but permit me to say, that there never was before published in this world so many volumes that contained so much cause for laughing, and so little for blushing; so many jokes, and so little harm. Why, Sir, say even that your modesty, which astonishes me more and more every time I regard you, is calculated, and not a virtue naturally inherent in you, that very fact would argue for the high sense of the public morality among us. We will laugh in the company of our wives and children; we will tolerate no indecorum: we like that our matrons and girls should be pure.”



“ON WE GOES AGAIN!”



## OPERATIC NOTES.

Tuesday, July 14.—Madame NORDICA is not at her best as *Aida*. It lacks colour—that is on the face and hands, where at least should be shown some more "colourable pretence" for being the daughter of so blackened a character as is her father *Amonasro*,

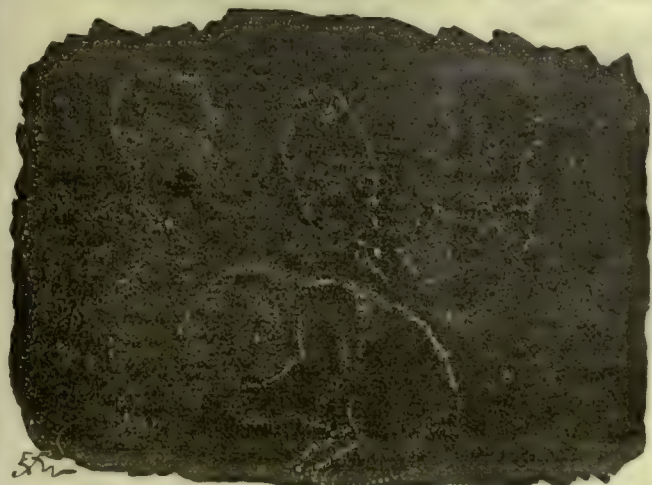


*Amonasro (the Black King)*. "I am your father. I've kept myself dark so long that I've become quite black!"

*Aida (the White Maiden)*. "Oh! go away, black man; don't come anigh me!! You ought to be *Otello* to-morrow night."

*Little Ravello-Radames (aside)*. "No matter what colour, I love her!!"

played as a villain of the deepest dye by M. DEVOYON. When the celebrated march was heard, the players didn't seem particularly strong in trumps, and the trumpets giving a somewhat "uncertain sound,"—a trifle husky, as if they'd caught cold,—somewhat marred the usually thrilling effect. Gorgeous scene; and RAVELLI the Reliable as *Radames* quite the success of the evening. Mlle. GUERCIAS as *Amneris* seemed to have made up after an old steel plate in a bygone Book of Beauty. Where are those Books of Beauty now! And *The Keepsake*? Where the pseudo-Byronic poetry and the short stories by Mrs. NAMBY and Mr. PAMBY? But this is only a marginal note, not in the Operatic score. Signor ABRAMOFF was a powerful *Ramphis*, his make-up suggesting that his title would be more appropriately *Rumfiz*,—which would be an excellent Egyptian name. Very good House, but still suffering from reaction after Imperial visit, and not to recover itself till to-morrow, Wednesday, when the House is crowded with a brilliant audience to hear a brilliant performance of *Otello*. The Grand *Otello* Co. Covent Garden, Limited. Thoroughly artistic performance of *Iago* by M. MAUREL. His wicked "Credo" more diabolically malicious than ever it was at the Lyceum; an uncanny but distinctly striking effect. Then DRURIO-LANUS ASTRONOMICUS gave us a scenic startler in the way of imitation



Covent Garden Stars seen through the Harriscopo.

meteoric effect. 'Twas on this wise: of course, neither DRURIO-LANUS nor any other Manager can carry on an operatic season without

stars, and so they are here, a galaxy of 'em, up above, on the "back cloth," as it is technically termed, shining brilliantly but spasmodically, strange portents in the operatic sky. Pity Astronomer-Royal not here to see and note the fact. Next time *Otello* is given, if this atmospheric effect is to be repeated, the attendants in the lobbies might be permitted to supply powerful telescopes at a small fixed charge. But the greatest star of all is Madame ALBANI as *Desdemona*; a triumph dramatically and operatically. Her song in the last Act, the celebrated "*Willow Song*"—which of course no cricketer ought to miss hearing—was most beautifully and touchingly rendered. Those persons suffering from the heat of a crowded house, and dreading the difficulty of finding their "keb or ker-ridge" in good time, and who therefore quitted their seats before ALBANI sang the "*Willow Song*," must, perforce, sing the old refrain, "*O Willow, we have missed you!*" and go back for it whenever this Opera is played again. M. JEAN DE RESZKÉ was not, perhaps, quite up to his usual form, or his usual former self; but, for all that, he justified his responsibility as one of the largest shareholders in the Grand *Otello* Company, Limited. All things considered, and the last best thing being invariably quite the best, *Otello*, or *Symphonies in Black and White*, is about the biggest success of the season.

## TO AMANDA.

(Accompanying a Set of Verses which She bade me write.)

ONLY a trifle, though, i' faith, 'tis smart,  
A *jeu d'esprit*, not art concealing art,  
Fruition of a moment's fantasy,  
Mere mental bubbles, verbal filagree.



But, though thy lightest wish I would not thwart,  
I prithee bid me play some other part  
Another time, and I will give thee *carte*  
*Blanche* to dictate; in truth aught else will be  
Only a trifle,

Compared with versifying. I will dart,  
At thy behest, e'en to the public mart  
To buy a bonnet, or will gleefully  
Carry a babe through Bond Street. My sole plea  
Is—no more verses. Surely 'tis, sweetheart,  
Only a trifle.

SUPPLEMENTARY AND CORRECTIVE.—In his Jubilee Number Mr. PUNCH remarked, "Merely to mention *all* the bright pens and pencils which have occasionally contributed to my pages would occupy much space." And space then was limited. But among the "Great Unnamed" should assuredly have been mentioned W. H. WILLS, one of the originators of Mr. PUNCH's publication, CLEMENT SCOTT the flowing lyrist, and author of "The Cry of the Children," &c., ASHBY STERRY of "Lazy Minstrel" fame, and "ROBERT," the genial garrulous "City Waiter," whilst the names of J. P. ("Dumb-Crambo") ATKINSON, and E. J. WHEELER, were omitted by the purest accident. The late H. J. BYRON contributed a series of papers. Mr. PUNCH hastens to put them—as he would gladly some others—"on the list," since, of no one of them, could it be truly said "he never would be missed." "HALBOT" was a misprint for "HABLOT," "MAGUIN HANNAY" should read "MAGINN, HANNAY, &c.," and for "GEORGE" SILVER read "HENRY."



## THE METROPOLITAN MINOTAUR;

OR, THE LONDON LABYRINTH AND THE COUNTY COUNCIL THESEUS.

["Certainly, if some members of the London County Council have their way, it will soon have plenty to occupy it without being called upon to form a scheme of water-supply for the Metropolis."—*The Times*.]



*L. C. C. loquitur :—*

BLESS me! Things combine so a hero to humble!  
I fancied that Bull-headed Minotaur—BUMBLE,  
Would fall to my hand like Pasiphae's monster  
To Theseus. But oh! every step that I on stir  
Bemuddles me more. I *did* think myself clever,  
But fear from the Centre I'm farther than ever,  
Oh, this is a Labyrinth! Worse than the Cretan!  
Yet shall the new Theseus admit himself beaten?

Forbid it, great Progress! Your votary I, Ma'am,  
But in this Big Maze it seems small use to try, Ma'am.  
Mere roundaboutation's not Progress. Get forward?  
Why eastward, and westward and southward, and nor'ward,  
Big barriers stop me! Eh? Centralisation?  
Demolish that monster, Maladministration,  
Whose menaces fright the fair tower-crowned Maiden.  
Most willingly, Madam; but look how I'm laden,



## WATERLOO TO WEYBRIDGE.

BY THE 6.5 P.M.

A YOUNG man—it's no matter who—  
Hailed a cab and remarked "Water-  
loo!"

The driver, with bowed  
Head, sobbed out aloud,  
"Which station?" They frequently  
do.

A poet once said that to Esher  
The only good rhyme was "mag-  
nesher;"

This was not the fact,  
And he had to retract,  
Which he did—he retracted with  
pleaser.

A fancier cried: "There's one fault  
on  
The part of the sparrows at Walton;  
And that's why I fail  
To put salt on their tail—  
The birds have no tails to put  
salt on.

The dulness of riding to Weybridge  
Pleasant chat (mind the accent) may  
abridge,

But not when it deals  
With detaching of wheels,  
Collisions, explosions, and Tay  
Bridge.

THE STOLEN PICTURES. — The  
*Débats* informed us, last week, that  
the thief who stole TENIERS' pictures  
from the Museum at Rennes has  
been discovered. His punishment  
should "fit the crime," as Mr. GIL-  
BERT's *Mikado* used to say, and  
therefore he ought to be sentenced  
to penal servitude for *Ten years*.



## THE PERSONAL EQUATION.

Dick (who hasn't sold a single Picture this year). "AND AS FOR THE BEASTLY BRITISH PUBLIC, NOTHING REALLY GOOD EVER GOES DOWN WITH IT—NOTHING BUT VULGAR ROT!"

Tom (who has sold every Picture he has painted). "OH, BUSH AND GAMMON, MY DEAR FELLOW! GOOD HONEST WORK IS ALWAYS SURE OF ITS MARKET—AND ITS PRICE!"

[Next year their luck will be reversed, and also their opinions of th. B. P.]

And hampered! Oh! I should be grateful to you, Ma'am,  
If, like Ariadne, you'd give me a clue, Ma'am.  
I'll never—like treacherous Theseus—desert you;  
My constancy's staunch, like my valour and virtue.  
Through Fire, Water, Wilderness trackless I'll follow,  
But astray in a Maze high ambition seems hollow!

## LEAVES FROM A CANDIDATE'S DIARY.

Wednesday, June 11th.—Left Bilsbury last Saturday, having in DICKY DIKES's words "broken the back of the blooming canvas." During my last night's round we went into a small house in one of the slums. The husband was out, but the wife and family were all gathered together in the back room. There were five children, ranging in age from ten down to two, and the mother looked the very picture of slatternly discomfort. We asked the usual questions, and I was just turning to go, when I heard a violent fit of convulsive coughing from a dark corner. The mother got up and went to the corner. I couldn't help following, and saw the most miserable spectacle I ever set eyes on. In a sort of cradle was lying the smallest, frailest and most absolutely pinched and colourless baby choking with every cough, and gasping horribly for breath. I don't know what I said, but the mother turned to DIKES and said, "He haven't much longer to cough. I shall want the undertakers for him soon." I asked her if nothing could be done, but she merely replied, "It'll be better so. We've too many mouths to feed without him." I couldn't stay longer after that, but fairly bolted out of the house.

Our people are jubilant about our prospects. The canvas shows, they say, a steady increase in our favour, the registrations have been uniformly good, and, best of all, Sir THOMAS CHUBSON again voted and spoke on the wrong side, when the Bilsbury Main Drainage Bill came on for Second Reading in the House the other day. Our point is of course that, if this scheme were carried out, there would be a great deal of work for Bilsbury labourers, and, somehow or other, a large amount of money would be spent in the town. We have rubbed this well in at every meeting we have held lately, and found it a most effective point during the canvas. CHUBSON and the Radicals talk about a great increase of the rates which would follow on it; but we pooh-pooh this, and point out

that the ultimate saving would be enormous, and that the health of the town must be benefited. They don't like the business at all, and feel they've made a mistake.

Have been made on successive nights a Druid, a Forester, and a Loyal and Ancient Shepherd. All these three are Benefit Societies, and the mysteries of initiation into each are very similar. Colonel CHORKLE (who ought to have gone through the business long ago) was made a Druid with me. I never saw anybody so nervous. All the courage of all the CHORKLES seemed to have deserted him, and he trembled like a Volunteer aspen. I told Major WORBOYS on the following day that his Colonel, who I was sure might be trusted to face a hostile battery without flinching, had been very nervous when he was made a Druid. WORBOYS sneered, and said that he'd be willing to take his chance of CHORKLE's facing the battery or not, if CHORKLE would only learn to ride decently. "Give you my word of honour," said WORBOYS, "when the General inspected us last year, CHORKLE's horse ran away with him three times, and at last we had to march past without him. One of the tamest horses in the world, too. My boy JACK rides it constantly." But WORBOYS despises CHORKLE, and thinks he ought to command the regiment himself. He sprang it all over Bilsbury that CHORKLE was found hiding under a table when he was summoned to be initiated, and was dragged out screaming piteously for mercy.

On my last morning I was interviewed by a deputation from the Bilsbury Branch of The Women's Suffrage League. The deputation consisted of Mrs. BOSER, the President of the Branch, Miss AMY GINGELL, the Secretary, and two others. It was a trying business. Mrs. BOSER is the most formidable person I ever met. I felt like a babe in her hands after she had glowered at me for five minutes. Finally I found myself, rather to my own astonishment, promising to vote for a Women's Suffrage Bill, and adding that Mrs. BOSER's arguments had convinced me that justice had in this matter been too long denied to women, and that for my part, if elected, I should lose no opportunity of recording my vote on the side of women. They seemed pleased, but the *Meteor* of the next day had a frightful leader about the "shameful want of moral fibre in a Conservative Candidate who was thus content to put the whole Constitution into the melting-pot, if by so doing he could only secure a few stray votes, and get the help of the women in his coal-and-blanket expeditions."



## THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. I.

SCENE—An Excursion Agent's Office. Behind the counters polite and patient Clerks are besieged by a crowd of Intending Tourists, all asking questions at once.

First Int. T. Here—have you made out that estimate for me yet?

Clerk. In one moment, Sir. (He refers to a list, turns over innumerable books, jots down columns of francs, marks, and florins; reduces them to English money, and adds them up.) First class fares on the Rhine, Danube and Black Sea steamers, I think you said, second class rail, and postwagen?

First Int. T. I did say so, I believe; but it had better be second class all through, and I can always pay the difference if I want to.

[The Clerk alters the sums accordingly, and adds up again.]

Clerk. Fifty-five pounds fourteen and a penny, Sir. Shall I make you out the tickets now?

First Int. T. Um, no. On second thoughts, I'd like to see one of your short Circular Tours for the English Lakes, or Wales, before I decide.

[The Clerk hands him a quantity of leaflets, with which he retires.]

Enter Mr. CLARENDON CULCHARD, age about twenty-eight; in Somerset House; tall; clean-shaven, wears glasses, stoops slightly, dresses carefully, though his tall hat is of the last fashion but two. He looks about him expectantly, and then sits down to wait.

Culchard (to himself). No sign of him yet! I do like a man to keep an appointment. If this is the way he begins—I have my doubts whether he is quite the sort of fellow to—but I took the precaution to ask HUGH ROSE about him, and ROSE said he was the best company in the world, and I couldn't help getting on with him. I don't think ROSE would deceive me. And from all I've seen of PODBURY, he seems a pleasant fellow enough. What a Babel! All these people bent on pleasure, going to seek it in as many directions—with what success no one can predict. There's an idea for a sonnet there.

[He brings out a pocket-book, and begins to write—"As when a—"]

An Amurrcan Citizen (to Clerk). See here, I've been around with your tickets in Yurrupe, and when I was at Vernis, I bought some goods at a store there, and paid cash down for 'em, and they promised to send 'em on for me right here, and that was last fall, and I've never heard any more of 'em, and what I want you should do now is to instruct your representative at Vernis to go round and hev a talk with that man, and ask him what in thunder he means by it, and kinder hint that he'll hev the Amurrcan Consul in his hair, pretty smart, if he don't look slipper!

[The Clerk mildly suggests that it would be better to communicate directly with the American Consulate, or with the tradesman himself.]

The A. C. But hold on—how'm I goin' to write to that sharp, when I've lost his address, and disremember his name? Can't you mail a few particulars to your agent, so he'll identify him? No. (Disappointed.) Well, I thought you'd ha' fixed up a little thing like that, anyhow; in my country they'd ha' done it right away. Yes, Sir!

[He goes away in grieved surprise.]

Enter Mr. JAMES PODBURY, age twenty-six; in a City Office; short, fresh-coloured, jaunty; close-cut fair hair, and small auburn moustache. Not having been to the City to-day, he is wearing light tweeds, and brown boots.

Podbury (to himself). Just nicked it!—(looks at clock)—more or less. And he doesn't seem to have turned up yet. Wonder how we shall hit it off together. HUGHIE ROSE said he was a capital good chap—when you once got over his manner. Anyhow, it's a great tip to go abroad with a fellow who knows the ropes. (Suddenly sees CULCHARD absorbed in his note-book.) So here you are, eh?

Culchard (slightly scandalised by the tweeds and the brown boots). Yes, I've been here some little time. I wish you could have

managed to come before, because they close early here to-day, and I wanted to go thoroughly over the tour I sketched out before getting the tickets.

[He produces an elaborate outline. Podbury (easily). Oh, that's all right! I don't care where I go! All I want is, to see as much as we can in the time—leave all the rest to you. I'll sit here while you get the tickets.]

An Old Lady (to Clerk, as CULCHARD is waiting at the counter). Oh, I beg your pardon, but could you inform me if the 1.55 train from Calais to Basle stops long enough for refreshments anywhere, and when they examine the luggage, and if I can leave my hand-bag in the carriage, and whether there is an English service at Yodeldorf, and is it held in the hotel, and Evangelical, or High Church, and are the sittings free, and what Hymn-book they use?

[The Clerk sets her mind free on as many of these points as he can, and then attends to CULCHARD.]

Culchard (returning to PODBURY with two cases bulging with books of coloured coupons). Here are yours. I should like you to run your eye over them, and see that they are correct, if you don't mind.

Podbury (stuffing them in his pocket). Can't be bothered now. Take your word for it.

Culchard. No—but considering that we start the first thing to-morrow morning, wouldn't it be as well to have some idea of where you're going? And, by the way, excuse me, but is it altogether prudent to keep your tickets in an outside pocket like that? I always keep mine, with my money, in a special case in an inner pocket, with a buttoned flap—then I know I can't lose them.

Podbury. Anything for a quiet life! (He examines his coupons.) Dover to Ostend? Never been there—like to see what Ostend's like. But why didn't you go by Calais?—shorter, you know.

Culchard. Because I thought we'd see Bruges and Ghent on our way to Brussels.

Podbury. Bruges, eh? Capital! Anything particular going on there? No? It don't matter. And Ghent—let's see, wasn't that where they brought the good news to? Yes, we'll stop at Ghent—if we've time. Then—Brussels? Good deal of work to be done there, I suppose, sight-seeing, and that? I like a place where you can moon about without being bothered myself; now, at Brussels—never mind, I was only thinking.

Culch. It's the best place to get to Cologne and up the Rhine from. Then, you see, we go rather out of our way to Nuremberg—

Podbury. Where they make toys? I know—pretty festive there, eh?

Culch. I don't know about festive—but it is—er—a quaint, and highly interesting old place. Then I thought we'd dip down to Con-

stance, and strike across the Alps to the Italian Lakes.

Podbury. Italian Lakes? First-rate! Yes, they're worth seeing, I suppose. Think they're better than the Swiss ones, though?

Culch. (tolerantly). I can get the coupons changed for Switzerland, if you prefer it. The Swiss Lakes may be the more picturesque.

Podbury. Yes, we'll do Switzerland—and run back by Paris, eh? Not much to do in Switzerland, though, after all!

Culch. (with a faintly superior smile). There are one or two mountains, I believe. But, personally, I should prefer Italy.

Podbury. So should I. No fun in mountains—unless you go up 'em. What do you think of choosing some quiet place, where nobody ever goes—say in France or Germany—and, sticking to that. More of a rest, wouldn't it be? such a bore having to know a lot of people!

Culch. I don't see how we can change all the tickets, really. If you like, we could stop a week at St. Goarshausen.

Podbury. What's St. Goarshausen like—cheery?

Culch. I understood the idea was to keep away from our fellow countrymen, and as far as I can remember St. Goarshausen, it is not overrun with tourists—we should be quiet enough there.



Yes, Sir

J.B.P.



*Podbury.* That's the place for me, then. Or could we push on to Vienna? Never seen Vienna.

*Culch.* If you like to give up Italy altogether.

*Podbury.* What do you say to beginning with Italy and working back? Too hot, eh? Well, then, we'll let things be as they are—I daresay it will do well enough. So that's settled!

*Culchard (to himself on parting, after final arrangements concluded).* I wish ROSE had warned me that PODBURY's habit of mind was so painfully desultory. (*He sighs.*) However—

*Podbury (to himself).* Wonder how long I shall take to get over CULCHARD'S manner. (*He sighs.*) I wish old HUGHIE was coming—he'd give me a leg over! *He walks on thoughtfully.*

## OFF TO MASHERLAND.

(By Our Own Grandolph.)

I PAUSE in my communications. Friends, real friends, have wired over accounts of me on the trip, which have not been written by "friendlies." Somebody wrote to *Black and White* what purported to be Notes about me aboard the gallant *Grantully Castle*, than which a better-found vessel—"found" is the word—never put to



"Put out the light, and then—" Being the true story of The Wonderful Lamp.

sea. This somebody ("bless him!")—DR-M-M-ND W-LFF will know what I mean) observes that "he didn't notice" any particular gratitude on my part towards Captain HAY and his talented assistants. Hay! what? why, confound them, I was all gratitude! Is it because I did not run at him, embrace him, and shake his arms off, that therefore I did not *feel* grateful! I was awfully grateful. I felt inclined to alter the name of the vessel to the *Gratefully*

*Castle*. But "she" (you always call a vessel "she"—isn't that nautical?) "is" as the song says "another's, and never can be mine!" so I can't change her name. I was overpowered by my feelings—and what does that mean but the swallowing, with a gurgle in the throat, of the silent tear, and the avoidance of the topic uppermost in one's mind at the moment.

"The soldier leant upon his sword, and wiped away a tear"—but the sailor didn't, *Verb. sap.* What did I do? Why, in my note of notes, my Private Diary, I made this mem., "*Make Hay while the sun shines.*" Now what, I ask any unprejudiced person, what does this mean? If Captain HAY was suddenly to be promoted in the hay-



Grandolph confiding to the Chef his secret receipt for cooking a flying-fish.

day of his valuable career to be an Admiral, would he suspect that he owed this elevation to the man who, strictly obeying the ship's orders, *never even spoke to the man at the wheel?* Now to come to the next point. This correspondent girds at my having had a special cabin and a special steward. *Why!* the envious grumbler! if he had been as specially unwell as I was—but there, I own I lose patience with him—didn't I go out as a "Special," and if a Special doesn't have everything special about him, *he is simply obtaining money under false pretences.* I've a great mind—I hear the

jeerer snigger in his sleeve—but I repeat emphatically I have a great mind to come back. "He will return, I know him well," my traducers may sing; and I shall return when I consider my special work specially done in my own special manner, and be blown to em all, the detractors!

He grumbles because I had a *special portable light* all to myself, "when I wanted to play cards." Aha! do we see the cloven hoof now? Was I to play cards *in the dark?* Those who know me best know that I am all fair and above-board, and no hole-and-corner gambling for me. And what tale has he to tell? Why that "*Another night, not using his special light at the time, two other passengers began a game of chess under its rays.*" Which they had no right whatever to do. But I winked at it, and when the first officer was coming his rounds I winked at them; but this friendly act on my part they did not heed, and consequently to *save them from being put in irons and confined in the deepest dungeon beneath the Grantully Castle moat*, I "*came along just then,*" as he reports, "*and removed the lamp to another part of the deck, leaving the chess-players in the dark.*"—as if this consequence were anything extraordinary when a lamp is removed! Why any schoolboy, the merest tyro in Scripture History, knows where the great Hebrew Lawgiver was *when the candle went out*. And were these passengers to be exempt from the action of Nature's ordinary laws! Bah!—

"*without a word of apology or explanation.*" I had winked, but they were worse than blind horses, and more resembled the inferior quadruped in obstinately refusing to move, or in subsequently acknowledging this act of thoughtful kindness on my part.

As to my eating for breakfast a flying-fish, which somebody on board had caught and given me, all I ask is, *why shouldn't I?* I never had eaten a flying-fish before, and I don't think I ever shall again. If the gentleman who caught it didn't want me to eat it, he should have said so: for there were three courses open to him; viz., *first*, to refuse to give it me; *secondly*, to give it me on condition that I kept it in memory of the occasion; *thirdly*, to throw it back into the sea. But there was only one course open to me when I got it, and that was the first course at breakfast; the second course was kidgerree. It was a small fish *just enough for one*, and now I rather fancy I remember this *Black and White* correspondent, for it must have been he, coming to my table, eyeing the fish, smacking his lips, and observing that he "*had never had the chance of tasting a fried flying-fish.*" At that moment I was just finishing the tail (a sweet morsel and not the worst part by any means), and there was nothing left to offer him. So he went away disappointed, with a grudge against yours truly. This, Sir, is the true tale of the flying-fish, and if it isn't, let me hear the revised version from my aspersers and calumniators. I can write no more to-day. I am boiling over, and must go and kick somebody. Yours, &c.,

*Grandolph the Explorer.*

## HANWELLIAN PRIZE COMPETITION.

### Conditions.

1. Entrance fee, to defray cost of postage, &c., two guineas.
  2. All communications to be written illegibly, and on both sides of the paper only—not on the edges.
  3. The Committee do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender; or to start at the time advertised in the Company's tables; or to be in any way responsible for their own actions.
  4. Competitors will be prosecuted.
  5. A prize of one shilling will be awarded to all competitors who fail; the winners will be able to make their way in life without prizes.
  6. Human beings and others are not eligible for this competition.
- Subject to the above conditions, it is requested that puzzles or questions may be forwarded to the following solutions:—
- First Solution.*—Twenty-eight, if before March 17th; one hundred and forty-six, if after that date.
- Second Solution.*—Put six pigs in the first sty; then go back and fetch the fox from the other side of the river, returning with the remaining cockatrice. Then put yourself in the second sty, never come out any more, and subtract.
- Third Solution.*—Positive, Regret; Comparative, Regatta; Superlative, *Requiescat in pace.*
- Fourth Solution.*—Countesses; because the sun (son) never sets there.
- Fifth Solution.*—Cut along dotted line to point A. Then fold back, and cross to point C, keeping mark B on the left. Stop, if you can, before getting to remark D. Bad language never does any good.
- Sixth Solution.*—This is a mere catch, and only suitable for quite young children. Of course, it is obvious that the elephant could not have been on the outside, because there never are two Mondays in the week. Hush! the Bogie Man. *Exit.*





### RATHER LATE IN THE DAY, PERHAPS!

"OH, GRANDPAPA DEAR, SUCH FUN! THE FORTUNE-TELLER'S COME! DO COME AND HAVE YOUR FORTUNE TOLD!"

### JEAMES'S SUMMARY.

*Or, Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie.*

"Now that the pageantry and the social stir evoked by the presence of the Imperial guests are over, there are few who will care to prolong the dreary and disappointing existence either of the Season or of the Session."—*The Times*.]

*Jeames loquitur:—*

YA-A-A-W! Yes, young man, you've 'it it there, penny-a-liner as you may be, And knowing, probably, no more about *hus* than a coster's baby; But dull it 'as been, and no kid, and dreary, too, and disappointing; Is it this Soshleristic rot Society is so disjinting, The Hinfleuza, or Hard Times, them Hirish, or wotever is it? I couldn't 'ave 'eld on at all, I'm sure, but for the HEMP'ROR's visit. Ya-a-a-w! 'Ang it, 'ow I've got the gapes! Bring us a quencher, you young Buttons! And mind it's cool, and with a 'ed! *Hour* family is reg'lar gluttons For "Soshal Stir." The guv'nor, he's a rising Tory M.P., he is, And Missis all the Season through as busy as a bloomin' bee is, A gathering Fashion's honey up from every hopening flower. *That's* natty. I 'ave a turn for poetry; you're quite right there, my pretty PATTY. Lor! 'ow that gal admires these carves! But that's "irrelevant," as the sayin' is; Master and Missis both complain 'ow dull and slow the game they're playin' is.

The Session? Yah! Give me the days, the dear old days of darling DIZZY! With him and GLADSTONE on the job a chap could say "Now we are busy." But SMITH's a slug, 'ARCOURT's a hum, and LABBY makes a chap go squirmish. Dull as ditchwater the whole thing. One longs e'en for a Hirish skirmish; But PARNELL's *fo par*, and his spite, 'ave knocked the sparkle out of PADDY. No; Parlyment's a played-out fraud, flabby and footy, flat and faddy. The Season's similar. Season? Bah? By sech a name it ain't worth calling. Shoulders like these and carves like those was not *quite* made for pantry-sprawling; But wot's the use? Trot myself hout for 'Ebrews, or some tuppenny kernel? No, not for JEAMES, if he is quite aweer of it! It's just infernal. The Vulgar Mix that calls itself Society. All shoddy slyness, And moneybags; a "blend" as might kon-tamernate a Ryal 'Igness, Orinfry-diga Hemperor. It won't nick JEAMES though, not percisely; [self unwisely. Better to flop in solitude than to demean one's Won't ketch me selling myself off. I must confess my 'art it 'arrers To see the Storberry-Leaves go cheap—like storberries on low coster's barrers! Tuppence a pound! Yes, that's the cry. It's cheapness, that Rad fad, that's done it. Prime fruit ought to be scarce and dear, picked careful, and kept in the punnet. The same with all chice things I 'old, whether 'tis footmen's carves or peerages; But fools forget that good old rule in this yer queerest of all queer ages.

Trade bad, things in the City tight, no Court worth mentioning, queer scandals, Society invaded by a lot of jumped-up Goths and Wandals; Swell-matches few, gurls' chances poor, late Spring, and lots o' sloppy weather, With that there Hinfleuza—wich perhaps is wus than all together— All over the dashed shop! When was a Season sech a sell as this is? Wot wonder that it aggeravates us all, pertikler Me and Missis? Ah! But for our "Himperial Guests" the *Times'* young man names with sech feel-ing, I don't know wot I *should* 'ave done. A dismal dullness seems a-stealing Afore its time o'er everything; and now Our Guests's gone wot reason, As the *Times* sez, for trying to perlong the Session or the Season? Ya-a-a-w! I shall gape my 'ed off 'ere. The Row's a bore, the 'Ouse a fetter. And now the HEMP'ROR's slung 'is 'ook, the sooner we are hork the better!

A LUSUS NATURE.—A paragraph in the *P. M. G.*, the other day, was headed, "A Lion Loose in a Circus." Bad enough. But a still more extraordinary incident would have been *A Lion "tight" in a Circus*.

MR. CHAUNCY DEFEW, the well-known American barrister, *raconteur*, and wit, is on his way to England. His visit is on business; probably to head a Depew-tation.





## JEAMES'S SUMMARY.

JEAMES. "DULL SESSION!—DULL SESSION!—THINGS BAD IN THE CITY!—HINFLUENZA ALL HOVER THE SHOP; AND, NOW THE HEMP'ROR'S GONE, THE SOONER *WE'RE* HORF THE BETTER!!"







## A NEW ELECTION "LAY."

Oh, young Mrs. BRAND has gone down to the East!  
To give the Electors a musical feast,  
And save her fine treble she weapons has none;  
Yet she means with that voice that the seat shall be won.  
So good at a lay, at a ballad so grand,  
There never was dame like the young Mrs. BRAND!

All boldly she's entered the Cambridgeshire halls,  
'Mid the squires, and the parsons, the farmers, and thralls!  
Said DUNCAN, the foeman, "My friends, on my word,  
Of a stranger proceeding I never have heard.  
I don't wish to be rude, but I can't understand  
What you mean by this singing, oh young Mrs. BRAND!"

"You need not suspect me," the lady replied;  
"I care not how flows the electoral tide,  
I merely have come down to Wisbech to-day  
To sing a few stanzas, trill one little lay.  
I am tired of long speeches, Home-Rule I can't stand,  
But I do enjoy singing"—quoth young Mrs. BRAND.

So lovely her voice, so bewitching her grace,  
Such a treat—or such treating—did never take place.  
While the Primrose Dames fretted, the Unionists fumed,  
She merely the thread of her roundel resumed;  
And the Duncanites whispered—" 'Tis most underhand!  
We must send for a songstress to match Mrs. BRAND."

A change in her theme! She has altered the bar  
To Kathleen Mavourneen, and Erin-go-bragh!  
Spell-bound stand the rustics; she's won the whole throng!  
To the lady they've given their votes "for a song."  
" 'Twill be ours, will the seat—'tis the plot I have planned!  
Oh, Music hath charms!"—exclaimed young Mrs. BRAND.

There is mourning mid folk of the Wire-pulling Clan;  
Agents, Managers, Chairmen, are wild to a man,  
For the Cambridgeshire precedent means that their calling  
Has passed to the ladies excelling in—squalling!  
"Free teaching" has come, and "Free Music" 's at hand;  
Which we owe to the courage of young Mrs. BRAND.

NE S  
D  
RITS  
—  
BAR



"JUST A SONG AT TWILIGHT."

(As sung sweetly by a Public-House-Baritone.)

## SMOKED OFF!

(An Appeal from the Knife-board of a City Omnibus.)

[The latest complaint of "the Ladies" is that they are being "smoked off" the tops of the omnibuses.]

THE "knife-board," sacred once to broad male feet,  
The "Happy Garden Seat,"



Invaded now by the non-smoking sex,  
Virginal scruples vex,  
And matronly anathemas assail.  
Alas! and what avail

Man's immunities of time or place?

The sweet she-creatures chase  
From all old coigns of vantage harried man.

In vain, how vain to ban  
Beauty from billiard-room or—Morning Bus

What use to fume or fuss?  
And yet, and yet indeed it is no joke!

Where *shall* one get a smoke  
Without annoying Shes with our che-roots,

And being badged as "brutes"?  
If a poor fellow may not snatch a whiff  
(Without the feminine sniff)

Upon the "Bus-roof," where in thunder's name

*Shall* he draw that same!  
The ladies, climb, sit, suffocate, and scoff,

Declare *they* are "smoked off."  
Is there no room inside? If smoke means Hades,

We, "to oblige the ladies,"  
Have taken outside seats this many a year,

Cold, but with weeds to cheer  
Our macintosh-enswathed umbrella'd bodies;

Now we are called churl-noddies  
Because we puff the humble briar-root.

Is man indeed a "brute"  
Because he may upon the knife-board's rack owe

Some solace to Tobacco?  
If so it be, then man's last, only chance,  
Is in the full advance

Of the "emancipated" sex. Sweet elves,

Pray learn to smoke yourselves!  
Don't crowd us out, don't snub, and sneer,  
and sniff,

But—join us in a whiff!

## A SHILLING IN THE POUND WISE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As the School Board rate has already touched a shilling, and seems likely to go even higher, why should not some of our money be expended in teaching the young idea of the lower classes how to develop into more valuable citizens than they seem likely to become under present conditions? To carry out this idea, I jot down a few questions to be put to a School-Board scholar before the granting of the customary certificates:—

1. Describe the formation of a Regiment, and explain its position and duties in Brigade.

2. What are the duties of a Special Constable?

3. How would you set about putting horses into a fire-engine?

4. Describe the process of resuscitating a person apparently drowned. How would you revive a person rendered insensible by (1) cold, (2) by sunstroke.

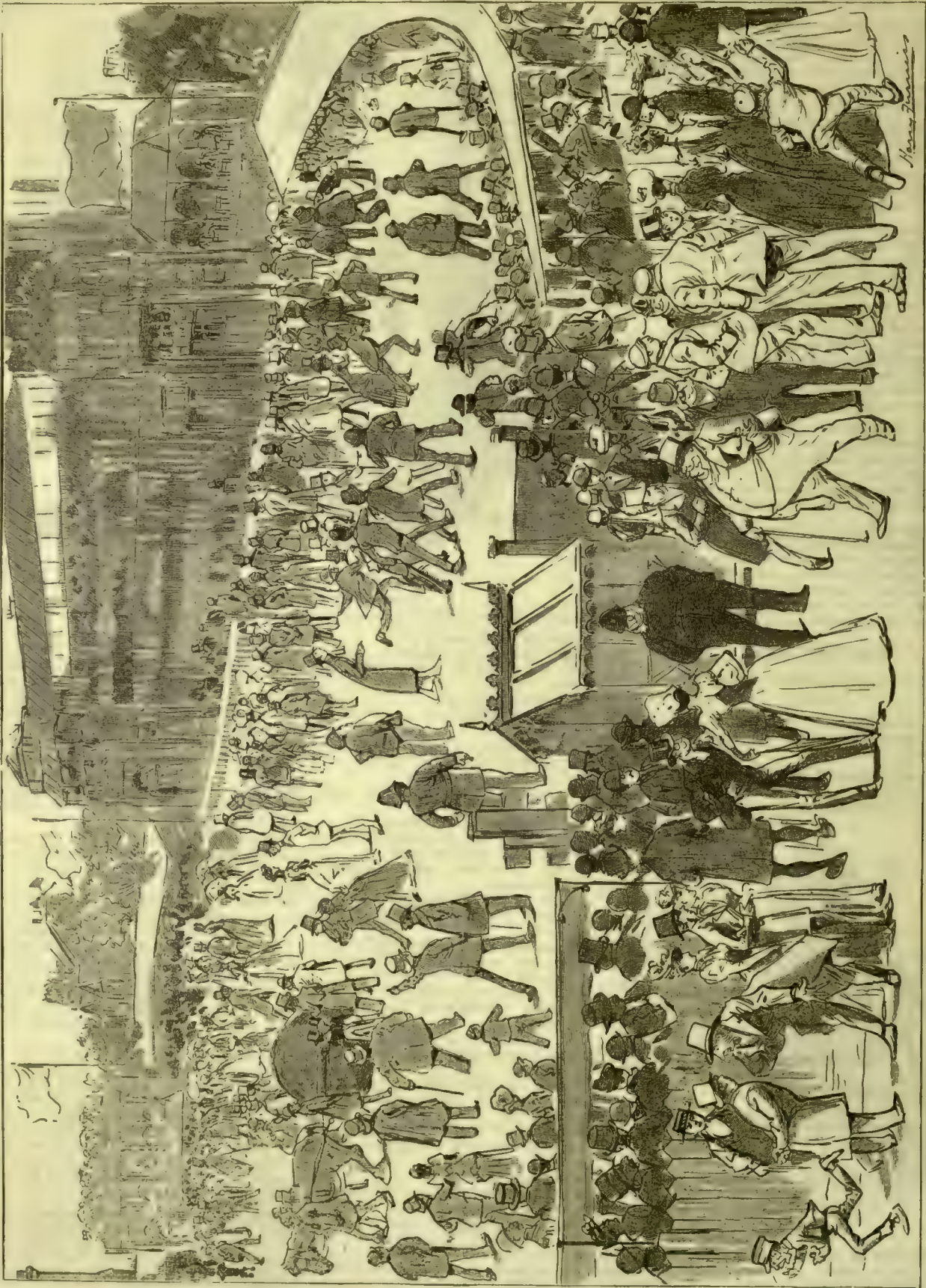
5. Give simple remedies to be applied at once in case of bites by a mad dog, accidental poisoning by arsenic, and swallowing of spurious coin.

6. How would you set, (1) a leg, (2) an arm, (3) a broken finger? If a man is run over by a Hansom, what should you do? Describe an excellent substitute for a litter, when you can obtain nothing better.

7. State shortly what you consider your duty would be, (1) were the country invaded, (2) were London in the hands of the mob, (3) were your neighbourhood visited by fire, and decimated by the plague.

There, Mr. Punch, if every School-Board scholar could supply satisfactory answers to the above questions, I would not grudge my shilling in the pound—nay, possibly look with equanimity on eightpence!—Yours, cordially,  
ONE WHO IS SCHOOL-BORED.





CRICKET AT LORD'S. THE LUNCHEON-TIME.

(By Our Special Instantaneous Photographic Caricaturist.)



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 13. Emperor WILLIAM leaves to-day having taken affectionate farewell of Grandmamma. On the whole been most successful visit. Weather a little Frenchy in its tendency, but not all rain and thunder. If things could only have been kept comfortable to last moment there need have been nothing to mar success of event. Unfortunately, TANNER's active brain discovered opportunity of casting a stone at head of departing EMPEROR. Looking in at Charing Cross Telegraph Office, intending to send sixpenny-worth of genial remark to his late esteemed Leader PARNELL on result of Carlow election, TANNER observed "Gutknecht" on shaft of lead pencil gratuitously provided. Much puzzled at this; thought at first it was RAIKES's way of spelling good night; found on inquiry it was German.

TANNER's patriotic bosom filled with storm of indignation. "What!" he cried, apostrophising the absent RAIKES, "at a time, when trade is declining, Ireland is unhappy, strikes are rampant, and human misery seems to have reached its bitterest point, at such a time it might be hoped you would have given up your days and nights to ameliorating the common lot, instead of which you go about importing lead pencils made in Germany, and so taking the very bread out of the mouth of the British Workman."

Might have asked question on subject a week ago when he made discovery; adroitly put it down for to-night; and so whilst Emperor WILLIAM was taking leave of Grandmamma in the stately halls of Windsor, TANNER was flinging a lead pencil at his retreating figure, stabbing him, so to speak, in the Imperial back with a commercial product retailed at the inconsiderable price of twopence-halfpenny a dozen.

With some sense of relief House got into Committee of Supply. Various questions brought up on Colonial Vote. P. and O. SUTHERLAND championed claims of Singapore for deliverance from arbitrary conduct of Government in levying military contributions. Doesn't often take part in Debate; showed to-night that abstention is not due to lack of debating faculty. Set forth case of his clients in clear business-like speech, which commanded attention of audience, for whom topic itself not particularly attractive.

"SUTHERLAND," said the Member for Sark, one of his most attentive listeners, "has introduced a new element into Parliamentary oratory. His intercurrent cough is the most remarkable adjunct to oratory I ever heard. Suppose the fact is, when he pauses, he is thinking over the next word, or surveying for a new line of argument. Other men would consult their notes. P. and O. indulges in a kind of clearing of his throat, a compromise between a cough and an articulate remark



"A Bad Sixpence."



## "URBI ET ORBI."

MR. PUNCH RETURNS HIS BEST THANKS TO ALL AND SINGULAR, THE PUBLIC AND THE PRESS, FOR THE ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION WITH WHICH THE TOAST OF HIS JUBILEE, EVERYWHERE AND BY EVERYBODY, HAS BEEN RECEIVED. TO EVERYONE HEALTH AND HAPPINESS, PEACE AND PROSPERITY.

PUNCH.

charge of a department. You've never tasted the delight of standing up in a full House and reading out answer to a question, whilst all the world hangs on your lips. Nor have you ever drunk the deep delight of explaining a Bill, or replying on behalf of HER MAJESTY's Government to an Amendment. The joy is all the greater to me, since it is newly acquired. For years I sat below the Gangway, striving to catch the SPEAKER's eye in competition with the herd, and when I succeeded Members either howled at me or left the House. Now I speak without waiting for the SPEAKER's call, and the House listens attentively to the utterances of the Minister for Agriculture. That's better than salary paid quarterly; worth paying for as I say. Still it's not pleasant to have LABBY seriously proposing to stop your wages. Wish he'd try it on someone else. There's PLUNKET for example; must put him up in that quarter."

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

Thursday.—A long dull night varied by occasional squalls. An immense relief to Hon. Members, after sitting through an hour discussing Alienation of Crown Rights in Salmon Fishing in Scotland, on which CALDWELL delivers discourse, to have opportunity of exercising their lungs. MOR-TON a benefactor in this respect. As soon as ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS is discovered on his feet there goes forth a howl that shakes the building. To-night rather awkward circumstance followed. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS rising for the eighth time, Members broke forth into agonised howl that lasted several minutes. Was stopped by sudden commo-

—commanding, conciliatory, threatening, beseeching, or convincing, according as the exigencies of the moment require. As a work of art, the only contemporary thing equal to it that I know, and that, of course, in quite a different way, is some of the bye-play of the old gentleman in *L'Enfant Prodigue*."

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

Tuesday.—Met CHAPLIN just now, striding along corridor, mopping his statesmanlike brow with a bandana that would, on emergency, serve as foresail for one of the cattle-carrying steamers just now troubling the Minister for Agriculture.

"Anything gone wrong?" I asked, for it was impossible to be blind to his evident trepidation.

"No, dear boy, it's all right as it turns out, but it might have been otherwise. What do you think? LABBY's positively been moving the reduction of the Vote by the amount of my salary! Shouldn't have been surprised if some Member had got up, and, in neat speech, dilating on the enormous forward strides made by the Empire since Ministry of Agriculture was created, moved to double my screw. But to go and propose to dock it altogether at the end of the first year is, if I may say so, not encouraging."

"Oh," I said, "you mustn't mind SAGE of QUEEN ANNE's GATE; his bark is worse than his bite."

"Yes, I know," said CHAPLIN; "but I should be obliged to him if he'd bark at someone else's heels. Not, mind you, that I care so much about the money question. Between you and me (though don't let it go further, or they might be holding me to my bargain), I would rather pay £2000 a year than not have a seat on the Treasury Bench in



A Salmon Fisher.



tion at the Bar. Engineer PRIM rushed wildly in, gesticulating towards the astonished Chair, and disappeared. A body of workmen appearing mysteriously from depths beneath House, tumultuously crossed the doorway, and also vanished. Presently news came that flood of water was raging down staircase; gradually truth got at; a large water-main had burst in Upper Committee Corridor; cracked at startling sound of outburst upon ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS's re-appearance.

"This is all very well," said PLUNKET. "I am myself no enthusiastic admirer of MORTON's Parliamentary eloquence. Still, as First Commissioner of Works, I feel this thing must be discouraged. Must draw the line somewhere. Can't have our water-mains bursting with vicarious indignation because MORTON would speak eight times in Committee of Supply." *Business done.*—Committee of Supply.

Friday.—In Lords to-night, STANLEY OF ALDERLEY, L. C. C., gave fresh advertisement to CALDERON's picture, "*St. Elizabeth of Hungary*." Not a pleasant subject, from any point of view, artistic or moral. Everybody but well-meaning people like STANLEY OF ALDERLEY, glad to drop it. He brings it forward at this late day; tries to make the MARKISS responsible for whole business. The MARKISS protests that STANLEY has had the advantage of him; hasn't even seen the picture. "The only idea I have been able to form of it," he said to delighted House, "is derived from a picture in *Punch*, in which ZAO is showing her back to the Members of the County Council." Lords don't often indulge in hearty laughter; this too much for them, and STANLEY OF ALDERLEY temporarily extinguished, amid almost uproarious mirth.

*Business done.*—Supply in Commons.

## HIT AND MISS.

[At Bisley, Miss LEALE, of Guernsey, has shot with considerable success. Miss LEALE, though only nineteen years old, is a shooting member of the National Rifle Association, and has won several prizes at the meetings of the Guernsey Rifle Association.]

THE Whirligig of Time! Its latest turn see  
In this phenomenon who hails from Guernsey.  
We've often met, at pic-nics or at dances,  
Young ladies who were good at shooting—glances!  
And glances that, alas! have often filled us  
With tender feelings, if they have not killed us.  
We've met fair maidens, who have found it pleasant  
To tramp the moors for grouse, or shoot at pheasant;  
Of some indeed who've had a go at grisly;  
But never—until now—of one at Bisley.  
Yet there she is, and whilst her sisters, sitting  
At home, may spend their leisure time in knitting,  
She sits and shoots, nor does she very far get  
From where she aims, the centre of the target.  
Take off your hats to her as now we name her,—  
Miss LEALE, of Guernsey! Gladly we acclaim her  
For Womankind (triumphant in the Schools) high  
Renown henceforth will look for in the bull's-eye,  
And, tired of tennis, having quite with thimble done,  
Will strive for laurels at the Modern Wimbledon!

## MONTI THE MATADOR.

(Originally intended for the *Frt-n-ghtly R-v-v.*)

"YES, I'm better, and the Doctor tells me I've escaped once more. That Doctor hates you—I know it. He has saved me—to tell you the story—The story I have been trying to tell to some one for thirty years."

I was talking to Old MONTI, whose full name was MONTI DI PIETA—as a pledge of his respectability. He was a descendant of the Pornbrocheros del Treballos d'Oro. He was subsequently called Monkey—as a tribute to his character.

"I should like you to tell me," I said, "for you must know that for years I have seen the snows on the Lagartigo, and the moonlight on the—"

"Stop!" he cried—"you are going to begin padding. That will do for a magazine, not for me!" and he snapped his fingers at me.

But I was not to be put off. He was weak—a cripple—and I gave him the choice of listening to a personally-conducted tour in the South of Spain, or relating his adventures.

"I will have my revenge!" he muttered. "You shall hear my life from the beginning. You must know, then, that sixty years ago I was born, and—"

"Yes," I returned, interrupting him—"of poor parents. Your father was coarse, your mother pious. You learned all you could about bulls, which you kept from your father, and you were ultimately engaged as a bull-fighter—"

"Stop, stop!" he cried. "If you cut out about a dozen pages of my biography, at least let me explain how I saved my father. You must know—"

"I will do it for you in a line," I said, sharply. "Your father lost his temper, and tried bullying the bull (no joke), and you winked at the animal. He knew you, and stood still. The bull went for your father—you for the bull. Drive on!"

"Let me tell you then, how I prepared myself for the Ring by practising on a dummy bull.—I had no difficulty in sticking pins into it—it was quite calm. Then I tried the same game on a sheep, and got knocked down for my pains! One of my monkey tricks! Then I got acquainted with some Irish bulls, and letting them off on my friends got several thumps on the head."

"No," I interrupted him, sternly, "get on with your story."

"Well, at length I met JUAN at the beginning of May."

"Make it first of April," I said, severely.

"He was the Toreador out of *Carmen*, to put it shortly," he continued, not deigning to notice my interruption—"and he introduced me to the bull-fight. Of course I had to pay my footing (a very uncertain one) in *duros*, or hard cash. Then every morning I ate a *chuto* (a sort of small cabbage) at my dinner—then they tried me as a *capa*, to test (so they said) my capability. The chief patron was the Duke of MEDICINA, who in early youth had been a doctor—hence his title—and I shall never forget his first greeting."

"Your story!" I interrupted, sternly, finding that the old man was once more becoming tedious.

"I returned," replied the dotard, with a senile chuckle, "that he was wrong. His answer was beyond my meaning—he muttered something about 'mutton and *capa* sauce.' I was engaged," continued the dotard, with a feeble grin, "as a *capa* for seventy years certain, with an annual benefit once in four years, with a salary of forty-two thousand a year—which in those days seemed to me to be a small fortune."

"They are wretchedly paid in Spain," I observed.

"They are," he acquiesced. "I was paid a week in advance, and have lived upon the proceeds ever since. And now my life was indeed a merry one. I was free of the Ring. Now I played the cornet in the *Brassos Banderillos*, and my performance pleased the *aficionados* (or advertising agents) so well, that my name was known throughout the Peninsula."

"Well," once more I interrupted, "I suppose you met a Spanish beauty, fell in love with her, and was cut out by a party of the name of JUAN?"

"However do you think of such clever things?" asked the old man, in a tone of extreme astonishment. "But you are right. I placed CLEMENCIA one day in the *pal co* (or part reserved for friends), and the bull tossed me. Ah, she trampled upon me—treated me like a mat. But I loved her and adored myself. Hence I was called a

'Mat-Adorer.' I repeat, the bull tossed me, and I did not come down heads."

"Go on." "I was ill, and neglected, but soon recovered sufficiently to kill sixty-six bulls in succession."

"Surely you are exaggerating?"

"You are perfectly right," he answered, with a blush.

"I killed sixty-

five—the sixty-sixth was only mortally wounded. And now the people made an idol of me. I was absolutely worshipped."

"Come to the point," I said, in a tone that showed I was not to be trifled with.

"No that was the fate of JUAN. At the end of a game of *toros* (which is Spanish for marbles) he said to me (in excellent Spanish), 'MONTI, me boy, philaloo! ye will shtay by me?' 'That will I—as shure as me name is TIM—I should say MONTI,' I responded, in choice Castilian. The bull came up, I looked him in the eye, raised my *shillalo* (a short Spanish club), and, crying 'Whist!' he cut for partners. JUAN was cut a deal."

"That bull was a ripper," I murmured.

"Bedad he was that, Sorr," returned the dotard, whose Spanish became more and more Castilian every moment. "CLEMENICA died the next morning. But I am remorseful—that I did not kill her myself. And now I have had my revenge! I have told ye the story! I know you—your name's H-A-R—"

He gave a gasp and died.

But I too had my revenge. I sent the tale I had just heard to the *Frt-n-ghtly R-v-v.* M. F. H.



"They made an Idol of me."



## THE PRINCE.

(A Letter from *Nicolo Puncio Machiavelli* to the Most Illustrious *Vittorio Emanuele, Son of Umberto, King of Italy.*)

## I.

THERE never was, nor is at this day, any man in the world who is not either a Prince or not a Prince. Seeing, therefore, that your Highness appertains of right to the class of them that are Princes, and being ambitious to present to your Highness that which should have the chiefest value in your eyes, I could not (though pondering much) deem anything more precious than the knowledge of men and of governments which I have learned through a space of half a hundred years. Forasmuch as your Highness hath travelled over stormy seas to the island of the British folk, I do presume to present to your Highness, as being one that seeketh wisdom, the ripe fruit of my knowledge, in order that your Highness may suck thereout such advantage as those who love your land chiefly desire both for yourself and for them to whose government you shall in the future be called.

## II.—How a Prince is to gain Reputation.

To begin, then, I say it would be advantageous to be accounted both liberal and of a like nature unto other men that are not Princes. For although the majority of mankind be penurious and apt to hoard their money, and although in their assembly the British make a show of niggardliness, imputing it to themselves for a virtue, nevertheless, if they discern in a Prince such inclinations as they praise in themselves, no nation was ever quicker to blame or deery. For each holds in private that while he himself is generous, the rest are mean and covetous. Therefore, I counsel you let your conduct in the bestowal both of snuff-boxes, which no man at this day uses, and of scarf-pins, which are a delight to many, be so ordered that men may think of you as one that with a true generosity performs such acts as each of them, were he a Prince, would perform as well.

Likewise if there be those who wish to read unto you addresses of loyal welcome, it is not well to flout them publicly by showing signs of sleep; since it is the fashion of municipalities and Mayors to hold themselves to be of high importance, and a wise flattery of this self-deception well becomes you. And in replying, let your speech be both short and homely. The present German Emperor came lately among this people, and, having spoken aloud of the kindness of his Grandmamma, at once the hearts of all of them that are or hope to be grandmammars, or have themselves possessed a grandmamma, were moved to him so that he was accounted one of themselves from that time forth.

Again, how honourable it is for a Prince to be outspoken, candid, and truthful, I suppose everybody understands. Nevertheless, experience has shown in our times that those Princes who have not pinned themselves up to that excess of truth-speaking, have not alone secured the love of their subjects, but have been held up as patterns of a royal wisdom and virtue. For in the assemblages of the great that shall be gathered in your honour, and in the banquets and receptions wherewith it is customary to overwhelm a Prince, there must often be those surrounding him, and holding converse with him, whose absence would cause him joy rather than sorrow, on account of their exceeding pompous dulness. Yet it is well at such times for a Prince to conceal his feelings, and, though he be flattened with tedious ceremony, to keep both a cheerful countenance and a pleasant tongue, as of one to whom life offers a succession of the proudest and happiest moments. There is a Prince at this time in being (but his name I shall conceal), who can often have nothing in his mind but sorrow and depression, so many are his labours and

so great is the number of the foundation-stones he lays; and yet, had he revealed either the one or the other by speech or gesture, they had robbed him before this of his power and reputation.

## III.—Of the Wearing of Uniforms.

A Prince should have many uniforms, and wear them with much show and glitter. For it is expected of Princes that before they be weaned they should be Colonels, and should rank as Field-Marsals at a time when other lads still trail themselves to school. It is not indeed related of CÆSAR that he drilled a regiment at the age of six, nor of HANNIBAL that being yet a boy he did aught but take an oath. Yet now the custom of the world is otherwise, and a Prince who should never shine in the array of a soldier might justly be held odious and contemptible. That very German Emperor of whom I have spoken, won the applause of the multitude by cuirass and helmet, and having donned a British Admiral's uniform, was held of great account amongst a people apt for the rule of the sea. This honour in truth falls not to all; but others, and yourself among the number, may be made Post Captains, and wear a naval dress both with comfort and approbation.

## IV.—Of Italy.

Here in the land to which you have come you shall find all men lovers of Italy. For there is not one of those that watched her long and grievous struggles, that did not welcome with a heartfelt joy her deliverance, both from foreign yoke and from native tyrants. Here too they know that the example of your illustrious family, the wisdom and moderation of your father not less than the unquenchable valour and bodily strength of your grandfather, his contempt of danger, his devotion to duty, shone forth as a star before the eyes of all Italians, even in their darkest hours. Who is there that hath not the liveliest hope that all prosperity may be confirmed to that beloved country, that she may advance from greatness to greatness, that her kings may be just, her people free and contented. Let your illustrious family, then, still address itself to the work with courage and confidence, that under them Italy may stand forth an example to the nations of the world.



QUEER QUERIES.—QUOTATION WANTED.—Can anybody inform me where this exquisite line occurs—

"Heredit, thou mother of our race!"

I fancy it must be by Lord TENNYSON, but I cannot find it either in *In Memoriam* or the *Idylls of the King*. The line has been much admired by competent critics. A beautiful little volume of verse, recently published, is *The Fall of Ceteawayo*. Possibly the line may be in that book.—P.S.—Is not £76 10s. 6d. too high a price to charge for bringing out an Epic Poem of 8000 lines, even if, as is asserted, there have been "no sales"?—LAUREATE PRESUMPTIVE.

MEREDITHOMANIA.—Miss HANNAH LYNCH (Author of *George Meredith—a Study*) is almost incoherently angry with "the inexcusable and comical consistency of stupidity" manifested by all those who are not, in the fullest sense, "Meredith-men"—or women. She is, however, so dogmatic and disdainful, that one suspects her of a tendency to substitute for the judicial verdict of the critical judgment-seat, the arbitrary and excessive punishment of "Lynch-law!"

WISBECH WINE.—Liberal Supply. The BRAND of 1891 acknowledged to be quite beyond competition.

"OFF TO MASHERLAND."—Nothing from "GRANDOLPH the Explorer" this week. He's gone to the Diggings.



## RIDING THE PIG.

[MR. HEALY said he did not deny that after five years of liberal education the present Chief Secretary had greatly improved. . . . In reply to Mr. BALFOUR's inquiry, whether he could count upon Mr. HEALY's support in a Local Government Bill for Ireland, Mr. HEALY replied, "Certainly!"]



AY! Spur, whip, and bridle are all very well,  
For a rider's equipment includes some "Coercion,"  
But Jehu may need an additional spell.

Whether riding a race or for simple diversion,  
There are reasons for giving a racer his head,  
And some flocks are driven and others are led.

Improved? Whillaloo! Fancy HEALY the hot  
Politely approving of "BALFOUR the Brutal"!  
How pleasant to picture the Pig at full trot,

Without that "hard riding" some fancy must suit  
all!

Too good to be true? That time only can show.  
'Tis something that Piggy should promise to "go."

Your Pig is a "gentleman,"—take him aright;  
Or so those maintain who best know the 'cute  
creature.

If you make him "eat stick" in excess he'll show  
fight.

The goad and the snout-ring we've tried. This new  
feature—

A lure in advance—may be worth being tried.  
That Piggy can go—and this rider can ride!

## ENTHUSIASM À LA RusSE!

SCENE—A Bureau de Police at St. Petersburg. Present, Russian Bigwig and Subordinate.

Russian Bigwig (reading letter). "And they are to be received with the greatest possible enthusiasm!" I  
can scarcely believe my eyes! The Fleet of the French Republic!

Subordinate (using a Muscovite imprecation). Caviare droski!

Rus. Big. (screetch). Slave! (Sub. cringes.) Another word, and I will have you knouted to death! It is  
the wish of our Little Father, the Czar of the Universe.

[They both fall on their knees, remove their hats, and sing the National Hymn.

Sub. (bowing to the ground). And what are the Imperial wishes?

Rus. Big. That not only  
shall the "Marseillaise"  
be tolerated when played  
by the French, but also be  
performed by our own  
bands. (With a burst of  
rage.) Oh, Caviare droski!

Sub. (on his knees). I  
would also add an oath, O  
Supreme Protector-of-the-  
Spirit-of-my-dead-Grand-  
mother, had you not  
forbidden that extreme  
expression of opinion.

Rus. Big. You recall me  
to myself, O Son-of-PETER-  
son-of-PETER-son-of-  
PETER-son-of-TOMMY. I  
was wrong. But it makes  
my blood boil to think that  
our Master and his ances-  
tors who scorned LOUIS  
PHILIPPE and NAPO-  
LEON III. should recognise  
a Republic!

Sub. (aside). Say you so  
—this to the CZAR—thou  
Nihilist! (Aloud.) My  
Lord—the comforter-of-the-  
spirit-of-my-first-cousin-  
once-removed-on-my-mo-  
ther's-side, is indeed right!  
It is a painful sight!

Rus. Big. (aside). Say  
you so—this to the CZAR—  
thou Nihilist! (Aloud.) But  
perhaps we might improve  
matters. Supposing that the  
"Marseillaise" were im-  
perfectly performed?

Sub. (with note-book).  
Excellent, my Lord! ex-  
cellent! It shall be played  
out of tune on a score of  
regimental bands! Good,  
my Lord! good!

Rus. Big. And could not  
a translation be furnished  
suggesting ideas foreign to  
the original?

Sub. Again capital, my  
Lord. I will see that the  
troops have a version that  
gives the old legend (stolen  
from us by the English) of  
"The Song of Sixpence, or  
a pocketful of Rye-bread,"  
as the real translation.

Rus. Big. A happy  
thought! The moral is  
wholesome. The Mo-  
narchical principle is advo-  
cated in the approved  
counting out of money and  
consumption of bread and  
honey by their Majesties,  
and the right of life and  
death is suggested by the  
pecking off of the nose of  
the housemaid while em-  
ployed in hanging out the  
clothes! And about the  
troops—have they been  
warned that they might  
some day be expected to  
give a hated alien an en-  
thusiastic reception?

Sub. They have, my  
Lord. And in anticipation  
of such an occasion, they  
have been taught for the  
last six months how to  
cheer in a whisper.

Rus. Big. Good! And  
now to a pleasanter duty.  
Have you those hundred



thousand copies of *Punch* that were yesterday seized at the frontier?

*Sub.* I have, my Lord!

*Rus. Big. (with fiendish glee).* To Siberia with them! Come, help me to post them!

*Sub. (trembling).* But, my Lord, should *Punch* be read by the political prisoners who lie covered with chains in the secret mines under the lowest mountain in the Czar's dominions? What then?

*Rus. Big. (in an awesome whisper).* Mark me well! In the present pitiable state of the prisoners, such a feast of mirth-compelling waggery would kill them—yes, *kill* them—with laughter!

[*Exeunt stealthily to put this craftily-conceived plot into guilty execution.*]

### A NEW LEADER.

["At present the followers are obliged to be amiable because the Leader is amiable. Under the Leader I suggest they would be less amiable, and would be at liberty to say stronger things."—MR. ATKINSON, M.P., in the House of Commons.]

#### Chorus of Amiable Tories.

HEAR! hear! Mr. A. We are amiable too,  
For we follow our amiable Leader, like you;  
But when forced to say, "Bless you!" we choke with our spleen,

And we add, *sotto voce*, "You know what I mean."  
While we sit spick and span as a picture by FRITH,  
And contend with our feelings, to please Mr. SMITH.

Oh, we pule and we prate, we are nerveless and weak,  
And we swallow, like *Pistol*, the odorous leek.  
We palter with truth, and we flatter our foes,  
And we cringe, and we crawl, and are led by the nose.  
We are fools soft of speech, and without any pith,  
For we smother our feelings to suit Mr. SMITH.

Time was when a Member who hated the Celt  
Might detest him aloud and declare what he felt.  
He might use the crisp words which, if lacking in length,  
Make up for their shortness by meaning and strength.  
But now we all fawn on the Celt and his kith,  
While we smother our feelings to suit Mr. SMITH.

So, friends, we must choose a new Leader, and then,  
With a Man at our head we shall quit us like men.  
We shall always retort with a sting when we're stung,  
With the bees in our bonnet, the D's on our tongue.  
And the words that are honeyed shall fade like a myth,  
When an ATKINSON stands in the shoes of a SMITH.



### GENUS IRRITABILE.

*First Bard.* "SEEN MY SONNETS IN THE PACIFIC WEEKLY?"

*Second Bard.* "YES." *First Bard.* "LIKE THEM!"

*Second Bard.* "WELL—A—CANDIDLY—I—"

*First Bard.* "OH, IF IT COMES TO THAT, CANDIDLY I ALWAYS HATED YOUR BRASTLY BALLADES AND RONDELS AND ROT IN THE *EREGHTEUM*—BUT I HAD THE DECENCY NOT TO TELL YOU SO!"

### TWO VIEWS OF THE NEXT INVASION.

#### THE OPTIMIST.

THE British Fleet, by a sad mischance, had disappeared.

It was then that the Nation had to depend upon its second line of defence—the Army.

The enemy flushed with victory, attempted to land, but were met with such a withering fire from the Volunteer Artillery, that they had to abandon the attempt in despair—at least for awhile. They retired for the night, and on the following morning were in front of Westgate-on-Sea. It was then found how wise the Committee of Home Defence had been in their recommendation. Feeling sure that the forces of the Crown would be ample to beat back any hostile attempt to seize a town the centre of one of the best of charities (St. Michael's Convalescent Home), the Committee had deprecated the suggestion of erecting extensive fortifications. Practically Westgate was without walls. But there was a better defence than brickwork. The Authorities had not been idle during the night, having utilised the pause in the war to bring up two magnificent battalions of Militia—the 7th Rifle Brigade and the 4th Cheshire Regiment. Thus when the enemy succeeded in effecting a landing, they found themselves confronted by the very flower of the British Army. In ten minutes the hostile host were crumpled up like a sheet of paper, and disappeared in hot retreat.

During the following week the entire army of the foe was allowed to land in England, and were speedily exterminated. The contract given out by Government to an advertising undertaker was the means of making that contractor's fortune. Within ten days England was absolutely free from invasion.

"And are you surprised?" asked a journalist, addressing the greatest tactician of the century.

"Surprised!" echoed the other. "Why it was what we all expected from the first!"

#### THE PESSIMIST.

The British Fleet, by a carefully calculated plan, had disappeared. It was then that the Nation had to depend upon its second line of defence—the Army.

The enemy, although somewhat depressed at the losses they had sustained, attempted to land, and of course were successful. The picked batteries from Woolwich, consisting of the Royal Horse Artillery, opened fire, but without the smallest effect. On the following morning the main force of the enemy appeared in front of Margate, the recently fortified port. It was then found how foolish the Committee of Home Defence had been in their recommendation. Feeling doubtful of the means the Government would have at their command to defend an unprotected town, they had ordered every village on the coast to be surrounded by the most intricate network of bricks and earthworks. And now, in the hour of need, these elaborate preparations were valueless. The troops of the enemy poured into Margate almost without opposition. The forts were silenced in five minutes, and although on the following morning the Household Brigade came to the rescue, the assistance thus afforded was of no avail.

During the succeeding week the entire army of the foe was allowed to land in England, and were immediately victorious. The contract for finding them lodgings in London made somebody's fortune. Within a week England was grovelling in the dust at the feet of her conquerors.

"And are you surprised?" asked a journalist, addressing the greatest tactician of the century.

"Surprised!" he echoed—"why it was what we all expected from the first!"

NEW RIDDLE (WITH THE OLD ANSWER).—Where was ISAACS when the Balance-Sheet went out?



## THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. II.

SCENE—Courtyard of the "Grand Hôtel du Lion Belgique et d'Albion," at Brussels. It is just after Table d'hôte; PODBURY and CULCHARD are sitting on a covered terrace, with coffee.

PODBURY (producing a pipe). Not such a bad dinner! Expect they'll rook us a lot for it, though. Rather fun, seeing the waiters all troop in with a fresh course, when the proprietor rang his bell. Like a ballet at the Empire—eh?

CULCHARD (selecting a cigarette). I'm not in a position to say. I don't affect those places of entertainment myself.

PODB. Oh! Where do you turn in when you want to kick up your heels a bit? Madame Tussaud's? I say, why on earth didn't you talk to that old bloke next to you at dinner? He was trying all he knew to be friendly.

CULCH. Was he?—I daresay. But I rather understood we came out with the idea of keeping out of all that.

PODB. Of course. I'm not keen about getting to know people. He had no end of a pretty daughter, though. Mean to say you didn't spot her?

CULCH. If by "spotting" you mean—I was aware of the existence of a very exuberant young person, with a most distressing American accent? I can only say that she made her presence sufficiently evident. I confess she did not interest me to the point of speculating upon her relationship to anybody else.

PODB. Well—if you come to that, I don't know that I—still, she was uncommonly—(Happens to glance round, and lowers his voice.) Jove! she's in the Reading-room, just behind us. (Hums, with elaborate carelessness.) La di deedle-lumpty—loodle-oodle-loo—

CULCH. (who detests humming). By the way, I wish you hadn't been in such a hurry to come straight on. I particularly wanted to stop at Bruges, and see the Memlings.

PODB. I do like that! For a fellow who wants to keep out of people's way! They'd have wanted you to stay to lunch and dinner, most likely.

CULCH. (raising his eyebrows). Hardly, my dear fellow—they're pictures, as it happens.

PODB. (unabashed). Oh, are they? Any way, you've fetched up your average here. Weren't there enough in the Museum for you?

CULCH. (pityingly). You surely wouldn't call the collection here exactly representative of the best period of Flemish Art?

PODB. If you ask me, I should call it a simply footling show—but you were long enough over it. (CULCHARD shudders slightly, and presently pats his pockets.) What's up now? Nothing gone wrong with the works, eh?

CULCH. (with dignity). No—I was merely feeling for my notebook. I had a sudden idea for a sonnet, that's all.

PODB. Ah, you shouldn't have touched those mussels they gave us with the sole. Have a nip of this cognac, and you'll soon be all right.

[CULCHARD scribbles in lofty abstraction; PODBURY hums; Mr. CYRUS K. TROTTER, and his daughter, MAUD S. TROTTER, come out by the glass door of the Salon de Lecture, and seat themselves at an adjoining table.]

Miss Trotter. Well, I guess it's gayer out here, anyway. That Reading Saloon is just about as lively as a burying lot with all the tombs unlet. I want the address of that man who said that Brussels was a second Parrus.

Mr. Trotter. Maybe we ain't been long enough off the cars to jedge yet. Do you feel like putting on your hat and sack, and sorter smellin' round this capital?

Miss T. Not any. I expect the old city will have to curb its impatience to see me till to-morrow. I'm tired some.

CULCH. (to himself). Confound it, how can I—I! (Looks up, and

observes Miss T. with a sudden attention). That fellow PODBURY has better taste than I gave him credit for. She is pretty—in her peculiar style—quite pretty! Pity she speaks with that deplorable accent.

[Writes—"Vermilion lips that sheathe a parrot tongue," and runs over all the possible rhymes to "tongue."]

PODB. (observing that his pencil is idle). Gas cut off again? Come for a toddle. You don't mean to stick here all the evening, eh?

CULCH. Well, we might take a turn later on, and see the effect of St. Godule in the moonlight.

PODB. Something like a rollick that! But what do you say to dropping in quietly at the Eden for an hour or so, eh? Variety show and all that going on.

CULCH. Thanks—variety shows are not much in my line; but don't mind me if you want to go.

[PODBURY wanders off, leaving CULCHARD free to observe Miss TROTTER.]

Miss T. CHARLEY writes he's having a lovely time in Germany going round. I guess he isn't feeling so cheap as he did. I wish he'd come along right here.

Mr. T. I presume he's put in all the time he had for Belgium—likely we'll fetch up against him somewhere before he's through.

Miss T. Well, and I don't care how soon we do, either. CHARLEY's a bright man, and real cultivated. I'm always telling him that he's perfectly splendid company, considering he's only a cousin.

Mr. T. That's so every time. I like CHARLEY VAN BOODELER first-rate myself.

CULCH. (to himself). If CHARLEY VAN BOODELER was engaged to her, I suppose he'd be here. Pshaw! What does it matter? Somehow, I rather wish now that I'd—but perhaps we shall get into conversation presently. Hang it, here's that fellow PODBURY back again! Wish to goodness he'd—(To PODBURY.) Hallo, so you haven't started yet?

PODB. Been having a talk with the porter. He says there's a big fair over by the Station du Midi, and it's worth seeing. Are you game to come along and sample it, eh?

CULCH. (with an easy indifference intended for Miss T.'s benefit). No, I think not, thanks. I'm very comfortable where I am.

[He resumes his writing.]

PODB. Well, it's poor fun having to go alone!

[He is just going, when Mr. TROTTER rises and comes towards him.]

Mr. T. You'll excuse me, Sir, but did I overhear you remark that there was a festivity in progress in this city?

PODB. So I'm told; a fair, down in the new part. I could tell you how to get to it, if you thought of going.

Mr. T. Well, I don't see how I should ever strike that fair for myself, and I guess if there's anything to be seen we're bound to see it, so me and my darter—allow me to introduce my darter to you—MAUD, this gentleman is Mr.—I don't think I've caught your name, Sir—PODBURY?—Mr. PODBURY who's kindly volunteered to conduct us round.

Miss T. I should have thought you'd want to leave the gentleman some say in the matter, Father—not to mention me!

PODB. (eagerly). But won't you come? Do. I shall be awfully glad if you will!

Miss T. If it makes you so glad as all that, I believe I'll come. Though what you could say different, after Father had put it up so steep on you, I don't know. I'll just go and fix myself first.

[She goes.]

Mr. T. (to PODBURY). My only darter, Sir, and a real good girl. We come over from the States, crossed a month ago to-day, and seen a heap already. Been runnin' all over Scotland and England, and kind of looked round Ireland and Wales, and now what we've got to do is to see as much as we can of Germany and Switzerland and Italy, and get some idea of France before we start home this fall. I guess we're both of us gettin' pretty considerable homesick already. My darter was sayin' to me on'y this evening at table d'hôte, "Father," she sez, "the vurry first thing we'll do when we get



"Wanted to know if you were my Tutor!" [He roars.]



home is to go and hav a good square meal of creamed oysters and clams with buckwheat cakes and maple syrup." Don't seem as if we could git along without maple syrup much longer. (Miss TROTTER returns.) You never mean going out without your gums?

Miss T. I guess it's not damp here—any—(To PODBURY.) Now you're going to be Mary, and Father and I have got to be the little lambs and follow you around.

[They go out, leaving CULCHARD annoyed with himself and everybody else, and utterly unable to settle down to his sonnet again.]

IN AN UPPER CORRIDOR, TWO HOURS LATER.

Culch. (coming upon Podbury). So you've got rid of your Americans at last, eh?

Podb. I was in no hurry, I can tell you. She's a ripping little girl—tremendous fun. What do you think she asked me about you?

Culch. (stiff, but flattered). I wasn't aware she had honoured me by her notice. What was it?

Podb. Said you had a sort of schoolmaster look, and wanted to know if you were my tutor. My tutor! [He roars.]

Culch. I hope you—ah—undecided her?

Podb. Rather! Told her it was t'other way round, and I was looking after you. Said you were suffering from melancholia, but were not absolutely dangerous.

Culch. If that's your idea of a joke, all I can say is—

Podb. (innocently). Why, my dear chap, I thought you wanted 'em kept out of your way!

[CULCHARD slams his bedroom door with temper, leaving PODBURY outside, still chuckling.]

## THE WRONG OF SEARCH.

(A Dream of the British Inquisition.)

THE unfortunate foreigner, travel-stained and suffering from the after-glow of a stormy passage, crawled up the gangway and was once more on land. He carried in his hand a portmanteau.

"Have you anything to declare?" asked an official, in a gold-peaked cap and blue frock coat, gruffly.

"Only that your seas are terrible," was the reply.

The official made no answer, but merely pointed to some planks that had been placed upon trestles. The foreigner glanced at the people who were standing in front of these planks, and noticed that they were pale with apprehension.

"Have you anyth ng to declare?" was a second time uttered—now by a person less gold-laced. Then the official continued, "Here, open it!"

In a moment the portmanteau was thrown with force on the planks, and the foreigner protested.

"I understand you now. I have no cigars—I do not smoke. I have no spirits—I am what you call a teetotaler. I have no lace—I am a widower."

"Open it!" was once more the cry—this time with great vehemence.

"But I am innocent of concealing anything! Believe me, there is nothing to declare! I have some photographic plates—to open them is ruin! I prize my shirts—they are heirlooms—if they are roughly handled I can never wear them again." And the foreigner wrung his hands in his despair.

"If you will not open it," replied the official, unmoved by his eloquent appeal, "we shall detain your luggage."

"But this is barbarous—cruel," continued the foreigner, answering with excitement. "I have been to Constantinople with its mosques, and the Turks have treated me with greater consideration. I have seen the glories of Rome with its Forum, the splendours of Petersburg with its fortress prison, the treasures of Madrid with its art gallery—and everywhere—everywhere I have been treated with greater kindness, greater charity than here! And yet you say this is the land of the brave and the free!"

"We say nothing of the sort," retorted the official; "we say, open it!"

The foreigner, whose pallor was fearful to see, with his teeth clenched and his eyes starting from his head, put the key into the portmanteau lock, turned it, and the contents of the box was revealed to view.

In a moment the officials were upon it—thrusting their inquisitive hands here, there, and everywhere. There was a salad of boots, waistcoats, collars and brushes. At length they came to the photographic plates—they were removed in a trice from their receptacle, and held up to the light.

"Have you no hearts!" cried the foreigner, his face streaming with tears. "In a moment you have undone the labour of years! That plate—now destroyed for ever—when properly developed would have revealed the smiling features of my wife's mother! It took me a quarter of a century to catch her with such an expression! For

when she saw me she always frowned. But ah, my shirts, my heirlooms! In the name of mercy, spare my shirts!"

But no, once more the appeal was disregarded. The small portmanteau was turned inside out. This the official chalked.

"So this is one of the habits of the English," cried the foreigner, bitterly.

"Not only the habits, Monsieur," observed a bystander, who trembling with apprehension, was waiting his turn; "but the customs. Customs that are out of date with the age. Customs that are contrary to the spirit of the century. Customs that cost more than they yield, and deserve to be cursed!"

"They do," cried the foreigner, excitedly. "May the Customs be—"

"You must not utter that word," interrupted the Revenue Officer, in a tone of peremptory command.

"It is British; why not?"

But although the foreigner was baffled in his desire to use the appropriate imprecation—he thought it!

## MOTH-EATEN.

It is a stifling night; I sit  
With windows open wide;  
And the fragrance of the rose is  
blown

And also the musk outside,  
There's plenty of room for the  
moths out there

In the cool and pleasant gloom;  
And yet these mad insectual beasts  
Will swarm into my room.

I've thrown so many things at  
him,

And thrown them all so hard;  
There goes the sofa-cushion; that  
Missed him by half a yard.

My hot tears rain; my young  
heart breaks

To see him dodging thus;  
It is not right for him to be  
So coy—so devious.



As I sit by my duplex lamp,  
And write, and write, and write;  
They come and drown in the blue-  
black ink,

Or fry themselves in the light.  
They pop, and drop, and flop, and  
hop,

Like catherine-wheels at play;  
And die in pain down the back of  
my neck

In a most repulsive way.

There's a brown moth on the  
ceiling. He

Makes slow and bumpy rounds;  
Then stops and sucks the white-  
wash off—

He must have eaten pounds.

He's only waiting for his chance  
To take me unawares, [make  
And then the brute will drop, and  
His death-bed in my hair.

Why do they do it? Why—ah!  
why?

The dews of night are damp,  
But the place to dry one's self is  
not

The chimney of a lamp.  
And sultriness engenders thirst,  
But the best, the blue-black  
ink,

Cannot be satisfactory  
Regarded as a drink.

They are so very many, and  
I am so very few—

They are so hard to hit, and so  
Elusive to pursue—

That in the garden I will wait  
Until the dawning light,

Until the moths all go by  
day

Where I wish they'd go by  
night.





### SPEECHES TO BE LIVED DOWN—IF POSSIBLE!

*Sympathetic Lady Guest.* "DON'T BE UNHAPPY ABOUT THE RAIN, DEAR MRS. BOUNDERSON—IT WILL SOON BE OVER, AND YOUR GARDEN WILL BE LOVELIER THAN EVER!"

*Little Mrs. Goldmore Bounderson (who is giving her first Garden Party).* "YES; BUT I'M AFRAID IT WILL KEEP MY MOST DESIRABLE GUESTS FROM COMING!"

### ON THE BRIDGE!

(A Much Modernised Version of "The Vision of Mirzah.")

ON the second day of the week, commonly called Saint Monday (which according to the Customs of my Forefathers, I always keep as Holiday), after having washed myself, and offered up my Morning Devotions at the shrine of Nicotine, I turned over the pages of *Bradshaw*, with a view to passing the rest of the day in some more or less Rural Retirement.

As I was here confusing myself with the multitudinous Complexities of this recondite Tome, I fell into a profound Contemplation of the Vanity of human Holiday-making; and, passing from one puzzling page to another, Surely, said I, Man is but a Muddler and Life a Maze!

"Right you are!" sounded a mysterious voice in my ear.

The Sound of the voice was exceeding Sweet, and wrought into a variety of inflections. It put me in mind of those heavenly Airs that are played from the tops of closely-packed wheeled Vehicles, from many-keyed Concertinas upon Bank-Holidays. My Heart melted away in Secret Raptures. By which signs I—who had read my *Spectator* at the Free Library—knew well that I was in the company of a Genius! It is only Genii who drop upon one suddenly and unannounced, with a more or less pertinent commentary upon one's Inner Thoughts, in this fashion. I felt at once that I was in for the true Addisonian Oriental Apologue in all its hybrid incongruity.

I drew near with that Reverence which is due to a Superior—if nondescript—Nature; and as my Heart was entirely subdued by the captivating Voice I had heard, I fell down at his Feet and wept. I could hardly have explained why, but 'tis the sort of thing one always does in an Eastern Apologue. The Genius smiled upon me with a Look of Compassion and Affability that familiarised him to my Imagination, at once dispelled all the Fears and Apprehensions with which I approached him, and turned off my Tearfulness "at the main," as *Samuel Weller* said, concerning the Mulberry One.

He lifted me from the ground, and, taking me by the hand, "MIRZAH," said he, "I have heard thee in thy Soliloquies; follow me!"

Now, my name is *not* MIRZAH, but MATTHEW. Yet, after all, it did not much matter, and I felt it would be in questionable taste to correct a Genius.

He then led me to the highest Pinnacle of a Rock, and, placing me on the Top of it, "Cast thy Eyes yonder," said he, "and tell me what thou seest." "I see," said I, "a huge Valley, and a prodigious Roadway running through it." "The Valley that thou seest," said he, "is the Vale of Travel, and the Roadway that thou beholdest is part of the great Railway System." "What is the Reason," said I, "that the Roadway I see rises out of a thick Mist at one End, and again loses itself in a thick Mist at the other?" "Monopoly and Muddle freely engender Mists," responded the Genius. Examine now," said he, "the Roadway that is bounded with Darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it." "I see a Bridge," said I, "standing in the midst of the Roadway." "Consider it attentively," said he.

Upon a more leisurely Survey of it—a Survey which, meseemed, it would have been well had Others made with similar Attentiveness—I found that the Arch thereof looked shaky and insecure; moreover, that a Great and Irregular-shaped Cleft or Crack ran, after the fashion of a Lightning-flash in a Painted Sea-scape, athwart the structure thereof from Keystone to Coping. As I was regarding this unpleasant Portent, the Genius told me that this Bridge was at first of sound and scientific construction, but that the flight of Years, Wear and Tear, vehement Molecular Vibration, and, above all, Negligent Supervision, had resulted in its present Ruinous Condition.

"But tell me further," said he, "what thou discoverest on it."

"I see," said I, "if my eyes and the dark Mists and Shadows deceive me not, a Figure couched upon the Parapet of the centre Arch thereof." As I looked more attentively, I saw that this figure was of a Spectral appearance, and Bony withal; albeit, its contours were to some extent hidden by its clinging cerement-like garments, and the equally clinging and charnel-like shades surrounding it.



PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—August 1, 1891.



ON THE BRIDGE!







Only an Attent, and, as it were, complacently Anticipative Visage, of an osseous and ogreish Aspect, gleamed lividly forth therefrom, as the Apparition appeared to Look and Listen through the Mist at one end of the Bridge for the welcome Sight of Disaster, the much desired Sound of Doom. A shrill and sibilant Metallic Shriek seemed to cleave the Shadows into which the Spectre gazed; a Violent Vibratory Pulsation, as of thudding iron flails threshing upon a resonant steel floor, seemed to beat the Roadway, shake the Bridge, and as it appeared to me to widen the levin-like Cleft or Crack which disfigured the Arch thereof.

Then did I quake inwardly and breathe short. "What, O Genius," I cried, "signifieth the Spectre, who thus sitteth On the Bridge, what forebodeh the Aspect of eager Anticipation, and for what doth he so gloatingly and expectantly Wait?"

"This," responded the Genius, gravely, "is Insatiate Death waiting for Inevitable Accident!"

I gazed with inexpressible melancholy upon the unhappy Scene. Atlength said I, "Show me now, I beseech thee, the Secrets that lie hid under those dark Mists which cover the regions to the right which you suggest are the realms of Monopoly and Muddle." The Genius making me no Answer, I turned about to address myself to him a Second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the Vision, but instead of the Roadway, the arched Bridge and the Attent Anatomy, I saw nothing but my own parlour, and my wife MARY picking up the *Bradshaw's Guide* which had fallen from my sleep-relaxed hand.

On that particular Saint Monday I took, not as I had intended, a Railway Excursion to Rural Parts, but, telling MARY—to her manifest concern—that I had Altered my Mind as regarded our Holiday, I betook myself to the "Blue Boar" at the corner, and passed the day in Safety—and Solitary Smoking! Next morning, however, I read something in the papers which led me to believe that Railwaydom Aroused meant exorcising and evicting that Sinister Spectre, "regardless of Cost;" and I shall look forward to my next Holiday Outing with a mind Relieved and Reassured.

### BLACKFRIARS TO SLOANE SQUARE.

THE man who got in at Blackfriars  
Was smoking the foulest of briars,  
But it went out all right—  
Could I give him a light?  
Hadh't got one—well, all men are liars.



I've frequently noticed the Temple  
Is a place there are not enough rhymes to;  
And that's why I've made  
This verse somewhat blank,  
And rather disregarded the metre.

How do you pronounce Charing Cross?  
It's a point where I'm quite at a loss.  
Some people, of course,  
Would rhyme it with "horse,"  
But I always rhyme it with "hoss."

A woman at Westminster Bridge  
Had got just a speck on the ridge

Of her Romanesque nose.  
"It's a black, I suppose,"  
She observed; Then it flew—'twas a midge.

One man from the Park of St. James,  
Had really the loftiest aims;  
In the hat-rack he sat,  
Used my hair as a mat,  
And when I demurred called me names.

I bought from the stall at Victoria  
A horrible sixpenny story, a  
Book of a kind  
It pained me to find  
For sale at our English emporia.

I found when I got to Sloane Square  
That my ticket was gone; my despair  
Was awful to see,  
Till at last to my glee  
I looked in my hat—it was there!

### 'ILL-LUMINANTS!

["Sir E. WATKIN is about to introduce the Electric Light on the summit of Snowdon."—*Daily Paper.*]

JUST started up Snowdon by Sir E. WATKIN's combined Galvano-Electric and Pneumatic Despatch Line, from Llanberis. Goes nearly to top. What a blessing! Saved all the bother of the mount. Go in tennis-shoes, as I'm told there's next to no climbing to be done.

Splendid day for view. Comfortable carriages. Hullo! what's this? Find myself suddenly shot into a mountain tarn. A Yankee would call it "tarnation cold." Get out dripping. Guard of train explains that "battery must be rather too strong this morning." Train put on line again. Up we go! Shivery. If I'd known this sort of thing went on, I'd have brought towels.

At Terminus, three-quarters way up, in a bleak and exposed crag, plastered with advertisements. Day not quite so glorious. Fog coming on. Or is it "Scotch mist?" But what has a Scotch mist to do in Wales? Ask engine-driver's opinion. He has none. "Then which is the way up?" Doesn't know. "His way is down." Must speak to Sir E. W. about engine-driver.

Ascent continued. Leads down-hill. Curious. Sound of dashing waterfall close by. Must see it. Turn round a corner. No waterfall at all, only the Electric-Light-generating station! Noise I heard was the "machinery in motion." Query—does an iron shed with chimney pouring out factory smoke, add to charms of wild scenery?

More surprises! Find an "Automatic Delivery" pillar! Curious sight on a mountain. Put a penny in, and you get a small book—*Guide to Snowdonia*. Thanks! But what I want is a guide to top. Fog worse than ever. Believe I've missed my way.

Five hours later.—I had. Shoes utterly worn out. Awfully tired. Hit on top by mere accident. Resting in new hotel. Scrumptious, but dear. Don't care! Electric Light. What system? Waiter says "Brush." Must be air-brush up here, I fancy! Anyhow no good in a fog. Shall suggest fog-horn to Sir E. WATKIN for thick weather. Also guides waiting at Crag Terminus. Bottle of beer. Divine! View? None, and don't want any. More beer. Electric Light better than I thought. Electricity is life. Electricity is also beer. More beer, please! Waiter asks "if I sleep at top?" Beds only two guineas a night. Of course I do! "Then shall he wake me for sunrise?" He'd better not. Goo! night! Snowdon—mean skess.

### HER VIOLETS!

SHE gave them to me when the dance was done,

Her eyes all lighted with the ecstasy  
Of triumph in the crushing contest won,  
Of all the joy of girlish victory.

She gave them to me as we mounted up,  
With all the bold effrontery that dares  
To face the aged ones, who've come to sup,  
And sidles off to alcoves on the stairs.



She gave them to me, but some sprays, I know,  
All dying then, as though life's task were laid

To rest within that burning breast of snow;  
And there the last great debt of all were paid.

She gave them to me, and my heart did beat,  
As o'er my hope a greater promise came,  
And up the narrow way with steps so fleet  
She went, though I remember'd not her name.

She gave them to me, and I vow'd that they  
Should lie upon my heart till years had fled,  
Till, passing through life's narrow, thorny way,  
They'd rest with me when life's own leaves were dead.

And thus I spoke, and then we wrote the deed,  
With fervid seal upon the heart's own slab—  
Alas! alas! how memory runs to seed!—  
I left her Violets in a beastly cab!

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**WATER SUPPLY.**—Yes, we have read about the quantities of poisoned fish floating in the river somewhere near the "intake" of the Water Companies, and agree with you that under such circumstances the pretence of supplying a drinkable fluid is somewhat of a "take-in." But surely it is hardly necessary to adopt the extreme step you contemplate, of stationing an expert Thames fisherman at the side of your cistern night and day, in order to catch any fish that may come through the pipes. The Companies' filtering system may not be worth much, but it ought to be able to keep out something under the size of a whale.

**HOLIDAY TRAVELLING.**—You say that recent disclosures about Railway Bridges have made you nervous. The plan of personally inspecting every bridge your train will pass over on your way to Scotland is an excellent one, if you have time for it. Possibly also, a Railway Manager might agree to put a specially light engine to your train. As you say you are going to take a couple of tourist tickets, third class, it would probably pay him well to make any little alteration of that kind.

**IMPECUNIOSITY.**—We cannot help you. Reading the Riot Act and then assaulting them with a poker is not the best way of getting the Bailiffs out of a house. Try gentle persuasion. If you have recently had a case of black typhus in the house, you might mention the fact to them, and see what they say.





LADIES IN THE HOUSE. THE SUCCESS OF THE SEASON.



## THE RULE OF THREE.

(A POSSIBLE SCENE OF THE FUTURE.)

**PLAN OF ACTION.**—*Somewhere conveniently situated for all parties. The King, the Kaiser, and the Emperor, discovered discussing the Treaty that has now been in force for some years.*

*Kaiser (with assumed cheerfulness).* Well, my dear Brothers, it is really time you should do something. It is not on my own account that I am anxious, but on yours—purely on yours.

*King (dryly).* Certainly!

*Emperor (with a smile).* No doubt! Pray proceed.

*Kaiser (addressing Italy).* Well, my dear friend, as I am afraid we are on the eve of a contest with France, I must beg of you to place three Army Corps upon your Alpine frontiers.

*King (with assumed surprise).* Why should I do this? It will be most inconvenient!

*Kaiser.* Why, to carry out the provisions of the Treaty.

*Emperor (interposing).* Your pardon, that stipulation was suppressed at King HUMBERT's request.

*Kaiser (annoyed).* Oh, was it! Then, my friend, perhaps you will be so good (as my relations with the Czar are strained almost to breaking), as to station troops on the Russian frontier beyond Cracow.

*Emperor (with improvised*

## FANCY PORTRAIT.



## THE LAST KNIGHT OF THE SEASON.

SIR AUGUSTUS DEURIOLANUS COVENT-GARDENIUS HARRIS, C.C.C.

*astonishment).* Why should I do this? It will be most inconvenient.

*Kaiser.* Why, to carry out the provisions of the Treaty.

*King (interposing).* Your pardon; that stipulation was suppressed at the request of the Emperor of AUSTRIA.

*Kaiser.* Oh, was it? (*Losing his temper.*) Then I consider the whole affair as gross a swindle as—

*Emperor (interrupting).* Nay, Sire, remember your birth and position! It is a passing annoyance, but it should not move you. Remember, you are a Hohenzollern! Let me offer you a cigarette.

*Kaiser (calming down).* Well, perhaps I had better be quiet. It is more dignified.

*King (helping himself to the Emperor's cigarette-case).* Let me join you.

*Kaiser.* But I say, what use is the Treaty to either of us?

*Emperor (with a smile).* Properly treated, it is of service to us all. (*Lights it, and offers it to his two partners.*) It will serve as a spill for our cigarettes! [*Scene closes in upon the Treaty ending in smoke.*]

Well done, Dear!

WE 'VE levelled farms, we've planted trees,  
And many mighty men of means  
Have shot at deer, and, if you please,  
A DEAR has shot and won the Queen's!

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, July 20.*—"Man and boy I've sat in this House for seven years," said WHITTAKER ELLIS, as he reposed behind Ministers diffusing a sense of aldermanic respectability over an appreciable area of space; "never have I seen Irish Estimates got through in this style. LORD LIEUTENANT has his salary voted without a word of comment, and CHIEF SECRETARY will, I believe, get his in a couple of hours. Have known the time when it wasn't done in a couple of nights."

Strange indeed the scene; not thirty Members present whilst the Woluminous WEBB goes all the way back to the Tipperary riots in search of text for dreary observations; then fearsome speeches by FLYNN and P. J. POWER. Some filip to proceedings when JORDAN rolls in.

JORDAN is Member of Parliament for Clare, as he once or twice incidentally remarked. Evidently much impressed by distinction. House laughs at reiterated claim. The billows of Jordan rise; had no personal objection to Prince ARTHUR, he said, but "as Member of Parliament for Clare" had to complain of him in his official capacity. What had he done? "He has given Clare such a resident Magistrate as CECIL ROCHE, a low tyrannical man, who

ordered a low policeman to seize me—me, Member of Parliament for Clare."

JORDAN glared round on laughing House; quite incomprehensible what they should be guffawing at. Marvel increased when he introduced Father GILLIKAN on the scene.

"What had happened to Father GILLIKAN?" JORDAN roared, fixing a blood-shot eye on ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, who had just dropped in on Treasury Bench.

"Why, Father GILLIKAN had been sent to prison for a speech delivered in the middle of the River Shannon."

House shouted with laughter; began again when JORDAN explained that Father GILLIKAN, though he had been making a speech in the middle of the River Shannon at the moment of his arrest, was primarily in a boat. Even that didn't mend matters, and JORDAN, giving up attempt to understand ill-timed hilarity of House, dried up.

Later, TIM HEALY turned up, TIM TRUCULENT no more. Where was the excited crowd he was wont to address in Sessions of not very long ago—the jeering Ministerialists, the applauding Liberals, the enthusiastic band of united Irishmen, with PARNELL sitting placid in their midst, he only quiet amid the turbulent throng? Now the House more than half empty; the audience irresponsive; Prince ARTHUR sitting solitary on Treasury Bench with head bowed to hide the blushes that had mantled his cheek at hearing TIM extol his improvement since, in 1887, he tried his prentice hand as Chief Secretary. Prince ARTHUR, when he rises, is careful not to introduce a



Aldermanic Respectability.



"Member of Parliament for Clare."



discordant note. He has, he says, listened with interest to the able speech of the Hon. and learned Gentleman, the Member for North Longford. There must be a division for decency's sake; but only 150 Members turn up, and no one would have been greatly surprised if Prince ARTHUR and TIM HEALY had walked off arm in arm into the same lobby.

"Shade of me departed friend, JOSEPH GILLIS," said LALOR, wearily rising to go forth to the division, "what d'ye think of us, suppose this night you chance to be looking down from whatever answers with you to the Strangers' Gallery, where you used to betake yourself after being suspended?"

*Business done.*—Irish Votes in Committee of Supply.

*Tuesday.*—The alliance, offensive and defensive, established between the two Houses of Legislature by Lord DENMAN and Mr. ATKINSON been temporarily blighted by machinations of the enemy.

DENMAN, the other night, wanted to move for return showing how many times he had been in attendance. House said it didn't particularly care to know. DENMAN insisted; then the MARKISS, as usual, appeared on the scene, and moved that DENMAN shouldn't be heard for remainder of sitting. DENMAN, never at loss in Parliamentary strategy, wanted to move that the MARKISS's motion should be put from Chair on that day ten months. But LORD CHANCELLOR, well known to be in league with the MARKISS, promptly put question. Before DENMAN knew where he was (a not unfamiliar access of haziness) Motion put, declared to be carried, and he condemned to sit silent for rest of evening.

Same tactics, slightly varied, carried on to effacement of other wing of allied forces. ATKINSON wanted to put question to JOKIM about his Coinage Bill. Took some pains in framing it; handed it in at table; next day question appeared on paper shorn of its oratorical excellencies.

"How is this?" says ATKINSON, addressing the SPEAKER.

"Question full of errors," SPEAKER explained.

"Will the Right Hon. Gentleman kindly state them?" said ATKINSON, folding his arms, and looking triumphantly round the House. Had the SPEAKER now. He would go into particulars. Sure to leave opening for master of argumentative tactics; ATKINSON would dart in and pink him amid applause of Senate. Public business might be delayed, but what of that? House liked intellectual treat.

SPEAKER, however, not so unwary as he looked. Took no notice of ATKINSON's inquiry; went on to next business. ATKINSON wrote to Clerks for explanation. No reply; so to-day gives notice of Vote of Censure on SPEAKER and Clerks.

"Sorry to be driven to this course, dear TOBY," he said, when I ventured to remonstrate with him on his remorseless career; "have the greatest respect for the SPEAKER; shrink from depriving the Clerks at table of means of livelihood. But an example must be made. Effect not confined to walls of this Chamber. My Motion of Censure on the SPEAKER will strike terror to the House of Lords, and go long way to deliver my noble friend DENMAN from thralldom under which a too sensitive nature lies bound hand and foot. The House need apprehend no inconvenience to the course of public business. Last night, in response to a bait artfully thrown out by Mr. TIMOTHY HEALY, I felt it my duty to rise in my place and announce that nothing would induce me to take office under the Crown. But in the matter of the SPEAKER, I shall recognise my personal responsibility, and when, in consequence of my Motion of Censure, he withdraws into private life, I will take the Chair."

*Business done.*—In Committee of Supply.

*Thursday.*—Haven't seen SEYMOUR KEAY lately. Report in House is, that he has been close and interested attendant on CATHCART case. Rumour receives some confirmation from circumstance that to-day, CATHCART case concluded, KEAY suddenly turns up full of spirits and valuable information. Subject (Land Purchase Bill back from Lords) particularly attractive to him, since it is bristling with obscurities. Once, when a Lords Amendment submitted, TIM HEALY asked what it meant. MADDEN sprang up with reassuring alacrity and said a few words, apparently of explanation. Didn't clear up anything; TIM insisted on wanting to know, you know; MADDEN nervously read and reread Amendment; couldn't make head or tale of it, but wouldn't do for ATTORNEY-GENERAL for



Lalor's Lament.

IRELAND to say so. Accordingly smiled on TIM with pitying air of superiority. "Couldn't understand what the Lords meant by their Amendment? Well, well; surprised at such confession from one of TIM's acuteness."

Prince ARTHUR all the while turning over Amendment; at length interposed. "The Hon. and learned Gentleman opposite," he observed, "asks for an explanation of this Amendment; I frankly tell him I cannot give it. I don't understand it myself, and as it would be undesirable to include in the Act a provision that might lead to controversy, we will strike it out."

"And thus are our laws made!" said SHIRESS WILLS, throwing out his hands in astonishment.

Certainly a narrow escape. It was after this that KEAY's patent-leather boots glistened on the floor of House as he walked up to take seat below Gangway. Determined to make up for lost time; led astray in all directions; SPEAKER called him to order with increasing sternness; HENNIKER HEATON asked if he might move that for rest of Session he be no longer heard; SPEAKER evidently sorely tempted; here was a short sure way out of the difficulty. Flattered a moment, then rose heroically to sense of duty; put aside proposal, and KEAY went on again for another half-hour. "A long rigmarole," JOKIM called the speech. This not Parliamentary, but no one objected.

*Business done.*—Land Purchase Bill got ready for Royal Assent.

*Friday.*—Nothing can exceed MORTON's obliging disposition; talked for half an hour just now on subject of fortune-telling. Members can't prevent ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS from making speeches, but they needn't listen; so kept up lively conversation whilst ALPHEUS talked to CLEOPHAS. When he sat down, it appeared he had desired that his remarks should reach ear of Home Secretary; concluded by asking question; MATTHEWS unwarily protested, that, owing to noise in House, he had not been able to catch the drift of the Hon. Gentleman's remarks.

"Oh, very well," said ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS, "I'll repeat them."

"No! no!" MATTHEWS almost shrieked.

"No trouble at all," said ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS, and he set off again, making his speech once more. *Business done.*—Very little.



"Thus are our Laws made!"

#### FOR THE BENEFIT OF ZOILUS.

SHAKESPEARE speaks of "the maiden virtue of the Crown." And the word "maiden" bears, in certain constructions, the meanings, "fresh, new, youthful, &c." But when Mr. Punch, comparing generally "Fifty Years Syne" with To-day, says:—

"Then HER MAJESTY, a Maiden Queen, fresh graced the Throne,"

"A SEPTUAGENARIAN" acidly objects, and twits Mr. Punch with premature failure of memory. "Aha! I know that man!" says Mr. P. Mr. Punch, of course, merely meant that about fifty years ago HER MAJESTY was a very youthful Sovereign. Moreover, the comparison made between "Then and Now" was not intended to be confined rigorously to "July 17, 1841," as is shown in the previous stanza, which says:—

"Then Tom Hood could sing that Song which moved a world to tears,"

meaning "The Song of the Shirt," which, as explained in a foot-note, was not published until 1843. Had Mr. Punch written with the fear of ZOILUS before his eyes, he might have appended another foot-note, to explain—for the benefit of ZOILUS—that he did not mean to convey the idea that HER MAJESTY was unmarried when he first made his appearance. Where to the reply of the Public—all but ZOILUS—would probably have been, "Whoever supposed you did?"

"THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME!"—Among the names of those who, within the last ten years, have done good work for Mr. Punch ought to have appeared that of Mr. SAVILE CLARKE, whose *cri du cœur* from foreign shores has reached Mr. P.'s ears and touched Mr. P.'s heart.

L'ENTENTE CORDIALE.—A portion of the French Fleet is soon to be entertained on English shores. The first of these vessels sighted as it approaches will be sufficient evidence of their French ship towards us.



## LARKS FOR LONDONERS.

SIR,—Certainly throw open all our Town Halls for gratuitous concerts and dances! But that's not half enough. Some of us don't care for dancing, and abhor music. What I propose is that Free Billiard-tables should be established in each parish. Billiards is much better exercise than sitting still on a chair listening to singing. Then there ought to be places where one could get municipal tobacco without paying for it. Tobacco is just as much a necessary of life as education—more so, in fact, in my opinion. On winter evenings it would also be nice to be able to step over to one's Town Hall and have a glass or two of free ale, or "wine from the wood"—also from the rates. I don't pay rates myself, as I happen to live in a flat, but I am sure the ratepayers will immediately recognise the justice of my demands.

UNBIASED.

SIR,—By all means let us try to give more pleasure to the people. The pleasure, however, should be of a distinctly elevating kind. I would advocate throwing open the South Kensington Natural History Museum in the evening. This would be most useful, especially to people living at the East End, and the amusement thus afforded, though perhaps not rollicking, would at all events be solid. To keep out undesirable characters, it would be as well to admit nobody who could not produce his baptismal certificate, and a recommendation from the clergyman of his parish, countersigned by a resident J. P. I am sure that people would jump at a chance of an evening among the *Coleoptera*.

Yours, NATURALIST.

SIR,—I cannot understand why people should ask for more amusement than they get at present. Have not they the Parks to walk about in? In wet weather they can take shelter under trees. In winter they ought to stay at home in the evenings, and enjoy reading aloud to their families. I would even go so far as to allow an occasional game at draughts. Chess is too exciting, and of course backgammon is out of the question, because of the deadly dice-box. For the frivolously inclined, "Puss in the Corner" is a harmless indoor game. I throw out these observations for what they may be worth, and trusting that they will not be regarded as dangerously subversive of morality, I remain,

Yours grimly,  
HOME, SWEET HOME!

SIR,—The movement for turning our Town Halls into places of amusement is an excellent one. What I would like to suggest is, that the Vestrymen should themselves take part in the entertainments. Why not have weekly theatrical performances, with parts found for all local Authorities? I feel convinced that *Hamlet*, played by our Vestry, would be worth going miles to see. The Dust Contractor could play the *Ghost*, while minor characters could be sustained by the Medical Officer of Health, the Chaplain of the Workhouse, and others; the Chairman, of course, would figure in the title rôle. A topical comic song, by the Board of Guardians, with breakdown, might serve as a pleasing interlude; breakdowns in local matters are, I believe, not unknown already. The idea is worth considering. I think the Vestrymen owe something to the ratepayers in return for the votes we give them.

Yours,  
MERRY ANDREW.

BRUISERS AND BOLUSES.—A "Champion" pugilist is even more presumptuous than a popular Pill. He claims to be "Worth a Thousand Guineas a 'Box'."

## AFTER THE SEASON.

*A Proposal Fin de Siècle.*

FAREWELL! since the Season is over,  
Ah me, but its moments were sweet!  
You are off, *via* Folkestone or Dover,  
To some Continental retreat.  
On Frenchman and German you'll lavish  
The smiles that can madden me still;  
While I, with the gillie McTAVISH,  
Am breasting the heather-clad hill.  
Oh, do you remember the dances,  
The dearest were those we sat out,  
How I frowned when detecting your glances  
On others, which caused you to pout?  
You are changeable and coy and capricious,  
A weathercock easily blown;  
But when shall I hear the delicious  
One word that proclaims you my own?



They say that an eloquent passion  
Has long become quite out of date,  
That true love is never the fashion,  
And marriage a wearisome state.  
They conjure up many a bogie,  
To guard a man's bachelor life,  
And keep him a selfish old fogey,  
And stop him from taking a wife.

They vow that a wife needs a carriage,  
And opera-boxes and stalls,  
That money's the one thing in marriage,  
And cheques are as common as calls.  
They say women shy (like some horses)  
At vows made to love and obey;  
They tell you drear tales of divorces,  
And scandals, the talk of the day.

But hang all those cynical railings,  
Just write me one exquisite line  
To say you'll look over my failings,  
And promise me you will be mine.  
And though I'm aware it's the merest  
Small matter of detail, to clear  
The ground, I may mention, my dearest,  
I've full thirty thousand a year.

BACON AND A MOUTHFUL.—Last Friday His Honour Judge BACON had to decide a case which was headed in the papers "Cagliostro-man-theon." What a mouthful! MRS. CHURCHILL-JODRELL, who was a fair defendant, won the case; and His Honour—this appeal having been made to His Honour by Mr. B. PLAYFAIR, an excellent name for any gentleman, on or off the stage, but especially for one described as "an actor,"—decided that His Honour was satisfied. Peace with His Honour!

## NEW TORY NURSERY RHYME.

*(By "A Cambridge Parson.")*

[The last reliance of the Tories in extremity is the policy of 'Dishing.'—*Sir W. Havercourt.*]

HEY diddle diddle,  
The voters we'd fiddle  
With Free Education—that "boon."  
But Wisbech birds laugh  
At such plain party "chaff,"  
And the "Dish"—at the polls—proves  
a "Spoon."

## FROM GRANDOLPH THE EXPLORER.

OH, for one hour of the Amphytrion! I can't even send you a digest of the news generally, for my power to digest is already becoming seriously impaired. Here, indeed, as say the Witches in *Macbeth* (I think it's the Witches, but haven't my *Shakspeare* handy, I mean my *Handy Shakspeare*, with me—wish I had), "Fowl is Fare." Send my Pilgrim's Scrip next week. Till then,  
Yours ever, GRANDOLPH.

## IN THE NAME OF CHARLES DIBDIN!

*A Lay for the Lifeboat Service.*

[An urgent appeal is made on behalf of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, which is declared to be "in dire financial straits," the deficit for last year being £33,000. Subscriptions and donations will be thankfully received by CHARLES DIBDIN, Esq., Secretary, R.N.L.I., 14, St. John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.]

TRUE "tuneful CHARLEY is no more,"  
As DIBDIN'S Monument informs us;  
But memory of the man who bore  
That honoured name still stirs and warms us.  
And here's another of his name,  
Who still the British Sailor's serving;  
Then who could see without sore shame  
JOHN BULL from his plain duty swerving?

Thirty-three Thousand to the bad,  
Our Lifeboat Service, once our glory?  
Nay, JOHN, that will not do, my lad;  
Next year must tell a different story.  
Think, what would "tuneful CHARLEY" say  
To such a thing? In racy lingo,  
Upon our backs his lash he'd lay,  
And give the slothful Britons "stingo."

Thirty-five thousand lives they've saved,  
Our Life-boat rescuers, already.  
The seas around our shores they've braved,  
With valour prompt and patience steady.  
Shall they be flogged for *L. S. D.*,  
Because JOHN BULL his pockets buttons?  
Then the old keepers of the Sea  
Must be, in pluck, as dead as muttons.

True, lads, on such a text as this  
"We sadly miss old CHARLEY'S line;"  
But were we mute, Neptune would hiss  
His sons degenerate off the brine.  
Old "CHARLEY" spins his yarns no more!  
He's dead, as *Scrooge* declared old *Marley*.  
What then? Wake up, from shore to shore,  
And—send your guineas to *Young CHARLEY*!

## "Great Scot!"

[Extorted, by circumstances beyond his control, from a stolid but unsuccessful Saxon Shootist at Bisley and Wimbledon, after the match at the latter place between picked twentys of the London Scottish and the London Rifle Brigade, won easily by the former team.]

OH! the Scot lot are all cracks at a shot,  
And extremely successful at Hunting the Pot.  
This particular "Saxon" the hump has got,  
Being licked by a team which is Picked and Scot.



## SETTING THEIR CAPS AT HIM; OR, AN AUTOCRAT IN ODD COMPANY.

["Never," said the CZAR, at the Imperial dinner to which the Officers of the French Fleet were invited, "could I have believed that Republican Sailors, that Republican Soldiers, could have such a bearing."—*Times*.]

"The CZAR has, at the instance of the United States, ordered a temporary relaxation of the measures for the expulsion of the Jews from Russia."—*Times*."



*Autocrat (aside).* "HUMPH! CHARMING CREATURES, BOTH; BUT CAN'T SAY I LIKE THEIR COSTUMES!"

"How happy could I be with either?"  
 Humph! N-n-o-o, I can hardly say *that*!  
 Yet here we are, tripping together,  
 Republics and proud Autocrat!  
 Two cats and a Boreal Bruin!—  
 So satire will say, I've no doubt.

And some will declare it must ruin  
 The Russdom once ruled by the knout.  
 I wonder—I very much wonder—  
 What NICK to this sight would have said—  
 I fear he'd have looked black as thunder,  
 And savage as RUTIC the Red.

For this did we lose the Crimea?  
 For this did we larrup the Jews?  
 I really had not an idea  
 Republics could rule—and amuse.  
 Miss FRANCE looks extremely coquettish.  
 How well Miss COLUMBIA can coax!



## THE CAPLESS MAID.

["The plaintiff gave evidence that she was engaged as a sort of house and parlour-maid . . . and was discharged after she had been there nine days, because she refused to wear a cap . . . His Honour: I do not think she was bound to wear a cap."—*Daily Paper.*]

WHAT shall we do with our Maid?

How shall we treat her best?

Shall the gems that are rare be strewed in her hair?

And shall she in silks be drest?

Shall we make her a gift of gold?

Shall we make her our queen? Perhaps.

But whatever we make her, wherever we take her,

We never must make her wear caps.

Imperious, capless, supreme,

Do just as you please evermore;

And wear what you will, for we shall be

And never complain as before.

We may put all our money in mines,

We may put all our cheese into traps,

But we put, it is clear, our foot in it, dear,

When we try to put you into caps.

## THE DIFFERENCE.

["It needs no argument to show that in the summer of 1893 Mr. GLADSTONE is less likely to take an active part in any electoral contest than he can be in the spring or autumn of 1892."—*Mr. Edward Dicey, on "The Next Parliament."*]

"TIME'S on our side," said GLADSTONE. DICEY, too, Takes Edax Rerum as his friend most true.

GLADSTONE Time's "Hour Glass" trusts; but DICEY's blithe

Because his hopes are centred on Time's scythe.

Faith lives in Life, but Fear's most vigorous breath

Lives "in the sure and certain hope"—of Death!

## Resignation.

"FIRE! Fire!"

"Where? where?"

SHAW's resigned.

Then find

Another one!

Many gone?

Fire! Where?

Here's a scare!!

## A NEW WAY OF PAYING CHURCH DEBTS.

(*Vide "Liverpool Daily Post," July 23, 1891.*)



The Teuton, no doubt, will look pettish,  
The Briton will grumble "a hoax."

Aha! I can snub a Lord Mayor,

And give shouting Emperors a hint;

I back *La Belle France*. Her betrayer

My meaning must see, plain as print.

My reply to the great Guildhall grumble

Had less of politeness than pith,

But—well I've no wish so to humble

My friend Mr. EMORY SMITH,

Or CRAWFORD, the Consul. No thank ye,

*Persona gratissima*, he;

And therefore I yield to the Yankee

The boon I refused to J. B.

But yet, all the same, it is funny

To see Three like us in One Boat.

COLUMBIA looks dulcet as honey,

Miss F.'s every glance is a gloat.

I never imagined Republics

Could have such a "bearing" as these.

Enjoyingly as a bear cub licks

The comb sweetly filled by the bees,

I list to their flattering chatter;

Their voices are pleasant—in praise;

But—well, though it seems a small matter,

I don't like that dashed "*Marseillaise*."

And "*Israel in Egypt*" sounds pointed

'Pd Pharaoh the miscreants—but stay,

My soliloquy's getting disjointed.

I've promised! COLUMBIA looks gay,

*La Belle France* displays a *grande pas-*

*sion*;

My arms they unitedly press.

One thing though; the Phrygian fashion

Is not *my* ideal of dress.

They swear that they both love me dearly,

Their "best of old Autocrat Chaps!"

They are setting their Caps at me, clearly,

But,—well, I don't quite like the Caps!

## UPON A GLOVE.

(*After the fashion—more or less—of Herrick.*)

Oh, limp and leathery type of Social Sham,

And Legislative Flap!

Which cunning CUNNINGHAME and MATTHEWS

cool

(Both prompt to play the fool,

In free-lance fashion or official form)

Prattled of, 'midst a storm

Of crackling laughter, and ironic cheers,

And sniggering, "Hear, hears!"—

Thou summest well the humbug of our lives.

The fistic "bunch of fives"

Is not like JULIA's jewelled "palm of milk"

Shrouded in kid or silk,

But JULIA was a sensuous little "sell"

And SMITH and PRITCHARD—well,

One would not like a clump upon the head

From the teak-noddled "TED,"

Or e'en a straight sockdollager from "JEM;"

But somehow "bhoys" like them,

Who mill three rounds to an uproarious

"house,"

And only nap "a mouse,"

Though one before the end of the third bout

Is clean "knocked out,"—

Such burly, brawny buffetters for hire,

Who in ten minutes tire.

And clutch the ropes, and turn a Titan back

To shun the impending thwack,—

Such "Champions" smack as much of trick

and pelf

As venal JULIA's self.

GRAHAM may be a "specialist," no doubt,

And "What is a knock-out?"

May mystify ingenious MATTHEWS much;

But Truth's Ithuriel touch

Applied to pulpy "JEM" and steely "TED,"

(Of "slightly swollen" head)

As well as unsophisticated COBB,

(If Truth were "on the job,")

Might find False Show and Pharisaic

"Stodge,"

And Law-evading dodge,

Dissimulating "Innocence," sham bravery,

Blind Justice, lynx-eyed knavery,

All the material the Satirist loves,

In those same "four-ounce gloves"!

## OMITTED FROM PORTRAIT GALLERY

AT THE ROYAL NAVAL EXHIBITION.

Portrait of William Hatley, Black-Eye'd Susan, and Captain Crostree, R.N.

Portrait of Tom Bowline. Also a picture of Davy Jones, to be presented by Mr. Frederick Locker.

A Horse Marine, A.D. 1815.

Portrait of William Taylor, as a gay young fellow. Also his affianced bride, as "William Carr," after she had "dabbled her lily-white hands in the nasty pitch and tar."

Picture of somebody, name unknown, inquiring of Benjamin Bolt whether or no he happened to remember "Sweet Alice, sweet Alice with hair so brown, who wept with delight when you (B.B.) gave her a smile, and trembled with fear at your (B.B.'s) frown?" The portrait also of the aforesaid Alice, evidently rather a weak-minded young person.

Also pictures of "Pol" and "Partner Joe;" and a likeness of "Black Brandon," very rare, in "penny plain" form, or "two-pence coloured."



## WITH THE B. M. A. AT BOURNEMOUTH.

In order to satisfy myself as to truth in conflicting reports about Bournemouth as a summer resort, I take express 12'30 from Waterloo, and go straight away to my terminus, stopping, if I remember rightly, only twice on the road. First-rate run, through lovely scenery, with the London and South-Western Pack; found at Waterloo, and, with the exception of a slight check of only three



"WELCOME THE COMING—"

"There, my dear Sir; there's your room, and I'm only charmed to have your company."—*Extract from Speech of the Hearty Hotel-Proprietor to Un-illustrious Visitor.* minutes at Southampton Water—scent generally lost where water is, I believe—and another of a few seconds at Brockenhurst, ran into our quarry at Bournemouth Station West, in just two hours and a half. [Happy Thought.—Lunch en route, between 12'30 and 3. Pullman cars attached to some trains, not all. Certainly recommend Pullman, where possible; all comforts at hand for eating and drinking: likewise smoking-room, &c., &c.] Generally understood that the Monte Carlo, or Nice, or Monaco, or Riviera of England. May be it is; if so, Monte Carlo and the rest can't be so hot in summer as they are painted, for Bournemouth just now is (I speak of the last week in July) at a delightfully mean temperature,—if I may be allowed to use the word "mean" without implying any sort of disrespect for the Bournemouthers.

Bournemouth apparently crowded. Do not remember it on any previous occasional visit, in autumn or spring, so crowded as at this present moment. Odd!

"Not at all," explains flyman; "British Medical Association here. All sorts of festivities. Hotels all crowded. Lodgings too."

If the worst come to the worst, I shall have to spend a night in a bathing-machine. Not bad; if fine. Can be called early; then sea-bath; also man to bring hot water and towels. While speculating on this probability, we arrive at

Royal Bath Hotel.—Flag flying, showing that British Medical Association Family are at home. Other flags elsewhere express same idea. B. M. A. at home everywhere, of course. Array of servants in brown liveries and gilt buttons in outer hall, preparing to receive visitors. Pleasant and courteous Manager—evidently Manager—with foreign accent receives me smilingly. "Any difficulty about rooms?" I ask, nervously. "None whatever in your case," returns courteous Manager, bowing most graciously as he emphasises the possessive pronoun. In the hall are trim young ladies, pleasant matronly ladies, chorus of young porters and old porters, all smiling, and awaiting my lightest bow and heaviest baggage. I am "to be shown up." (*Absit omen!*) However, I am shown up. Charming room: sea-view, nearly all the views from the windows of Royal Bath are sea-views, take the Bath which way you will; and the welcome is so warm, it ought to be The Warm Bath Hotel.

I am looking for something which has probably been left in the hall. "Let me see," I say, musingly, to myself, as I look round; "where's my waterproof with two capes? I've missed—er—" I hesitate, being still uncertain.

A sprightly Boots is going hurriedly out of the room. He pauses in his swift career, as if catching my last words. I hear him repeat, "Missed—er—" and then "Capes." To this he adds, sharply, "Yes, Sir, I'll tell him," and vanishes.

"Tell him?" Oh, probably he means that he will tell the other Boots to bring up my waterproof with the double capes. But to make assurance doubly sure, I go to the top of the stairs and call out, "Wrapper—with two capes—probably in the hall—don't see it here." To which, from somewhere down below in obscurity, the voice of the Boots comes up to me, "Capes in the hall," then something inaudible, finishing with, "up there."

I return to my apartment. Lovely view. Open window. Balmy and refreshing breeze. Becoming aware of the fact that I have left the door open, expecting return of Boots with waterproof wrapper, I am turning to shut it, when "to me enters" as the old stage-directions have it, a distinguished-looking gentleman, bearded and moustached, white-vested, and generally "in full fig." (*Mem.—Write to Notes and Queries, Unde derivatur—"Full fig?"*) who advances briskly but quietly towards me. My visitor has evidently made some mistake in the number of his room. At least, I hope the mistake isn't on my part, or on the urbane Manager's part, in putting me up here. Smart visitor bows. I am about to explain that he is in error, and that this is my room, when he deprecates any remark by saying, "Delighted to meet you; my name is CAPES. The porter told me you wished to see me. I am sure, Sir, I am more than delighted to see you!" and he proffers his hand, which I take and shake heartily, at the same time wondering where on earth we have met before, and why he should be so effusively joyful at seeing me again. Suddenly, as I release his hand, I see where the mistake is, and how it has arisen. A brilliant flash of memory recalls to my mind that in an advertisement I have read how this hotel belongs to Mr. CAPES,—Mr. NORFOLK CAPES, F.R.G.S., &c., &c. This amiable gentleman who bids me welcome so heartily is the Proprietor himself. I also am delighted. "Very kind of him to take this trouble," I say.

"Not at all," he won't hear of there being any special kindness on his part. And as to trouble!—well, he scouts that idea with an energetic wave of his hand. Now, he wants to know, what will I do, where will I go, what will I take? Section A. of the Medical Association is meeting in the Town Hall, but I shall be late for that; or "perhaps," suggests the considerate Proprietor, "you would like to rest a bit before dinner at seven. Then there's the Concert afterwards. I have tickets for you, and no doubt on your return you'll have a cigar in the smoking-room with your friends, and be glad to get to bed."

I thank him: most kind. I say, smilingly, that "No doubt, shall meet some friends;" a remark which seems to tickle him immensely. As a matter of fact, however, I confide to him that I should prefer keeping myself quiet this evening, as I have so much to do to-morrow morning.

"Of course you have," assents the Proprietor most sympathetically. "And you'd like to rest as much as possible to-night after your journey. You'd like a table to yourself a little later. No—no—no thanks, I'm only too delighted."

And, so saying, the kind Proprietor leaves me to see to the hundred-and-one things he has to do to-day, only stopping the Boots, who now arrives with the double-caped waterproof I had sent him for, to point me out to him, and to tell him to order a private table for me in the *salle à manger* "at—at?"—he queries—and I reply by inquiring if I may fix it for 7'45, as the room will be quieter then. "Certainly," says Mr. NORFOLK CAPES, without making the slightest difficulty about it. Then, turning to Boots, he says, "7'45," whereupon Boots repeats the mystic formula. And thus 'tis arranged.

Delightful gardens of Hotel. Stroll out on to cliff. Beautiful air, not the least enervating. On the contrary, refreshing. Returning later on to dress, I see the *salle à manger* full to overflowing. The Medicals are all feeding well and wisely, as Medicals ought to do. A pleasant company. Only a few of the younger and idler spirits remain when I sit down to my dinner about eight. Excellent *cuisine*. Couldn't be better. Salmon-trout from Christchurch, Poole pickles, beef from Boscombe, Hampshire ham with Bournemouth beans. For wine, Peter Pommery '80; and the whole to finish with Corfe Castle Koffee, a Lyndhurst liqueur, and cigar in the sea-garden, or garden o'erlooking the sea.

Lovely night. Then, after a stroll, "to bed," as *Lady Macbeth* observes. Sensible person, *Lady Mac*.

On second thoughts will look at papers in smoking-room. Am alone at first, but in a few minutes room crowded. Medical Association has returned in force. I catch occasional bits in conversation:—

"Pity McSIMMUM (or some name very like this) couldn't come. Great pity; missed him immensely." (Here several stories about McSIMMUM, all evidently more or less good, and all interesting. I myself begin to wish that McSIMMUM had arrived. He would have been an acquisition.) More medical men of various ages and with variety of spectacles. All enjoying themselves thoroughly,—quite medical boys out for a holiday,—but every one of them, individually and collectively, intensely regretting the absence of Dr. McSIMMUM. I hear the voice of my friend Mr. CAPES in the passage. I will ask Mr. CAPES about this celebrated Dr. McSIMMUM, whom evidently I ought to know, at least by repute. Perhaps I have known him by sight for years; perhaps he is a man with whom I often dine at the Club, and who entertains us in the smoking-room with strange stories of odd patients. His name I have heard long ago. Was it McSIMMUM? Not unlikely. Can't remember.

Mr. CAPES is energetically explaining and protesting to everybody. Amid the hum and buzz of voices, I catch what he is saying. It is, "My dear Sir, Dr. McSIMMUM is here. I've seen him. He dined



alone. He said he preferred it, as he had so much to do to-morrow." Then several exclaim, "But where is he now?" "I don't know," replies the Proprietor. "Most likely, being tired, he has gone to bed. I myself showed him to his room, No. 142, on his arrival."

Heavens! The number of my room—is 142! Not another man in there! No. . . . I see it all now. I am Dr. McSIMMUM! The real McSIMMUM hasn't arrived, and he hasn't sent a message. This accounts for my welcome, and the absence of all difficulty in obtaining a room. But if he arrives now! where shall I be?

"What's that about McSIMMUM?" says a jovial voice, coming right into the midst of them.

To which inquiry responds a chorus, "He's here! Mr. CAPES says so, but no one's seen him."

"And no one's likely to," returns the cheery speaker. "He's staying with some friends a little way out of the town. He has just sent me a note by hand to say that he won't occupy his room till to-morrow, and will be much obliged if Mr. CAPES will forward by bearer a bag that was labelled and addressed to the room taken for him here, No. 142."

"But—" exclaims the Proprietor, aghast, "but—"

At this moment I catch sight of the man with the cheery voice. Saved! I know him. It is my old friend, Sir JOHN HARTLEY, M.D., who, years ago, told me there was nothing the matter with me, only I must take a holiday and go abroad to get better (most excellent advice, and I've never been quite well since), and who now exclaims, with all his old breadth of manner, "What you here! Bravo! We'll make you an honorary member!"

The Proprietor looks at me, and I at the Proprietor. I know what is passing through the mind of Mr. NORFOLK CAPES, F.R.G.S. and P.R.B.H. I hasten to relieve his anxiety by saying, "Thanks; I'm here only for the night; I'm off to-morrow. I've just come down here to look for a house. By the way, I rather think that Dr. McSIMMUM's bag must be in my room. Let's see."

So I depart with the Proprietor. Explanations *en route*. Dr. McSIMMUM's bag has been placed in my room, I should say in *his* room. But I've got the apartment, and if it hadn't been for the mistake, I should have been homeless and houseless, and a wanderer on the face of the sand at Bournemouth. Must write to that best of all doctors, McSIMMUM, and thank him for not coming to-night.

As it is I spend a delightful evening with the Members of the B. M. A. here assembled, in the smoking-room. The conversation is chiefly about the use of alcohol and tobacco as poisons. The decision



"—SPEED THE PARTING GUEST."

arrived at towards one o'clock A.M., or, more correctly speaking, the Inn-decision, is that, on this particular occasion, one glass more of something or other, and just one last pipe or cigar, cannot possibly hurt anybody. This is carried *nem. con.*: and so, subsequently, we adjourn, not carried but walking, soberly and honestly, to bed.

Next morning up with the lark, indeed a trifle earlier, and after examining Bournemouth and finding excellent residences up above in beautiful air where it must always be breezy, I thank Mr. NORFOLK CAPES, F.R.G.S. and P.R.B.H. for the hospitality shown me in his exceptionally pleasant house, and I return by the swift 2.5 P.M. train, which lands me at Vauxhall at 4.30 to the moment. Of course I am now expecting my diploma as Honorary Member of the British Medical Association.

ANOTHER JUBILEE.—That of the Old Stagers at Canterbury. Free List entirely suspended at the Theatre, with the exception of just *A Scrap of Paper* in the house.

## KURDS AND AWAY!

INDIGNANT we spoke out, and any amount  
Of strong language we used when we read the account,  
And a tear slowly rolled down our cheek  
when we heard  
Of the youthful Miss G. and the Kidnapping  
Kurd.



We sat in our chairs, and, quite reckless of  
life, [knife;  
We wiped out the insult with war to the  
And it only redoubled our anger to read  
That the girl—so they said—had abandoned  
her creed.

Such a thing was absurd, and, of course,  
wasn't true;  
Much perplexed, we all wondered what we  
ought for to do,

Though we heard with delight they were on the girl's track,  
And we wept in our joy when we knew she was back.

But the wonderful ending remains to be told,  
For the maiden was fond of the warrior bold,  
And embracing her husband (as is usual with brides)  
Mrs. AZIZ embraced his religion besides.

So our tears were all wasted, our threats all in vain,  
We can now feel quite calm and collected again.  
At the fate of the lady we all should rejoice,  
She is happy with AZIZ, the man of her choice.

Good luck to the bridegroom! Good luck to the bride!  
Good luck to the knot they have hastily tied!  
With all due respect, let us venture to say  
That we hope from her Kurd she will not run away!

## ROBERT SEES THE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN.

WELL, I have seen some grandly hintresting sites in my time, I have, but never, no never, did I see anything to ekal the pacter as I seed on the werry larst day of July larst week, when, by such a series of good lucks as I ardy ever had afore, I was priveledged for to see the Rite Honorable the Lord MARE prepare hisself, with his two lately be-nighted Sheriffs, in the most scrumptions of their many rich dresses, and with the solid gold Carsket as was guv to the HEMPERER of GARMANY about a fortnight ago, and had most misteriously cum back from abroad, all for to be photo-graffed altogether in one big grupe, with all the Aldermen as they could find handy in their rich crimson silk dresses, and several werry Common Counsellors and Town Clarks and Remembreners, et setterer, in horder as the longing world may see what sorts of Gents they was, and how they all looked when in their werry best close, and with their lovely solid gold decorations on (as the HEMPERER and the Prince of WALES begged and prayed as they might have one a-peace) who arranged and carried out the grandest show of modern times, wiz, when the GERMAN HEMPERER and his wife cum to Guildhall. Oh, wasn't they a long wile before the Gent could get 'em all into good places, and didn't they all look sollem, when he said, "Quite steddly, please!"



But not noboddy as reddily gives a ginny for a mere copy of what I saw dun, will see all I saw without paying no ginny, and that was, to see the hole grand pacter built up, as it were, beginning with the Lord MARE in his white hermine robe of poverty and his black Cocked Hat of Power all most bewtifoolly and kindly arranged for him by the hartistic Sheriff.

And then what a lesson on trew humility, to see the Lord MARE, in all his glory, retire to the Committee's dressing-room, and there strip hisself to his werry shirt-sleeves and clothe hisself in the mere hordnary close of common humanety!

Ah! I henvys no man his percession of the bewtifooll Photygraff, for I, almost alone, can say, tho but a pore hed Waiter, I saw the grand pacter grow like a bewtifooll dream, and then saw it fade away like a strawbery hicc on a Saumer's Day!

ROBERT.

LA POLITESSE DE PORTSMOUTH.—The French Fleet may depend upon a courteous welcome at Portsmouth by the Mayor, who is the "Pink" of Politeness.





### THE HEIGHT OF IMPROPRIETY.

*Miss Grundison, Junior.* "THERE GOES LUCY HOLROYD, ALL ALONE IN A BOAT WITH YOUNG SNIPSON AS USUAL! SO IMPRUDENT OF THEM!"

*Her Elder Sister.* "YES; HOW SHOCKING IF THEY WERE UPSET AND DROWNED—WITHOUT A CHAPERON, YOU KNOW!"

### "A LONG DISTANCE SWIM."

"[Our Session began before last year was closed. It has been a Session full of anxiety, full of fatigue. I am thankful to agree with your Lordship in thinking that the people of this country will recognise that it has been a Session of hard and valuable work.]—*Lord Salisbury at the Mansion House.*]

DON'T talk about WEBB, FINNEY, FISHER, or DALTON;

As Long Distance Swimmer our SOLLY stands first,

His wild watery way never tempted to halt on,

Undaunted by cold as by hunger or thirst.

Nine months in the waves, though, no man may enjoy;

So he's glad that at last he's in sight of the buoy.

In November last year he first entered the water,

To start on this special, most arduous swim,

It was cold, with the wind in a winterly quarter,

But winds, like the waves, have small terrors for him.

You remember accounts that the papers then gave

(Here's an extract) concerning this King of the Wave.

"SOLLY (of Hatfield), and SMIEFF (who hails from Greenlands), started yesterday (November 25), for a second attempt—the first having been a failure—to swim from Tithes Pier to Purchase Point Buoy. It was an unfavourable time of the year for such an unprecedented feat of natation, but the Hatfield Champion was confident of success. He is a perfect whale at long-distance immersions, and has been heard to talk of 'twenty years of resolute' swimming against stream as a comparative trifle. His 'pal and pardner,' SMIEFF—more commonly known as the Sanguine Old 'Un—was equally confident. Two boats accompanied the Champion, in one of which was his trusty Pilot, SMIEFF, and in the other a Party of their 'Mutual Friends.' One thing, indeed, was in the Hatfield man's favour; his lately cocky and contemptuous competitors had been 'weeded out' by a fortuitous series of adverse circumstances, including what SOLLY, in a spirit of cynical but excusable elation, subsequently called 'that beneficent disease, the Influenza.' The Irish Contingent, which not long ago looked dangerous, had become so thoroughly demoralised by mutual hostilities and disputes between them and their backers, that there was not a single 'Paddy' prepared to enter the water when the signal 'gun' fired for the start.

SOLLY, therefore, had it all to himself; the performance practically resolves itself into a trial of his skill and endurance, and the 'Seythe Bearer' is the only enemy against whom the Great Swimmer has to measure himself. Indeed, he covered what may be called the first stage of his long journey with ease, and in an unexpectedly short time. Nevertheless, it is to be feared that 'later on' he will have to contend against cold, little or no sun, northerly breezes, &c.; the 'flowing tide' will assuredly not always be with him, and before he gets to the end of his briny journey, even the Hatfield Wonder will probably have 'had enough of it.'

True prognostication! But skilful natation

Despite some "anxiety" and much "fatigue,"

Has "pulled SOLLY through" to his "pardner's elation."

Together they've plodded o'er many a league

Of big tumbling billows. See those in the rear!

They were ridden with skill, though regarded with fear.

"The flowing tide" fails him, but side-stroke and breast-stroke

Alternately serve him; fatigued but unhurt,

Like CÆSAR, he swims. "Now mate, put on your best stroke!"

Sings out faithful SMIEFFY, his pilot. "One spurt,

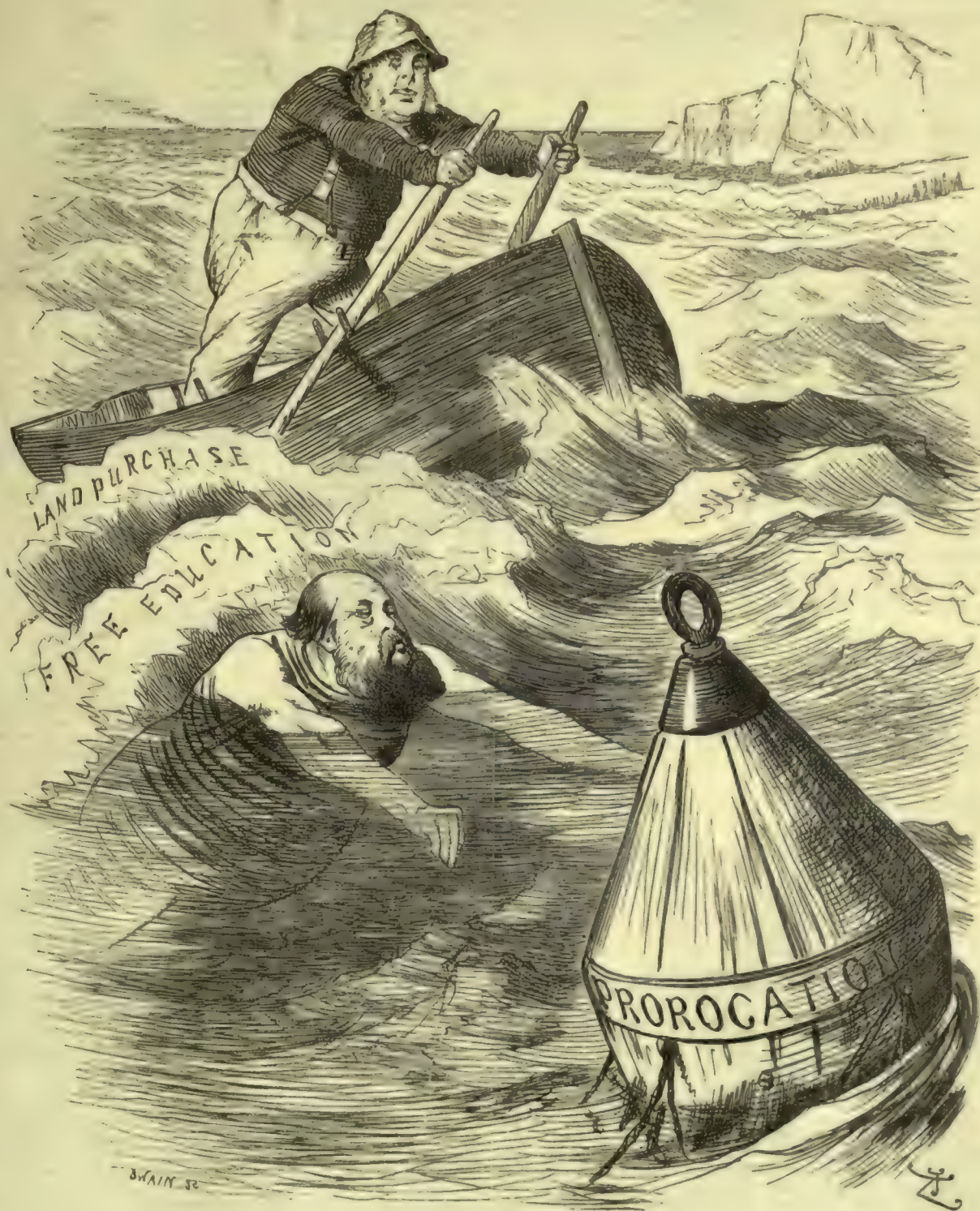
My SOL! Two or three more strong strokes and 'tis done;

Our Long Swim, for the Buoy is at hand, and we've won!"

OPERATIC BIRDS.—M. MAUREL can sing but didn't wish to sing in Mr. ISIDORE DE TRA-LA-LARA's new Opera, *The Light of Asia*. Where was TRA-LA-LARA when *The Light of Asia* didn't come out? M. MAUREL seems to have said, that, if the Opera were produced this season, he'd be blown if he sang, and the Opera would probably be damned, theatrically and operatically speaking. That's the Moral or MAUREL of the story. *The Light of Asia* mustn't be snuffed out altogether, but it may want trimming a bit, in order to shine as brightly as TRA-LA-LARA expects it to do next season. There's a good time coming, and good tunes too, we hope.

AMENDE HONORABLE.—In making up the list of outside contributors, *Mr. Punch's* Private Secretary regrets having omitted the name of JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, the friend of the Bloomsburians, and the determined foe of Mud Salad Market and Monopolisers. "J. H.," or, to reverse the initials, "HONEST JOHN," will now be satisfied.





“A LONG DISTANCE SWIM.”

W. H. SM-TH. “HOORAY!—ANOTHER STROKE OR TWO, AND WE’VE DONE IT!!”







## VOCES POPULI.

## BANK HOLIDAY.

SCENE—The Crystal Palace. The Nave is filled with a dense throng of Pleasure-seekers. Every free seat commanding the most distant view of a Variety Performance on the Great Stage, has been occupied an hour in advance. The less punctual stand and enjoy the spectacle of other persons' hats or bonnets. Gangs of Male and Female Promenaders jostle and hustle to their hearts' content, or perform the war-song and dance of the Lower-class 'AKRY, which consists in chanting "Oi tiddly-oi-toi: hoi-toi-oi!" to a double shuffle. Tired women sit on chairs and look at nothing. In the Grounds, the fancy of young men and maidens is lightly turning to thoughts of love; the first dawn of the tender passion being intimated, on the part of the youth, by chasing his charmer into a corner and partially throttling her, whereupon the maiden coyly conveys that his sentiments are not unreciprocated by thumping him between the shoulders. From time to time, two champions contend with fists for the smiles of beauty, who may usually be heard bellowing inconsolably in the background. A small but increasing per-centage have already had as much liquid refreshment as is good for them, and intend to have more. Altogether, the scene, if festive, might puzzle an Intelligent Foreigner who is more familiar with Continental ideas of enjoyment.

A Damsel (in a ruby plush hat with a mauve feather). Why, if they yn't got that bloomin' ole statue down from Charin' Cross! What's 'e doin' of down 'ere, I wonder?

Her Suain (whose feather is only pink and white paper). Doin' of? Tykin' 's d'y orf—like the rest of us are tykin' it.

The Damsel (giggling). You go on—you don't green me that w'y—a statute!

Suain. Well, yn't this what they call a "Statutory" 'Oliday, eh?

Damsel (in high appreciation of his humour). I'll fetch you sech a slap in a minnit! 'Ere, let's gow on the Swissback.

Another Damsel (in a peacock-blue hat with orange pompons). See that nekked young man on the big 'orse, ALF? It says "Castor" on the stand. 'Oo was 'e?

Alf. Oh, I'd'now. I dessay it'll be 'im as invented the Castor Ile.

The Damsel (disgusted). Fancy their puttin' up a monument to 'im!

Superior 'Arry (talking Music-halls to his Adored One). Ave you 'eard her sing "Come where the Booze is Cheapest"?

The Adored. Lots o' toimes. I do like 'er singing. She mykes sech comical soings—and then the things she sez! But I've 'eard she's very common in her tork, and that—orf the styge.

The S. A. I shouldn't wonder. Some on 'em are that way. You can't 'ave everything!

His Adored. No, it is a pity, though. 'Spouse we go out, and pl'y Kiss in the Ring?

[They do.]

## AMONG THE ETHNOLOGICAL MODELS.

Wife of British Workman (spelling out placard under Hottentot Group). "It is extremely probable that this interesting race will be completely exterminated at no very distant period." Pore things!

British Workman (with philosophy). Well, I shan't go inter mournin' for 'em, SAIRER!

Lambeth Larrikin (in a pasteboard "pickelhaube," and a false nose, thoughtfully, to BATTERSEA BILL, who is wearing an old grey chimney-pot hat, with the brim uppermost, and a tow wig, as they contemplate a party of Botocudo natives). Rum the sights these 'ere savidges make o' themselves, ain't it, BILL?

Batt. Bill (more thoughtfully). Yer right—but I dessay if you and me 'ad been born among that lot, we shouldn't care 'ow we looked!

Vauxhall Voilet (who has exchanged headgear with CHELSEA

CHORLEY—with dismal results). They are cures those blackies! Why, yer earn't 'ardly tell the men from the wimmin! I expect this lot'll be 'aving a beanfeast. See, they're plyin' their myusic.

Chelsea Chorley. Good job we can't 'ear 'em. They say as niggers' music is somethink downright horful. Give us "Hi-tiddly-hi" on that mouth-organ o' yours, will yer?

[VAUXHALL VOILET obliges on that instrument; everyone in the neighbourhood begins to jig mechanically; exeunt party, dancing.]

A Pimpily Youth. "Hopium-eater from Java." That's the stuff they gits as stooped as biled howls on—it's about time we went and did another beer.

[They retire for that purpose.]

## DURING THE FIREWORKS.

Chorus of Spectators. There's another lot o' bloomin' rockets gowin orf! Oo-oo, 'ynt that lur-uvly? What a lark if the sticks come down on somebody's 'ed! There, didyer see 'em bust? Puts me in mind of a shower o' foiry smuts. Lor, so they do—what a fancy you do 'ave, &c., &c.

## COMING HOME.

An Old Gentleman (who has come out with the object of observing

Bank Holiday manners—which he has done from a respectful distance—to his friend, as they settle down in an empty first-class compartment). There, now we shall just get comfortably off before the crush begins. Now, to me, y'know, this has been a most interesting and gratifying experience—wonderful spectacle, all that immense crowd enjoying itself in its own way—boisterously, perhaps, but, on the whole, with marvellous decorum! Really, very exhilarating to see—but you don't agree with me?

His Friend (reluctantly). Well, I must say it struck me as rather pathetic than—

The O. G. (testily). Pathetic, Sir—nonsense! I like to see people putting their heart into it, whether it's play or work. Give me a crowd—

[As if in answer to this prayer, there is a sudden irruption of typical Bank Holiday-makers into the compartment.]

Man by the Window. Third-class as good as fust, these days! There's a ole FRED! Wayo, FRED, tumble in, ole son—room for one more standin'!

["OLE FRED" plays himself in with a triumphal blast on a tin trumpet, after which he playfully hammers the roof with his stick, as he leans against the door.]

Ole Fred. Where's my blanky friend? I 'it 'im one on the jaw, and I ain't seen 'im since! (Sings, sentimentally, at the top of a naturally powerful voice.) "Com-

rides, Com-rides! Hever since we was boys! Sharin' each other's sorriers. Sharin' each hother's—beer!"

[A "paraprosdokian," which delights him to the point of repetition. The O. G. Might I ask you to make a little less disturbancee there Sir?

[Whimpers from over-tired children. Ole Fred (roaring). "I'm jolly as a Sandboy, I'm 'appy as a king! No matter what I see or 'ear, I larf at heverything! I'm the morril of my moth-ar, (to O. G.) the himage of your Par! And heverythink I see or 'ear, it makes me larf 'Ar-har!"]

[He laughs "Ar-har," after which he gives a piercing blast upon the trumpet, with stick obligato on the roof.]

The O. G. (roused). I really must beg you not to be such an infernal nuisance! There are women and children here who—

Old Fred. Shet up, ole umbereller whiskers! (Screams of laughter from women and children, which encourage him to sing again.) "An' the roof is copper-bottomed, but the chimlies are of gold. In my double-breasted mansion in the Strand!" (To people on platform, as train stops.) Come in, oh, lor, do! "Oi-tiddly-oi-toi! hoi-toi-oi!"

[The rest take up the refrain—"Ave a drink an' wet your eye," &c., and beat time with their boots.]

The O. G. If this abominable noise goes on, I shall call the guard—disgraceful, coming in drunk like this!







### THE FESTIVE FORCEPS.

(A Dream of the Dentist's Chair.)

*The Man by the Window.* 'Ere, dry up, Guv'nor—'e ain't 'ad enough to 'urt 'im, 'e ain't!

*Chorus of Females (to O. G.).* An' Bank 'Oliday, too—you orter to be ashimed o' yerself, you ought! 'E's as right as right, if you on'y let him alone!

*Old Fred (to O. G.).* Ga-arn, yer pore-'arted ole choiner boy! (Says, dismally), "Ow! for the vanished Spring-time! Ow! for the dyes gorn boy! Ow! for the"—(changing the melody)—"omeless, I wander in lonely distress. No one ter pity me—none ter caress!" (Here he sheds tears, overcome by his own pathos, but presently cheers up.) "I dornce all noight! An' I rowl 'ome toight! I'm a rare-un at a rollick, or I'm ready fur a foight." Any man 'ere wanter foight me? Don't say no, ole Frecklefoot! (To the O. G., who perspires freely.) Oh, I am enj'yin' myself!

[He keeps up this agreeable rattle, without intermission, for the remainder of the journey, which—as the train stops everywhere, and takes quite three-quarters of an hour in getting from Queen's Road, Battersea, to Victoria—affords a signal proof of his social resources, though it somewhat modifies the O. G.'s enthusiasm for the artless gaiety of a Bank Holiday.]

### "On the Square."

"A CHEQUE-MATE's a husband who's found a good catch,"  
So lip rosy lips that romance little reck.  
Yes, and many a close "matrimonial" match  
Is won by "perpetual cheque."

### AN 'UMBLE CORRECTION.

In "The New Yachting," a discursive paper, pleasantly written by Sir MORELL MACKENZIE, M.D., in *The Fortnightly* for this month, the author quotes a verse from the old song of "Jim Collins," or, as he writes it, "John Collins" (by way of proving that the drink known by that name was originated by this individual), but quotes it, to the best of our knowledge and belief, inaccurately. It was set to the air of "Jenny Jones," and thus it ran:—

"My name is JIM COLLINS,  
'Ead-vaiter at Limmers',  
The corner of Conduck Street,  
'Anover Square.

"And my hokkipashun  
Is sarvin' out liquors  
To such sportin' covies  
As chance to come there."

This, we venture to assert, savours more of the old bar and the ancient sanded floors, more of the by-gone Cider Cellars and extinct Vauxhall Gardens, more of the early mornings and late nights, more of the rough-and-ready "P. R." times, than the veneered version for the drawing-room given us by Sir M. M., M.D. We may be wrong, but—we don't think we are.

### AFTER LUNCH.

A Fancy Sketch, Copied from Cobb.

["There are numerous instances of Members of the legal profession having acquired habits of intemperance in consequence of the facilities for procuring alcoholic drinks in the building, and the difficulty of obtaining tea and coffee."—Cobb, on the Refreshment Bars of the Law Courts.]

SCENE—Apartment in the Chancery Division. Time, 2.15 P.M.  
Judge, Bar, Solicitors, and Public discovered in a state more easily imagined (by Mr. COBB) than described.

Judge (thickly). What want t'know—what-do-next? (Smiles.)  
Very hot! Very hot indeed! (Froens.)

First Q.C. (rising unsteadily). P'raps m'Lord let m' explain!  
Case of Brown-versus-Smith, should say—course—Smith-versus-Brown. (Smiles.) Absurd! Can't-say-more! (Sits down abruptly.)

Judge (angrily). Very irregular this! Commit—contempt—Court!  
Second Q.C. (leaning luxuriously on desk). P'raps m' Lord let me explain. Learned friend—drunk! (Disappears under his seat.)

Judge (angrily, to Second Q.C.). So you! so everybody! (With maudlin tenderness.) Must respect Court! (Savagely.) You are all disgusting—disgustingly—'tosticated! Adjourn—morrow mornin'!  
Usher, brandy sodah! [Scene closes in—fortunately!]

### ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 27.—Quite like old times to-night. Public business interrupted, and private Member suspended. The victim is ATKINSON, Member for Boston; been on the ram-



page all last week; a terror to the Clerks' table; haunting the SPEAKER's Chair, and making the Sergeant-at-Arms's flesh creep. Decidedly inconvenient to have a gentleman with pale salmon neck-tie and white waistcoat, suddenly popping his head round SPEAKER's Chair, and crying, "Ah, ah!" "No, you don't!" "Would you, then?" and other discursive remarks. Curious how ATKINSON, indulging in these luxuries himself, hotly resents attempts by others to enjoy similar exotics of conversation. Narrating his grievances just now, he dwelt with especial fervour on one of them. "One of the Clerks," he told the House, "when I showed him a Motion, said, 'Oh! oh!' I said, 'Don't say 'Oh! oh!' to me.'"

"Why not?" asked HANKEY, with that direct, almost abrupt manner that becomes a Magistrate for Surrey and Chairman of the Consolidated Bank. "Why not? Are you to have monopoly of this simple interjection? Are you to appropriate all the O's in the alphabet? Is not a Clerk at the Table a man and a brother, and why may he not, if the idea flashes across his active brain, say, 'Oh! oh!'"

That rather floored ATKINSON; brought him (so to speak) to his senses. Told me afterwards he had never looked on matters in that light. Great advantage having a man like HANKEY going round prepared at

moment's notice to take common-sense view of situation and depict it in terse language. Sobering effect on ATKINSON only momentary.





THE BUSY PARLIAMENTARY BEES ON THE WING.



Whilst SPEAKER was narrating circumstances on which he had based charge against him of frivolous and vexatious conduct, Member for Boston was bouncing about on seat like parched pea, shouting out, "Oh! oh!" "Ah! ah!" "No you don't!" and offering other pertinent but fragmentary remarks.

"Reminds me," said Member for SARK, "of the scene in the Varden household, when Miss Miggs returns expecting to be re-instated in her old place of predominance, near the person of Dolly's mother. You remember how, when she finds the game is up, she turns rusty, and betrays her mistress's ability to 'faint away stone dead whenever she had the inclinations so to do?' 'Of course,' Miss Miggs continues, 'I never see such cases with my own eyes. Ho, no! He, he, he! Nor master neither! Ho, no! He, he, he!'"

So ATKINSON kept up a running commentary on observations of successive Members, including SQUIRE of MALWOOD and JOKIM. JOKIM at one time, startled by "Oh! oh!" sounding in his right ear as he was making very ordinary observation, nearly fell over the folded hands he was nervously rubbing. Situation growing embarrassing, ATKINSON popping up with ever-increasing vivacity; his "Oh! oh's!" and his "No! no's!" growing in frequency and stormy intensity. Must be got rid of somehow; but supposing he won't go? Must JOKIM and the Squire, as Mover and Seconder of Motion for expulsion, lead him bodily forth? or would the Sergeant-at-Arms be called on, and should we see revival of the old game, when BRADLAUGH and dear old friend GOSSET used to perform a *pas de deux* between the gaping doorway and the astonished Mace? Happily ATKINSON (still like Miss Miggs, as SARK insists) suddenly collapsed.

"It is usual," observed the SPEAKER, "at this point for an Hon. Member to withdraw."

"Oh! Oh!" said ATKINSON, "withdraw? Then I withdraw. But," and here he dropped his voice to impressive whisper, "*I will come back.*" Then, gathering up his papers, he tripped lightly forth, and the Varden household—I mean the House of Commons, dropped once more into commonplace.

*Business done.*—ATKINSON expelled for a week.

*Tuesday.*—SQUIRE of MALWOOD dropped into poetry, and was much pleased with little exercise. Backed up JOKIM in Motion suspending Twelve o'Clock rule, so as to sit to all hours of the night, and wind up business of Session. "We may," he observed, "apply, with a little variation, the late Mr. MOORE's verse:—

"The best of all ways to shorten our days  
Is to steal a few hours from the night."

"That doesn't scan," said CHILDERS, who is nothing if not critical.

"Of course it doesn't," said the SQUIRE, testily; "there are a pair of feet left out. But you know, TOBY, how they run. The last line should be, 'Is to steal a few hours from the night, my Love.' Now, theoretically, and in accordance with order, all our observations are directed personally to the SPEAKER. Imagine what would have been said if I had completed the quotation! I should have been accused of frivolity, and perhaps suspended, like ATKINSON. No, Sir, I know what I'm about, even when quoting poetry."

Mention this to illustrate the state of terrorism existing in House just now, after blow that fell on ATKINSON. Only man who prattles on unconscious of impending doom is MORTON. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS not at all satisfied with condition of affairs. ATKINSON has stolen march on him; left him nowhere. Determined to-night to pull up lost way. In Committee on Irish Votes moved to reduce charge for Dublin Police by £1000; proposed to show at some length charge is excessive. Committee thought Irish Members might be left to look after that for themselves. Howled at ALPHEUS continuously for space of ten minutes; then he sat down, moving reduction in dumb show.

Pity Prince of NAPLES hadn't chosen this time for visit; would have given him much livelier impression of the place than he gained when he sat in Gallery just after Questions, listening to CLARK discoursing about Scotch Crofters to audience of nineteen, including SPEAKER. *Business done.*—Committee of Supply.

*Wednesday.*—House rapidly thinning; AKERS-DOUGLAS has hard work to keep his men together; falling off like leaves in wintry

weather. Been a long Session, and a weary one. Only sense of duty to our QUEEN and Country kept us here unto this last.

"And now I'm off," said SAGE of QUEEN ANNE'S GATE. "I don't know how you'll get on without me, dear boys."

"We'll try, we'll try," murmured the Conservatives gathered in the smoke-room for the last cigarette.

"You see," the SAGE continued, "some lives are valuable to the country, and must be cared for, whatever violence is done to private feeling. For my part, I would much rather be here, but RUSTEM ROOSE, He-who-is-to-be-Obedyed, has ordered me to Marienbad, and I go. 'But,' like ATKINSON and another ancient Roman (of whom you may have read in school-books), 'I return.' In the meanwhile, take care of Mr. G. Don't let him overwork himself, or ruthlessly endanger his health. It is precious to all of us, more especially to some of his colleagues on the Front Bench. I often think of what will happen when he retires from the scene. I fancy there will be a kind of Suttee. There are quite a lot of old wives in his political establishment, who cannot resist, what must, indeed, be their natural inclination, the call to immolate themselves on the funeral pyre. There's —, and —, and —." (Wild horses couldn't drag these names from me. Anyone interested should write to the SAGE, *Poste Restante Marienbad.*) "They could not think of lingering on the political scene after the retirement of the head of the family. I shall certainly attend the Suttee. It will be an interesting and ennobling spectacle. It will, moreover, make some room on the newly constructed Treasury Bench."

*Business done.*—SAGE goes off by the Club train. The two muffled-up figures seen in the background of the station are emissaries of AKERS-DOUGLAS charged with the mission of ascertaining whether he's really gone.

*Saturday.*—House sitting to-day. Should have prorogued yesterday at latest; but, somehow, drifting on; Members, for their part, drifting off: affairs reached lowest level; business practically wound up; but House must needs sit another week in order that Appropriation Bill may be got through all its stages, and so the Constitution saved.

Looking round the dull and deadly scene, discover WADDY, Q.C., with legs engagingly intertwined, and the forefinger that has wagged a verdict out of many juries resting on his massive brow. "Got a headache?" I asked, that being the most natural thing under the circumstances.

"No, I've got an idea. I'll pair' go off for my well-earned holiday, leaving others to look after the Appropriation Bill."

"So will I," I said, suddenly caught and borne away by that enthusiasm which has so often influenced amount of damages in breach of promise cases. *Business done.*—Practically finished. TOBY, M.P., pairs for remaining days of Session.

#### AULD-(ER)-MAN GRAY.

(The Song of a Coming Celebrity.)

[Alderman GRAY is to be the next Lord Mayor, unopposed, on retirement of Alderman EVANS.]

WHEN SAVORY has ruled a twelvemonths to a day,  
Guid EVANS he'll withdraw to give place to lucky GRAY;  
To Auld-(er)-man GRAY, who shall rule in the Ci-tee,  
GRAY was clearly born to be great—and I am he!  
I gang like a host, though 'tis airy to begin;  
I try not to be proud, for that wad be a sin,  
But I will do my best a guid Lord Mayor to be,  
For Auld-(er)-man GRAY will soon rule in the Ci-tee!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*Legal Fiction.*—The Lord Chief Justice was certainly a little severe in his remarks on Stock Exchange morality, and it is natural that you should feel hurt at the ignorant criticism of a mere outsider. As you remark, there can be no question but that the Stock Exchange affords the highest example in this country of a school of honour and virtue. What is called "Legal Intelligence" is often very defective.



## A TERRIBLE TALE.



ALAS! it had of course to be!  
 For weeks I had not left my  
 room. [me]  
 When one fell day there came on  
 An awful doom.  
 A burly rough, who drank and  
 swore, [shout—]  
 Without a word—I could not  
 Attacked me brutally, and tore  
 My nails right out.  
 Then, dragging me out to the air—  
 No well-conducted conscience  
 pricked him—  
 He mercilessly beat me there,  
 His helpless victim.  
 With cruel zest he beat me well,  
 He beat me till in parts I grew—  
 I shudder as the tale I tell—  
 All black and blue.  
 But what on earth he was about,  
 I could not guess, do what I  
 would; [out]  
 But when at length he cleaned me  
 I understood.  
 Yet do not shed a tear,  
 because  
 You've heard my story  
 told in metre, [was]  
 For I'm a Carpet, and he  
 A Carpet-Beater.

## LEAVES FROM A CANDIDATE'S DIARY.

*Thursday, June 12.*—Letters from Billsbury arrive by every post, Horticultural Societies, sea-side excursions, Sunday School pic-nics, cricket club fêtes, all demand subscriptions, and, as a rule, get them. If this goes on much longer I shall be wound up in the Bankruptcy Court. Shall have to make a stand soon, but how to begin is the difficulty. Pretty certain in any case to put my foot down in the wrong place, and offend everybody. Amongst other letters came this one:—

4, Stone Street, Billsbury, June 10.

SIR,—I venture to appeal to your generosity in a matter which I am sure you will recognise to be of the highest importance. My services to the Conservative Party in Billsbury are well-known. I can safely say that no man has, during the last ten years, worked harder than I have to promote Conservative interests, and for a smaller reward. My exertions at the last election brought on a violent attack of malarial fever, which laid me up for some months, and from which I still suffer. The shaky character of my hand-writing attests the sufferings I have gone through, and the shattered condition of my bodily health at the present moment. I lost my situation as head-clerk in the Export Department of the Ironmongers' Association, and found myself, at the age of forty, compelled to begin life again with a wife and three children. Everything I have turned my hand to has failed, and I am in dire want. May I ask you, under these circumstances, to be so good as to advance me £500 for a few months. I will give any security you like. Perhaps I might repay some part of the loan by doing work for you during the election. This must be a small matter to a wealthy and generous man like you. To me it is a matter of life and death. Anxiously awaiting your early and favourable reply, and begging you to keep this application a secret.

I remain, Sir, Yours, faithfully, HENRY PIDGIN.

That sounded heart-breaking, but I happened to know that Mr. PIDGIN's "malarial fever" was nothing but *delirium tremens*, brought on by a prolonged course of drunkenness. Hence his shaky handwriting, &c. BLISSOP had warned



"I will give any security you like."

me against him. Wrote back that, in view of the Corrupt Practices Act, it was impossible for me to relieve individual cases.

Called on the PENFOLDS this afternoon. They are up from Billsbury for their stay in London, and have got a house in Eaton Square. To my surprise found Mrs. BELLAMY and MARY there. That was awkward, especially as MARY looked at me, as I thought, very meaningfully, and asked me if I didn't think SOPHY PENFOLD sweetly pretty. I muttered something about preferring a darker type of beauty (MARY's hair is as black as my hat), to which MARY replied that perhaps, after all, that kind of pink and white beauty with hair like tow was rather insipid. The BELLAMYS it seems met the PENFOLDS at a dinner last week, and the girls struck up a friendship, this call being the result. Young PENFOLD, whom I had never seen before, was there and was infernally attentive to MARY. He's in the 24th Lancers, and looks like a barber's block. Mrs. BELLAMY said to me, "I've been hearing so much about you from dear Lady PENFOLD. They all have the highest opinion of you. In fact, Lady PENFOLD said she felt quite like a mother to you. And how kind of you to buy so many things from Miss PENFOLD at the Bazaar. What are my father's noble lines?"

"True kindness is no blustering rogue that struts  
 With empty mouthings on the stage of life,  
 But, like a tender, timid plant that shuts  
 At every touch, it shrinks from noisy strife."

(And so forth, I've forgotten the rest.) "I love kindness," continued Mrs. BELLAMY, "in young men. By the way, will you excuse a short invitation, and dine with us the day after to-morrow? All the PENFOLDS are coming." I said yes, and made up my mind that I must settle matters with MARY one way or another before complications got worse, or young PENFOLD made any more progress. I felt all the afternoon as if I'd committed a crime.

*Friday, June 13th.*—Three cheers. I've done it. Called on the BELLAMYS to-day. Found MARY alone. She was very sarcastic, but at last I could stand it no longer, and told her I had never loved and never should love anybody but her. Then she burst into tears, and I—anyhow she's promised to marry me. Have to interview Mrs. BELLAMY to-morrow. No time to do it to-day, as she was out till late. Chuck her up!

Mother received the news very well. "Accepted you, my darling boy?" she said. "Of course she did. How could she do otherwise? Bring her to see me soon. She shall, of course, have all the family jewels immediately, and the dining-room furniture too. There'll be a few other trifles too. I daresay, that you'll be glad of." Dear Mother, she's the kindest soul in the world. Carlo has been informed of the news, and is said to have manifested an extraordinarily intelligent appreciation of it, by insisting on a second helping for supper. He's a remarkable dog.

## "SEMPER EADEM."

"[THE position of the Jews in Russia becomes daily more terrible. An order that they are henceforth to work upon their Sabbath and holy festivals is about to be issued and put in force.]—*Standard*.—"A most pertinent illustration of the falsity of repeated rumours and reports representing in some cases a strong disposition, and in others an actual decision, on the part of the Czar and the Russian Government, to alleviate the miseries of the Jews."—*Times*.]

Who said the scourge should slacken? Who foretold  
 The goad should cease, the shackle loose its hold?  
 The wish, perchance, fathered once more the thought,  
 Though long experience against it fought.  
 Not so! The Czar's in Muscovy, and all  
 Is well with—Tyranny! The harried thrall  
 Shall still be harried, though, a little while,  
 The Autocrat on the Republic smile;  
 The Jew shall be robbed, banished, outraged still,  
 Although the tyrant, with a shuddering thrill  
 Diplomacy scarce hides, for some brief days  
 Must listen to the hated "*Marseillaise*!"  
 Fear not, Fanatic! Despot do not doubt!  
 The rule of Orthodoxy and the Knout  
 Is not yet over wholly. France may woo,  
 Columbia plead, the Jew is still the Jew;  
 And, spite of weak humanitarian fuss,  
 CÆsar be praised, the Russ is still the Russ!

A GROUSE OUTRAGE.—Shooting them before the Twelfth.



## "WON'T WORK!"

AIR—"St. Patrick's Day in the Morning." Irish Sportsman sings:—



ST. PATRICK, they say,  
Kicked the snakes in the say,  
But, ochone! if he'd had such a hound-pack  
as mine,  
I fancy the Saint,  
(Without further complaint)

Would have toed the whole troop of them  
into the brine.  
Once they shivered and stared,  
At my whip-cracking scared;  
Now the clayrics with mitre and crosier and  
book,

Put the scumfish on me,  
And, so far as I see,  
There's scarce a dog-crayture  
But's changed in his nature.  
I must beat some game up by hook or by  
crook,



But my chances of Sport  
Are cut terribly short  
On St. Grouse's Day in the morning!

With a thundering polthogue,  
And the toe of my brogue,  
I'd like to kick both of 'em devil knows  
where!

Sure I broke 'em meself,  
And, so long "on the shelf"  
They ought to be docile, the dogs of my care.  
O'BRIEN mongrel villin,  
And as for our DILLON  
Just look at him ranging afar at his will!  
I thought, true as steel,  
They would both come to heel,  
Making up for the pack  
Whistled off by false MAC,  
As though he'd ever shoot with my patience  
and skill!

To me ye'll not stick, Sirs?  
What devil's elixirs  
Tempt ye on the Twelfth in the morning?

Plague on ye, come back!  
Och! ye villainous pack,  
Ye slaves of the Saxon, ye blind bastard  
bunch!

Whelps weak and unstable,  
I only am able  
The Celt-hating Sassenach wholly to  
s-c-r-r-unch!

Yet for me ye won't work,  
But sneak homeward and shirk,  
Ye've an eye on the ould spider, GLADSTONE,  
a Saxon!

He'll sell ye, no doubt.  
Sure, a pig with ring'd snout  
Is a far boulder baste  
Than such mongrels! The taste  
Of the triple-plied thong BULL will lay your  
base backs on  
Will soon make ye moan  
That ye left me alone  
On St. Grouse's Day in the morning!

### TO LORD TENNYSON.

On His Eighty-second Birthday, August 6, 1891.

AY! "After many a summer dies the Swan."  
But singing dies, if we may trust the Muse.  
And sweet thou singest as when fully ran  
Youth's flood-tide. Not to thee did Dawn  
refuse

The dual gift. Our new Tithonus thou,  
On whom the indignant Hours work not  
their will,  
Seeing that, though old age may trench thy  
brow,

It cannot chill thy soul, or mar thy skill.  
Aurora's rosy shadows bathe thee yet,  
Nor coldy. "Give me immortality!"

Tithonus cried, and lingered to regret  
The careless given boon. Not so with thee.  
Such immortality is thine as clings  
To "happy men that have the power to  
die."

The Singer lives on whilst the Song he sings  
Charms the world's heart. Such immor-  
tality

Is better than unending lapse of years,  
For that the great god-gift, Eternal Youth,  
Accompanies it; the failures, the chill fears  
Tithonus knew thou may'st be spared in  
truth,

Seeing that thine Aurora's quickening breath  
Lives in thee whilst thou livest, so that thou  
Needst neither dread nor pray for kindly  
Death,

Like "that grey shadow once a man."  
And now,  
Great Singer, still we wish thee length of  
days,  
Song-power unslackened, and unfading bays!

• "Tithonus."



### VICISSITUDES OF A RISING PERIODICAL.

*The Proprietor.* "I'LL TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, SHARDSON, I'M GETTING SICK OF THE 'OLE BLOOMIN' SHOW! THE KNACKER AIN'T SELLING A SCRAP—NO NOTICE TOOK OF US ANYWHERE—NOT A BLOOMIN' ADVERTISEMENT! AND YET THERE AIN'T 'ARDLY A LIVIN' ENGLISHMAN OF MARK, FROM TENNYSON DOWNWARDS, AS WE 'AVEN'T SHOWN UP AND PITCHED INTO, AND DRAGGED 'IS NAME IN THE MUD!" *The Editor.* "DON'T LET 'S THROW UP THE SPONGE YET, OLD MAN! LET 'S GIVE THE DEAD 'UNS A TURN—LET 'S HAVE A SHY AT THACKERAY, BROWNING, GEORGE ELIOT, OR, BETTER STILL, LET 'S DESPATTER GENERAL GORDON AND CARDINAL NEWMAN A BIT,—THAT OUGHT TO FETCH 'EM A FEW, AND BRING US INTO NOTICE!"

WHAT HOE! RAIKES!—When King RICHARD—no, beg his pardon, Mr. RICHARD KING—says, as quoted in the *Times*, "That he can only assume that Mr. RAIKES purposely availed himself of a technicality to cover a statement which was a palpable *suggestio falsi*," he throws something unpleasant into the teeth of RAIKES. It is as well to remember that rakes have teeth.

"LATINÉ DOCTUS."—A Cantab, neither a first-rate sailor nor a first-class classic, arrived at Calais after a rough passage, looking, as his friend, who met him on the *quai*, observed, "so changed he would hardly have known him." "That's it," replied the staggering graduate, "*quantum mutatus ab illow*." Oh! he must have been bad!

WHAT IS A "DEMOGRAPHER"?—Those Londoners who ask this question will have already obtained a practical answer, as, this week, London is full of Demographers, to whom *Mr. Punch*, Grand Master of all Demographers (or "writers for the people"), gives a hearty welcome. All hail to "The New Democracy!"

### THE SONG THAT BROKE MY HEART.

I PAUSED in a crowded street,  
I only desired to ride—  
Only to wait for a Hammersmith 'bus  
With room for myself outside;  
When I caught the nastiest tune  
My ear had ever heard,  
And asked the Police to take it away,  
But never a man of them stirred.

So the singer still sang on;  
She would not, would not go;  
She sang a song of the year before last  
That struck me as rather low.  
She followed with one that was high,  
That made the tear-drops start,  
That was "Hi-tiddy-i-ti! Hi-ti!-hi!"  
The song that broke my heart!



## 'ARRY ON A 'OUSE-BOAT.



EAR CHARLIE,—It's 'ot, and no error! Summer on us, at last, with a bust; Ninety odd in the shade as I write, I've a 'ed, and a thunderin' thurst. Can't go on the trot at this tempyture, though I'm on 'oliday still; So I'll pull out my eskrytor, CHARLIE, and give you a touch of my quill.

If you find as my fist runs to size, set it down to that quill, dear old pal; Correspondents is on to me lately, complains as I write like a gal, Sixteen words to the page, and slopscreawly, all dashes and blobs. Well, it's true;

But a quill and big sprawl is the fashion, so wot is a feller to do?

Didn't spot you at 'Enley, old oyster—I did 'ope you'd shove in your oar. We 'ad a rare barney, I tell you, although a bit spiled by the pour. 'Ad a invite to 'OPKINS's 'Ouse-boat, prime pitch, and swell party, yer know, Pooty girls, first-class lotion, and music. I tell yer we did let things go.

Who sez 'Enley ain't up to old form, that Society gives it the slip? Wish you could 'ave seen us—and heard us—old boy, when aboard of our ship. Peonies and poppies ain't in it for colour with our little lot, And with larfter and banjos permiskus we managed to mix it up 'ot.

My blazer was claret and mustard, my "storr" was a rainbow gone wrong; I ain't one who's ashamed of his colours, but likes 'em mixed middlingish strong.

'EMMY 'OPKINS, the fluffy-'aired daughter, a dab at a punt or canoe, Said I looked like a garden of dahlias, and showed up her neat navy blue.

Fair mashed on yours truly, Miss EMMY; but that's only jest by the way, 'ARRY ain't one to brag of *bong four tunes*; but wot I was wanting to say Is about this here "spiling the River" which snarlers set down to our sort. Bosh! CHARLIE, extreme Tommy rot! It's these sniffers as want to spile sport.

Want things all to theirselves, these old jossers, and all on the strictest Q. T. Their idea of the Thames being "spiled" by the smallest suggestion of spree,

Wy it's right down rediklus, old pal, gives a feller the ditherums, it do. I mean going for them a rare bat, and I'm game to wire in till all's blue.

Who are they, these stuckuppy snipsters, as jaw about quiet and peace, Who would silence the gay "constant-screamer" and line the Thames banks with perlice;

Who sneer about "'ARRY at 'Enley," and sniff about "cads on the course," As though it meant "Satan in Eden"? I'll 'owl at sich oafs till I'm 'oarse!

Scrap o'sandwich-greased paper 'll shock 'em, a ginger-beer bottle or "Bass," Wot 'appens to drop 'mong the lilies, or gets chucked aside on the grass, Makes 'em gasp like a frog in a frying-pan. Br-r-r-r! Wot old mivvies they are!

Got nerves like a cobweb, I reckon, a smart Banjo-twang makes 'em jar.

I'm Toffy, you know, and no flies, CHARLIE; swim with the Swells, and all that.

But I'm blowed if this bunkum don't make me inclined to turn Radical rat. "Riparian Rights," too! Oh Scissors! They'd block the Backwaters and Broads, Because me and my pals likes a lark! Serve 'em right if old BURNS busts their 'oards!

Rum blokes, these here Soshelist spouters! There's DANDEL, the Dosser, old chap.

As you've 'eard me elude to afore. Fair stone-broker, not wuth 'arf a rap,— Knows it's all Cooper's ducks with him, CHARLIE; won't run to a pint o' four 'arf.

And yet he will slate me like sugar, and give me cold beans with his charf.

Sez DANDEL—and dash his darned cheek, CHARLIE!—"Monkeys like you"— meaning *Me*!

"Give the latter-day Mammon his chance. Your idea of a lark or a spree Is all Noise, Noodle-Nonsense, and Nastiness! Dives, who wants an excuse For exclusiveness, finds it in *you*, you contemptible coarse-ackling goose!

"Riparian rights? That's the patter of Ahab to Naboth, of course; But 'tis pickles like you make it plausible, louts such as you give it force. You make sweet Thames reaches Gehennas, the fair Norfolk Broads you befoul; You—*you*, who'd make Beulah a hell with your blatant Bank Holiday howl!

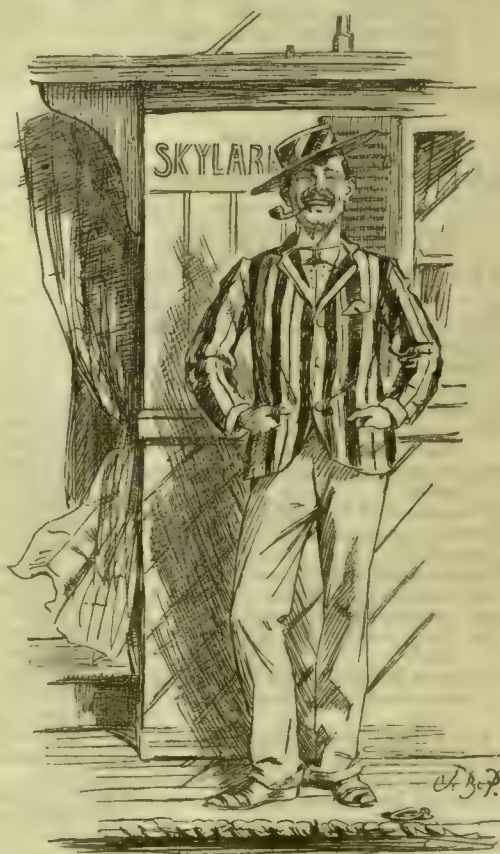
"Decent property-owners abhor you; you spread your coarse feasts on their lawns,

And 'ARRY's a hog when he feeds, and an ugly Yahoo when he yawns; You litter, and ravage, and cock-sky; you romp like a satyr obscene, And the noise of you rises to heaven till earth might blush red through her green.

"You are moneyed, sometimes, and well-tailored; but come you from Oxford or Bow,

You're a flaring offence when you lounge, and a blundering pest when you row; Your 'monkeyings' mar every pageant, your shindyings spoil every sport, And there isn't an Eden on earth but's destroyed when it's 'ARRY's resort.

"Then monopolist Mammon may chuckle, Riparian Ahabs rejoice; There's excuse in your Caliban aspect, your hoarse and ear-torturing voice,



You pitiful Cockney-born Cloten, you slum-bred Silenus, 'tis you Spoil the silver-streamed Thames for Pan-lovers, and all the nymph-worshipping crew!"

I've "reported" as near as no matter! I don't understand more than arf [classical charf. Of his patter; he's precious given to poetry and



But the cheek on it, CHARLIE! A Stone-broke! I should like to give him wot for,  
Only DANIEL the Dosser's a dab orf of whom t'ain't so easy to score.

But it's time that this bunkum was bunnicked, bin fur too much on it of late—

Us on 'OPKINS's 'Ouse-boat, I tell yer, cared nix for the ink-spiller's "slate."

I mean doin' them Broads later on, for free fishing and shooting, that's flat. If I don't give them dash'd Norfolk Dumplings a doing, I'll 'eat my old 'at.

Rooral quiet, and rest, and refinement? Oh, let 'em go home and eat coke.

These fussy old footlers whose 'air stands on hend at a row-de-dow joke,

The song of the skylark sounds pooty, but "skylarking" song's better fun, And you can't do the rooral to-rights on a tract and a tuppenny bun.

As to colour, and kick-up, and sing-song, our party was fair to the front;

But we wosn't alone; lots of toppers, in 'Ouse-Boat, or four-ear, or punt,

Wos a doin' the rorty and rosy as lively as 'OPKINS's lot,

Ah! the swells sling it out pooty thick; they ain't stashed by no ink-spiller's rot.

Bright blazers, and twingle-twang banjoes, and bottles of Bass, my dear boy,

Lots of dashing, and splashing, and "mashing" are things every man must enjoy,

And the petticoats 'ain't fur behind 'em, you bet. While top-ropes I can carry,

It ain't soap-board slop about "Quiet" will put the clear kibosh on 'ARRY.

## HOW TO SPEND A HOLIDAY ON SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES.

(A Page from the Diary of an Enthusiast in search of Rest.)

"It is a good rule of practice to devote one portion of a short vacation to the serious and necessary business of doing nothing, and doing it very thoroughly too."—*Letter to the Times.*

AT last my time for rest has arrived. Musn't be idle, though. Dr. MORTIMER GRANVILLE says it would be most injurious to my health. Must hunt up precedents for leisure leading to no results. Let me see—why not try the British Museum? Sure to find something useful there—and useless, which will be more appropriate.

Take an omnibus. See one in the distance. Hail it. Conductor takes no notice! Shout and hurry after it. Try to attract attention of the driver. Failure. Capital commencement to my labours. Had my run for nothing!

Victory! Stopped one partially occupied. No room outside. Enter interior. Six passengers on one seat. Five on the other. The half dozen regard me with contemptuous indifference. The five make no room. Explain that I want a seat. Remark received in silence. Sit down on knee of small boy. Mother (next him) expostulates—angrily. Chorus of indignant beholders. Conductor is impertinent. Ask for his number, he asks for my fare. Pay him. While this is going on, young woman has entered omnibus, and taken vacant seat. Conductor counts places, says there is no room. Can't carry me. Won't give back fare—has torn off ticket. Says I must get out. Say I will report him. Impudent again. Getting out drop ticket. Incident subsequently (to my later satisfaction) leads to nothing!

Won't have anything more to do with the omnibuses. Enter hansom—old man (the driver) smiles civilly when I say "British Museum." Now, I must seriously rest. Go to sleep. Slumber until awakened by a jolt. Look out. Find myself near the river. Strikes me that the Thames is not close to the Museum. Appeal to cabman through the hole in the roof. Difficulty in attracting his attention. Stop him at last. Ask him why he did not take me to the Museum. He smiles and says he didn't hear me—he is deaf! Very angry. He expostulates, civilly. He saw I was asleep and didn't wish to disturb me! He has been driving up and down the Thames Embankment for the last three hours—charge seven and sixpence. Don't see my way out of the difficulty, except by payment. He thanks me, and suggests that he shall now drive

me to the Museum for eighteen-pence. Very angry and refuse. He is hailed by someone else, and is off to pick up his new fare. On consideration it seems to me that my anger has led to nothing. Nothing—just what I wanted, but not exactly at the right moment.

Rather hungry. Enter a restaurant. Crowded with gentlemen wearing hats—who seem to be on intimate terms with the waiters. Get a bill of fare which is thrust into my hands by an attendant loaded with dishes. Let me see—what shall I have? "Lamb's head and peas." Have never tried this dish. Might be good. Waiter (who seems to be revolving, like the planetary system, in an orbit) reaches me, and I shout what I want. He replies, "Sorry, Sir, just off," and vanishes. Look up something else. "Liver and bacon." Not had it for years! Used to like it. On reappearance of the planetary waiter, give my order. He nods and vanishes. Wait patiently. Rather annoyed that my nearest neighbour has used my part of the table for a dish containing broad beans. Glare at him. No result. Planetary waiter has passed me twice—stop him angrily the third time. He is less busy now—he pauses. He thrusts bill of fare before me, and asks me "what I would please to want." Explode and shout in tones of thunder, "Liver and bacon!" He disappears, and comes back a few minutes later, saying, "Very sorry, but when I first ordered it, liver and bacon was on—now it's off. Will I have a chop?" Reply angrily, "No." Same answer to "Steak," "Duck and green peas," "A cut off the beef joint," and "Irish stew." Waiter asks (with forced civility), "What will I have?" I return, as I leave the restaurant, "Nothing!" On regaining the street (although hungry) I am pleased to think that I am still obeying Dr. MORTIMER GRANVILLE's directions!

No use trying cab or omnibus. Both failures. Why not walk? Good way of wasting time, so begin to go northward, and in due course get to Bloomsbury. Enter Museum. Umbrella seized. Approach Reading Room. Civil attendant informs me that the Library is closed—taking stock, or something! Then I have come all this way for nothing! Angry, but inwardly contented. Doing nothing "very thoroughly!"

Turn back. Why not go to a theatre? Certainly. Go to four in succession, and find them all closed! Well, good way of wasting time. Shall I visit one of the Exhibitions? Chelsea or Earl's Court? After consideration, come to the conclusion that this would be worse than doing nothing. Must draw the line somewhere!

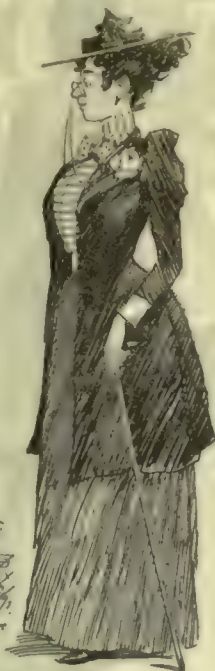
After all, there is no place like home. Or shall I go to my Club? Yes. Get there. Find it is being repaired, and that the members are taken in somewhere else. Hate new scenes and new faces. Return to my first idea, and make for my private address; but feel that it may be rather dull, as my wife and the children are at the seaside. Still, somebody can get me a little supper. At least, I hope so. Find my latch-key is of no use, on account of the chain being up. Ring angrily, when a charwoman in a bonnet appears, and explains that the servants, not expecting me home so early, have gone to the play, having locked up the larder. Charwoman agrees with me that it is disgraceful—especially the locking up of the larder.

However, it can't be helped. Make up my mind to go to bed, and get fast asleep, thoroughly tired out with the labours of a day spent in doing absolutely nothing! Hope (in my dreams) that Dr. MORTIMER GRANVILLE will be satisfied!

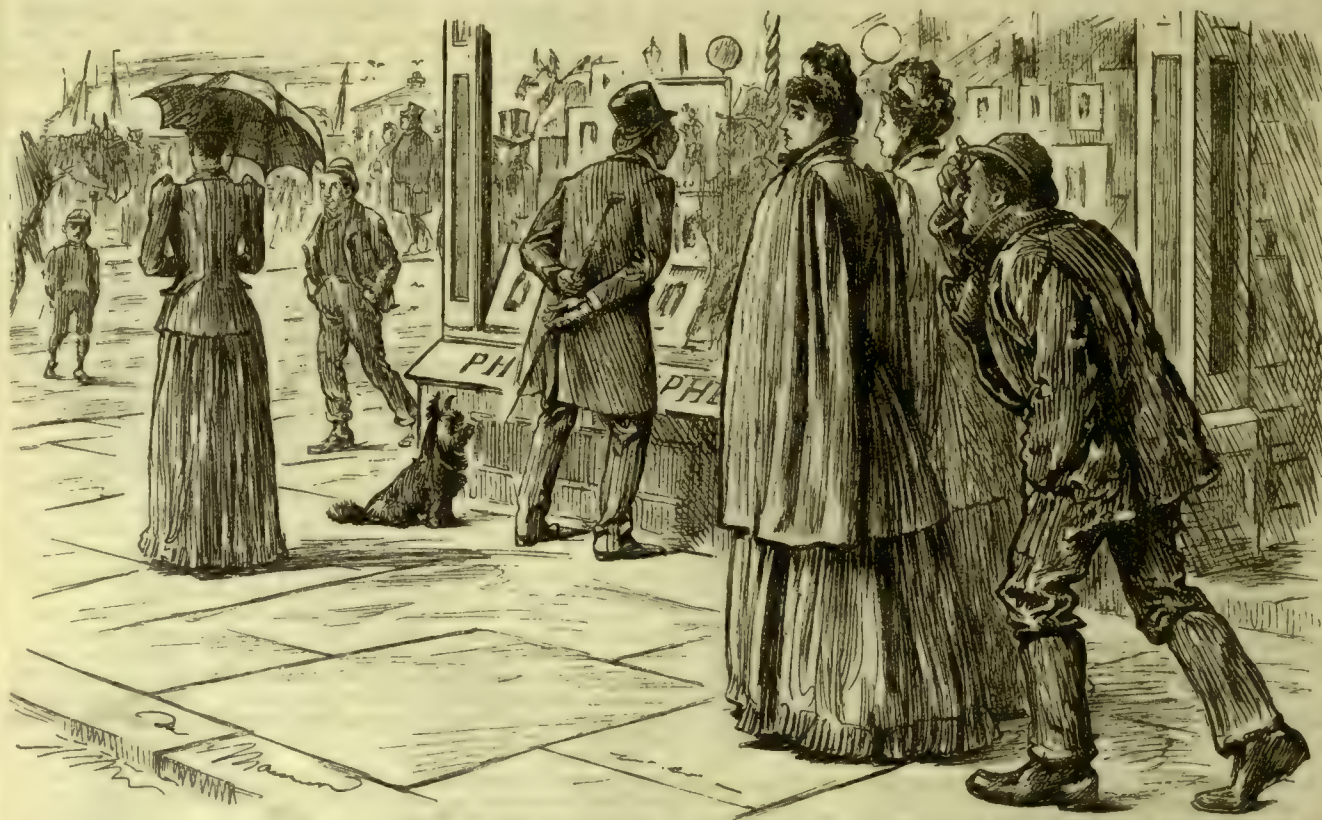
## "Our Children's Ears."

WHETHER they'll be as long as those of Midas,  
Or stand out salient from either side as  
A close-cropped ARRY's, at right angles set  
To his flat jowl, we cannot settle, yet;  
But in one thing, at least, a score they'll chalk—  
They will not hear the stuff their fathers talk!

DEFINITION.—"La haute Cuisine"—the kitchen on the top flat of a ten-storey'd mansion.







### AN INSINUATING WHISPER.

"JUST LOOK, LAURA! WHAT A LOVELY LITTLE DOG THAT OLD GENTLEMAN'S GOT! HOW I WISH HE WAS MINE!"  
 "SHALL OI GIT 'IM FOR YER, LYDY?"

### "HAVE WE FORGOTTEN GORDON?"

[Lord TENNYSON, under this heading, writes appealing to Englishmen for subscriptions to the funds of the "Gordon Boys' Home" at Woking, which is in want of £40,000. Contributions should be sent to the Treasurer, General Sir DIGHTON PROBYN, V.C., Marlborough House, Pall Mall.]

ARE we sleeping? "*Have we forgotten?*" Like the thrust of an Arab spear  
 Comes that conscience-piercing question from the Singer of Haslemere.

Have we indeed forgotten the hero we so be-sang,  
 When across the far south sand-wastes the news of his murder rang?

Forgotten? So it had seemed to him, as alone afar he lay,  
 With the Nile to watch for laggard friends, fierce foes to hold at bay;  
 Though the tired red lines toiled onward up the Cataracts, and we  
 Dreamed of the shout of the rescuing host *his* eyes should never see.

When chivalrous BURNABY lay slain, with a smile in the face of death,  
 And for happy news from the hungry wastes men yearned with bated breath;

When WILSON pushed his eager way past torrent-swirl and crag,  
 Till they saw o'er GORDON's citadel wave high—the MAHDI's flag.

That shame was surely enough, enough, that sorrow had a sting  
 Our England should not court again. The Laureate's accents ring  
 With scorn suppressed, a scorn deserved indeed, if still our part  
 Is to forget a purpose high that was dear to GORDON's heart.

"This earth has borne no simpler, nobler man." So then sang he  
 Who sounds a keen reveille now. "Can you help us?" What say we?

Oh, out on words, that come like WOLSELEY's host too late—too late!  
 Do—do, in the simple silent way that made lost GORDON great.

Surely these Boys that GORDON loved in the Home with GORDON's  
 name  
 Should speak to every English heart that cares for our England's  
 fame;

And what be forty thousand pounds as an offering made to him  
 Who held so high that same bright fame some do their worst to dim!

Fit task for patriot poet, this! TYRTÆUS never stood  
 More worthily for heroic hearts or his home-land's highest good.  
 Give! give! and with free hands! His spirit's poor, his soul is  
 hard,  
 Who heeds not our noblest Hero's appeal through the lips of our  
 noblest Bard!

A REMINISCENCE AND A QUOTATION.—It is reported that two  
 Gaiety burlesque-writers are about to re-do *Black-Eye'd Susan*  
 "up to date," of course, as is now the fashion. As the typical  
 melodramatic tragedian observes, "'Tis now some twenty-five years  
 ago" that FRED DEWAR strutted the first of his five hundred nights  
 or so on the stage as *Captain Crosstree*, that PATTY OLIVER sang  
 with trilling effect her "*Pretty Seesuan*," and that DANVERS, as  
*Dame Hatly*, danced like a rag-doll in a fantoccini-show. To quote  
 the Poet CRABBE, and to go some way back in doing so,—

"I see no more within our borough's bound  
 The name of DANVERS!"

Which lines will be found in No. XVII. of the Poet's "Posthumous  
 Tales."

### The Modern Traveller.

In a restaurant—Pullman he books  
 His seat, a luxurious craze.  
 Most travellers now take their Cooks,  
 And everyone's going to Gaze.

IBERIAN-HIBERNIAN.—Sir,—In Ireland since the time when the  
 Armada came to grief on its coasts, there have always existed Spanish  
 names, either pure, as in the instance of Valencia, or slightly mixed.  
 In Spain the Celtic names are found in the same way, and an  
 instance occurs on the border-land of Spain and Southern France, in  
 the name of the place to which the Spanish Premier has gone for his  
 holiday, viz., Bagnères-de-Bigorre. If "*Bigorre*" isn't "*Begorra*,"  
 what is it?  
 DON PATRICK DE CORQUEZ.





“HAVE WE FORGOTTEN GORDON?”







## A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

(Thoroughly New Style.)

BELINDA dear, once on a time  
I doted on your every feature,  
I wrote you *billets doux* in rhyme  
In which I called you "charming creature."

No lover half  
so keen  
as I,  
Than mine  
no ardent  
passion  
stronger,  
So I should  
like to tell  
you why  
I cannot love  
you any  
longer.

When I was  
yours and  
you were  
mine,  
Your hair,  
I thought,  
was most  
delightful,  
But now,  
through  
Fashion's  
last design,  
It looks, to  
my taste,  
simply  
frightful!  
Though why  
this should  
be I don't  
know,

For I can think of nothing madder  
Than hair decked out in coils that go  
To make what seems to be a ladder.

Unhappy day, when first you dressed  
Your tresses thus—how you must rue it!  
For you yourself, you know, confessed  
It took you several hours to do it.  
Oh, tell me, is it but a snare  
Designed to captivate another,  
Or do you merely bind your hair  
Because you're bidden by your mother?

Again—you will not take it ill—  
You are, my dear, distinctly dumpy:  
A flowing cape it's certain will  
Well—not become one short and stumpy.  
Yet since, although you are not tall,  
You wear a cape, you may take my word  
That in the mouths of one and all  
You have become a very byword.

So this is why my love has fled—  
If ever there should come a season  
When you shall show some sense instead  
Of such an utter lack of reason,  
If I should still be fancy free,  
Why then it's only right to mention  
That, if you care to write to me,  
I'll give your claims my best attention.

A NOTE.—In *Black and White* for August 8 there is a large picture representing a group of English Dramatists, amongst whom please specially notice a figure intended for Mr. W. S. GILBERT (it was thoughtful and kind of the artist to put the names below), who is apparently explaining to a select few why he has been compelled to come out in this strange old coat and these queer collars. All the Dramatists look as cheerful as mutes at a funeral, their troubled expression of countenance probably arising from the knowledge that somewhere hidden away is a cer-



## "BURYING THE HATCHET."

(Vide Report of the L. C. &amp; D. Chairman's Speech, "Times," August 6.)

tain 'eminently unbiased Ibsenitish critic who has been engaged to do the lot in a lump. From this exhibition of collective wisdom turn to p. 203, and observe the single figure of a cabman, drawn by an artist who certainly has a Keene appreciation of the style of Mr. Punch's inimitable "C. K."

## A LESSON FROM THE R.N.E.

(For the Use of Sailors proposing to join the Royal Navy.)

Question. I think you have been to the Royal Naval Exhibition at Chelsea.

Answer. I have. I was induced to make the journey by an advertising placard posted on two official boards outside the Admiralty.

Q. What was your first impression on reaching the grounds usually open to the public, but now reserved for commercial purposes?

A. That the Public were extremely benevolent to permit so long an infringement of their right of way and other privileges.

Q. After you had entered the Exhibition, what was your initial impression?

A. That a great number of the exhibits were not very appropriate advertisements.

Q. Did you see Seamen of the Royal Navy making an exhibition of themselves in the Arena?

A. I did; and could not help contrasting with the feebly-histrionic display the recent order in Paris forbidding the French soldiers to take part in theatrical representations.

Q. Was the display of these seamen of the Royal Navy particularly impressive?

A. No, and I fancy that some of the audience who had paid an extra sixpence to see it from the Grand Stand, were slightly disappointed.

Q. Besides the cutlass and gun drill, did you see these seamen (wearing Her Majesty's uniform), take part in any other performance?

A. I did, and for this, too, an extra sixpence was charged for the use of the Grand Stand. They waded about in a sort of tank or large bath with models of ironclads on their heads.

Q. So far as you could see was this last display conducive to the maintenance of strict discipline?

A. I should say not, the more especially as I noticed towards the close of the display that the men seemed inclined to indulge in larking.

Q. Has this rare show caused you to wish to enlist in the Royal Navy?

A. Certainly not. The gun and cutlass drill before a paying audience reminded me of *The Battle of Waterloo* at Astley's.

Q. But would you not like to join the Royal Navy, so that you might be qualified to perform in a tank?

A. No; for on consideration I think if I wished to do anything in the "comic water-tournament line," I could make better terms with Mr. SANGER than the Lords of the Admiralty.

## QUEER QUERIES.—POPULAR PRICES.—

Would any reader inform me what is the lowest price at which wholesome aerated waters are sold? I have been drinking some "Shadwell Seltzer, special *cuvée*," at a penny-halfpenny the syphon, and I fancy this may have something to do with my present symptoms, which include partial paralysis of the left side, violent spasms, an almost irresistible tendency to homicide, together with excruciating pain in every part of the body. My doctor says the lead in the syphons has "permeated my system." When I am better, I intend to prosecute the manufacturer. My doctor discourages the notion. He says he does not know if an action would "lie," but he is sure the manufacturer would!—TEETOTALLER.

## HELVETIAN SIXTH-CENTURY MOTTO.—

"'Tell' est La Vie!"—en Suisse.



Boxing the Compass.





### WORK FOR THE RECESS.

MISS PARLIAMENTINA PUTS HER HOUSE IN ORDER, WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF THE COMMITTEE ON VENTILATION, ETC.



## OFF TO MASHERLAND.

(By Our Own Grandolph.)

A FEW REMINISCENCES.

BEGIN to regret dinners on board the *Granully Castle*. The other day was regretting the Amphitryon. Don't go so far back as the



Grandolph and the Wild Turkey.

Albemarle-Street Amphitryon, quite satisfied with a simple Donald Currie. [Mem. — The proverb hath much truth in it that saith, "Go farther and fare worse."] Sick of chicken. With poetic epigrammacy might say, "Quite sick Of chick." Stringy chickens, too! One has to tug at them; sort of game of "poulet-hauly"—as DRUMMY would say. Though were he here, I doubt if he would say anything. He certainly would eat nothing: probably would only open his mouth to observe, "I'm off!" and then we should see him no more. Quite right. So would I—but for "my oath, my Lord, my oath!" (N.B. — This is a quotation. Sure of it. Where from? Don't know. Tragedy probably; sounds tragic. No matter. Can give it with effect in a speech, and Members turn to one another and ask, "What's that from?" When they ask me confidentially afterwards, I reply with an air of intense surprise, "What! don't you know! Well!" and I turn on my heel, leaving CHUCKLEHEAD, M.P., annoyed with himself,—"planté là" as DRUMMY would say,—for being so ignorant, and for having displayed his ignorance so palpably. Off he goes to British Museum and searches for quotation. This gives him opportunity of acquiring much useful knowledge, which, but for me, he would not have had. Rather a long parenthesis this. So—on we goes again.)

## TO THE MINES.

A propos of exploring, the other day, a digger's assistant came up to me and inquired "If I had," as I understood him, "my gin pack'd." I returned that I never took spirits. Found out subsequently that word was spelt "mijnpacht," which is African-Dutch for "lease." Well, why didn't he say so before? Of course I have, and plenty of 'em; else why am I here?

To-day went to see the ore in the Robinson Crusoe Mines. As D.W. would say, "The site strikes me with ore!" Much interested, of course, in inspecting the Salisbury Mine. Naturally, I put in my claim for the Salisbury. What's in a name and a family, if one can't get some good out of 'em? Intend to start the "Uncle Mine." Fine chance. Any place where there's a large and fluctuating Pop-ulation (with emphasis on the "Pop"), the Uncle Mine is a certainty. But Oh, for the "pop,"—I mean the dear old fizz,—and the older it is, the dearer it is,—at the Amphitryon.

"IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?"

The Transvaal's the place for living in. Here life is life, be it never so lively. The only nuisance is the Boer; and the Boer's a hass, or rather a mule. That's my opinion of Boers individually and collectively; I make no concessions to them; hang 'em, they've already got enough. If this country had been in the hands of Englishmen, or Americans, or both jointly (talking of jointly, we'd have had better dinners than we get now—but of this anon—) with a certain person whom I can mention, and who is not a hundred miles distant from the present writer at this moment, as Head of affairs, an Imperial ruler, with power to add to his number (which number would be One, and would remain so), then this country, in a very short time, would have ruled the world. What ports, what champagnes, what railroads, what shipping, what commerce, what an

Imperial Parliament, with the Despot in the Chair in both Houses, all speeches, except the Despot's, limited to five minutes apiece, and no reduction on talking a quantity. Oh, for one hour of this power, and the Amphitryon be blown! Aha! *Grandolphus Africanus Protector* to begin with; *Grandolphus Africanus Rex* to go on with; and *Grandolphus Africanissimus Imperator* to finish with!

## REMORSE AND REGRET.

Now to dinner! On what? Yah! tough beef, woolly mutton and stringy chicken. And to think that but for the Boers, the beastly Boers, we should have had the finest teal, wild duck, venison, goslings, asparagus, French beans, best Welsh mutton, and real turtle soup every day *au choix*! But what did the Boers do? Why, they ascertained that skins and feathers, and shells, were valuable, whereupon they went to work, shot everything everywhere, sold skins and feathers, and shells! So that deer and birds hadn't a chance. If they popped out, pop went the guns like the original weasel, which some years ago was always popping, and the poor dumb animals with the pleading eyes and the tender flesh were slaughtered wholesale. In this manner, too, the game soon came to an end, as it must do whenever

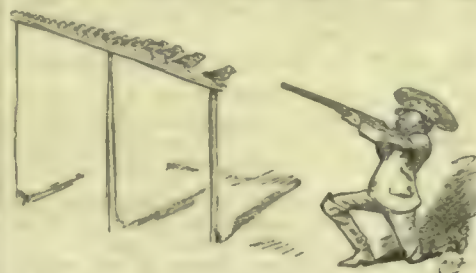


Grandolphus Africanus.

the game is so one-sided as it was here. Then, as I have said, the shells were valuable! The shells! What chance had the tortoise and the turtle? "Tis the voice of the turtle, I heard him complain." (What's that from? That's from WATTS—eh?) What chance had the peas, however wild? or a bean as broad as one of —'s after-dinner stories? Ah! it makes me sad and angry, and once again I cry Oh, for an hour, and that the dinner-hour, aboard the *Granully Castle*. Ay! even though the G. O. M. were on board; for he could appreciate the daily Currie which to me is now *perdu*. Well! so to dinner "with what appetite I may," and then on to Pretoria, of which place I think I shall change the name to Pre-radicalia or Pre-fourthpartia. You see Pre-toria implies one who was Toryer than a Tory. Aha! what is my scheme? Do you see the picture? GRANDOLPHUS IMPERATOR REX AURIFERORUM MEORUM (Latiné for "Mines") surrounded by his Pretorian Guards.

## SPORT TO US!

Went out shooting before dinner. Killed one wild turkey, after



an awful struggle, in which I very nearly got the worst of it; but fortunately the turkey was unarmed, though for all that he used his drumsticks in such a manner as in a little more would have brought flocks of other furious wild turkeys on to the scene, had I not, with great presence of mind and one small bullet



out of my spring-pea rifle managed to crack the parchment-like skin which covers his drum, and at the same time broken one of his sticks. Then he fell. Carried him home on my back. What larks! Killed four-and-twenty blackbirds at one shot as they were all sitting in a row on a rail. They were so frightened of me, it made 'em quail!! Wonderful transformation, wasn't it? But fact, all the same. Four-and-twenty quail All on a rail. Killed eighty "Koran," a Mahomedan bird, very scarce, and therefore brings in a considerable Mahomet, or, (ahem) profit? See? Shot a "Tittup"—so called on account of its peculiar action after drinking; also three early German Beerbirds, or, as the Dutchmen call them, "Spring-boks." There is another origin for this name, which is also likely, and that is that they don't appear when there's an early spring, but when the spring is rather backward then they come forward. Whichever you like, my little dear, you pays your money, &c., &c. After all these exciting adventures—"The game is cook'd, and now we'll go to dinner!"—quotation from early Dramatist, by

Yours ever,

*Grandolph the Explorer.*

#### WORTH NOTICING.

O POOR Mr. ATKINSON, victim of fate,  
Who bowed when you ought to have lifted your hat,  
When the Session is over it's far—far too late,  
To give notice of this and give notice of that.  
Your attempts to be funny are amazing to see,  
It's a dangerous venture to pose as a wit.  
Though the voters of Boston may love their M.P.,  
It may end in their giving you notice—to quit!

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*Short Papers in Magazines.*—"A starry night Is the shepherd's delight," and as this sort of night is to the pastor, so are short stories in Monthly Magazines to the Baron. Moreover, his recommendation of them is, as he knows from numerous grateful Correspondents, "a boon and a blessing" to such as follow his lead. He owns to a partiality for the weird, and if he can come across a brief "curdler," he at once singles it out for the delectation of those whose taste is in the same direction. But no curdler has he come across for some considerable time; but for short essays and tales to be read by ladies in some quiet half-hour before toiletting or untoiletting, or by the weaker sex in the smoking-room, the Baron begs to commend

"THACKERAY'S Portraits of Himself," as interesting to Thackerayans, and "A Maiden Speech," in *Murray*, for August, the latter



being rather too sketchy, though in its sketchiness artistic, as, like *Sam Weller's* love-letter, it makes you "wish as there was more of it."

Commended also by the Baron are "The Story of a Violin," by ERNEST DOWSON, and "Heera Nund," by F. A. STEEL, in *Macmillan*. If "A First Family of Tasajara" is continued as well as it is commenced in the same above-mentioned *Macmillan*, it will be about as good a tale as BRET HARTE has ever written, and that is saying a good deal, mind you.

Unfinished Stories—that is, Stories finished in style, yet, as another contradiction in terms, short stories without any end, are rather the vogue nowadays in Magazines. Let me recommend as specimens "Francesca's Revenge" in *Blackwood*, and "Disillusioned" in *London Society*.

Don't tell the Baron that these hints are unappreciated. He knows better. He can produce letters imploring him to read and notice, letters asking him what to read, and letters complaining that his advice is not more frequently given. Aware of this responsibility, he never recommends what he has not himself read, or what some trusted partner in the Firm of BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co. has not read for him. *Verb. sap.* BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

#### MISS DECIMA-HELYETT-SMITHSON-JACKSON.

ONE or two of the especially well-informed dramatic critics who, of course, had seen the original piece *Miss Helyett* in Paris, asked why the English adapter had taken the trouble to invent nine sisters for the heroine; the nine sisters never being seen and having nothing whatever to do with the plot. Here the well-informed ones were to a certain extent wrong. In the original French piece, *Miss Helyett*,—whose name, as is suggested by *Woman*, is evidently a French rendering for "Miss ELLIOT," which M. BOUCHERON "concluded was her Christian name"—speaking of herself, says to her father, "*Vous savez bien, mon père, que vous n'avez pas de plus grande admiratrice que votre onzième enfant.*" And the Reverend SMITHSON tells her, a little later, "*J'ai casé toutes tes sœurs très jeunes*—" and "*Je ne devrais pourtant pas avoir de peine à trouver un onzième gendre.*"

That is why he is travelling to get an "onzième gendre" for his "onzième enfant." The English adapter relieved Mr. SMITHSON of one of his family, and so *Miss Helyett Olcott* became *Miss Decima Jackson*, i.e., the tenth, instead of the eleventh, of the worthy pastor's family. The fact that all her sisters are married, makes single unblestness a reproach to her. No sort of purpose would have been served by such a wholesale massacre of innocents as the extinction of all *Pastor Smithson's*, alias *Jackson's*, ten "pretty chicks at one full swoop."

MISS NESVILLE, the foreign representative of *Miss Decima* at the Criterion, is uncommonly childlike and bland; moreover, she sings charmingly; while of Mr. DAVID JAMES as the pastor *Jackson* it may be said, "Sure such a *père* was never seen!" The Irishman, Mr. CHAUNCEY OLCOTT, has a mighty purty voice, and gains a hearty encore for a ditty of which the music is not particularly striking. Mr. PERCY REEVE has written words which go glibly to AUDRAN's music, and fit the situations. The piece is capably played and sung all round; and marvellous is *Miss Victor* as the Spanish mother. The *mise-en-scène* is far better here than it is in Paris, where this "musical-comedy" is still an attraction.



"Oh, shocking!"

#### HOW TO BE POPULAR.

(Advice to an Aspirant.)

DEAR SIR, if you long for the love of a nation,

If you wish to be *fêted*, applauded, caressed;

If you hope for receptions, and want an ovation,

By the populace cheered, by Town Councils addressed;

I can give you succinctly a certain receipt—

Be detected at once and denounced as a cheat.

It's as easy as lying; you eat all your cake, Sir,

And you have it as well, which was never a sin,

By adding a trifling amount to your stake, Sir,

When the points of the cards show you're certain to win.

You'll be slapped on the back by the "man in the street,"

Who delights to sing peans in praise of a cheat.

They take the poor thief or the forger to jail, oh,

Where he cleans out his cell and picks oakum all day;

You pose as a martyr and get a cheap halo

Ready-made by the public, with nothing to pay.

Believe me, dear Sir, there is nothing can beat

For triumph and joy the career of a cheat.

EXIT LA CLAQUE.—"A partir d'après demain samedi," says the *Figaro* for August 6:—"M. LEMONNIER, le Directeur d'été et l'auteur de *Madame la Maréchale*, supprime le service de la claque à l'*Ambigu*." When *Madame la Maréchale* has finished her run, will the claque be re-admitted to start a new piece? This is snubbing your friends in a time of prosperity. If the claque has the courage of its opinions—but stay, can a claque have any opinions? No: it must follow its leader; and its leader obeys orders. If ever any set of men came into a theatre "with orders," the claque is that set. Poor claque! Summoned in adversity, banished in prosperity, why not do away with it altogether, and trust to public expression of opinion for applause?



## THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

## No. III.

SCENE—On the Coach from Braine l'Alleud to Waterloo. The vehicle has a Belgian driver, but the conductor is a true-born Briton. Mr. CYRUS K. TROTTER and his daughter are behind with PODBURY. CULCHARD, who is not as yet sufficiently on speaking terms with his friend to ask for an introduction, is on the box-seat in front.

Mr. Trotter. How are you getting along, MAUD? Your seat pretty comfortable?

Miss Trotter. Well, I guess it would be about as luxurious if it hadn't got a chunk of wood nailed down the middle—it's not going to have anyone confusing it with a bed of roses just yet. (To PODB.) Your friend mad about anything? He don't seem to open his head more'n he's obliged to. I presume he don't approve of your taking up with me and Father—he keeps away from us considerable, I notice.

Podb. (awkwardly). Oh—er—I wouldn't say that, but he's a queer kind of chap rather, takes prejudices into his head and all that. I wouldn't trouble about him if I were you—not worth it, y' know.

Miss T. Thanks—but it isn't going to shorten my existence any.

[CULCH. overhears all this, with feelings that may be imagined.

Belgian Driver (to his horses). Pullep! Allez vite! Bom-bom-bom! Alright!

Conductor (to CULCHARD). 'E's very proud of 'is English, 'e is. 'Ere, JEWIS, ole feller, show the gen'l'm'n 'ow yer can do a swear. (Belgian Driver utters a string of English imprecations with the utmost fluency and good-nature.) 'Ark at 'im now! Bust my frogs! (Admiringly, and not without a sense of the appropriateness of the phrase.) But he's a caution, Sir, ain't he? I taught him most o' what he knows!

A French Passenger (to Conductor). Dis done, mon ami, est-ce qu'on peut voir d'ici le champ de bataille?

Conductor (with proper pride). It ain't no use your torkin to me, Mossos; I don't speak no French myself. (To CULCHARD.) See that field there, Sir?

Culchard (interested). On the right? Yes, what happened there?

Cond. Fine lot o' rabbits inside o' there—big fat 'uns. (To another Passenger.) No, Sir, that ain't Belly Lions as you see from 'ere; that's Mon Sin Jean, and over there Oogymong, and Chal-lyroy to the left.

## ON THE TOP OF THE MOUND.

CULCHARD, who has purchased a map in the Waterloo Museum as a means of approaching Miss TROTTER, is pounced upon by an elderly Belgian Guide in a blue blouse, from whom he finds it difficult to escape.

The Guide (fixing CULCHARD with a pair of rheumy eyes and a gnarled forefinger). You see vere is dat schmall voodt near de vite 'ouse? not dere, along my shdeek—so. Dat is vare PEECTON vas kill, Inglis Officer, PEECTON. Two days before he vas voundet in de ahum. 'E say to his sairvan, "You dell ennippoddes, I keel you!" He vandt to po in ze bataille: he vas in ze bataille—seven lance troo 'im, seven; PEECTON, Inglis Officer. (CULCHARD nods his head miserably.) Hah, you 'ave de shart dere—open 'im out vide, dat de odder shentilmans see. (CULCHARD obeys, spell-bound.) Vare you see dat blue gross, Vaterloo Shirshie, vere LOART UXBREEDGE lose 'is laig. Zey cot 'im off and purry him in ze cott-yard, and a villow grow outd of 'im. 'E com 'ere to see the villow growing outd of his laig.

Culch. (abandoning his map, and edging towards Miss TROTTER). Hem—we are gazing upon one of the landmarks of our national history—Miss TROTTER.

Miss T. That's a very interesting re-mark. I presume you must have studied up some for a reflection of that kind. Mr. PODBURY, your friend has been telling me — [She repeats CULCHARD's remark.

Podb. (with interest). Got any more of those, old fellow?

[CULCHARD moves away with disgusted hauteur.

The Guide (re-capturing him). Along dat gross vay, VELLANTON meet BLUSHAIR. Prussian general, BLUSHAIR, VELLANTON 'e com hier. I see 'im. Ven 'e see ze maundt, 'e vos vair angri. 'E say, "Eet is no ze battle-fiel' no more - I com back nexare!" Zat aidee is vere de Scots Greys vas. Ven they dell NAPOLEON 'oo zey are, 'e say. "Fine mens—splendid mens. I feenish dem in von hour!" SOULT 'e say. "Ah, Sir, you do not know dese dairable grey 'orses!" NAPOLEON 'e not know dem. SOULT 'e meet dem at de Peninsulaire—'e know dem. In dat Shirsh, dventy, dirty dablets to Inglis officers. NAPOLEON 'e coaled op 'is laift vink, zey deploy in line, vair you see my shdeek—ha, ze shentelman is gone away vonce more!

Miss Trotter (to CULCHARD, who has found himself unable to keep away). You don't seem to find that old gentleman vurry good company?

Culch. The fact is that I much prefer to receive my impressions of a scene like this in solitude.

Miss T. I should have thought you'd be too polite to tell me so; but I was moving on, anyway.

[She goes on. Before CULCHARD can follow and explain, he finds himself accosted by Mr. TROTTER.

Mr. T. I don't know as I'm as much struck by this Waterloo field as I expected, Sir. As an Amurreean, I find it doesn't come up to some of our battlefields in the War. We don't blow about those battlefields, Sir, but for style and general picturesqueness, I ain't seen nothing this side to equal them. You ever been over? You want to come over and see our country—that's what you want to do. You mustn't mind me a-running on, but when I meet someone as I can converse with in my own language—well, I just about talk myself dry.

[He talks himself dry, until rejoined by the Guide with PODBURY and Miss TROTTER.

Guide (to PODBURY). Leesten, I dell you. My vader—eighteen, no in ze Airmi, laboreur man—he see NAPOLEON standt in a sairele; officers roundt 'im. Boots, op to hier; green cott; vite vaiscott; vite laigs—

Podbury. Your father's legs?

Guide. No, Sare; my vader see NAPOLEON's laigs; leedle 'at, quite plain; no faither—nossing.

Podbury. But you just said you had a faither!

Guide. I say, NAPOLEON 'ad no faither—vat you call it?—plume—in 'is 'at, at ze bataille.

Podbury. Are you sure? I thought the history books said he "stuck a feather in his hat, and called it Macaroni."

Miss T. I presume you're thinking of our National Amurreean character, Yankee Doodle?

Guide. My vader, 'e no see NAPOLEON viz a Yankedoodle in 'is 'at; 'e wear nossing.

Podbury. Nothing? What became of the green coat and white waistcoat, then, eh?

Guide. Ah, you unnerstan' nossing at all! Leesten, I dell you vonce more. My vader—

Podbury. No, look here, my friend; you go and tell that gentleman all about it (indicating CULCHARD); he's very interested in hearing what NAPOLEON wore or didn't wear.

[The Guide takes possession of CULCHARD once more, who submits, under the impression that Miss TROTTER is a fellow-sufferer.

Guide (concluding a vivid account of the fight at Houguymont). Bot ven zey com quite nearer, zey vind ze rade line no ze Inglis soldiers—nossing bot a breck vall, viz ze moskets—'Prown Pesses,' you coal dem—shdeekin outd of ze 'oles! Ze 'oles schdill dere. Dat vas Houguymont, in the or-shairde. Now you com viz me and see ze lion. Ze dail, two piece; ze bodi, von piece; ze ball, von piece. I sank you, Sare. 'Ope you com again soon.

"Leesten, I dell you vonce more."

[CULCHARD discovers that the TROTTERS and PODBURY have gone down some time ago. At the foot of the steps he finds his friend waiting for him, alone.

Culch. (with stiff politeness). Sorry you considered it necessary to stay behind on my account. I see your American friends have already started for the station.

Podbury (gloomily). There were only two seats on that coach, and they wouldn't wait for the next. I don't know why, unless it was that they saw you coming down the steps. She can't stand you at any price.

Culch. (with some heat). Just as likely she had had enough of your buffoonery!

Podb. (with provoking good humour). Come, old chap, don't get your shirt out with me. Not my fault if she's found out you think yourself too big a swell for her, is it?

Culch. (hotly). When did I say so—or think so? It's what you've told her about me, and I must say I call it—

Podb. Don't talk bosh! Who said she was forward and bad form and all the rest of it in the courtyard that first evening? She was close by, and heard every word of it, I shouldn't wonder.

Culch. (colouring). It's not of vital importance if she did. (Whistling.) Fee-fee-fee-foo-foodle-di-fee-di-fa-fo.

Podb. Not a bit—to her. Better step out if we mean to catch that train. (Humming.) La-di-loodle-lumpy-leedle-um-ti-loo!

[They step out, PODBURY humming pleasantly and CULCHARD whistling viciously, without further conversation, until they arrive at Braine l'Alleud Station—and discover that they have just missed their train.





THE TWO EMPERORS; OR, THE CHRISTIAN CZAR AND THE HEATHEN CHINESE.



## TWO EMPERORS;

*Or, the Christian Czar and The Heathen Chinese.*

[A decree issued by the Emperor of CHINA (in connection with the recent anti-foreign agitation in that country) points out that the relations between the Chinese and the foreign missionaries have been those of peace and goodwill, and that the Christians are protected by treaty and by Imperial edicts, and commands the Governors and Lieutenant-Governors to protect the Christians and put down the leaders in the riots.]

MANY writers remark,—  
And their language is plain,  
That for cruelty dark,  
And for jealousy vain,  
The Heathen Chinese is *peculiar*.—  
In future perhaps they'll refrain.

AN-SIN has his faults,  
Which one cannot deny;  
And some recent assaults  
On the mis-sion-a-ry,  
Have been worthy of—say Christian Russia,  
When dealing with small Hebrew fry.

But the EMPEROR seems stirred  
Persecution to bar,  
Which it might be inferred  
That I mean the White CZAR;  
But I don't. On the Muscovite CZAR  
Such charity clearly would jar.

He's always the same,  
And he'll not stay *his* hand;  
The poor Jews are fair game  
In a great "Christian" Land;  
But the Lord of the Pencil Vermilion  
Rebukes *his* fanatical band.

A Heathen—of course!—  
(Whilst the CZAR is a Saint)  
But a sign of remorse  
At the Christian's complaint  
May be seen in the edict he's issued,  
Which might make a great Autocrat faint.

A Christian, 'tis true,  
To a Heathen Chinese  
Is as bad as a Jew  
Must undoubtedly be  
To an orthodox Christian of Russdom,  
Too "pious" for mere Char-i-tee.

So one Emperor stones  
His poor Israelites,  
Whilst the other one owns  
Even Christians have "rights,"  
And, although they're (of course) "foreign  
devils,"

Their peace with good-will he requites.

Which is why, I maintain  
(And my language is free)  
That the CZAR, though he's vain  
Of his Or-tho-dox-y,  
Might learn from his Emperor cousin,  
Though he's only a Heathen Chinese!

NEWS OF "OUR HENRY" (communicated by Mr. J. L. T-LE).—To our interviewer the eminent actor replied, "Yes, suffering from bad sore throat, but may talk, as it's *hoarse exercise* which has been recommended. A stirrup-cup at parting? By all means. My cob is an excellent trotter, so I pledge you, with a bumper well-in-hand. Good-day!" And so saying, he gaily waved his plumed hat, and rode away.

"RATHER A LARGE ORDER."—"The Order of the Elephant" conferred on President CARNOT by the King of Denmark. This should include an Order for the Grand Trunk, in which to carry it about. The proper person to receive this Order is evidently the Grand Duke of Tusk-any.



## CONFIDENCES OF A MATURE SIREN.

"I ADMIT I'M NOT AS HANDSOME AS I USED TO BE; BUT I'M TWICE AS DANGEROUS!"

## THE UNHYGIENIC HOUSEHOLDER.

*After reading the Reports of the Congress.*

TELL me not in many a column,  
I must pull up all my drains;  
Or with faces long and solemn,  
Threaten me with aches and pains.  
Let me end this wintry summer,  
'Mid the rain as best I may,  
Without calling in the plumber,  
For he always comes to stay.



I appreciate the  
Prince's  
Shrewd remarks  
about our lot;  
But the horror he  
evinces  
At our dangers,  
frights me not.  
Science in expostu-  
lation,  
Shows our rules  
of health are  
wrong;  
But in days when  
sanitation

Was unknown, men lived as long.

If the air with microbes thickens,  
Like some mirk malefic mist,  
Tell me prithee how the dickens  
We can manage to exist.  
From the poison breathed each minute,  
Man ere this had surely died;  
When we see the fell things in it,  
On the microscopic slide.

I'm aware we're oft caught napping,  
And the scientist can say,  
That our yawning drains want trapping,  
Lest the deadly typhoid stay.

Even with your house in order,  
If you go to take the air,  
So to speak, outside your border,  
Lo! the merry germs are there.

Doctors vow, in tones despotic,  
I must dig 'neath basement floors,  
Lest diseases called zymotic  
Enter in at all my pores.  
PARKES, of sanitation master,  
Wanted "purity and light;"  
I'm content to risk disaster,  
With unhygienic night.

QUEER QUERIES.—HYMENEAL.—I have been asked to attend the wedding of a friend, and respond to the toast of "The Ladies." I have never done such a thing before, and feel rather nervous about it. My friend says that I must "try and be very comic." I have thought of one humorous remark—about the "weaker sex" being really stronger—which I fancy will be effective, but I can't think of another. Would one good joke of that sort be sufficient? *A propos* of the lady marksman at Bisley, I should like to advise all ladies to "try the Butts," only I am afraid this might be taken for a reference to the President of the Divorce Division. How could I work the Jackson case in neatly? Would it be allowable to pin my speech on the wedding-cake, and read it off? Also, could I wear a mask? Any hints would be welcomed by—BEST MAN.

NOT QUITE POLITE.—The Manager of the Shaftesbury Theatre advertises "three distinct plays at 8'15, 9'15, and 10." Distinct, but not quite clear. Anyhow, isn't it rather a slur on other Theatres where it implies the plays, whether at 8'15, 9'15, or 10, are "indistinct."



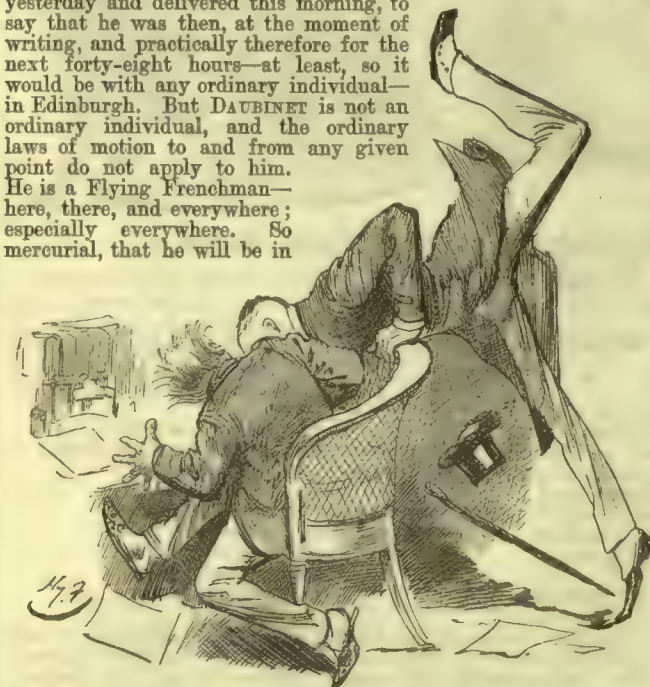
## SOME CIRCULAR NOTES.

Prospect of Holiday—An Entrée—A Character in the Opening—Light and Leading—French Exercise—Proposition—Acceptation—Light Comedian—Exit—Jeudi alors—The Start.

## CHAPTER I.

I AM sitting, fatigued, in my study. I have not taken a holiday this year, or last, for the matter of that. Others have; I haven't. Work! work! work!—and I am wishing that my goose-quills were wings ("so appropriate!" whisper my good-natured friends behind their hands to one another), so that I might fly away and be at rest. To this they (the goose-quills, not the friends) have often assisted me ere now. Suddenly, as I sit "a-thinking, a-thinking," my door is opened, and, without any announcement, there stands before me a slight figure, of middle height, in middle age, nothing remarkable about his dress, nothing remarkable about his greyish hair and close-cut beard, but something very remarkable about his eyes, which sparkle with intelligence and energy; and something still more remarkable about the action of his arms, hands, and thin, wiry fingers, which suggests the idea of his being an animated semaphore worked by a galvanic battery, telegraphing signals against time at the rate of a hundred words a minute, the substantives being occasionally expressed, but mostly "understood,"—pronouns and prepositions being omitted wholesale.

"What! DAUBINET!" I exclaim, he being the last person I had expected to see, having, indeed, a letter on my desk from him, dated yesterday and delivered this morning, to say that he was then, at the moment of writing, and practically therefore for the next forty-eight hours—at least, so it would be with any ordinary individual—in Edinburgh. But DAUBINET is not an ordinary individual, and the ordinary laws of motion to and from any given point do not apply to him. He is a Flying Frenchman—here, there, and everywhere; especially everywhere. So mercurial, that he will be in



"He is a Flying Frenchman."

advance of Mercury himself, and having written a letter in the morning to say he is coming, it is not unlikely that he will travel by the next train, arrive before the letter, and then wonder that you weren't prepared to receive him. Such, in a brief sketch, is *mon ami* DAUBINET.

"Aha! *me voici!*" he cries, shaking my hand warmly. Then he sings, waving his hat in his left hand, and still grasping my right with his, "*Voici le sabre de mon père!*" which reminiscence of OFFENBACH has no particular relevancy to anything at the present moment, but it evidently lets off some of his superfluous steam. He continues, always with my hand in his, "*J'arrive! inattendu! Mais, mon cher,*"—here he turns off the French stop of his polyglot organ, and, as it were, turns on the English stop,—continuing his address to me in very distinctly-pronounced English, "I wrote to you to say I would be here," then pressing the French stop, he concludes with, "*ce matin, n'est-ce pas?*"

"Parfaitement, *mon cher,*" I reply, giving myself a chance of airing a little French, being on perfectly safe ground, as he thoroughly understands English; indeed, he understands several languages, and, if I flounder out of my depth in foreign waters, one stroke will bring me safe on to the British rock of intelligibility again; or, if I obstinately persist in floundering, and am searching for the word as for a plank, he will jump in and rescue me. Under

these circumstances, I am perfectly safe in talking French to him—"Mais je ne vous attendais ce matin"—I've got an idea that this is something uncommonly grammatical—"à cause de votre lettre que je viens de recevoir"—this, I'll swear, is idiomatic—"ce matin. La voilà!" I pride myself on "*La,*" as representing my knowledge that "*lettre,*" to which it refers, is feminine.

"Caramba!" he exclaims—an exclamation which, I have every reason to suppose, from want of more definite information, is Spanish. "Caramba!" that letter is from Edinburgh; *j'ai visité* Glasgow, the Nord et partout, et je suis de retour. I am going on business to Reims, pour revenir par Paris, si vous voudrez me donner le plaisir de votre compagnie—de Jeudi prochain à Mardi—vous serez mon invité, — et je serai charmé, très charmé."

Being already carried away in imagination to Reims, and returning by Paris, I am at once inclined to reply,

"Enchanté! with the greatest pleasure."

"Hoch! Hoch! Hurra!" he cries, by way of response, waving his hat. Then he sings loudly, "And—bless the Prince of WALES!" After

which, being rather proud of his mastery of Cockneyisms, he changes the accent, still singing, "Blaass the Prince of WALES!" which he considers his *chef d'œuvre* as an imitation of a genuine Cockney tone, to which it bears exactly such resemblance as does a scene of ordinary London life drawn by a French artist. Then he says, seriously—"Eh bien! allons! C'est fixé—it is fixed. We meet Victoria, et alors, par London, Chatham & Dover, from Reims via Calais, très bien,—train d'onze heures précises,—bien entendu. J'y suis. Ihr Diener! Adios! A reverderla! Addio, amico caro!" Then he utters something which is between a sneeze and a growl, supposed to be a term of endearment in the Russian tongue. Finally he says in English, "Good-bye!"

His hat is on in a jiffy (which I take to be the hundredth part of a second) and he is down the stairs into the hall, and out at the door "like a flying light comedian" with an airy "go" about him, which recalls to my mind the running exits of CHARLES WYNDHAM in one of his lightest comedy-parts. "*Au revoir! Pour Jeudi alors!*" I hear him call this out in the hall, the door bangs as if a firework had exploded and blown my vivacious friend up into the air, and he has gone.

"Jeudi alors" arrives, and I am at Victoria for the eleven o'clock Express to the minute, having decided that this is the best, shortest, and cheapest holiday I can take. I've never yet travelled with my excellent French friend DAUBINET. I am to be his guest; all responsibility is taken off my shoulders except that of my ticket and luggage, and to travel without responsibility is in itself a novelty. To have to think of nothing and nobody, not even of oneself! Away! away!

POLITESSE.—The following version of our great popular Naval Anthem will be issued, it is hoped, from Whitehall (the French being supplied by the Lords of the Admiralty in conjunction) to all the musical Naval Captains in command at Portsmouth. The graceful nature of the intended compliment cannot escape the thickest-headed land-lubber:—

Dirige, Madame la France,  
Madame la France dirigera les vagues!  
Messieurs les Français ne seront jamais, jamais,  
Esclaves!

The effect of the above, when the metre is carefully fitted to the tune (which is a work of time), and sung by a choir (with accent) of a thousand British Blue-jackets, will doubtless be quite electrical.

NOTE BY A TRAVELLING FELLOW FIRST CLASSIC.—There's no passage in any Classical author, Latin or Greek, so difficult as is the passage between Dover and Calais on a rough day, and yet, strange to say, the translation is comparatively easy.

A PICTURE ON THE LINE.—Sketch taken at the Equator.





QUITE A LITTLE NOVELTY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As Englishmen are so often accused of want of originality, I hope you will let me call your attention to an occasion when it was conclusively proved that at least two of the British race were free from the reproach. The date to which I refer



Professor Ginnifer exhibiting Sims' and Buchanan's  
Monstrosities.

original piece is simple in the extreme. *Cuthbertson*, a young gentleman, has married his wife in the belief that his Wife No. 1 (of whom he has lost sight), is dead. Having thus ceased to be a widower, *Cuthbertson* is confronted by Wife No. 1 and deserts Wife No. 2. Assured by the villain of the piece that she is not really married to *Cuthbertson*, Wife No. 2 prepares to marry her informant. The nuptials are about to be celebrated in the Chapel Royal, Savoy, when enter Wife No. 1 who explains that she was a married woman when she met *Cuthbertson*, and therefore, a fair, or rather unfair, bigamist. Upon this *Cuthbertson* (who is conveniently near in a pew, wearing the unpretentious uniform of the Royal Horse Artillery), rushes into the arms of the lady who has erroneously been numbered Wife No. 2, when she has been in reality Wife No. 1, and all is joy. Now I need scarcely point out to you that nothing like this has ever been seen on the stage before. It is a marvel to me how Messrs. SIMS and BUCHANAN came to think of such clever things.

But if it had been only the plot that was original, I should not have been so anxious to direct attention to *The Trumpet Call*. But



### An Altered Scene.

the incidents and characters are equally novel. For instance, unlike *The Lights o' London*, there is a caravan and a showman. Next, unlike *In the Ranks*, there are scenes of barrack-life that are full of freshness and originality. In *Harbour Lights*, if my memory does not play me false, the hero enlisted in the Guards, in *The Trumpet*

Call he joins the Royal Horse Artillery. Then, again, unlike the scene in the New Cut in *The Lights o' London*, there is a view by night of the exterior of the Mogul Music Hall. Further, there is a "Doss House" scene, that did not for a moment (or certainly not for more than a moment) recall to my mind that gathering of the poor in the dark arches of a London bridge, in one of BOUICAUT's pieces. By the way, was that play, *After Dark*, or was it *The Streets of London*? I really forget which. Then, all the characters in the new play are absolutely new and original. The hero who will bear everything for his alleged wife's sake, and weeps over his child, is quite new. So is the heroine who takes up her residence with poor but amusing showmen, instead of wealthy relatives. That is also quite new, and there was nothing like it in *The Lights o' London*. The villain, too, who will do and dare anything (in reason) to wed the lady who has secured his affections, is also a novelty. So is a character played by Miss CLARA JECKS as only Miss CLARA JECKS can and does play it. And there are many more equally bright and fresh, and, in a word, original.

So, my dear Mr. Punch, hasten to the Royal Adelphi Theatre, if you wish to see something that will either wake you up or send you to sleep. Go, my dear Mr. Punch, and sit out *The Trumpet Call*, and when you have seen it, you will understand why I sign myself,

Yours faithfully,

ONE WHO HAS SEEN NOTHING LIKE IT BEFORE.

"FRENCH AS SHE IS SPOKE."

*From Admiral Gervais to My Lor' Maire.*

MUCH we regret, Lor' Maire, *mon cher*,  
Your banquet to refuse ;  
But if you fear not *mal de mer*,  
Pack up your *malle de mer*, *mon cher*,  
And join us in a cruise.

*From My Lor' Maire to Admiral Gervais.*

*Mon cher GERVAIS,  
Can't say "Je vais,"  
Except "Je vais  
L'autre côté."  
GERVAIS, tu vas,—  
Moi—je ne vais pas.*



LE ROI (EN GARÇON) EN VOYAGE, S'AMUSE :

Or, what his Juvenile Majesty packed in his "Gladstone," and set down in his Notes, &c.

*Ollendorff*—Servian—in French, German, Russian, and any other Eastern tongues, as yet published.

Twelve dozen Boxes of Tin Soldiers.

Ditto, ditto, Bricks to Match.

*Complete Letter Writer* (with addenda), specially added by his "Papa," as models to be followed more or less closely when addressing his mother on matters of a homely and domestic character.

The Boy-King's Guide to the proper and decent method of presiding at a Cabinet Council, showing how the same may be conducted conjointly with the introduction of Ninepins, or some other equally interesting, intellectual, and manly game.

List of the best Sweet-stuff Shops.

Ditto, ditto of what's going on, and most worth looking up in places we visit.

Hand-Book to *Leger de Main*, with special reference to Practical Joking at State Functions, and other High Jinks!

Shilling Hand-Book to *Home Made Fireworks*, with Permanent Order signed by War Minister for supply of necessary materials.

## Hyjinks and Hygiene.

**HYGIENE and Demography! Never before**

With such wonderful names has a Conference met,  
With statistics by thousands and papers galore

As to what Demos wants, as to what he's to get.

It's not always perfectly clear what they mean.

Yet, perhaps an outsider is right when he thinks

Though no doubt they would die for beloved Hygiene,  
As a matter of fact they indulge in High Jinks.

NEW WORK BY SIR AUGUSTUS DRUMHOLAND—to be included in the "*Opera Omnia*," by the same Author writing under a *nom de plume*, entitled, "*Legs Taglionis; or, Little Steps for Babes in the Ballet. By a Pa' de Quatre*." Also "*Classes and Lasses*," same series.





### A PIOUS FRAUD!

'HULLO, MONTY, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT IN YOUR BUTTON-HOLE? YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU'VE JOINED THE BLUE RIBBON ARMY?'—'YES; FOR THIS NIGHT ONLY. GOING TO DINE WITH JAKES. DON'T WANT TO HURT POOR OLD JAKES'S FEELINGS—DON'T WANT TO BE POISONED BY HIS BEASTLY WINE. SEE?'

### NEPTUNE'S "AT HOME;" OR, NEIGHBOURS UNITED.

THE French are all coming, for so they declare,  
Of their fleet and their tars all the papers advise us;  
They're to come o'er the sea and to Portsmouth repair,  
Their squadrons at Spithead will please, not surprise us.  
Their fleet is to come for a right friendly spree;  
To promise them "skylarks" is hardly presumption.  
They're welcome to NEPTUNE's old "Halls by the Sea."  
Of powder and grog there'll be mighty consumption,  
In toasts and salutes, for they're friends and invited:

JOHN and JOHNNY clasp paws,  
And drink deep to the Cause

Of NEPTUNE's two guests and brave Neighbours United!

The scribes and the specials report wondrous things,  
Of the grand preparations, the routs and the rackets.  
Gone the old days of huge wooden walls and white wings,  
We now meet without mutual dusting of jackets.  
Well so much the better! Our seas let them try,  
Their squadrons are welcome to float 'em and swim 'em.  
Like good *Cap'n Cuttle* we'll smile and "stand by,"  
Friendly bumpers we'll empty as fast as they brim 'em.  
To welcome his guests Father NEPTUNE's delighted,

He'll clasp both their paws,  
And drink deep to the Cause

Of Sailors as shipmates and Neighbours United!

Old NEP is "At Home" to the Sailors of France.  
Old foes turn new friends as their reason grows riper;  
"All hands for Skylarking!" A measure we'll dance,  
With friendship for fiddler and pleasure for piper.  
'Tis a good many years since they sought our white shore;  
Once more at hands'-grip we are glad to have got 'em.  
As to Jingos or Chauvinists,—out on the bores!  
Such Jonahs should promptly be plumped to the bottom;  
Poor swabs! For this party *they* are not invited;

Shall they come athwart hawse  
As we drink to the Cause

Of Shipmates for ever and Neighbours United?

Yes, we know that humanity fondly may scheme  
For Peace, of all ills the supposed panacea:  
We know that Utopia's only a dream,  
Unbroken good fellowship but an idea,  
Old NEP knows his great Naval Show is now on,  
And ARMSTRONG and WHITWORTH's huge works he's aware  
on;

He sees what our shipwrights and gunsmiths have done  
To send foes o'er the Styx in the barque of old Charon.  
At sight of War's murderous monsters half frightened,

E'en valour may pause,  
And drink deep to the Cause,

Of Good-will among Nations and Neighbours United!

But, gushing apart, 'tis a sight for sad eyes  
To see ancient rivals on joint messmate duty.  
A French ship in our waters and not as a prize  
Might once have perturbed British Valour and Beauty.  
But now Father NEPTUNE, "At Home," calmly grips  
His trident, and smiles with most friendly benignity.  
We welcome French Sailors, and shout for French ships,  
Without an abatement of patriot dignity.  
To see any friend of JOHN BULL NEP's delighted.

He holds out his paws,  
And will drink to the Cause

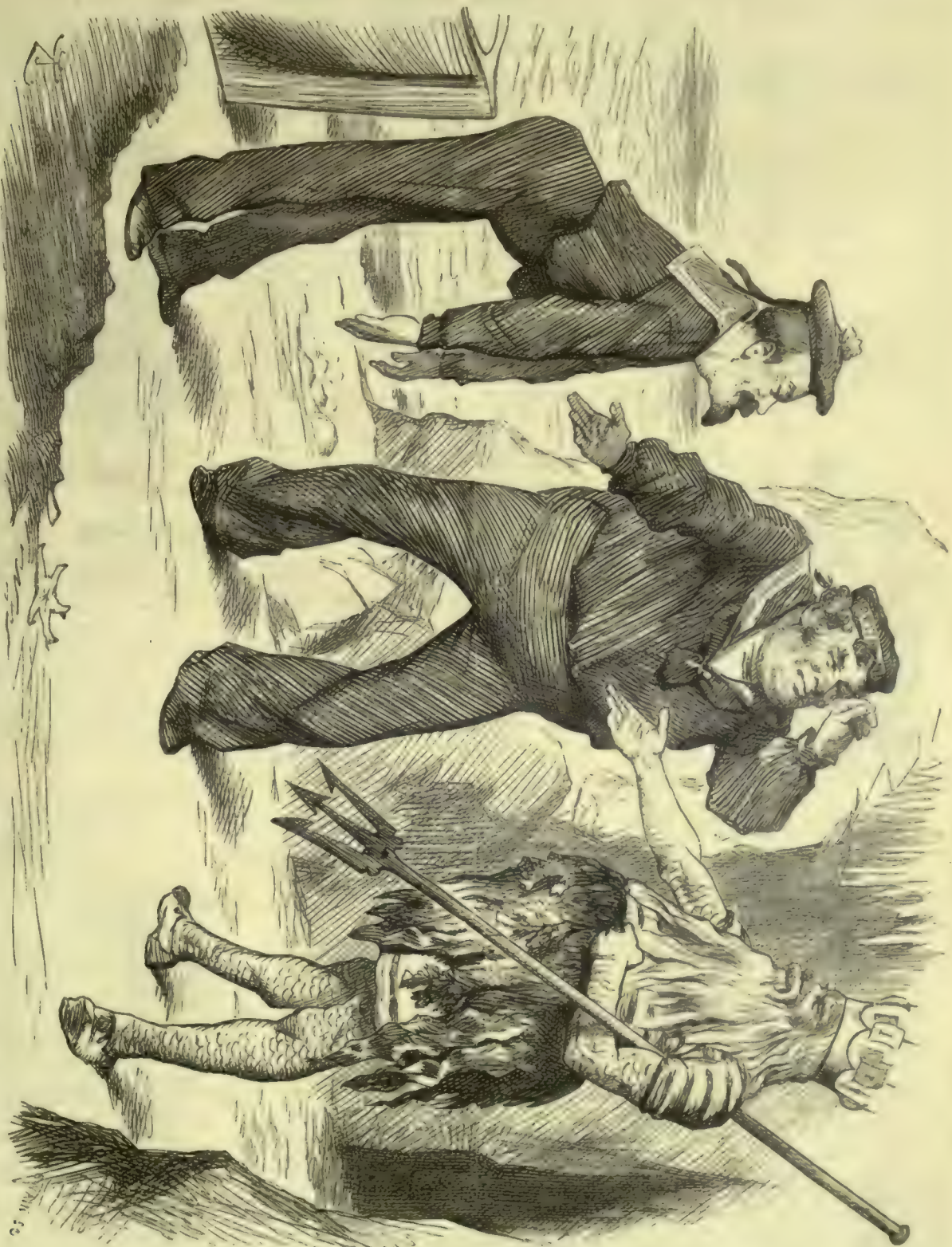
Of Peace on the Ocean and Neighbours United!

Then shout, Britons, shout, while the neighbouring crews  
Hob-nob, as the symbol of neighbouring nations;  
Whilst NEPTUNE at Home welcomes brave Brother Blues,  
And serves out the stingo to each in fair rations.  
Your spirits, ye sturdy old seadogs, might smile  
On a friendship which to your true hearts is no treason.  
The Sea-God makes free of his favourite Isle  
The French lads he once would have shied, and with reason.  
Now to greet brave GERVAIS and his tars he's delighted.

Midst general applause  
Let us drink to the Cause.

Hooray for NEP's Visitors, Neighbours United!





NEPTUNE'S "AT HOME;" OR, NEIGHBOURS UNITED.

JOHN BELL (*log*). "ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MY MESSMATE, MR. NEPTUNE."

NEPTUNE. "ALWAYS GLAD TO WELCOME ANY FRIEND OF YOURS, JOHN!"



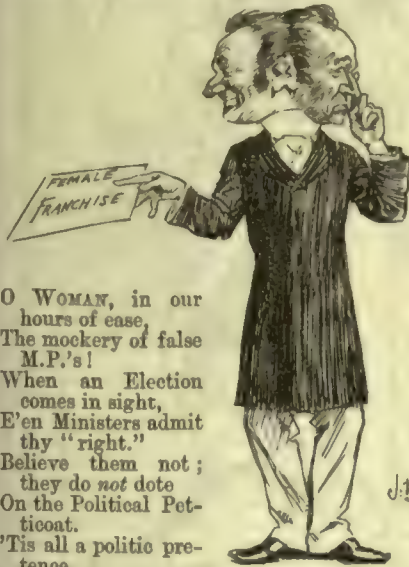




## TO THE SHELVED SEX.

(By One who keeps his Ears open.)

["Believing firmly in the absolute justice of woman's claim to the 'Parliamentary' franchise, I shall at all times support that claim."—*Mr. Logan, the new M.P. for the Harborough Division.*]



O WOMAN, in our hours of ease, The mockery of false M.P.'s! When an Election comes in sight, E'en Ministers admit thy "right." Believe them not; they do not dote On the Political Pet-ticoat. 'Tis all a politic pretence. Some of them are upon the fence; Some of them have "political" wives, And shirking stings in their home-hives, Take up "the Cause" with a sham zeal, Which not five in five thousand feel. But hear them over a Club-dinner Chuckling about the "pretty sinner" Who hankers for that finer Club, The House o' Commons! There's the rub! They do not want you there, my dears; The prospect of your "franchise" queers Wire-pullers' plans, and party reckoning—Hope, in male guise, stands blandly beckoning. He—*Codlin*—is the friend, not *Short*, But, in his heart he's making sport. Of course 'tis wickedest of shames, But—recollect Sir HENRY JAMES, Your open enemy avowed, Did not the House o' Commons crowd Of frauds and shams play up to him, And shelve "the Female Franchise" whim Only the other day? Sheer diddle! Have you not *nous* to read the riddle? How wondrous prompt was W. G. To back up SMITH! With what aly glee The "Woman's Rightists" did subside. And—*sub silentio*—let you slide! [human. Your Grand Old Man, dears,—well, *he's* He doesn't want some Grand Old Woman As colleague or as rival. WOODALL? Well, he is gentle, genial, good all; But there's a twinkle in his eye Persuades me that *he* would not die Did you consent to drop your "claim." And now there comes another name To raise for Shes the party slogan. Well, trust, dears—if you like—to LOGAN; He "will support you at all times!" [rhymes Keep your eye on him! SHAKESPEARE'S Tell you "Men were deceivers ever." M.P.'s wise, foolish, crass, and clever, Are—nominally—on your side, And—privately—your cause deride. Take the straight tip, my dears—I glean it From private talk—they don't half mean it!

THE VOLUNTEERS' FOOTHOLD.—Shoebury-ness

## James Russell Lowell.

BORN, FEB. 22, 1819. DIED, AUG. 12, 1891.

"We could not have been prouder of him had he been one of us."—*Times.*

BARD of two worlds, and friend of both,  
As ripe in years as culture, verily  
To miss that voice two worlds are loth,  
In which much wisdom spake so merrily.  
A voice, and no mere echo, thine,  
Of many tones, but manly ever.  
Thy rustic *Biglow's* rugged line  
A grateful world neglecteth never!  
It smote hypocrisy and cant [ripple  
With flail-like force; sleek bards that  
Like shallow pools—who pose and pant,  
And vaguely smudge or softly stipple,—  
These have not brain or heart to sing  
As *Biglow* sang, our quaint *Hosea*,  
Whose "Sunthin in the Pastoral line,"  
Full primed with picture and idea,  
Lives, with "The Courtin'," unforgot,  
And worth whole volumes of sham-Shen-stone.

Yes, you could catch, as prigs may not,  
Pure women's speech and valiant men's  
*Zekle* and *Huldy* in our hearts [tone.  
Have found a place. But a true Poet,  
Like SHAKESPEARE'S Man, plays many parts.  
You chid us sharply, well we know it,  
For you'd the gift of Satire strong,  
And knew just how to lay the lash on.  
You smote what you thought British wrong,  
Well, that won't put us in a passion.  
"I ken write long-tailed if I please,"  
You said. And truly, polished writer,  
More like "a gentleman at ease,"  
Never touched quill than this shrewd smiter.

Your "moral breath of temperament"  
Found scope in scholarly urbanity;  
And wheresoever LOWELL went  
Sounded the voice of Sense and Sanity.  
We loved you, and we loved your wit.  
Thinking of you, uncramped, uncranky;  
Our hearts, ere we're aware of it,  
"Run helter-skelter into Yankee."  
"For puttin' in a downright liek  
'Twixt Humbug's eyes, there's few to  
metch it."

Faith, how you used it; ever quick  
Where'er Truth dwelt, to dive and fetch it.  
Vernacular or cultured verse,  
The scholar's speech, the ploughman's  
patter

You'd use, but still in each were terse,  
As clear in point as full in matter.  
You'd not disdain "the trivial flute,"  
The rustic Pan-pipe you would finger,  
Yet could you touch "Apollo's lute"  
To tones on which Love's ear would linger.  
Farewell, farewell! Two countries loved,  
Two countries mourn you. None will  
quarrel  
With English hands, which, unproved,  
Lay on your bier an English Laurel!

AN OLD SCHOOL BUOY.—Under the heading of "Church and Schools," the *St. James's Gazette* gave an interesting illustration of "public spirit in schools." It recounted how "An Old Bedford Boy"—no relation to ROBERT, the Waiter, we believe—in the course of returning thanks, said, "I have bathed in all the great rivers of the world." Then he added, "the water of the sluggish Ouse is the sweetest of them all." Oddly enough his name was "ZINEKE," though evidently he must be a first-rate "Zwimmer." With genuine love for his old school, he might have added that he wished he was a Buoy again. But he seems to have got on swimmingly everywhere.

## "HELPS" AND WHELPS.

THE following advertisement appeared some little time since in the columns of a daily contemporary:—

TO those who have not time to give their dogs sufficient exercise in London.—A Lady, experienced, would EXERCISE DOGS in the Park. Terms, one hour daily, 5s. a week; two hours, 7s. 6d.—Address, &c.

LISTEN to this, Rover, my hound!

This passes expectation!

A "Lady Guide," who'll trot you round For scant remuneration!

When pain and anguish wring my brow Because I'm doomed to hark To your "Why-not-go-out?" bow-wow, She'll take you to the Park!

Cometh this ministering sprite, Smiling upon us meekly, And says, "I'll make your burden light For seven-and-sixpence weekly."

They talk of "woman's sphere," when sole, Her hemisphere, when mated; But surely here she's reached the goal For which she was created!



She'll chaperon you down the Row, With silken cord she'll lead Your footsteps where the flowerets blow,— A "lucky dog," indeed!

She'll win your love by bits of cake, She'll let you bark, or growl, And fight with other dogs, and make War on the water-fowl.

Yet is it right your wayward tramp Her maiden steps should hamper? No one who knows you for a scamp Would take you for a scamper!

And oh!—a thought most base and black, That puts me in a fluster— My Rover, would she bring you back? No, no, I will not trust her!

The offer tempts—(again that bark!)— But no—'tis weak to falter; The chain that leads you to the Park May lead me to the Altar!

FROM A VERY OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.—"At Craig-y-nos we've been keeping up quite Craig-y-noces. High jinks up here. Craig-y-nos means the 'Rock of the Night,' but, mind you, no rock has been required by any of us when we did go to bed, even though we had real Welsh rabbits for supper. Madame PATTI, who takes the Patti-sake here, is far too wiry ever to be a Patti de foie gras. Delicious air here, as any air must be in which PATTI has a voice.—Yours truly, "THE APPIEST OF THE AP JONESES."







## THE DEMOGRAPHIC VADE MECUM.

**Question.** You properly attended the Congress last week?

**Answer.** Certainly, by wearing a small brooch pinned on the flap of my coat.

**Q.** What effect had this on the cabmen?

**A.** To cause them to charge me just double the customary fares.

**Q.** Did you go to the Inaugural Meeting?

**A.** Of course, but as it was so crowded, I could get no further than the door.

**Q.** Did you hear the speech of the Prince of WALES?

**A.** Unfortunately not; but I had the advantage of seeing the top of his Royal Highness's head.

**Q.** Did you go to the *Soirée* in Lincoln's Inn Fields, at the Hall of the Royal College of Surgeons?

**A.** I did, and was much amused at finding myself drinking claret cup in the museum devoted to skeletons.

**Q.** Did you go to the reception at Guildhall?

**A.** Certainly, and was greatly gratified at the amusements supplied to the Lord Mayor's guests.

**Q.** What were those amusements?

**A.** So far as I could see, the Band of the Grenadier Guards, conducted by Lieut. DAN GODFREY in undress uniform, playing before Sir JOSEPH SAVORY, Bart.; and some charters under a glass case.



## TWO HEADS BETTER THAN ONE.

*An Optical Illusion in a Lady's Orchestra.*

**Q.** Was that all?

**A.** Well, I heard some harps, and then of course there were the Lord Mayor's trumpeters.

**Q.** Did you get your hat and coat in comfort?

**A.** In great comfort—after I had fought like a wild beast with other wild beasts for an hour and a half to get up to the place of distribution.

**Q.** Was this part of the programme badly managed?

**A.** It was not managed at all. The City Authorities had not even had the sense to put the numbers available at each counter *en évidence*.

**Q.** Did you derive any linguistic learning from this struggle?

**A.** Certainly. I heard bad language in sixteen different tongues.

**Q.** And what (as a connoisseur) did you think of the oaths?

**A.** That none were comparable to that English expletive which is equally suggestive of a barrier in a river, the mother of a lamb, and the observations of an angry man.

**Q.** Did you go anywhere else?

**A.** The entertainments I attended were so numerous that it is impossible to remember a tithe of them.

**Q.** And what did you do about Science?

**A.** Left it for discussion until the meeting of the Congress to be held next year!

## ROBERT'S AMERICAN FRIENDS.

My Amerrycan Frend has cum back again to the "Grand Hotel." He has bin with us nearly a month, and says he finds it, as before, the werry best Hotel anywheres for a jowial Bachelor. I thinks as he's about the coolest card as I ever seed, tho as good natured as a reel Lady, and I don't think as that's at all a bad karacter.

When he heard as the Germaun EMPERER was a cummin to Gildhall, he acshally arsked me to interdooce him to the Lord MARE, as he wanted a few tickets for hisself and frends! And when I told him as that couldn't be manidged, he arsked where he could buy a few, as he supposed as money could buy anythink, and praps he wasn't so werry rong arter all. He had two or three Amerrycan frends to dinner the other day, and didn't they jest tork away. One of 'em arsked me if I didn't think as it was shamefoolly xtravagant to give the Lord MARE of our little City jest the same salary for governing his one little square mile, as they in Amerrykey gave their

Presedent for governing their hole country, altho it was about thirty times larger than ours. To which I boldly replied most suttently not, becoz I had herd as there was lots of Presedents in the World, but only one Lord MARE of London, to which my frend shouted out, "Bravo, ROBERT, that's one to you!"

Amost all their tork was about what they calls their "World's Show," as is to be held at Chickargo, I thinks they called it, the year after next, and what they have naterally come here for, is to arrange for the Lord MARE and his too Sherryffs, with their State Carriages, and state Footmen, and state Robes, to go over and show 'em how to open it! And the funniest one of the lot acshally said as I must go with 'em, for the World's Show would not be a perfect show without they had in it the most horiginal specimen of a reel London Hed Waiter to show to their 50 million peeple! And I am to have the werry biggest tip as ever a Hed Waiter had. And I'm quite sure as they meant it all, for they larfed all the while as they torked about it.

This same one had a Ticket for Guildhall the hother heavinging, when about four thowsand gasts was there, and jolly fun he says it was, for they all seemed to begin a drinking of werry good Champagne about Nine a Clock, and kep on at it for above three hours, for there wasn't no notthink else for 'em to do, and so they did that, and did it well.

He arsked me if I could remember what outlandish names the principal gasts was all called, and when I told him I thort they was HIGH-GIN and DEMMY-GROGGY, they all roared again, and shouted out, "that's another to you ROBERT; go ahead, my tulip!" Tho what they meant I'm sure I don't kno.



Our gentlemanly Manager looked in to see how they was a getting on, and when they told him what they called my last joke, ewen he larfed away like the best on 'em. The first time I gets a chance I'll ask him to explain it all to me.

What seemed to have struck the Amerrycan most, was what he described as the twelve most bewtifoal Angels, all most bewtifoolly drest, in most bewtifoal close, a playing most bewtifoal toons on most bewtifoal Arps! which he said reminded him more of Heaven than anythink he had ever seen or heard. He arsked me the name of the bewtifoal hair as they played three times, and when I told him as I believed as it was a Welsh wun, and was called "The March of the Men of Garlick," he wonderd how men with such bad taste could have written such sweet music.

They can tell jolly good staggerers they can! Why one on 'em said as how we was a getting so scrowged up in the old Country, that they thort of giving us jest a little slice of theirs, and as theirs was about thirty times as big as ours, they could easily spare it.

But this I must and will say, they are perfect Gennelmen, and, as the best possibel proof of it, they is allers werry libbral to me.

ROBERT.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

INTERESTING romance is MARION CRAWFORD's *Witch of Prague*: the witch novel might easily have been told in one volume instead of three. Skipping is good exercise.

The casual reader, and the travelling reader or journey-alist, won't get much better entertainment for his money than he will find in *Stories of Old and New Spain*, by THOMAS A. JANVIER. No April foolin' around on the part of JANVIER with metaphysical digressions, but all straight to the point. For sensation, try *Saint Mary of the Angels*. Adelphi melodrama isn't in it with this story. Also in *San Antonio* there is a simple, quiet humour; and *The Legend of Padre José* is singularly touching. (Signed) infinite variety.



Sensational.

Altogether a book this of BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

"How's THAT FOR HY"—HYGIENIC?—In spite of the London Season being over, the Hygienic Congress had what 'ARRY would call a "igh old time" of it in London last week. In anticipation of their next merry meeting, a distinguished member of the Association is already busily engaged in preparing a paper on "The Real and Apparent Connection between 'Hygiene' and 'High Jinks'."



## UNDER THE SCREW.

(By a Liberal M.P.)

OH, where shall I go, and what shall I do?  
Turn which way I will, I am under the screw.  
Every Voter must feel a tight clutch on the throat  
Of my conscience—poor thing!—ere he'll promise his vote.  
PAT late was my patron,—'twas only his fun!  
Now he's "three single gentlemen" not rolled in one.



There's PARNELL, MACARTHY, and SAUNDERSON! Phew!  
If I partly please one, I make foemen of two.  
Hang Ireland! And Scotland is getting as bad.  
The S. H. R. A. will insist on their fad; ["squeeze."  
And their plan, too, is "pressure!" It's just nought but  
And the poor M.P.'s life is one long "Little-Ease."  
Taffy too takes his turn at the merciless rack,  
And there isn't a faddist, fanatic, or quack  
But has his own Screw, which he wants to apply.  
The Temperance Man "Direct Veto" would try,  
And if I'm not found to accept it with glee,  
He's vicious, and puts direct veto on me.  
Ungenerous hot Anti-Jennerites claim  
My vote against vaccine, or howl at my name;  
The Working-Man wants his Eight Hours, or, by Jingo,  
He'll give me—at polling—particular stingo.  
The Socialist wants me to do with the Land  
A—well, a dashed something I can't understand;  
The Financial Reformer, 'tis little he "axes,"  
He only requires me to take off all taxes!  
And now, with the General Election in view,  
I'm dashed if a poor M.P. knows what to do.  
How to live on the rack is a regular poser.  
By Jove, I'm half tempted to turn a—Primrose!  
The soft "Primrose Path" may conduct to the fire,  
But 'tis easy at least, and of Screwing I tire!

## TOO FREE TO BE EASY.

SCENE—Exterior of a Board School. Enter R. and L.  
well-meaning Philanthropist and long-headed Artisan.  
They greet one another with differing degrees of  
cordiality.

Philanthropist (heartily). Ah, my good friend, and how  
are you taking advantage of this great boon—the enormous  
privilege of free education?

Artisan (doggedly). By not sending my lad to school.

Phil. (with pained astonishment). You surprise me.

Art. I don't see why I should. I'm only following  
SAWNIE's lead. It's what they did in Scotland. They  
gave them free education, and that's the way to read it,  
and a good way too!

Phil. Well, at least you ought to be grateful.

Art. Grateful! Grateful for what?

Phil. Why, for free education—for education, you  
know, that costs you nought.

Art. Oh, it costs nought, does it? Then thank you for  
nothing! [Exeunt—in very different directions!]

## MUSIC FOR THE PARLIAMENTARY MILLION.

MR. FARMER-ATKINSON, M.P., has announced that during the Recess he  
will deliver political addresses interspersed with songs and music. To assist him  
we have prepared a specimen "utterance," which, for the sake of convenience,  
we have thrown into a dramatic form.

Enter MR. FARMER-ATKINSON, M.P., with an assortment of musical instruments  
which he places on a table in front of him. Immense applause, during which  
the Hon. Gentleman picks up a Cornet and plays a solo. Enthusiasm.

Mr. Farmer-Atkinson (bowing after recovering from his exertions). Ladies  
and Gentlemen. (Hear, hear!) Thank you, Ladies and Gentlemen, for your  
cordial reception. (Applause.) And you must know, Ladies and Gentlemen, that  
although I have given you a solo on the cornet, I did not visit this flourishing  
town (cheers), this highly civilised town (renewed applause), this model town  
(hearty cheering), with the intention of blowing my own trumpet. (He pauses—  
silence.) Don't you understand? I did not want to blow my own trumpet—  
joke, see? (A laugh.) Thank you! And now about the Irish Question. Well  
everybody harps upon it. So will I. "Come back to Erin." (Plays and  
sings the touching melody—a harp accompaniment—applause.) Thank you!  
And now about the Triple Alliance. Well, I think I can illustrate that, both  
musically and politically. Triple means three. Well, I will take this drum on  
my back, beating it with the sticks that are bound to my shoulders; then I  
will apply my mouth to this set of pipes, while I beat a triangle with my hands.  
There! (Plays the musical instruments simultaneously—applause.) Thank  
you! You see I get some sort of music. A little unattractive possibly ("No!  
no!"), but still sufficiently pleasing to elicit your admiration. ("Hear, hear!")  
Thank you! Well, this effect reminds me of the Triple Alliance. We may  
take the drum to represent Italy, the set of pipes Germany, always fond of  
making a shrill noise, and the triangle will ably represent Austria. See?  
(Great applause.) And now I am very unwilling to weary you further.  
("No, no!") Thank you! But I myself have an appointment which I must  
keep, so therefore, I must conclude my entertainment—I should say speech.  
Otherwise you would grow weary of me? ("No, no!") Thank you! But  
before bidding you good-bye, I must sing you one more song that I think will  
please everybody. It is called "Home Sweet Home." (Thunders of applause.)  
And now I will just get the right key and fire away. (He tunes up harp, and  
prepares to play.) And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, silence please, while I  
sing the most touching song in my repertoire. (Sings with immense feeling,  
"Home, Sweet Home.") Now then, Ladies and Gentlemen, chorus, please—

"Home, sweet home!

Where'er we wander,

There's no place like ho—o—o—ome!"

[The chorus is repeated as MR. FARMER-ATKINSON disappears behind a  
curtain on the platform, and the audience fade away.]

## A PENNY FRENCH—TWO PENCE BRITISH.

(A Fragment from a Romance of the G. P. O.)

THE youth, without a moment's hesitation, dashed manfully into the sea.  
He was watched by the excited spectators, who cheered him as he breasted  
the waves that beat against the head of the Admiralty Pier. It must, indeed, have been a  
great prize in view that could have caused such a daring feat. That was the thought of the old  
Coast-guardsmen, as he watched the lad (he was  
scarcely more than a boy) as he took stroke after  
stroke for Calais. Now he rested on the back of a  
treacherous porpoise that soon cast him away.

"Will the steamboat lend him a helping hand,  
or rather rope?" muttered the veteran salt, as  
he watched the seemingly fragile figure of the  
swimmer. "Ah, by Neptune! well done! Strike me flat with a lubberly  
marling-spike, but a kindly act indeed!"

The action that had extorted the admiration of the aged seaman was a rope  
that had been thrown over the steamboat's bulwarks. The now weary swimmer  
gratefully accepted the boon. It saved his life.

"Will you pay the difference, and come on board, young Sir?" asked the  
Captain of the packet, facetiously.

"Were it not that I am very poor," gasped out the tired and shivering lad,  
"I should not have undertaken this gigantic but necessary task."

He held on bravely, and in good time the coast of France was sighted, neared,  
and reached. Although as cold as stone, owing to the exposure to the waves,  
the swimmer was now refreshed. He threw away the rope, and once more struck  
out.

"Adieu!" he cried to the crew of the steamboat. "I can finish the rest of  
the distance without assistance."

He was as good as his word. Soon he was standing on French ground buying  
a post-card for India.

"And why have you come in this strange fashion?" asked an aged mis-  
sionary of British extraction.

The weary lad replied in a faint voice, "Because at Calais a post-card to  
India costs a penny, at Dover twopence! Yet both posts surely are conveyed  
by the same mail. By swimming from Dover to Calais I have saved a penny!"  
And as he recorded this undoubted fact he fainted.





## STORICULES.

I.—THE SUICIDE-ADVERTISEMENT.



AS you stood before the automatic machine on the station platform, making an imbecile choice between a packet of gooseberry nougat and a slab of the gum caramel, you could not help seeing on the level of your eye this notice:—

"BLACKING-CREAM.

ASK FOR HIGLINSON'S, AND TAKE NO OTHER."

Similar announcements met you on every hoarding, in almost every paper and magazine, on every omnibus. Neat

little packets of HIGLINSON'S Blacking-cream were dropped through your letter-box, with a printed request that you would honour Mr. HIGLINSON by trying it. Leaflets were handed you in the street to tell you what public analysts said about it, and in what great hotels it was the only blacking used. Importunity pays. Sooner or later you bought HIGLINSON'S Blacking-cream. You then found out that it was just about as good as any other, and went on buying it.

In one way this was very good for Mr. HIGLINSON, because he became very rich; in other ways it was not so good for him. For a long time he had nothing to do with public life; the public never thought about his existence; to the public he was not a man at all—he was only part of the name of the stuff they used for their boots. If he had introduced himself to a stranger, giving the name of HIGLINSON, it is probable that the stranger would have remarked jocularly, "No relation to the Blacking-cream, I presume?" HIGLINSON knew this, and it pained him deeply, for he was a sensitive man.

Because he was sensitive and felt things so much, he wrote a volume of very melancholy verses. He was unmarried and lonely, and he wanted to lead a high life. He said as much in his verses. But what comes well from Sir GALAHAD comes ill from the proprietor of a Blacking-cream; and—from idiotic notions about pluck and honesty—he had put his own name to his book. Unfortunately, those who feel much are not always those who can express much; and HIGLINSON could not express anything. So critics with a light mind had a very fine time with these verses. They quoted them, with the prefatory remark:—"The cream of the collection—perhaps we might say the Blacking-cream of the collection—is the following," and they wound up their criticism with saying that the book must have been simply published as an advertisement. Mr. HIGLINSON could hardly have been mad enough to have printed such stuff from any other motive.

Of course HIGLINSON should have changed his name, and should have married. But the idiotic notions about pluck prevented him from changing his name; and he would not marry a woman who accepted him from only mercenary motives. He was so unattractive that he did not think it possible a woman would marry him for any other reason. However, he could not always be superintending the manufacture of Blacking-cream; and it was obvious to him that he could publish no more verses. So he devoted himself to philanthropy in a quiet and unostentatious way. He attempted the reclamation of street-arabs. He worked among them. He spent vast sums on providing education, training, and decent pleasures for them. A man who wrote for *The Scalpel* found him out at last. Next day there was a pretty little paragraph in *The Scalpel*, showing Mr. HIGLINSON up, and suggesting that this was a clever attempt to get the London shoe-blacks to use HIGLINSON'S Blacking-cream. The Blacking-cream, by the way, had never been advertised in *The Scalpel*.

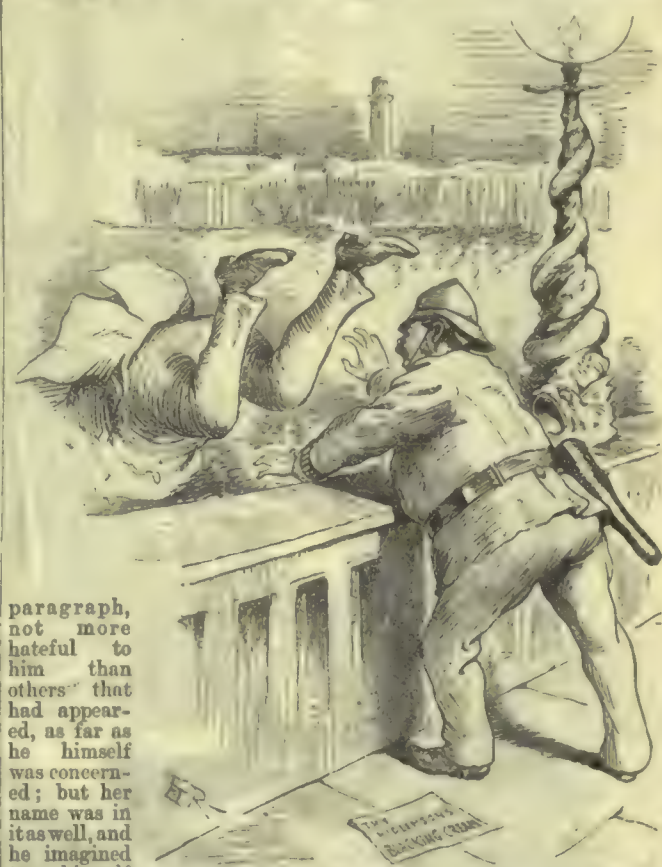
HIGLINSON was furious. He spent a little money in finding out who had written the paragraph. Then he walked up to the writer in a public street, with raised walking-stick. "Now, Sir," he said, "you shall have the thrashing that you deserve."

But it happened that the writer was physically superior to HIGLINSON; so it was the writer who did the thrashing, and HIGLINSON who took it. Next day, *The Scalpel* amused itself with HIGLINSON to the extent of half a column. The notice was headed:—

"MR. HIGLINSON ADVERTISES HIMSELF AGAIN."

Other newspapers also amused themselves, and HIGLINSON became notorious. The Blacking-cream sold better than ever, and brought him enormous profits. But if he attempted to spend those profits on any object, good or bad, it was always insisted that he was simply doing it for advertisement. The public became interested in HIGLINSON; and untrue stories about his private life appeared freely in personal columns. He was rich enough now to have relinquished his business, but those idiotic notions about pluck prevented him from doing this. He meant to go through with it, and to make the public believe in him just as much as they believed in the Blacking-cream. He found about this time someone who did believe in him; he began to change his views about marriage; he was to some extent consoled.

He was passing over the bridge one night, and had just bought an evening paper. His own name caught his eye. It was the usual



paragraph, not more hateful to him than others that had appeared, as far as he himself was concerned; but her name was in it as well, and he imagined to himself

just how she would feel when she read it. He walked on a few paces, and then his pluck all vanished suddenly, as if it had been blown away into space, and it did not seem to be worth while to stop in such a world any longer.

The jury returned the usual verdict; but *The Scalpel* did not hesitate to hint that this suicide had simply been intended as an advertisement, and that HIGLINSON had always supposed that his rescue would be a certainty.

He might have saved himself all this, of course, by a few full-page advertisements in *The Scalpel*. But then he had those idiotic notions about pluck, and he was reluctant to bribe his enemies. It is a very dangerous thing to have notions about anything.

## Wanted, a Word-Slayer.

*Fin de Siècle!* Ah, that phrase, though taste spurn it, I Fear, threatens staying with us to eternity.

Who will deliver

Our nerves, all a-quiver,

From that pest-term, and its fellow "modernity"?





AT THE DOOR; OR, PATERFAMILIAS AND THE YOUNG SPARK.

*Electric Light.* "WHAT, WON'T YOU LET ME IN—A DEAR LITTLE CHAP LIKE ME?"

*Housholder.* "AH! YOU'RE A LITTLE TOO DEAR FOR ME—AT PRESENT."



## AT THE DOOR; OR, PATERFAMILIAS AND THE YOUNG SPARK.

(An Electrical Elogue.)

["The cost is still heavy, no doubt, and the electric light still stands in the category of luxuries which are almost beyond the reach of average middle-class incomes."—The "Times" on the growth of Electric Lighting in London.]

*Electric Sprite.*

OLD BOY, let me in! Come, now, don't you be stupid!  
 Why stand at your door in that dubious way?  
 Like the classical girl who was called on by Cupid,  
 You seem half alarmed at the thought of my stay.  
 With meanings of mischief *my* mind is not laden;  
 Be sure, my dear friend, that *I* shall not sell *you*,  
 As the artful young archer-god did the poor maiden,  
 Who let him in only his visit to rue.  
 I hope you've not listened to enemies' strictures,  
 They've warned you, perhaps, against letting me pass.  
 I shan't soil your ceiling, I shan't spoil your pictures,  
 Or make nasty smells like that dirty imp, Gas!  
 You're prejudiced clearly, and that is a pity,  
 Why, bless you, I'm spreading all over the place!  
 My spark is pervading the whole of the City;  
 The dingy old Gas-flame must soon hide its face.  
 I'm brilliant, and clean, and delightfully larky;  
 Just look at my glow and examine my arc!  
*Twizz!* How's *that* for high, and for vivid and sparky!  
 I obviate dirt, and I dissipate dark.  
 You just let me in; the result you'll be charmed at.  
 Objections, Old Boy, are all fiddle-de-dee.  
 Come now! I'm sure you cannot be alarmed at  
 A dear little chap like me!

*Paterfamilias.*

A dear little chap! Very true; but I'm thinking  
 That you're just a little too "dear" for me—yet!  
 Ah, yes! it's no use to stand smiling and winking;  
 I like the bright ways of you, youngster,—you bet!  
 You're white as the moon, and as spry as a rocket;  
 No doubt all you say in self-praise is quite true,  
 But you see, boy, I *must* keep an eye to my pocket!  
 The Renters and Raters so put on the screw,  
 That a "middle-class income" won't stand much more squeezing,  
 And Forty or Fifty Pounds more in the year.  
 For your bright companionship, albeit pleasing,  
 Would come pretty stiff, my boy. *That* is my fear.  
 Just cheapen yourself, in supply and in fitting,  
 To something that fits with my limited "screw,"  
 And you will not find me shrink long from admitting  
 A dear little chap like you!

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron's Assistant Reader reports as follows to his chief—If you want a really refreshing book, a book whose piquant savour and quaint originality of style are good for jaded brains, buy and read *In a Canadian Canoe* by BARRY PAIN, the sixth volume of the Whitefriars Library of Wit and Humour (HENRY & Co.). Most of the stories and, I think, the best that go to make up this delightful

volume have already appeared in *The Granta*, a Cambridge magazine, which London papers are accustomed to speak of as "our sprightly contemporary." They now seek and are sure to obtain a wider public and a more extended fame. There is in these stories a curious mixture of humour, insight



and pathos, with here and there a dash of grimness and a sprinkling of that charming irrelevancy which is of the essence of true humour. Occasionally Mr. BARRY PAIN wings a shaft against the comfortably brutal doctrines of the average and orthodox householder, male or female. But on these occasions he uses the classical fables and the pagan deities as his bow, and the twang



## THE HEIGHT OF FASTIDIOUSNESS.

Elder Brother. "HULLO, FRANK! HOW IS IT YOU'RE NOT IN MOURNING FOR POOR AUNT GRACE?"

Frank. "AH—WELL—FACT IS, I TRIED ON SIXTEEN OR SEVENTEEN HAT-BANDS, AND COULDN'T GET ONE TO SUIT ME!"

of his shot cannot offend those who play the part of target and are pierced. Read the four stories from the "Entertainments of Kapnides" in the "Canadian Canoe" series, or, "An Hour of Death," "The Last Straw," and "Number One Hundred and Three" in "The Nine Muses Minus One," and you will see at once what I mean. Then for run-away, topsy-turvy wit I think I would back "The Story of the Tin Heart" and "The Camel who never got Started," against most stories I know. Mr. BARRY PAIN's stories sometimes make me feel as if I had got hold of the key-handle of things which have hitherto been puzzles to me. I turn it, open the door ever so little to peep inside, and before I have taken a good square look, Mr. BARRY PAIN slams the door in my face, and I think I can hear him laughing on the other side at the bruise on my forehead. That's not kind treatment, but it promotes curiosity. As for "The Celestial Grocery," I can only say of it that it is in its way a masterpiece. Mr. PAIN sometimes gives way to a touch or two of sentiment, but he abstains from sloppiness. His book is not only witty and humorous but fresh and original in style. It is admirably written. His prose is good,—which is moderate praise, striking a balance between the *pros* and *cons* of criticism. *Prosit!* To all holiday-makers who like quaintness and fun touched with pathos and refinement, I say again, buy and read *In a Canadian Canoe*.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

## "Pugs" and "Mugs."

(A Quotation with a Comment.)

"THE faithful study of the fistic art!  
 From mawkish softness guards the British heart."  
 The study of the betting British curse  
 From swift depletion guards the British purse!



## THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. IV.

SCENE—*The Wiertz Museum at Brussels, a large and well-lighted gallery containing the works of the celebrated Belgian, which are reducing a limited number of spectators to the usual degree of stupefaction. Enter CULCHARD, who seats himself on a central ottoman.*

*Culchard (to himself).* If PODBURY won't come down to breakfast at a decent hour, he can't complain if I— I wonder if he heard Miss TROTTER say she was thinking of coming here this morning. Somehow, I should like that girl to have a more correct comprehension of my character. I don't so much mind her thinking me fastidious and exclusive. I daresay I am—but I do object to being made out a hopeless melancholiac! (*He looks round the walls.*) So these are WIERTZ's masterpieces, eh? h'm. Strenuous, vigorous,—a trifle crude, perhaps. Didn't he refuse all offers for his pictures during his lifetime? Hardly think he could have been overwhelmed with applications for the one opposite. (*He regards an enormous canvas, representing a brawny and gigantic Achilles perforating a brown Trojan with a small mast.*) Not a dining-room picture. Still, I like his independence—work up rather well in a sonnet. Let me see. (*He takes out note-book and scribbles.*) "He scorned to ply his sombre brush for hire." Now if I read that to PODBURY, he'd pretend to think I was treating of a Shoe-black on strike! PODBURY is utterly deficient in reverence.

[*Close by is a party of three Tourists—a Father and Mother, and a Daughter; who is reading to them aloud from the somewhat effusive Official Catalogue; the Education of all three appears to have been elementary.*

*The Daughter (spelling out the words laboriously).* "I could not 'elp fancying this was the artist's por-trait; portent? no, protest against des-des (*recklessly*) despoticism, and tryanny, but I see it is only—Por-Porliffymus fasting upon the companions of Ulyces."

*Her Male Parent.* Do it tell yer what that there big arm and leg be a' doin' of in the middle of 'em?

*Daughter (stolidly).* Don't you be in a nurry, Father (*continuing*) "in the midst of some colonial? That ain't it—colossal animiles fanatically—fan-tasty-cally—" why, this catalogue is 'alf foreign!

*Female P.* Never mind, say Peterborough at the 'ard words—we shan't be none the wiser!

*Daughter.* "The sime-boalie ram the 'ero is to Peterborough and leave 'is Peterborough grotter—"

*Male P.* That 'll do—read what it says about the next one.

*Daughter (reading).* "The Forge of Vulkin. Words are useless 'ere. Before sech a picture one can but look, and think, and enjoy it."

*Both Parents (impressed).* Lor!

[*They smack their lips reverently; Miss TROTTER enters the Gallery.*

*Culch. (rising and going to meet her).* Good morning, Miss TROTTER. We—ah—meet again.

*Miss T.* That's an undeniable fact. I've left Poppa outside. Poppa restricts himself to exteriors wherever he can—says he doesn't seem to mix up his impressions so much that way. But you're alone, too. Where've you hitched your friend up?

*Culch.* My friend did not rise sufficiently early to accompany me. And, by the way, Miss TROTTER, I should like to take this opportunity of disabusing your mind of the—er—totally false impression—

*Miss T.* Oh, that's all right. I told him he needn't try to give me away, for I could see you weren't that kind of man!

*Culch. (gratefully).* Your instinct was correct—perfectly correct. When you say "that kind of man," I presume you refer to the description my—er—friend considered it humorous to give of me as an unsociable hypochondriac?

*Miss T.* Well, no; he didn't say just that. He represented you as one of the fonniest persons alive; said you told stories which tickled folks to death almost.

*Culch. (annoyed).* Really, this is most unpardonable of Mr. PODBURY! To have such odious calumnies circulated about one behind one's back is simply too—I do not aspire to—ah—to tickle folks to death!

*Miss T. (soothingly).* Well, I guess there's no harm done. I didn't feel like being in any imminent danger of perishing that way in your society. You're real high-toned and ever so improving, and that's better than tickling, every time. And I want you to show me round this collection and give me a few notions. Seems to me there was considerable sand in WIERTZ; sort of spread himself around a good deal, didn't he? I presume, though, he slept bad, nights. (*She makes the tour of the Gallery, accompanied by CULCHARD, who admires her, against his better judgment, more and more.*) . . . I declare if that isn't your friend Mr. PODBURY just come in! I believe I'll have to give you up to him.

*Culch. (eagerly).* I beg you will not think it necessary. He—he has a guide already. He does not require my services. And, to be plain, my poor friend—though an excellent fellow according to his—ah—lights—is a companion whose society occasionally amounts to a positive infliction.

*Miss T.* Well, I find him too chinny myself, times. Likely he won't notice us if we don't seem to be aware of him.

[*They continue to inspect the canvases.*

*A Belgian Guide (who has made an easy capture of PODBURY at the Hotel entrance).* Hier now is a shdrainch beecture. "De toughts and veersions of a saivered haid." Fairst meenut afder de-gapitation; de zagonde; de tirt. Hier de haid tink dey vant to poot him in a goffin. Dere are two haid—von goes op, de udder down. Haf you got de two? Nod yet? No?

*Podbury (shaking his head sagaciously).* Oh, ah, yes. Capital! Rum subject, though.

*Guide.* Yais, vary magnifique, vary grandt, and—and rom also! Dees von rebresents Napoleon in hail. De modders show him de laigs and ahums of dair sons keeled in de yars, and invide him to drink a cop of bloodt.

*Podb.* Ha, cheery picture that!

*Guide.* Cheery, oh, yais! Now com and beep troo dis 'ole. (*PODBURY obeys with docility.*) You see? A Mad Voman cooking her shildt in a gettle. Hier again, dey haf puried a man viz de golora before he is daid, he dries to purst de goffin, you see only de handt shdicking outd.

*Podb.* The old Johnny seems full of pretty fancies. (*He looks through another peephole.*) Girl looking at skeleton. Any other domestic subjects on view? (*He suddenly sees Miss TROTTER and CULCHARD with their backs to him.*) Hal—lo, this is luck! I must go to the rescue, or that beggar CULCHARD will bore her to death in no time. (*To Guide.*) Here, hold on a minute. (*Crosses to CULCHARD, followed by Guide.*) How d'y'e do, Miss TROTTER? Doing the Wild Wiertz Show, I see. Ah, CULCHARD, why didn't you tell me you were going—might have gone together. I say, I've got a guide here.

*Culch. (drily).* So we perceive—a very sensible plan, no doubt, in some cases, my dear fellow.

*Podb. (to Miss T.)* Do come and listen to him, most intelligent chap—great fun. Mr. CULCHARD is above that sort of thing, I dare say.

*Guide.* Your vriennts laike to choïn, yais? Same for tree as for von. I explain all de beecture.

*Miss T.* You're vurry obliging, Mr. PODBURY, but your friend is explaining it all just splendidly.

*Podb. (piqued).* Perhaps I had better dismiss my chap, and take on CULCHARD, too?

*Miss T.* No, I'd just hate to have you do that. Keep on going round. You mustn't mind us, indeed!

*Podb.* Oh, if you'd rather! (*Gloomily, to Guide.*) They can do without us. Just show me something more in the blood-and-thunder line—no, at the other end of the room. [*They withdraw.*

*Guide.* Hier is von dat is vary amusant. You know de schtory of de Tree Vishes, eh?

*Podb. Macbeth, eh? oh, I see—Wishes! No, what was that?*

*Guide.* I dell it you. (*He tells it.*) PODBURY falls into gloomy abstraction. . . . And inschdantly she vind a grade pig soasage at de end of her noase. So de ole voman—

*Podb. (wearily).* Oh, I've heard all that. What's this one about?

*Guide.* Dis is galled "De lasht Gannon." You see de vigure of Ceevilization flodderin op viz de vings, vile Brogress preaks asonder de lasht gon, and in a goner a Genius purns de vrontier bost.



"I presume, though, he slept bad, nights."



*Podb. (captiously).* What's he doing that for?  
*Guide.* I tont know. I subboose because dey are bosts, or  
 (dubiously) because he is a Genius.

*Culch. (touching PODBURY'S arm as he goes out).* Oh—er—POD-  
 BURY, I'm off. Going to lunch somewhere with the—ah—TROTTERS.  
 See you at table d'hôte this evening, I suppose? Good-bye.

*Podb. (savagely).* Oh, ta-ta! (To himself.) And that's the  
 fellow who said he wanted to keep out of making friends! How the  
 dickens am I going to get through the time by myself? (To *Guide*.)  
 Here, that's enough for one day. When I want you again, I'll let  
 you know.

[He dismisses him, and stands forlornly in the Gallery, while the  
 Imperfectly Educated Daughter goes on spelling out the Cata-  
 logue for her Parents' edification.]

### A STORY—OUT OF SEASON.

So she's married to him! Whilst I travelled and wandered  
 Far away, for the lack of aught better to do;  
 Whilst my time and my money I recklessly squandered  
 In a hunt for big game—she was doing it too!  
 And I am not surprised he has fallen a prey to  
 The graces and wiles of a maiden so fair;  
 I must take a back seat as I humbly give way to  
 The Earl and the Countess of Hanover Square.



What a stroke of good luck!  
 For, like little Jack  
 Horner,  
 She put in her finger  
 and pulled out a  
 plum;

Yet there once was a time  
 when we sat in a  
 corner—

AMARYLLIS and I—  
 though her mother  
 looked glum.

If I do not forget, it  
 took place in Decem-  
 ber,

But I recollect better one  
 evening in June,

And, for all that has hap-  
 pened, I like to re-  
 member

What we whispered and  
 said by the light of the  
 moon.

But a truce to such thoughts, she has married another,  
 I must tidy away all the memories of yore.  
 There's a smile on the face of her match-making mother,  
 And her family rejoice as they ne'er have before.  
 It has happened. Her mother, I know, always said it  
 Would prove to be so with her beautiful girl,  
 And the fair AMARYLLIS has done herself credit  
 Now she's married the catch of the season—an Earl.

What she did, after all, was perhaps for the best meant.

She may even be fond of her Earl—who can tell?

In the business of Life she has made her investment,

Which I trust most sincerely she will find pay her well.

And as for myself my ambition just *nil* is,

With my pipe and my dog I shall stay on the shelf,

Though allow me to tell you, my dear AMARYLLIS,

I'd have made you an excellent husband myself.

A PUZZLER FOR EVEN SIR ANDR-W CL-RK, BART., M.D.—



What will he do with it?

Case of dyspepsia. What ought  
 to be prescribed for a pa-  
 tient suffering from severe  
 indigestion caused by *having*  
*eaten his own words*? Perhaps  
 one of the most distinguished  
 members of the Medical Con-  
 gress, possessing a great expe-  
 rience among Cabinet Ministers  
 and other Parliamentary cele-  
 brities, will oblige with "a  
 solution"? And this is a per-  
 fectly serious question, although  
 it certainly sounds as if it  
 were only intended for a  
 Roose.

### MR. CLIP'S APPEAL.

(The Hairdressers' Early Closing Association of London (whose Central  
 Office is at 6, Swallow Street, Piccadilly, W., and whose President is Mr.  
 W. J. REED, and Hon. Sec., Mr. A. M. SUTTON), has for object "to secure  
 and maintain one early-closing day per week, suitable to the neighbourhood,  
 and to generally assist in obtaining time for rest and recreation, and promote  
 better and healthier conditions for hairdressers.")

DEAR BOB,—There's a stir in our noble Profession.

The hope of the Hairdresser, silent so long,

At last, like most others, is finding expression.

We've started, dear BOB, and are now going strong.



HAIR AND HEXERCISE; OR, TAKING THE HAIR ON A 'OLE 'OLIDAY.

Early Closing's our object, which means that on one day

We want to shut up shops and scissors at five!

Perhaps Saturday's best, BOB, as coming next Sunday—

Don't seem asking much, if they'd keep us alive.

You cannot imagine how grinding our trade is—

Long hours, and long waits, BOB, when custom is slack!

When the premises hold one old gent and two ladies,

'Tis hard for twelve chaps to be kept on the rack.

To knock off at five on a Saturday eases

Our week's work a little. One evening in six

Ain't more than the Public can spare—if it pleases—

If only its hours 'twill conveniently fix.

When a swell wants a shave, a shampoo, or a clipping,

He likes to drop in at *his* pleasure, no doubt;

But surely he'd not keep us scraping and snipping

To save him from being a trifle put out!

If he'll but get fixed before five on a Saturday,

We poor Hairdressers may get just a chance

Of an hour or two's pleasure or rest on the latter day;

Prospect to make many dreary eyes dance!

And yet some object to this small "Early Closing,"

I wish they could know what it is to chop, chop,

When your feet are one ache and your eyes drawn to dozing

And you're sick of the sight and the smell of the shop!

When a whiff from the meadows appears to come stealing

Above all our washes, and powders, and soaps;

And the whirr of the brush which revolves near the ceiling

Seems pain to our ears and seems death to our hopes!

True, most of the Masters will yield to our yearnings,

A lesson I think to the few who stand out!

I wager the change won't diminish their earnings,

W. REED and A. SUTTON know what they're about,—

Our President, BOB, and our Hon. Sec. Address 'em

At "fair Piccadilly," 6, Swallow Street, W.

Hairdressers' Assistants unitedly bless 'em,

If you, BOB, or others can help us, I'll trouble you!

'Tis long, my dear BOB, since I sent you a letter,

And this you'll admit is a practical one.

We Hairdressers wish our condition to better,

And get our fair share of rest, leisure, and fun.

One Five o' Clock Close every week is our plea, BOB,

Not much for the slaves of scrape-scrape and snip-snip!

The fairness of it I'm convinced you will see, BOB,

And so should the world, says CARACTACUS CLIP.

[Mr. Punch, who knows how much his own personal comfort is dependent  
 upon the adroit ministrations of the "Sons of the Shears," cordially seconds  
 the appeal of his old Correspondent.]

A CASE OF FRENCH LEAVE.—The Gallic Fleet have gone to Cher-  
 bourg—as if they had not had enough "cheers" before leaving  
 England!





### DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

*Jones (reading aloud).* "A TRUE, GOOD, NOBLE WOMAN IS EVER READY TO MAKE HERSELF A DOOR-MAT FOR THE MAN SHE LOVES!" . . . AH, DOLLY, THOSE ARE THE WOMEN WHO MAKE THE BEST WIVES!" *Mrs. J. (who is not of this type).* "YES, DEAR—AND THE WORST HUSBANDS!"

### MR. PUNCH'S ANTI-LABOUR CONGRESS.

*Mr. Punch (in a Marine Lotos-Land) sings his Sea-side Version of the Laureate's lovely "Choric Song."*

#### I.

THERE is a slumber here that softlier falls  
Than forty-winks where dull, dull Bills they  
pass;

Oft have I drowsed within those dreary walls,  
Where brays the pertinacious party ass.  
Here sleep more gently on the spirit lies  
Than where the SPEAKER tells the Noes and  
Ayes.

The wave-wash brings sweet sleep down from  
the summer skies,  
Here laps the azure deep,  
And through the weed the small crabs creep,  
And safe from prigs who plague and nymphs  
who peep,  
Sagacious *Punch* reclines and woos benignant  
sleep.

#### II.

Why are we weighed upon with Politics,  
And, utterly fatigued by "bores" and  
"sticks,"

While all things else have rest from weariness?

All things have rest: why should we toil alone,  
We only toil, who are "such clever things!"

And make perpetual moan,  
Still from one "Question" to another thrown?  
Gulls, even, fold their wings,  
And cease their wanderings,  
Watching our brows which slumber's holy  
balm

Bathes gently, whilst the inner spirit sings  
"There is no joy but calm!"  
Why should *Punch* only toil, the top and  
crown of things?

#### III.

How sweet it were, dodging the urban stream,  
With half-shut eyes ever to seem  
Falling asleep in a half dream!  
To dream and dream that yonder glittering  
light

No more shall top the tall Clock Tower's  
To hear no more the party speech;  
Eating the Lotos day by day,  
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach;  
(No, no, *not* Hicks! Thank heaven, he's far  
away!)

To lend one's mind and fancy wholly  
Unto the influence of the calmly jolly;  
Forgetful, whilst the salt breeze  
round one rustles;  
Of all the clamorous Congresses of  
Brussels,  
Of all the spouting M.P.'s party  
tussles,  
Of all the noisy votaries of CARL  
MARX;  
Of all save slumber and Unmitigated  
Larks!

#### IV.

Dear are the memories of our wedded  
lives,  
Dear also are the outfits of our wives,  
And their huge trunks: but this is  
a sweet change!  
For surely now our household hearths  
are cold,  
Charwomen prowl thereby: our halls  
look strange,  
Our suites are swathed like ghosts.  
Here all is joy,  
And, by the stirless silence rendered  
bold,  
The very gulls stand round with furléd  
wings. [boy?  
What do *you* think of it, TOBY, my  
The Session's Bills are half-forgotten  
things.  
Is there discussion in our little Isle?  
Let Parties broken so remain.  
Factions are hard to reconcile:  
Prate not of Law and Order—by the  
main!  
There is a fussiness worse than death  
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,  
Lost labour, and sheer waste of breath,  
Sore task to hearts dead beat by many  
wars,  
And ears grown dumb with listening  
to loud party jars.

#### V.

But propt on sand and pebbles roly-  
polly [us lowly]  
How sweet (while briny breezes fan  
With half-dropt eyelids still,  
Beneath a boat-side tarry, coally,  
To watch the long white breakers  
drawing slowly [spill—  
Up to the curling turn and foamy  
To hear far-off the wheezy Town-Crier  
calling,  
"Oh, yes! Oh, yes!" Truly, TOBIAS  
mine,

This *solitude à deux* is most divine;  
A Congress we—of Two; where no outfalling  
Is possible. Our Anti-Labour line  
Is wordlessly prolonged, stretched out beside  
the brine.

#### VI.

Such Lotos-eating all at times must seek!  
The Lotos blows by many an English creek.  
*Punch* is no "mild-eyed melancholy" coon,  
Born, like the Laureate's islanders, to moon  
In lands in which 'tis always afternoon.  
No, TOBY, no! Yet stretch your tawny muzzle  
Upon these tawny sands! We will not puzzle,  
For a few happy hours, our weary pates  
With Burning Questions or with Dull  
Debates. [Motions, we,  
We have had enough of Measures, and of  
"Ayes" to starboard, "Noes" to larboard  
(in the language of the sea),  
Where the wallowing SEYMOUR spouted like  
a whale, and COBB made free.  
Let us take our solemn davy, TOBY, for a space  
(*Punch* perceives complete approval in that  
doggy face)—[mind!—  
Let us take our davy, TOBY—for a time, now  
In this briny Lotos Land to live and lie reclined,  
On the sands like chums together, careless of  
mankind! [Sleeps.





MR. PUNCH'S ANTI-LABOUR CONGRESS.







## SOME CIRCULAR NOTES.

## CHAPTER II.

*On Tour—Restauration—Method—Rapid Act—Patriotism—Chorus—Dinner—Forwards—Entrée—Exit—Destination.*

WITH DAUBINET I soon acquire the careless habit of speaking any French that comes into my head, irrespective of grammar, genders, or idioms. If he doesn't understand it in French he will do so in English, or *vice versa*. On this mutual comprehension system we get along as easily as the express does, and as easily as the boat does too, to-day,—for we are in luck, the weather is delicious and the sea propitious,—and so we arrive hungry and happy at the excellent buffet at the Calais Station, the praises of which I have sung more than once in my lifetime.

Far be it from me to draw comparisons, but I if want to start well and wisely for the Continong, give me the short sea-passage *via*



Dover and the excellent restauration at Calais, with a good twenty-five minutes allowed for refreshment; though why this interval shouldn't be extended to three-quarters of an hour, and less time occupied on the journey to Paris, I have never yet been able to ascertain. In the not very dim and distant future no doubt it will be so. I record the above observation in italics, in order to attract the attention of all whom it may and does and ought to concern. Perhaps they'll kindly see to it.

Our *déjeuner* at Calais is as good as it usually is at that haven of Restauration. After the buffeting of the waves, how sweet is the buffet of the shore. I sit down at once, as an old Continental-travelling hand, tell the waiter immediately what I am going to take, and forthwith it is brought; then, in advance, I command the coffee, and have my French money all ready in an outside-pocket, so that there shall be no unnecessary delay. All station-feeding is a fearsome pastime. You are never quite sure of the trains, and you never quite trust the waiter's most solemn asseveration to the effect that you have still so many minutes left, decreasing rapidly from fifteen to five, when, time being up and the food down, you find yourself hurrying out on to the platform, plunging recklessly in between the lines, uncertain as to your carriage, and becoming more and more hot, nervous, and uncomfortable up to the very last moment, when the stout guard, with the heavy black moustache, and the familiar bronzed features set off by a cap-band which once was red, bundles you into your proper place, bangs the door, and you are off,—for Paris, or wherever your destination may be.

DAUBINET knows the proprietor of the restaurant, likewise the proprietor's good lady and good children. He has a great deal to say to them, always by means of working the semaphore with his arms and hands, as if the persons with whom he excitedly converses were deaf; and having lost all count of time, besides being in a state of considerable puzzle as to the existence of his appetite, he is suddenly informed by the head-waiter,—another of his acquaintances, for DAUBINET, it appears, is a constant traveller to and fro on this route, that if he wants anything he must take it at once, or he won't get it at all, unless he chooses to stop there and lose his train. So DAUBINET ladles some soup into his mouth, and savagely worries a huge lump of bread: then having gobbled up the soup in a quarter of a second, and having put away all the bread in another quarter, he pours a glass of wine into a tumbler out of the bottle which I have had opened for both of us, adds water, then tosses it off, wipes his lips with the napkin which he bangs down on the table, and, with his hat and coat on, his small bag in his hand, and quite prepared to resume the journey, he cries, "*Allons! Petzickoff!*" (or some such word, which I suppose to be either Russian or an ejaculation quite

new and original, but *à la Russe*, and entirely his own invention), with the cheery and enthusiastic addition of, "*Bless the Prince of WAILES!*"

"By all means," I cordially respond, for we are on a foreign soil, where loyalty to our Royal Family is no longer a duty only, but also a mark of patriotism, which should ever distinguish the true Briton,—though, by the way, now I think of it, DAUBINET is a lively Gaul. Subsequently, observing my friend DAUBINET, I find that he is especially English in France, and peculiarly French in England. On what is to me foreign, but to him his own native soil, he is always bursting out into snatches of our British National Anthem, or he sings the line above quoted. In France he will insist on talking about London, England, Ireland, Scotland, with imitations in slang or of brogue, as the case may be, on every possible or even impossible opportunity; and, when the subject of conversation does not afford him any chance for his interpolations, then, for a time, he will "*lay low*," like Brer Fox, only to startle us with some sudden outbursts of song, generally selected from the popular English Melodies of a bygone period, such as "*My Pretty Jane*," "*My Love is like a red, red Rose*," or "*Good-bye, Sweetheart, good-bye*," and such-like musical reminiscences, invariably finishing with a quotation from the National Anthem, "*Rule Britannia*," or "*Bless the Prince of WAILES!*" He is a travelling chorus.

We stop—I don't know where, as I trust entirely to my guide and fellow-traveller—for a good twenty minutes' stuff, nominally dinner, *en route*, about seven o'clock. It is the usual rush; the usual indecision; the usual indigestion. DAUBINET does more execution among the eatables and drinkables in five minutes than I can manage in the full time allotted to refreshment; and not only this, but he finds plenty of time for talking nonsense to one of the nicest-looking waitresses. Of course, he positively refuses to speak a word of his own native language, but gives his orders in English, Spanish, and Russian, to the despair of all the attendants, with the exception of the pretty waiting-maid, to whom he addresses himself in colloquial French. She quite enters into the joke; can give and take as pleasantly as possible; can also fetch and carry; and when, finally, DAUBINET *en bon prince* rewards her intelligence with a two-franc



piece, her bright smile, and her courteous "*Merci beaucoup, Monsieur*," prove once more that she can take as well as give,—nay, even better, and yet leave the donor her debtor. "*Da Karascho!*" Yes, all right! "*Montez donc!*" cries my mercurial friend, hurrying to the train; then, as he once more settles himself in the compartment, he sings "*Rule Britannia! Bless the Prince of WAILES! O Maman!*" and before I have lit my after-dinner cigar, he has made himself quite comfortable, lying at full length, and is fast asleep. So am I soon. When I awake, it is night; pitch-dark, and very cold. We are stopping at some station. A stout Frenchman enters our carriage; not that there is anything remarkable about his stoutness, as it seems to me that the majority of middle-class and middle-aged Frenchmen, and Frenchwomen, too, are all, more or less, of considerable corpulence.

The new arrival recognises DAUBINET, and salutes him. DAUBINET warmly acknowledges the recognition, and in a few moments they are engaged in an animated conversation, one commencing his reply before the other has finished his question, neither permitting the other to complete a sentence, whether interrogatory or declaratory; so that, during the greater part of their conversation,—which lasts till, thank goodness, the stranger has to get out, which he does at the





### "NEB'LAR (HIC) 'POTHESIS."

*Elderly Gentleman (overcome by gravitation). "ORRIGHT, INSPECTRUM. BEEN READING SPEESH—PRES'DENT BRISH-SOSHIASHLEM. SHPLENDID SPEESH! I'M IN 'UNIQUE POSISHN 'F (HIC) ABSOLUTE IMM'BILITY IN MIDSHT OF WHIRLING 'N DRIFTING SUNS, 'N SYSHTEMS 'F SUNS.' GOOR OLD HUGGINS!"*

### "NOTHING IN THE PAPERS!"

*Or, Voluntary Contributions Un-gratefully Received.*

SCENE—A Railway Compartment.  
BROWN and SMITH looking up from their Daily Papers.

*Brown.* Now that Parliament stands prorogued, I suppose there is nothing to read?

*Smith.* Nothing. Except this article upon Australia. Tells one all about Capital and Labour in that part of the world. Most interesting. Wonder how they found room for it! Have you seen it?

*Brown.* Well, no. Fact is I have been reading about Argentina. Very exhaustive article this, and on a matter of serious moment. I hold some shares as a trustee. Seems that they will all come right in the end. Would you like to see it?

*Smith.* When I have time to read it. But, to tell the truth, it takes me a good hour to get through the City Intelligence. And the racing, too, that always interests me; but I don't think it is so exciting as the Stock Exchange.

*Brown.* No more do I. By the way, is there anything good in the correspondence line in your paper?

*Smith.* The usual sensational recess subjects. Some of the letters are too good for the general public; they must have been written in the office.

*Brown.* I daresay. And perhaps these sketches of places away from Town are also written in London?

*Smith.* Not a bit of it! I happen to know that the papers spend thousands and thousands upon obtaining information in every quarter of the globe. Bogus articles are things of the past.

*Brown.* Only fancy! And all this expense for nothing in the recess! When no one reads the papers!

*Smith.* Yes, and when there's nothing in them! [They resume perusal of their papers until interrupted by a tunnel. Curtain.]

next station, and disappears in the darkness,—I can only pick up a word or half a sentence here and there, and, in a general way, wonder why they become so earnest and emphatic about the most ordinary topics. For an English listener, however, it is an excellent lesson in colloquial French; only I cannot help wishing that they would take the "tempo" just a little slower, and that their tone were not necessarily up to concert pitch, in order to keep itself well above the running accompaniment of railway-wheels, which seems to fit all modes of counting from two to sixteen in a bar. At last the train stops, the dialogue becomes jerky, our companion salutes us politely, wishes us "*bon voyage*," and descends.

After his departure, I ask DAUBINET, "Who is your friend?" as I should like to know the reason of DAUBINET not having introduced us. His reply at once resolves all my doubts and difficulties on the subject; it is simply, "Heaven knows! He is a nice fellow. I have met him *quelque part*. Ah! *v'là!*" He rushes to the window. "Hi! hi! Guard! Conducteur!" The Conducteur appears, and informs us that we descend at the next station, and, after that, in another five minutes we shall be at Reims.

And so we are. Reims at last! Not brilliant is Reims on this dark night. There are several omnibuses and other vehicles waiting to take the very few passengers who alight from the train, and who, it appears, as a rule, prefer to walk. Having no baggage beyond a few bags and a small portmanteau which travel with us in our compartment, and which the porter can wheel on a truck, or indeed carry if he chooses, we are soon in the 'bus, and rattling over the stones to the Hotel.

### ODE TO A BAROMETER.

(By a Troubled Tapster.)

I TAP you early, tap you late, In vain!	The end—whatever you may say Is wet!
We get—whatever you may state— Much rain. [singing]	'Twas wet in June, and in July Wet too;
The Woodpecker of which fools Ne'er tapped	In August it is wetter. Why, Trust you?
Half so persistently. Since Spring I've rapped	Barometer, you false old chap, You bore!
Your fair false dial day by day, And yet	I'm no Woodpecker, and I'll tap No more!

### THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

Oh, Sir, I read the papers every day,  
To amuse myself and pass the time away;  
But they've got so hard to follow that they simply beat me hollow  
With the learning and the culture they display;  
And they wouldn't be so hard if those  
good people down at Cardiff  
Would but be a shade more careful  
what they say.

The President's address, I think, will  
tax  
My intellectual organ till it cracks;  
The Association British isn't wanted to  
be skittish,  
Wear the motley, nor to run a race in  
sacks;  
But 'twas getting awkward rather when  
my youngest asked his father  
What the President implied by parallax.

The money market often puzzles me;  
I've no notion what the Funding Loan  
may be;  
In the sales of corn (Odessa), jute and sago, I confess a  
Sort of feeling that I'm very much at sea;  
But couldn't the reporter keep this science rather shorter,  
Or at any rate provide us with a key?



### QUEER QUERIES.

HOUSE DECORATION.—What am I to do under the following circumstances? I took a house a year ago, and painted the outside scarlet, with gold "facings," to remind me—and my neighbours—of the fact that I am highly connected with the Army, my deceased wife's half-brother having once held some post in the Commissariat. I am leaving the house now, and my landlord actually insists on my scraping all the paint off! He says that if any bulls happen to pass the house, they will be sure to run at it. Am I obliged to yield to this ridiculous caprice?—LOVER OF THE PICTURESQUE.





**ALL-ROUND POLITICIANS.—SIR RICHARD.**

*Mr. Punch's Parliamentary Artist reads in the Papers that Sir Richard T—— does not intend to Stand for Parliament again !*



## SEASIDE ASIDES.

*(Paterfamilias in North Cornwall.)*

OH! how delightful now at last to come  
Away from town—its dirt, its degradation,  
Its never-ending whirl, its ceaseless hum.  
(A long chalks better, though, than sheer  
stagnation.)



For what could mortal man or maid want more  
Than breezy downs to stroll on, rocks to  
climb up.

Weird labyrinthine caverns to explore?  
(There's nothing else to do to fill the time  
up.)

Your honest face here earns an honest brown,  
You ramble on for miles 'mid gorse and  
heather,  
Sheep hold athletic sports upon the down  
(Which makes the mutton taste as tough as  
leather).

The place is guiltless, too, of horrid piers,  
And likewise is not Christy-Minstrel tooney;  
No soul-distressing strains disturb your ears.  
(A German band has just played "Annie  
Rooney.")

The eggs as fresh as paint, the Cornish cream  
The boys from school all say is "simply  
ripping."

The butter, so the girls declare, "a dream."  
(The only bacey you can buy quite dripping.)

A happiness of resting after strife,  
Where one forgets all worldly pain and  
sorrow,  
And one contentedly could pass one's life.  
(A telegram will take me home to-morrow.)

CANINE SAGACITY.—Numerous instances  
of this have been quoted in the *Spec-*



tator and other  
papers. Our *Toby*  
would like to be in-  
formed how one clever  
dog would communi-  
cate with another  
clever dog, if the  
former were in a  
great hurry? The  
reply from a great  
authority in the K 9  
Division, signing  
himself "Dog-  
berry," is that "the  
clever dog would  
either tailgraph or tailphone; but that,  
anyhow, in the strictest confidence, he would  
tell his own tail."

## THE MANNERS OF OUR CHILDREN!

*(Fragment from a Tragic Farce, suggested by a  
Correspondence in a Daily Paper.)*

SCENE—*The Sanctum of Paterfamilias.*  
*Enter to him JACKY, his eldest born.*

*Pater. (cordially).* How are you, old chap?  
*Jacky.* Very well, thank you, Father. And  
will you forgive me—is not "chap" a trifle  
slangy?

*Pater. (astounded).* Eh! what?  
*Jacky.* You were good enough to write to  
my Form Master after the Easter Vacation,  
complaining of my style. Consequently that  
worthy pedagogue has given more than usual  
attention to that part of my education.

*Pater.* Well, now you are home for the  
holidays! As for your Form Master—hang  
him and all his works!

*Jacky.* Are you quite sure that you are  
quoting correctly? To the best of my belief  
the line goes, "hang him with his pen and  
ink-horn."

*Pater.* Eh! what? I don't understand you.  
*Jacky.* Why, my dear Father, I naturally



concluded that you were quoting from the  
Immortal Bard. You will find the passage in  
*The Second Part of King Henry the Sixth*,  
Act IV., Scene 2.

*Pater.* What are you talking about?  
*Jacky.* Why your misquotation. And will  
you forgive me—but do you not think it would  
sound better if you were to ask me—"about  
what I was talking?" I might add that my  
Form Master and I—

*Pater.* Your "Form Master and you."  
Rot and bosh! I should say—

*Jacky. (with a twitch of pain).* Oh, my dear  
Father, more slang, more slang!

*Pater. (getting very red).* And what if there  
is? What's that to you? You don't pay for  
my education, do you?

*Jacky. (quickly).* No. If I did, I could not  
declare that I was satisfied with your progress!

*Pater. (indignantly).* You little prig, I—  
*Jacky. (calmly interrupting).* Pray do not  
excite yourself. I am only doing my duty.  
I am merely attempting to instruct those less  
polished than myself. Surely I may regard  
such an action with satisfaction?

*Pater. (furious).* You shall go back to  
school at once!

*Jacky.* I am afraid that that is scarcely  
practicable. If you will refer to the slip that  
accompanied my school-bill, you will notice  
that the Vacation does not cease until the  
20th of September.

*Pater.* And a nice school-bill! Why they  
charged everything as an extra!

*Jacky.* Surely such a matter is scarcely  
within my province? According to statute,  
my dear Father, you are bound to provide for  
me until (if my memory does not betray me)  
I reach the age of sixteen. As I am now five  
years younger than that limit, it is clearly  
your duty to support me.

*Pater.* Why, Sir, you are insupportable!  
*Jacky. (smiling).* I see—a joke—very good!  
But, my dear Sir, do you think it quite dignified  
to make so small a jest in my presence? It is  
calculated to lessen my respect for you.

*Pater.* Well I never!

*Jacky.* Never what? You have not com-  
pleted the sentence.

*Pater.* Sir, you are an insolent young puppy!  
*Jacky.* I am forced to contradict you—in  
justice to yourself. You cannot be willing to  
let me regard you as a dog?

*Pater. (after a pause).* Well, the sooner you  
get back to the school the better.

*Jacky. (promptly).* I have no doubt you are  
right, my dear Father; and, as I take a sincere  
interest in your welfare, I would respectfully  
suggest that you should accompany me. It  
must be patent to us both that you are lacking  
in polish.

*Pater. (losing his patience).* You young  
cub! I will give you the soundest thrashing  
you ever had in your life!

*Materfamilias. (interposing).* Oh, you cruel  
man! What has the poor child done?

*Jacky. (with ready tact).* Nothing, dearest  
Mamma, except to take after his kind, clever  
and accomplished Mother!

*[Scene closes in upon a family group not  
entirely free from domestic complications.]*

## THE SURREY A B C.

A is for ABEL, who can certainly block well;  
B stands for BOWLEY, and BEAUMONT, and  
BROCKWELL;

C is the Captain, JOHN SHUTER his name;  
D is the Devotion he gives to the game;

E is the Ele-  
ven, desper-  
ately great;

F is the Funk  
which their  
bowlers cre-  
ate.

G stands for  
GEORGE—  
our only  
GEORGE

LOHMANN;

H for young HENDERSON, valiant young  
foeman.

I is the Innings, beloved of the gapers;  
J is the Jargon they put in the papers.

K is for KEY, the accomplished Dark Blue;  
L is for LOCKWOOD, who bowls a bit too;

M is for MAURICE, his other name READ;  
N poor old Nottingham, beaten indeed.

O is the Oval, the home of the crowd;  
P the Pavilion, the seat of the proud.

Q is the Question, "Oh, Umpire, how's that?"  
R is for Gentleman READ, who can bat.

S stands for SHARPE, it will pay you to  
mind him;

T is the Trouble they were put to to find him;  
U their United attempts—hard, to beat them;

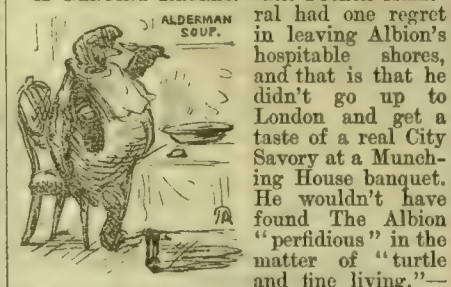
V the Vain efforts oft made to defeat them.  
W represents WOOD at the wicket;

X is the Xcellent style of their cricket.  
Y ends the county, not played out in a hurry.

Z stands for ZERO, a stranger to Surrey!



A GENUINE REGRET.—The French Admi-  
ral had one regret



in leaving Albion's  
hospitable shores,  
and that is that he  
didn't go up to  
London and get a  
taste of a real City  
Savory at a Munch-  
ing House banquet.  
He wouldn't have  
found The Albion  
"perfidious" in the  
matter of "turtle  
and fine living,"—  
which was Mrs. R.'s description of the Phari-  
sees. Their French leave is up, and they're  
on sail or return.



## SOME CIRCULAR NOTES.

## CHAPTER III.

*Reims—Night—Streets—Arrival—Lion d'Or—Depression—Land-lady—Boots—Cathedral—Loneliness—Bed.*

It is just ten o'clock. Reims seems to be in bed and fast asleep, except for the presence in the streets of a very few persons, official and unofficial, of whom the former are evidently on the alert as to the movements, slouching and uncertain, of the latter.

We drive under ancient Roman Arch; DAUBINET tells me its history in a vague kind of way, breaking off suddenly to say that I shall see it to-morrow, when, so he evidently wishes me to infer, the Roman Arch will speak for itself. Then we drive past a desolate-looking Museum. I believe it is a Museum, though DAUBINET's information is a trifle uncertain on this point.

We pass a theatre, brilliantly illuminated. I see posters on the wall advertising the performance. A gendarme, in full uniform, as if he had come out after playing *Sergeant Lupy* in *Robert Macaire*, is pensively airing himself under the *façade*, but there is no one else within sight,—no one; not a *cocher* with whom *Sergeant Lupy* can chat, nor even a *gamin* to be ordered off; and though, from one point of view, this exterior desolation may argue well for the business the theatre is doing, yet, as there is no logical certainty that the people, who do not appear outside a show, should therefore necessarily be inside it, the temple of the Drama may, after all, be as empty as was *Mr. Crummles'* Theatre, when somebody, looking through a hole in the curtain, announced, in a state of great excitement, the advent of another boy to the pit.

And now we rattle over the stones joltingly, along a fairly well-lighted street. All the shops fast asleep, with their eyelids closed, that is, their shutters up, all except one establishment, garishly lighted and of defiantly rakish appearance, with the words *Café Chantant* written up in jets of gas; and within this *Café*, as we jolt along, I espy a *dame du comptoir*, a weary waiter, and two or three second-class, flashy-looking customers, drinking, smoking, perhaps arguing, at all events, gesticulating, which, with the low-class Frenchmen, comes to much the same thing in the end, the end probably being their expulsion from the drinking-saloon. Where is the *chantant* portion of the *café*? I cannot see,—perhaps in some inner recess. With this flash of brilliancy, all sign of life in Reims disappears. We drive on, jolted and rattled over the cobble stones—(if not cobble, what are they? Wobble?)—and so up to the *Lion d'Or*.

I am depressed. I can't help it. It is depressing to be the only prisoners in a black van; I should have said "passengers," but the sombre character of the omnibus suggests "Black Maria;" it is depressing (I repeat to myself), to be the only two passengers driving through a dead town at night-time, as if we were the very personification of "the dead of night" being taken out in a hearse to the nearest cemetery. Even DAUBINET feels it, for he is silent, except when he tries to rouse himself by exclaiming "Caramba!" Only twice does he make the attempt, and then, meeting with no response from me, he collapses. Nor does it relieve depression to be set down in a solemn courtyard, lighted by a solitary gas-lamp. This in itself would be quite sufficient to make a weary traveller melancholy, without the tolling of a gruesome bell to announce our arrival. This dispiriting sound seems to affect nobody in the house, except a lengthy young man in a desperate state of unwakefulness, who sleepily resents our arrival in the midst of his first slumber (he must have gone to bed at nine), and drowsily expresses a wish to be informed (for he will not take the trouble to examine into the matter for himself) whether

we have any luggage; and this sense of depression becomes aggravated and intensified when no genial Boniface (as the landlord used invariably to be styled in romances of half a century ago) comes forth to greet us with a hearty welcome, and no buxom smiling hostess is there to order the trim waiting-maid, with polished

candlestick, "to show the gentleman his room." And, at length, when a hostess, amiable but shivering, does appear, there is still an absence of all geniality; no questions are asked as to what we might like to take in the way of refreshment, there is no fire to cheer us, no warm drinks are suggested, no apparent probability of getting food or liquor, even if we wanted it, which, thank Heaven, we don't, not having recovered from the last hurriedly-swallowed meal at the railway buffet *en route*. Yes, at the "*Lion d'Or*" at Reims, on this occasion, *hic et nunc*, is a combination of melancholy circumstances which would have delighted *Mark Tapley*, and, as far as I know, *Mark Tapley* only.

"On an occasion like this," I murmur to myself, having no one else to whom I can murmur it confidentially,—for DAUBINET, having a knowledge of the house, has disappeared down some mysterious passage in order to examine and choose our rooms,—"there is, indeed, some merit in being jolly."

DAUBINET returns. He has found the rooms. The somnolent boots will carry our things upstairs. Which of the two rooms will I have? They are *en suite*. I make no choice. It is, I protest, a matter of perfect indifference to me; but one room being infinitely superior to the other, I select it, apologetically. DAUBINET, being more of a *Mark Tapley* than I am, is quite satisfied with the arrangement, and has almost entirely recovered his wonted high spirits.

"Very good. *Très bien!* Da! Petzikoff! Pedadjoi! I shall sleep like a top. *Bon soir! Buono notte! Karascho!* Bless the Prince of



WAILES!" and he has disappeared into his bedroom. I never knew a man so quick in unpacking, getting into bed, and going to sleep. He hasn't far to go, or else Morpheus must have caught him up, *en route*, and hypnotised him. I hear him singing and humming for two minutes; I hear him calling out to me, "All right? Are you all right?" and, once again invoking the spirit of *Mark Tapley*, I throw all the joviality I can into my reply as I say, through the wall, "Quite, thanks. Jolly! Good-night!" But my reply is wasted on him; he has turned a deaf ear to me, the other being on the pillow, and gives no sign. If he is asleep, the suddenness of the collapse is almost alarming. Once again I address him. No answer. I continue my unpacking. All my portmanteau arrangements seem to have become unaccountably complicated. I pause and look round. Cheerless. The room is bare and lofty, the bed is small, the window is large, and the one solitary *bougie* sheds a gloom around which makes unpacking a difficulty. I pull up the blind. A lovely moonlight night. In front of me, as if it had had the politeness to put itself out of the way to walk up here, and pay me a visit, stands the Cathedral, that is—some of it; but what I can see of it, *au clair de la lune*, fascinates me. It is company, it is friendly. But it is chilly all the same, and the sooner I close the window and retire the better. Usual difficulty, of course, in closing French window. After a violent struggle, it is done. The bed looks chilly, and I feel sure that that stuffed, pillow-like thing, which is to do duty for blanket and coverlet, can't be warm enough.

Hark! a gentle snore. A very gentle one. It is the first time I ever knew a snore exercise a soothing effect on the listener. This is decidedly soporific. It is an invitation to sleep. I accept. The Cathedral clock sounds a *carillon*. It plays half a tune, too, as if this was all it had learnt up to the present, or perhaps to intimate that there is more where that comes from, only I must wait for to-morrow, and be contented with this instalment. I am. Half a tune is better than no tune at all, or *vice versa*: it doesn't matter. When the tune breaks off I murmur to myself, "To be continued in our next;" and so—as I believe, for I remember nothing after this—I doze off to sleep on this my first night in the ancient town of Reims.





## BUMBLE BROUGHT TO BOOK.

["Mr. RITCHIE . . . has taken the unusual step of preparing a memorandum explanatory of . . . the Public Health (London) Act, which comes into operation on the 1st of January . . . The Vestries and District Councils . . . have come out with increased powers, but also with increased responsibilities. They are in future known as 'the sanitary authorities'; they must make bye-laws, and enforce not only their own, but those made by the County Council; and, if they fail in their duty—as, for example, in the matter of removing house-refuse, or keeping the streets clean—they are liable to a fine. It is pleasant to think that, in future, any ratepayer may bring Mr. BUMBLE to book."]—*The Times*.]



President of the Local Government Board. "THERE'S MR. BUMBLE'S WORK, MADAM, AND IT'LL BE YOUR OWN FAULT IF YOU DON'T KEEP HIM UP TO IT!"

Bumble. Wot, more dooties piled upon me?

It's a beastly black shame and a bore, Which RITCHIE beats *Oliver Twist* in a canter at "asking for more."

Didn't grasp his dashed Haot, not at fust, though of course I opposed it like fun;

But this 'ere Memyrandum's a startler. I want to know what's to be done.

Me keep the streets clean, me go poking my dalicot nose into 'oles

As ain't fit for 'ogs, but is kep' for them Sweaters' pale wictims—pore soles?

Me see that [the dust-pails is emptied, and underground bedrooms made sweet?

Me nail the Court Notices hup upon Butchers as deals in bad meat?

Great Scissors, it's somethink hountageous I knew RITCHIE's Act meant 'ard lines,



And it's wus than I could 'ave emagined.  
 But wot I funk most is them FINES!!!  
 Fine *Me*—if I make a mistake, as, perhaps,  
 even BUMBLE may do!  
 That is turning the tables a twister! More  
 powers? Ah, well, that might do,  
 But increase my great "Responsibilities,"  
 give them Ratepayers a chance  
 Of a calling *me* hover the coals! Won't this  
 make my hold henemies dance?  
 I never did like that HYGEIA, a pompous and  
 nose-poking minx—  
 A sort of a female *Poll Pry*, with a heye like  
 an 'ork or a lynx;  
 But the making me "Sanit'ry," too—oh, I  
 know wot *that* means to a T.  
 She's cock—or say, hen—of the walk, and  
 her sanit'ry slave 'll be *Me*!  
 Oh, I fancy I see myself sweeping the snow  
 from the streets with a broom,  
 Or explorin'—with fingers to nose—some  
 effluvious hunderground room!  
 Or a-trotting around with the dust-pails  
 when scavengers chance to run short!  
 Oh, just *won't* the street-boys chyike me and  
 ousemaids of BUMBLE make sport?  
 Disgustin'! But there RITCHIE stands with  
 his dashed Memyrandum. A look  
 In his heye seems to tell me that he too enjoys  
 bringing BUMBLE to book,  
 As the *Times*—I'm serprised at that paper!—  
 most pleasantly puts it to-day.  
 My friend BONES the Butcher too! Moses!  
 wot *would* my old parlour-chum say  
 If he saw me a nailing a Notice—but no,  
 that's too horrid a dream.  
 I must be a 'aving a Nightmare, and things  
 cannot be wot they seem.  
 I could do with mere Laws—bye or hother-  
 wise—Haets, jest like Honours, is easy,  
 But this Memyrandum of RITCHIE's queers  
 BUMBLE, and makes him feel queasy,  
 Can't pertend as I don't hunderstand it, it's  
 plain as my nose, clear as mud.  
 I'm responsible for—say Snow-clearing! It  
 stirs up a Beadle's best blood!  
 And when they can *Fine* me for negligence,  
 jest like some rate-paying scrub—  
 Oh! Porochial dignity's bust! I must seek a  
 pick-up at my Pub! [Does so.]



### A MODEST REQUEST.

"I HEAR YOU'RE SO CLEVER ABOUT ZENANA WORK. WILL YOU SHOW ME THE STITCH?"

### "FIRST-CLASS" TRAVELLING

Made Easy, by Paying a "Third-class" Fare and a small additional Tip.

(BY ONE WHO HAS DONE IT.)

1. ARRIV<sup>at</sup> station in four-wheeler, accompanied by lots of superfluous rugs, wraps, air-cushions, and pillows, &c., and if your domestic arrangements permit it, two young ladies and one middle-aged one, who should assume an anxious and sympathetic mien.

2. On your cab drawing up, stay with a gentle forbearance the rush of the ordinary attentive porter, and request him, as if you had something important to communicate, to send you "the guard of the train" by which you propose to travel. On the appearance of this official, who will not fail to turn up, you will now appeal to one of your three female assistants, the middle-aged one for choice. Placing your case, as it were, in her hands, she will, in a half-sympathetic, half-commanding tone, address the official somewhat as follows:—"This gentleman, who is travelling to Barminster, and is going third-class (she makes a point of this), is, as you see, a great invalid, and he will require (this with a certain sense of being understood to mean a handsome tip) a carriage to himself." If said with a certain self-assurance, involving a species of lofty wink, this will probably be understood in the right sense by the official in question, and will be probably met by some such assurance as—"The train is very full, Madam, but I will do my best for the gentleman, and can ensure him, I think, a compartment to himself, at least, as far as Bolchester, where I leave the train. But I will explain the matter to my successor, and I have no doubt that he will be able (this also with a significant wink) to ensure the gentleman's seclusion. You are, I think, four? If you will follow me, and take my arm, Sir, I think we shall be able to manage it for you."

3. Enlist the assistance of several attendant porters, regardless of apparent outlay, who have been fairly let into your secret, and are prepared to, and in fact absolutely do, empty a third-class com-

partment already packed with passengers for Barminster, who retreat awe-stricken at your approach.

4. Immediately on taking possession of your carriage, recline the whole length of the five seats, faced by your three sympathetic and anxious-miened female companions. Be careful to give each of the assistant porters certainly not less than sixpence apiece in ostentatious fashion. Do not, however, as yet administer the shilling, or perhaps, eightpence you purpose giving to the original guard of the train who is to hand you over to the official who will have charge of you after Bolchester.

5. You will possibly have a *mauvais quart d'heure* before departure, for though your guard, in hopes of the remunerative fee, will have carefully locked you in, he will not be able to prevent the calculating and more or less unfeeling British public, who, composed of a party of nine, are looking for as many places as they can find together, from discovering that you have six vacant places in your carriage, and directing the attention of other railway officials, not initiated into your secret agreement, to this circumstance. You must therefore be prepared for some such curt brutality as, "Why, look 'ere, EMMA, there's room for 'arf-a-dozen of us 'ere!" or, "I'm sure 'e needn't be a sprawlin' like that, takin' 'arf the carriage to 'isself," a rebuke which your feminine supporters resent in their severest manner. You are, however, at length saved by the interposition of your guardian angel, who sweeps away the party of nine unseated ones with a voice of commanding control, as much as to say, "This isn't your end of the train; besides, can't you see the poor gentleman's pretty well dying?" And he does hurry them off, and pack them in somewhere or other, but whether to their satisfaction or not, it is easier to hazard a guess than faithfully to record.

6. Bolchester is reached, and you are formally introduced to your final guarding and protecting angel, who rapidly takes in the situation, and by an assurance that he will see to your comfort, this, accompanied by a slightly perceptible wink, leaves you in happy expectation, which the result justifies, of reaching your destination uninvaded.



## THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. V.

SCENE—Upper deck of the Rhine Steamer, König Wilhelm, somewhere between Bonn and Bingen. The little tables on deck are occupied by English, American, and German tourists, drinking various liquids, from hock to Pilsener beer, and eating veal-cutlets. Mr. CYRUS K. TROTTER is on the lower deck, discussing the comparative merits of the New York hotels with a fellow countryman. Miss MAUD S. TROTTER is seated on the after-deck in close conversation with CULCHARD. PODBURY is perched on a camp-stool in the forward part. Near him a British Matron, with a red-haired son, in a green and black blazer, and a blue flannel nightcap, and a bevy of rabbit-faced daughters, are patronising a tame German Student in spectacles, who speaks a little English.

The British Matron. Oh, you ought to see London; it's our capital—chief city, you know. Very grand—large—four million inhabitants!

[With pride, as being in some way responsible for this.]

A Rabbit-faced Daughter (with a simper). Quite a little world!

[She looks down her nose, as if in fear of having said something a little too original.]

The Germ. Stud. No, I haf not yet at London peen. Ven I vill pedder English learn, I go.

The Blazer. You read our English books, I suppose? DICKENS, you know, and HOMER, eh? About the Trojan War—that's his best work!

The Stud. (Ollendorffically). I haf not read DIGGINS; but I haf read ze bapers by Bigwig. Zey are vary indereshtin, and gurious.

A Patriotic Young Scot (to an admiring Elderly Lady in a black mushroom hat). Eh, but we just made a pairty and went up Auld Drachenfels, and when we got to th' tope, we danced a richt gude Scots reel, and sang, "We're a' togither an' naeboddy by," concluding—just to show, ye'll understand, that we were loyal subjes—wi' "God Save th' Queen." The peasants didna seem just to know what to mak' of us, I prawnise ye!

The Black Mushroom. How I wish I'd been one of you!

The Young Scot (candidly). I doot your legs would ha' stood such wark.

[PODBURY becomes restless, and picks his way among the camp-stools to CULCHARD and Miss TROTTER.]

Podbury (to himself). Time I had a look in, I think. (Aloud.) Well, Miss TROTTER, what do you think of the Rhine, as far as you've got?

Miss T. Well, I guess it's navigable, as far as I've got.

Podb. No, but I mean to say—does it come up to the mark in the scenery-line, you know?

Miss T. I can't answer that till I know whereabouts it is they mark the scenery-line. I expect Mr. CULCHARD knows. He knows pretty well everything. Would you like to have him explain the scenery to you going along? His explanations are vurry improving, I assure you.

Podb. I daresay; but the scenery just here is so flat that even my friend's remarks won't improve it.

Culch. (producing his note-book ostentatiously). I do not propose to attempt it. No doubt you will be more successful in entertaining Miss TROTTER than I can pretend to be! I retire in your favour.

[He scribbles.]

Podb. Is that our expenses you're corking down there, CULCHARD, eh?

Culch. (with dignity). If you want to know, I am "corking down," to adopt your elegant expression, a sonnet that suggested itself to me.

Podb. Much better cork that up, old chap—hadn't he, Miss TROTTER?

[He glances at her for appreciation.]

Miss T. That's so. I don't believe the poetic spirit has much chance of slopping over so long as Mr. PODBURY is around. You have considerable merit as a stopper, Mr. PODBURY.

Podb. I see; I'd better clear out till the poetry has all gurgled out of him, eh? Is that the idea?

Miss T. If it is, it's your own, so I guess it's a pretty good one. [PODBURY shoulders off.]

Culch. (with his pathetic stop on). I wish I had more of your divine patience! Poor fellow, he is not without his good points; but I do find him a thorn in my flesh occasionally, I'm afraid.

Miss T. Well, I don't know as a thorn in the flesh is any the pleasanter for having a good point.

Culch. Profoundly true, indeed. I often think I could like him better if there were less in him to like. I assure you he tries me so at times that I could almost wish I was back at work in my department at Somerset House!

Miss T. I daresay you have pretty good times there, too. Isn't that one of your leading dry goods stores?

Culch. (pained). It is not; it is a Government Office, and I am in the Pigeonhole and Docket Department, with important duties to discharge. I hope you didn't imagine I sold ribbons and calico over a counter?

Miss T. (ambiguously). Well, I wasn't just sure. It takes a pretty bright man to do that where I come from.

An Old Lady (who is sitting next to PODBURY, and reading a home-letter to another Old Lady).

"Dear MARIA and dear MADELINE are close by, they have taken very comfortable lodgings in Marine Crescent. Dear MADELINE's frame is expected down next Saturday."

Second Old Lady. MADELINE's frame! Is anything wrong with the poor girl's spine?

First Old Lady. I never heard of it. Oh, I see, it's fiancé, my dear. CAROLINE does write so illegibly. (Continuing.) "Um—um,—suppose you know she will be maimed—" (perhaps it is her spine after all—oh, married, to be sure), "very slowly" (is it slowly or shortly, I wonder?), um—um, "very quiet wedding, nobody but dear Mr. WILKINSON and his hatter."

Second O. L. The idea of choosing one's hatter for one's best man! I'm surprised MARIA should allow it!

First O. L. MARIA always was peculiar—still, now I come to look, it's more like "brother," which is certainly much more suitable. (Continuing.) "She will have no—no bird's-marks . . ." (Now, what does that—should you think that meant "crows-feet"? Oh, no, how stupid of me—bridesmaids, of course!)—"and will go to the

altar a plain guy"—(Oh, CAROLINE really is too . . .)—"to the altar in plain grey! She has been given such quantities of pea-nuts"—(very odd things to give a girl! Oh, presents! um, um)—"Not settled yet where to go for their hangman"—(the officiating clergyman, I suppose—very flippant way of putting it, I must say! It's meant for honeymoon, though, I see, to be sure!) &c., &c.

Culch. I should like to be at Nuremberg with you. It would be an unspeakable delight to watch the expansion of a fresh young soul in that rich mediæval atmosphere!

Miss T. I guess you'll have opportunities of watching Mr. PODBURY's fresh young soul under those conditions, any way.

Culch. It would not be at all the same thing—even if he—but you do think you're coming to Nuremberg, don't you?

Miss T. Well, it's this way. Poppa don't want to get fooling around any more one-horse towns than he can help, and he's got to be fixed up with the idea that Nuremberg is a prominent European sight before he drops everything to get there.

Culch. I will undertake to interest him in Nuremberg. Fortunately, we are all getting off at Bingen, and going, curiously enough,



Mr. Cyrus K. Trotter discussing New York Hotels.



to the same hotel. (*To himself.*) Confound that fellow POBBURY, here he is again!

*Podb.* (*to himself, as he advances.*) If she's carrying on with that fellow, CULCHARD, to provoke me, I'll soon show her how little I—(*Aloud.*) I say, old man, hope I'm not interrupting you, but I just want to speak to you for a minute, if Miss TROTTER will excuse us. Is there any particular point in going as far as Bingen to-night, eh?

*Culch.* (*resignedly.*) As much as there is in not going farther than somewhere else, I should have thought.

*Podb.* Well, but look here—why not stop at Bacharach, and see what sort of a place it is?

*Culch.* You forget that our time is limited if we're going to stick to our original route.

*Podb.* Yes, of course; mustn't waste any on the Rhine. Suppose we push on to Maintz to-night, and get the Rhine off our hands then? (*With a glance at Miss TROTTER.*) The sooner I've done with this steamer business the better!

*Miss T.* Well, Mr. POBBURY, that's not a vurry complimentary remark to make before me!

*Podb.* We've seen so little of one another lately that it can hardly make much difference—to either of us—can it?

*Miss T.* Now I call that real kind, you're consoling me in advance!

*The Steward* (*coming up*). De dickets dat I haf nod yed seen! examining CULCHARD'S coupons. For Bingen—so?

*Culch.* I am. This gentleman gets off—is it Bacharach or Maintz, POBBURY?

*Podb.* (*sulkily.*) Neither, as it happens. I'm for Bingen, too, as you won't go anywhere else. Though you *did* say when we started, that the advantage of travelling like this was that we could go on or stop just as the fancy took us!

*Culch.* (*calmly.*) I did, my dear POBBURY. But it never occurred to me that the fancy would take you to get tired of a place before you got there!

*Podb.* (*as he walks forwards.*) Hang that fellow! I know I shall punch his head some day. And She didn't seem to care whether I stayed or not. (*Hopefully.*) But you never can tell with women!

[*He returns to his camp-stool and the letter-reading Old Ladies.*]

#### A SONG IN SEASON.

'Twas the autumn time, dear love,  
The English autumn weather;  
And, oh, it was sweet, it was hard to beat  
As we sailed that day together!  
It was cold when we started out,  
As we noted with sad surprise;  
And the tip of your nose was as blue, I suppose,  
As the blue of your dear, dear eyes.

We sailed to Hampton Court,  
And the sun had burnt us black;  
Then we dodged a shower for the half of an hour,  
And then we skated back;  
Till the weather grew depressed  
At the shifting state of its luck,  
And the glass, set fair, gave it up in despair,  
And much of the lightning struck.

We sat on the bank in the storm,  
In the steady fall of the snow,  
In the stinging hail and the howling gale,  
And the scorching sun, you know;  
We sat in it all—yes, all!  
We cared for no kind of weather—  
What made us so mad was the fact that we had  
The whole of the kinds together.

#### ROBERT'S FUTURE.

My kind Amerrycain acquaintance—I musn't call him friend tho' he is so werry free and social with me, for I hopes I knos my proper place—has given me a long account of his week at Brighton. It seems as he was in grate luck, for it was Brighton Race Week, and he is good enuff to say that, whatever difrent opinyons the men of other countries may find in regard to the various customs and manners of our grate but rayther rum nashun, they all agrees, with one acord, that a English race-course is the prettyest and nicest thing of the sort that the hole world can show. I rayther thinks as he dropt his money there, but it couldn't have bin werry much, for it didn't have the least effeck on his good temper. It seems as he got interdoosed to some sillybrated pusson who rites in papers and seemed to kno everything, but wot he wanted to kno was if I could tell him what caused his werry bad indijeshun, to which I at once replied, without a moment's hesitashun, that it was prob-

berbly owing to his being, wich he told me he was, a sort of relashun of a real Common Councilman of the Grand old City of London! at which he larfed quite hartly, and said, "Bravo, Mr. ROBERT, that's one to you!"

He arterwards asked me for the werry best place to go to, where he coud have jest about a few hours quiet refleekshun all to hisself without not nothink to disturb him; so I sent him to Marlow, gentlemanly Marlow, if you please, with a letter to my old friend BILL the Fisherman, and there, he told me arterwards, he had sich a luvly day of it as he never remembered having afore. He sat



for fours ours in a luvly Punt, in a bewtifool drizzlin rain, with lots of fish a biting away, but he was much too much engaged to pay the least atenshun to 'em, and there wasn't not noboddy to bother him; so he sat there, and thort out about the most himportentest ewent of his life; and when I waited upon him at the "Grand Hotel" arterwards, I don't think as I ewer seed a reel Gent, as he suttlenly is, in such jolly good sperrits. So, seeing how werry successfool I had been, I ventured to say to him,—"And now, Sir, if you wants to see gentlemanly Marlow in quite another aspice, and one that estonishes and delites all as sees it, just take the 9'45 train from Paddington next Sunday, and, drectly you gets there, go at wunce to the Lock, and there, for ours and ours you will see sitch a sight of most ravishing bewty, combined with helegance and hart, as praps no other spot in all the hole world can show! Why, Sir," I said, "every time as the full Lock opens its yawning gates, at the command of one of the principel officers of the Tems Conserwancy, you will think of the Gates of Parrydice a hopening for a excurshun of hundreds of the most bewtifoollest Angels as generally lives there!" "Why, Mr. ROBERT," says the Amerrycain, "your hen-thusiasm xrites my curoosity, and I'll suttlenly go, and," he added, with almost a blushing smile, "I rayther thinks as I'll take a companion with me."

And off he went on the follering Sunday, and didn't git back till seven o'clock to dinner, and his fust words to me was,—"Mr. ROBERT, you didn't in the least xagerate the bewty of the scene as you sent me for to see—it was as strange and as lovely as a Faery Tail! I wasn't at all surprised to see what Swells there was among 'em, and what werry particklar attentions they paid to 'em, cos I reklek how My Lord RANGDULF CHURCHILL slected that particklar spot, on henny particklar fine Sunday, to seek that werry welcome and much wanted change from his sewere Parleментарy dooties, as he used wen he were ere among us to rekquire, for I guess as there ain't sitch a sight to be seen not nowheres else so well calklated to brighten a pore feller up who's jest about done up with reel hard work." I didn't quite understand what made my Amerrycain smile quite so silly as he finished his rayther long speech, but he most certenly did, and then set to work at his dinner.

He arterwards told me as how as he means to pay a wisit, when the season begins, to our new Hotel at Monty Carlo, sunwheres in France, and try his new system at the Tables, and if he suckseeds, as he knows he shall, he will, praps, sum day tell me his secret, and then I shall have to ask my gentlemanly Manager here to let me have a few weeks there, and then I shan't want to do any more waiting! What a prospect!

ROBERT.





## COUNTRY-HOUSE PETS.

*The Morning-Room at Glen-Dimity Castle, after Lunch. Mr. Belamy Tabby is singing "Hi tiddley hi ti, hi, ti, hi!"*

*The Duchess.* "HOW CLEVER AND AMUSIN' YOUR FRIEND, MR. WHATSHISNAME IS!—TABBY, ISN'T IT? SO GOOD-LOOKIN' AND GENTLEMANLIKE TOO! QUITE A GODSEND ON A RAINY DAY LIKE THIS, WHEN ALL THE MEN ARE OUT SHOOTIN' OR FISHIN', OR SOMETHING! IS HE MARRIED?"

*Noble Hostess.* "OH YES; BUT WHAT'S SO NICE ABOUT HIM, HE DOESN'T MIND BEIN' ASKED WITHOUT HIS WIFE. THOSE SORT OF PERSONS SO OFTEN EXPECT THEIR WIVES TO BE ASKED TOO, AND THAT'S SUCH A BORE, YOU KNOW!"

*Her Grace.* "YES; HOW SENSIBLE OF HIM! I MUST GET HIM TO COME TO US AT BRASENOSE TOWERS!"

## THE CANADIAN "SEARCH-LIGHT."

(A SONG OF SINCERE SYMPATHY.)

AIR—"The Slave in the Dismal Swamp."

In dark fens of the Dismal Swamp  
The Search-Light sends its ray!  
What is that hideous oozy tramp?  
What creatures crawling 'midst jungle damp  
Scuttle from light away?

Revealing radiance shine, oh shine,  
Through black bayou and brake,  
Where knotted parasites intertwine,  
And through the tangles of poisonous vine  
Glideth the spotted snake.

Where hardly a human foot would pass,  
Or an honest heart would dare  
The quaking mud of the foul morass, [grass,  
With rank weed choked, and with clotted  
Fit for a reptile's lair.

They dread the light, do those dismal things,  
Its gleam they dare not face.  
Their snaky writhings, their bat-like wings,  
Their quaking menace of fangs and stings  
Make horror of the place.

All things should be so bright and fair  
In a land so glad and free;  
But the Search-Light layeth dark secrets  
bare,  
And shows how loathsomeness builds a lair  
In a land of Liberty.

Push on, brave bearer of piercing Light,  
Through pestilential gloom,  
Where crawls the spawn of Corruption's night!  
Deal out, stout searcher, to left and right,  
The cleansing strokes of doom.

That fair lithe form in that fleet frail bark  
Is a comely Nemesis,  
Before whose menace 'tis good to mark  
The reptile dwellers in dens so dark  
Driven with growl and hiss.

The saurian huge and the lizard slow,  
Foul shapes of ruthless greed,  
And the stealthy snake of the sudden blow,  
All owl-like shrink from the Search-Light's  
glow,  
Or fly with felon speed.

Corruption's spawn must be chased and slain,  
Scourged from the wholesome earth.  
It clingeth else like the curse of CAIN.  
Smite, smite like flail upon garnered grain,  
These things of bestial birth!

## Old Doggerel Re-dressed.

(After reading certain Criticisms on certain Novelists, certain Comments on those Criticisms, and certain Rejoinders to those Comments.)

LITTLE novelists have little critics,  
Like little gnats, to bite 'em;  
Those little critics have lesser critics,  
And so *ad infinitum*!

## LINES BY A LEWISHAM WITLER.

THE PENN is mightier than the sword—  
Of any Red-Rad whipster.  
I said he'd win—doubted my word;  
But I'm the O. K. tipster.  
Rads roughed on me and called me "Bung;"  
I've bunged them up—a corker—  
At the result their heads they hung.  
They whip the Witler? Walker!  
We're the PENN-holders. For their man  
That One-Six-Nine-Three nicked him,  
Witlers warmed up "Old Warmingpan;"  
PENN gave him odds, and licked him.  
"Villadom" did its duty—game;  
Rads jeered it; that's their mania.  
Lewisham? No, we'll change the name,  
And call it—PENN-Sylvania!

TIP BY A TORY.—The *Star*, talking of "HODGE'S Political Salvation," says that Mr. GLADSTONE has given the Liberal country programme in a sentence. I will give it in a word. It is all "Hodge-podge!"

UNATTRACTIVE COMBINATION.—If a young woman is "fast," and uncommonly ugly, wouldn't she make a great mistake were she to combine the two qualities, and be "fast-idious"?

NAME FOR A CERTAIN SECTION OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS.—The Nude Journalism.





TESTIMONIALS  
BRIBERY  
CORRUPTION  
TIPS  
BLACKMAIL

# THE CANADIAN "SEARCH-LIGHT."







## THE COQUETTE OF THE PERIOD.

You vowed you loved me, but your eyes  
Said just the same to dozens,  
The music of your low replies,  
Was heard by several cousins.  
Forgive me if I could not cope,  
With charms so comprehensive;  
And scarce believed a love whose scope,  
Was really too extensive.



The fashion of the age you'll say,  
But I've a predilection  
For girls who in the olden way  
Retain one man's affection.  
You favoured me with witching smiles,  
You gave me frequent dances;  
But other men that I wished miles  
Away, enjoyed your glances.  
Man loves as men loved in old times,  
And as in legends hoary,  
We celebrate a maid in rhymes,  
Is that too old a story?  
But still man loves one girl alone,  
And flies when he discovers—  
That she he thought was all his own,  
Has half a dozen lovers.  
You sighed and said that you felt hurt,  
And prettily you pouted,  
When anybody called you flirt,  
A fact I never doubted.  
And yet such wheedling ways you had,  
Man yielded willy-nilly;  
And half your swains were nearly mad,  
And all of us were silly.  
Youth's first illusions fly apace,  
And now one man confesses  
He scarcely can recal your face,  
Or colour of your dresses.  
And whether you were false or true,  
Or what fate followed after,  
Remembrance only keeps of you  
The echo of your laughter.

A CREDITABLE INCIDENT IN  
THE NEXT WAR.

(An Advance Sheet from Mr. Punch's Prophetic  
History of Europe.)

["Italy is bound to maintain abroad the appearance of a great and rich country, while at home she ought to conduct herself as if in straitened circumstances."—*Daily Paper.*]

THE Italian Army had been completely victorious. There was but one drawback to the entire satisfaction of the Commander-in-Chief—one of his favourite Generals was under arrest, and was being tried by court-martial. The accused had refused the assistance of Counsel, and had insisted upon pleading "Guilty."

"But," urged the Commander-in-Chief, "you surely have some excuse. To sack a private house belonging to your own countryman was unpardonable. It was an aimless piece of Vandalism! For your own reputation—for the sake of your ancestors—on behalf of your descendants—some explanation should be afforded."

"Surely this is no time for levity," murmured a Warrior-Journalist, who was suspected of combining with the duties of a hero the labours of a Special Correspondent for a Roman journal.

"Do I look like a jester?" asked the Prisoner; and then he added, "My brave companions, it is for the honour of our country—to conceal her poverty from the sneers of foreigners—that I carry with me the secret of my action to the family vault. Press me no further—see, I am ready for the firing-party!"

There was nothing further to be said, and the little procession made its way to the Barrack Square. The Prisoner shook hands warmly with his Judges, and with the weeping soldiery who were to act as his executioners. "I will give the words of command myself. Ready—present—"

"Stop!"

An aged man had approached the group. He was out of breath with running. The firing-party paused, and lowered their rifles.

"Do not listen to him!" shouted the Accused. "And if he will not desist, shoot him too—shoot us both."

"You exceed your duties, Sirrah," said the Commander-in-Chief, with some severity—for discipline was strict in the Italian Army. "It is for me to command, not you!" The Prisoner lowered his head at the just reproof, and then his superior officer continued, "Why do you ask us to desist?"

"Because the Prisoner is innocent. He acted from the best of motives. I was the proprietor of the shop he sacked, and I (for, after all, I am a patriot) demand his pardon!"

"You!" exclaimed the Commander-in-Chief. "Surely you ought to be the last to urge such a plea. We do not know what your shop contained, but presume that the contents was your property."

"You are right in the presumption," acquiesced the aged man; "but these documents will show that he was right, from a military point of view, to sack my shop."

The Commander-in-Chief hastily glanced at the papers, and with a thrill of pleasure, ordered his favourite General to be released.

"This mystery must never be revealed," he murmured. And it never would, had not the hero-journalist printed the story. Thus it was that the tale became international property. Now it is known all the world over that the General sacked a shop to obtain the arms and accoutrements of the Italian Army. But it is still (comparatively) a secret that the proprietor of the establishment carried on on the premises the business of a pawnbroker!

## COMPULSORY GREEK;

OR, BYRON UP TO DATE.

(A British Boy's View on a Burning Question.)

COMPULSORY Greek! Compulsory Greek!  
Though "burning SAPPHO loved and sung,"  
Why in Greek shackles should they seek  
To bind the British schoolboy's tongue?  
Eternal bores, that Attic set, [yet.  
But, heaven be thanked, we'll "chuck" them  
"The Scian and the Teian Muse"  
Ruled us as tyrants absolute;  
Now even pedagogues refuse  
To stodge us with such stale old fruit.  
Why should the STANLEY-dowered West  
Make the *Anabasis* a test?



They teach us about Marathon,  
But what is Marathon to me?  
Tell me of fights still going on.  
Men "rightly struggling to be free;"  
Nay, I find interest much more brave in  
The mill 'twixt Thingummy and SLAVIN.  
Oh, feed me not on mythic lore,  
But Science and the modern Fact,  
Teach me Electric Fires to store,  
The difference 'twixt "Bill" and "Act."  
Why should a Cockney care a "cuss"  
For HOMER or for ÆSCHYLUS?  
For who are they? But what art thou,  
My Country? On thy fertile shore  
The heroic lyre is tuneless now;  
To scheme for dividends, dig for ore,  
These are the things we hold divine,  
Not HOMER's long-resounding line.  
If you would make a splendid name  
Amidst a lucre-loving race,  
You must be in god Mammon's game,  
And hustle for a foremost place.  
What do we want with poets here?  
For Greece a snub, for Greek a sneer!  
Must we still pore o'er classic text  
Because our simple fathers said  
It made "a gentleman"? What next?  
Let the dead languages stay dead!  
Hooray for Fact and Rule of Three!  
Compulsory Greek is fiddle-de-dee.  
Place me on Stock Exchange's steep  
With nought to do but sell and buy  
To Bull and Bear we need not keep  
Our classics up; that's all my eye.  
Ho! for the Factory, Mart, and Mine  
The toils of Greek our souls decline.





THE POOR OVERWORKED PARLIAMENTARY OFFICIAL TRIES TO ESCAPE FOR A HOLIDAY WITHIN HIS OWN COUNTRY.



## SOLOMON PELL IN ALL HIS GLORY.

*A Dickensian Dream at Plymouth.*

"Boy!" cried Mr. SOLOMON PELL, in the tones of a severe Stentor. The small Boy with the Big Blue Bag responded promptly with a deferential "Yussir."

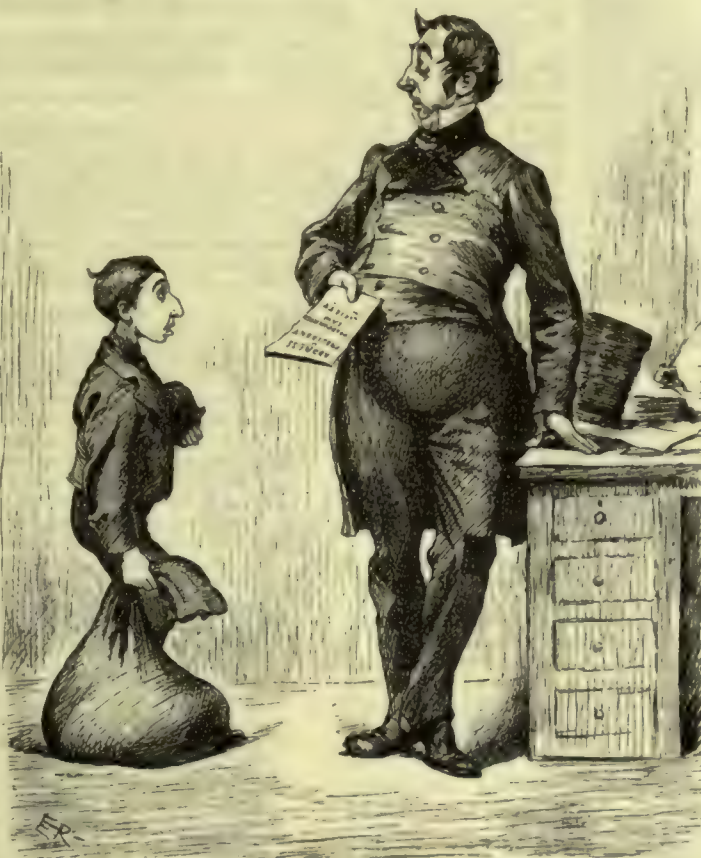
"Listen!" pursued Mr. PELL, with dignity. And he read with emphatic elocution from some closely-printed columns in the *Times*, intersecting exclamatory comments from time to time.

"When we remember the importance of the work daily intrusted to Solicitors (*Important, indeed!*), and the amount of industry (*Quite so!*), judgment (*Exactly!*), learning (*I believe you!*), and integrity (*Why, cert'n'ly!*), it involves, and the responsibility which is necessarily incurred by them in advising, not only in public and political matters, but in all the details of private transactions, the dealings with property, and matters affecting not only the purses, but the honour and reputation (*Ah!!*), of the members of the community (*Well, and pointedly put, Boy!*), and when we remember, in addition, what a powerful and (on the whole) respected body they are (*I should think so!*)—a body, too, consisting not merely of a "fortuitous concourse of atoms" (*I should say not, indeed! Fancy me being a mere "atom," or fortuitous!*) ("Please, Sir, I can't," interjected the Boy with the Bag)—each going his own way, and seeking his own interest, but bound together, as the great bulk of its members are, and organised by means of this great Society, and of the kindred societies scattered over the country, and acting in harmony with it—it seems most surprising (*Surprising? Astounding, Sir!*) that so little in the way of dignity and reward can be looked forward to by the Solicitor, however honestly, ably, and conscientiously he may perform the arduous and responsible duties of his profession."

Mr. PELL here paused, and panted, like one who comes to the surface after a deep-sea dive. Then he pursued:—  
"There, Boy! That is from the opening speech of the President of the Incorporated Law Society at Plymouth! And excellent it is,—though perhaps a little long-winded. As a mere sentence, a sinuous sequence of words, a 'breather' in syllables, an exercise in adjectives, it cuts the record and takes the cake. But look, Boy, at the sound common-sense of it! Since the famous, if flattering, remarks—concerning Me!—of my late friend, the ex-Lord-Chancellor, who said—nay, swore, that 'the country ought to be proud of me,' I have met with no observations concerning our Profession which so commend themselves to my judgment."

"Oh, please Sir, yussir, right you are, Sir!" jerked out the Boy with the Bag.  
"Right Mr. MELMOTH WALTERS is," corrected Mr. PELL, severely. "I knew it would come, Boy, and it *has*. Though it has taken time, it has taken time. Listen yet further, and don't fidget with that Bag!"  
"I contend (*He contends!*) that it is the duty of the State to provide due recognition of merit in the ranks of a Profession which has been set apart (*Dedicated, as it were, like a—like a—sort of a scapegoat—ahem!* no, not that, exactly, either, but—a—you know, Boy, you know!), and regulated (*Just a little too much, perhaps*) by it, from which so much is expected, and to which so much is confided."

"Splendid! My sentiments to a touch! Sir, that Blue Bag is a Temple of Sacred Secrets, and should be a shrine of Open Honour. (*Must make a note of that for my next speech at the Forum!*) 'Sir SOLOMON PELL' would not sound badly, eh, Boy?"



"Oh, please Sir, yussir—I mean, no, Sir, far from it, Sir—*far* from it!"

"And yet the Bar gets all the honours, and most of the emoluments, whilst the Blue Bag, too often, is sent empty away. Is it just? Is it judicious? What says once again the Plymouth oracle?"

"I ask whether it is wise or prudent on the part of the State to leave unnoticed and disregarded the higher aspirations and ambitions of a large and useful and powerful class of the community?"

"No, Sir—a thousand times no! Let our 'higher aspirations' be considered. Some of us have souls above six-and-eightpence, and yearnings beyond bills of costs. Let 'em be gratified, Boy!"

"Oh, please Sir, yussir; let 'em! Immediately—if not sooner, Sir!"

"By the State—with a capital S! If a soldier may carry a Field Marshal's *bâton* in his knapsack, why, why should not a Solicitor carry a Baronetcy in his Blue Bag?"

"And Ekker answers, 'Why?' Sir."

"I beg your pardon, Boy, it is the *Times*, not the *Echo*, which so answers. The *Times* says:—

"'They (Solicitors) are the guardians of our dearest (yes, our *dearest*) interests, the confidants of family secrets, the arbiters in family controversies, and not infrequently the custodians of the honour and the good name of their clients.'

"Quite so. Why, Boy, did we let out the Secrets of the Blue Bag, the contents of Old Nick's Sack, which that 'stupid old snuff-colour'd son of a gun,' Saint Medard 'cut into slits on the Red Sea shore' would be *nothing* to 'em!"

"Nothink at all, Sir; nothink, wotsomedevery!"

"No matter—a time will come, Boy! In Mr. WILLIAM MELMOTH WALTERS's speech I see the dawn of it."

"The Profession, it is true, does not receive in any great measure those official dignities and rewards which the President claims on its behalf, nor are we quite confident that, if it did, the fact would increase the confidence or the respect of its clients."

"Well, the *Times* may not be 'quite confident.' I am! And so would the clients be, I'm sure. Remove that Blue Bag, Boy! Wonder what Mr. *Pickwick's* opinion of Mr. WALTERS's speech would have been, and that of the *Walters*, father and son! [*Sings.*]

"I'll place it in the hand of my Solicitors;

I'll have this thing put right.

We may make money,

But— isn't it funny!—

Few 'dignities' Solicitors delight!"

[*Left considering it.*]

## FROM DARKEST AFRICA.

MRS. SHELDON is back from her travels abroad.

Were she only a man, we should hail her as manly!

As it is, there are some who, in wishing to laud,

Are accustomed to call her the feminine STANLEY.

But now this adventurous, much-daring she

Through such perils has gone, and so gallantly held on,

In time that's to come Mr. STANLEY may be

Merely known to us all as the male Mrs. SHELDON!

MOTTO FOR THE OPPONENTS OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—No noose is good news! (But what will grim Lord GRIMTHORPE say?)

THE Cheapest Insurance Office must be the *Fee-nix*.



## STORICULES.

## II.—THE BACK-VIEW.

THE boy had gone out to get change.

I was waiting in the studio, listening to the photographer. He was in quite a small way of business, and no one would have expected him to have any change for anything. I was sitting on a rustic stile, with a Greek temple and some wilted *Spiræas* in the background.



He was in the dark room, busy, splashing liquids about, and reminiscent. I still believe that he thought the time of waiting would seem shorter to me if he talked. The whole place seemed to suggest financial difficulties, and smelt of chemicals.

"You remember the Punyer case?" he asked. His voice sounded thin and far-off through the closed door of the dark room.

I did. PUNYER had been a cashier, and had absconded with rather more than the usual amount.

"Well, I had some dealings with PUNYER. As a cashier he was cer-

tainly dishonest, but as a man he was absolutely reliable, and nothing would induce him to break his word. I know that to be a fact from my personal experience of the man; indeed, it was through me that he was identified—or, rather, through one of my photographs."

"Really?"

"Yes. On the day that he absconded, a four-wheeler drove up to this house. The driver got off, and sent a message up to the studio that a gentleman in a cab outside wished to speak to me. So, of course, I went out. Inside the cab I found a man wearing a thick green veil. He explained to me that his face had been injured in a railway accident, and that he could not allow it to be seen by any one. He wanted me to photograph the back of his head. He knew that the request was unusual. 'But,' he said, pathetically, 'my few friends have got to know the back of my head, just as they know the faces of others who are—who are less unfortunate than myself. The doctors tell me that I have not long to live, and my friends are eager to have some slight memento of me.' I was much moved, and I agreed to photograph him at once."

"The man was PUNYER?"

"Of course. The photograph of the back of his head turned out admirably—clear and full of character."

"But why did he get photographed at all?"

"You shall hear; it all came out afterwards. I have already told you that PUNYER, in his private capacity, was a man of his word. It appears that he was engaged to a Miss MIRANDA BUDE. Indeed, it was to her that I was to send the photographs when they were finished. He had promised her that he would have his photograph taken for her on his birthday; and the day on which he absconded happened to be his birthday. He could not break his promise. What was he to do? At first he disguised himself as far as he could; he shaved off his luxurious beard and moustache; he had his long fair hair closely cropped and stained black. But there was on his face one certain mark of identification which he could not alter nor remove. It was a slight scar, extending diagonally across his forehead; when he was a child he once fell into the fender, and the mark had remained ever since. At last the bright idea occurred to him that he might have the back of his head photographed instead of his face, and so keep his promise to MIRANDA. It was really a brilliant idea. For there was absolutely nothing in the view of the back of his head by which he could be identified."

"But you told me just now that he actually was identified by your photograph."

"So he was;—I was just going to explain. I was sitting in my studio one day, touching up the photographs of the back-view of PUNYER, when in came a detective from Scotland Yard. From his appearance, a detective was the last thing on earth that you would have taken him to be."

"They generally say that in the detective stories," I said, meditatively.

"If you think I'm making this up—"

"No, no,—not at all. Go on."

"Well, he told me his business, and I at once showed him one of the photographs, telling him under what circumstances they were taken. He examined it carefully. 'Ah!' he said, 'if I only could prove that this was PUNYER, I should be able to complete my case, and my advancement would be certain. In my own mind I am convinced of it, but at present I cannot prove it. PUNYER had a scar on his face. It was like his devilish cunning to have only the back of his head photographed!' He was just leaving, when suddenly a new idea seemed to flash across him. He seized the photograph, and rushed across to the mirror. You know that if anything is written backwards, you can read it by holding it up to a looking-glass. So, of course, the detective, by holding up the photograph of the back-view, saw the full-face reflected. The scar showed just above the green veil, and consequently—"

At this point the boy returned with my change. The photographer had looked himself into the dark room, and I could not get at him; the law gives a man no redress under such circumstances, and so I came away.

I might have got over the story, perhaps; but my change, I found afterwards, was sixpence short, and that is not so easy to forgive.

## "ENTERTAINMENT."

["People of this high class (Royal Highnesses, &c.) are said to 'entertain' visitors, but that is an inversion of the actual fact; their object is to be entertained. And quite right too. Nothing can surely be more delightful than to have one's house full of friends at will, and then be able to turn them out at a moment's notice (as a life-boat gets rid of superfluous water) by that simple mechanism of a Chamberlain. When the Social System attains its acmé, all of us will have a Chamberlain and be entertained."—JAMES PATN.]

## Host (concerning Guest):—

THE twenty-first day, and no signs of a budge!—

And it isn't for want of "suggestion."

I begin to suspect Hospitality's fudge,

Meaning—mutually ruined digestion!

He is such a bore, and his wife is so fat,

And as fond of her bed as a dormouse.

My girls say—in confidence—she is a cat;

I'm sure he's a prig and a poor-mouse.

I fancied he'd "influence," which he might use

For DICK, our third son, who's a duffer.

It doesn't come off, and I really refuse

In DICK's interests longer to suffer.

PAYN's right, and a Chamberlain would be a boon.

Ah! I know so precisely what PAYN meant.

What! Be entertained—by one's guests? I'd as soon

From a locust-swarm seek—Entertainment!

## Guest (concerning Host):—

Hah! He wants to get rid of us, currish old cub!

But, although it's by no means amusing,

My only alternative now is the Club.

Confound Mrs. JONES for refusing

McMungo's "invite" into Scotland. She thought

This crib was as swell, and more cosy.

She hoped, too, to meet that young MAGNUS McNAUGHT,

Who once seemed so sweet on our ROSIE.

We're bored to extinction, and BLOGGS is a "foots";

If we're late down to breakfast, he snorts at us.

He worries our lives out with pic-nics and shoots,

And will flourish his Clarets and Ports at us.

My wife likes her ease and her breakfast in bed;

I hate cellar-swagger and scurry.

Entertainment indeed! We're as lumpish as lead

When we're not on the whirl or the worry.

But turn out to-morrow, my BLOGGS? No, not me,

Though I know what your "little hints" signify.

Your "dear DICK" forsooth! Such a noodle as he

The title of "duffer" would dignify

You've given up hope about him, and so now

You would have us "make room." Not precisely!

Till the Tenth, when we're due at Dunclacket, somehow

"The Doldrums" will do pretty nicely.

PAYN's right. With "high rank and no manners," a man

His guests may "evict" at his pleasure;

But BLOGGS—till he hits on some "Chamberlain" plan—

Must leave 'em to flit at their leisure.

I made up my mind when I came to this place;

For a month, at the least, to remain meant.

Though now my amusement at BLOGGS's wry face

Is nearly my sole "Entertainment."



## SOME CIRCULAR NOTES.

## CHAPTER IV.

Reims—Solemnity—Relief—En voiture—Politeness—Calling—Calves—Caves—Starting—Cocher—Duet.

SEEN the Cathedral. Grand. As I am not making notes for a Guide-book, shall say nothing about it. "Don't mention it." I shan't. Much struck by the calm air of repose about Reims. So silent is it, that DAUBINET's irrepressible singing in the solemn courtyard of the Hotel comes quite as a relief. It is an evidence of life. This Hotel's exceptional quietude suggests the idea of its being conducted like a prison on the silent system, with, of course, dumb-waiters to assist in the peculiarly clean and tidy *salle à manger*.

"Petzikoff! Bless the Prince of WAILES!" sings out DAUBINET, whose Mark-Tapley-like spirits would probably be only exhilarated by a lonely night in the Catacombs. Then he shakes hands with me violently. In France he insists upon shaking hands on every possible occasion with anybody, in order to convey to his own countrymen the idea of what a thorough Briton he is.

"Vous avez eu votre café? Eh bien alors—allons! pour passer chez mon ami VESQUIER," says DAUBINET, at the same time signalling a meandering fly-driver who, having pulled up near the Cathedral, is sitting lazily on his box perusing a newspaper. He looks up, catches sight of DAUBINET, nods, folds up the paper, sits on it, gives the reins one shake to wake up the horse, and another, with a crack of his whip, to set the sleepy animal in motion, and, the animal being partially roused, he drives across the street to us. DAUBINET directs him, and on we go, lumbering and rattling through the town, meeting only one other *voiture*, whose driver appears infinitely amused at his friend having obtained a fare. Some chaff passes between them, which to me is unintelligible, and which DAUBINET professes not to catch, but I fancy, whatever it is, it is not highly complimentary to our *cocher's* fares. In one quarter through which we drive, they are setting up the booths and roundabouts for a Fair.

"They can't do much business here," I observe to my companion. "Immense!" he replies. "But there's no one about."

"There will be," he returns. "Manufacturing town—everybody engaged in business. Bell rings—Caramba!—out they come, like the cigarette-makers in *Carmen*." Here he hums a short musical extract from BIZET's Opera, then resumes—"Town's all alive—then, after dinner, back to business—evening time out to play, to *cafés*, to the Fair! God save the QUEEN!"

"But there's nothing doing at night, as we saw when we arrived yesterday," I observe.

"No," says DAUBINET; "it is an early place." Then he sings, "If you're wacking"—he pronounces it "whacking"—"call me early, mothair dear!" finishing up with a gay laugh, and a guttural ejaculation in Russian; at least, I fancy it is Russian. "Ah! *voilà*!" We have pulled up before a very clean-looking and handsome *façade*. The carriage-gates are closed, but a side-door is immediately opened, and a neat elderly woman answers DAUBINET's inquiries to his perfect satisfaction. "VESQUIER est chez lui. Entrez donc!" We enter, profoundly saluting the portress. When abroad, an Englishman should never omit the smallest chance of taking off his hat and bowing profoundly, no matter to whom it may be. Every Englishman abroad represents "All England"—not the eleven, but the English character generally, and therefore, when among people noted for their politeness, he should be absolutely remarkable for his courteous manners. As a rule, to which there can be no exception taken, never lose any opportunity of lifting your hat, and making your most polished bow. This, in default of linguistic facility, is universally understood and appreciated in all civilised countries. In uncivilised countries, to remove your hat, or to bow, may be taken as a gross outrage on good manners, or as signifying some horrible immorality, in which case the offender would not have the chance of repeating his well-intentioned mistake. But within the limits of Western enlightenment to bow is mere civility, and may be taken as a preface to conversation; to omit it is to show lack of breeding and to court hostility. Therefore, N.B. *Rule in travelling*—Bow to everybody. And this, by the way, is, after all, only Sir Pertinax Macgryphant's receipt for getting on in the world by "boo'ing and boo'ing."

We pass through a courtyard, reminding me of the kind of court-

yard still to be seen in some of our old London City houses-of-business. This, however, is modernised with whitewash. Here also, it being a Continental court-yard, are the inevitable orange-trees in huge green tubs placed at the four corners. A few pigeons feeding, a blinking cat curled up on a mat, pretending to take no sort of interest in the birds, and a little child playing with a cart. Such is this picture. Externally, not much like a house of business; but it is, and of big business too. We enter a cool and tastefully furnished apartment. Here M. VESQUIER receives us cordially. He has a military bearing, suggesting the idea of a Colonel *en retraite*. I am preparing compliments and interrogatories in French, when he says, in good plain English, with scarcely an accent—

"Now DAUBINET has brought you here, we must show you the calves, and then back to breakfast. Will that suit you?"

"Perfectly." I think to myself—why "calves"? It sounded like "caves," only without the "S." Must ask presently.

M. VESQUIER begs to be excused for a minute; he will return directly. I look to DAUBINET for an explanation. "We are, then, going to see a farm, I presume?" I say to him. "Farm!" exclaims DAUBINET, surprised. "Que voulez-vous dire, mon cher?"—"Well, didn't Mister—Mister—" "VESQUIER," suggests DAUBINET.

"Yes, Mister VESQUIER—didn't he say we were to go and 'see the calves?—C'est à dire,'" I translate, in despair at DAUBINET's utterly puzzled look, "que nous irons avec lui à la ferme pour voir les veaux—the calves."—"Ha! ha! ha!" Off goes DAUBINET into a roar. Evidently I've made some extraordinary mistake. It flashes across me suddenly. Owing to M. VESQUIER's speaking such excellent English, it never occurred to me that he had suddenly interpolated the French word "*caves*" as an anglicised French word into his speech to me. This accounts for his suppression of the final consonant.

"Ah!" I exclaim, suddenly enlightened; "I see—the cellars."

"Pou ni my?" cries DAUBINET, still in ecstasies, and speaking Russian or modern Greek. "Da!"—of course—*c'est ça*—nous allons voir les caves—the cellars—where all the champagne is. *Karrascho!*"

At this moment M. VESQUIER returns. He will just take us through the offices to his private rooms. Clerks at work everywhere. Uncommonly like an English place of business; not much outward difference between French clerks in a large house like this and English ones in one of our great City houses; only this isn't the City, but is, so to speak, more Manchesterian or Liverpoolian, with the immense advantage of being remarkably clean, curiously quiet, and in a pure and fresh atmosphere. I don't clearly understand what M. VESQUIER's business is, but as he seems to take for granted that I know all about it, I trust to getting DAUBINET alone and obtaining definite information from him. Are they VESQUIER's caves we are going to see? "No," DAUBINET tells me presently, quite surprised at my ignorance; "we are going to see les caves de Poppérie—Popp & Co., only Co.'s out of it, and it's all Popp now."

"Now then, Gentlemen," says the *gérant* of Popp & Co., "here's a *voiture*. We have twenty minutes' drive." The Popp-Manager points out to me all the interesting features of the country. DAUBINET amuses himself by sitting on the box and talking to the coachman.

"It excites me," he explains, when requested to take a back seat inside—though, by the way, it is in no sense DAUBINET's *métier* to "take a back seat,"—"it excites me—it amuses me to talk to a *cocher*. On ne peut pas causer avec un vrai *cocher* tous les jours."



And presently we see them gesticulating to each other and talking both at once, DAUBINET, of course, is speaking English and various other languages, but as little French as possible, to the evident bewilderment of the driver. DAUBINET is perfectly happy. "Petzikoff! Bless the Prince of WAILES!" I hear him bursting out occasionally. Whereat the coachman smiles knowingly, and flicks the horses.



## THE TWO WINDS.

(A Fairy Story for the Season of 1891. Imitated—at a distance—from Hans Andersen's celebrated Tale of *The Four Winds*.)



THE Mother of the Winds (acting as *locum tenens* for her Clerk of the Weather, who, sick of his own unseasonable work, was off to spend his annual holiday with Mr. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON in the Pacific Isles), received the desperately damp, dishevelled, blown-about, and almost heart-broken Princess AGRICULTURA at the door of the Cave. "Oh, here you are again!" she cried, "once more in the Cavern of the Winds! And this time you have brought two of my sons with you, I see," she added, pointing to the South Wind and the West Wind, who were blowing away at the Princess like bellowy blends of Blizzards, Cloud-bursts, Tornadoes and Tritons.

"Oh, do for pity's sake, stop them!" cried AGRICULTURA, struggling hard to keep herself and her garments together. "It seems as though the heavens have become one vast sluice, that keeps pouring down water, as my predecessor, the Prince, put it. I have not a dry thread about me. Please put them in their Bags—do—whilst I have a little talk with you about them, and the mischief they have been doing."

Two prolonged chuckles, a deep stentorian one and a sharp staccato one, came from the two Bags already hanging to the wall of the Cavern, from whence subsequently protruded the round ruddy form of the North and the pinched figure of the East Wind.



"Ho! ho! ho!" chortled the North Wind, chokingly.  
 "Who says I do all the damage?"  
 "He! he! he!" sniggered the East Wind, raspingly.  
 "Who is the pickle and spoil-sport now, I should like to know?"

"Shut up!" said the Mother of the Winds, sharply.  
 "And as to you two," she added, turning to the South and West Winds, "if you don't stand still and give an account of yourselves, I'll pop you into your respective Bags in the twinkling of a hundred-ton gun!"

"Why, who is she, that she should call us over the clouds?" cried the two Winds, stopping their blowing a bit, and pointing to the Princess.

"She is my guest," said the old woman; "and if that does not satisfy you, you need only get into the Bags. Do you understand me now?"

Well, this did the business at once; and the two Winds, in a breath, began to relate whence they came, and what they had been doing for nearly three months past.

"We have been spoiling the English Summer," they said.

"That's nothing new," muttered the Mother of the Winds.

"Isn't it, though—in the way we've done it?" cried the two, triumphantly. "Why, those two Boys over yonder, uniting their flatulent forces, could not have done better—or worse. Ho! ho! ho! They made last winter a frozen Sahara. We've made the present summer a squashy Swamp! The winter was as dry as the dust of RAMESES. The summer has been as wet as old St. Swithin's gingham. We soaked June, we drenched July, and we drowned August. We squelched the strawberry season, reducing tons of promising fruit to flavourless pulp, and the growers to damp despair. Whoosh!! What a wetting we gave 'em!!! As soon as the Cricket Season started, so did we! Didn't we just? We simply sopped all the wickets, and spoilt all the matches, either keeping the cricketers waiting in the pavilion or slipping about on sloppy slithery turf. Consequently, the Cricketing Season has been a sickening sell. We 'watered down' the 'averages' of all the 'cracks.' S. W. was too many for W. G. (GRACE, of Gloucester), and W. W. gave the other W. W. (READ, of Surrey) a fair doing! We followed 'The Leviathan' in particular about persistently, till he must be real glad to 'take his hook' to Australia. Wherever he was playing, from Kennington to Clifton, we combined our forces, swooped down on him, and simply washed him out!"

"Wanton wags!" said the Mother of the Winds, reproachfully.

"Ra-ther!" yelled her promising offspring in chorus. "But that's not all, is it, S. W.?—is it, W. W.? We mucked up Lawn Tennis, soaked Henley Regatta, nearly spoilt the German EMPEROR'S visit, ruined all the *al fresco* functions of the Season—slap!—flooded Society out of London, only to deluge them in their flitting till they wished they were back again, intensified the Influenza Epidemic, and—"

"Oh! stop, stop!" moaned the Old Woman. "Those Boys yonder will burst—with jealousy. But what have you been doing to the Princess AGRICULTURA here?"

The two broke into a spasmodic duo of delight and disdain. "Why look at her?" they cried. "Doesn't she speak for herself?"

"I do," replied AGRICULTURA. "And I charge this pair of Pernicious Pickles with planning—and to a large extent effecting—my Destruction! Hay, Hops, Cereals, Root-Crops, Fruits and Flowers—all ruined by these roystering rascals. They've done more incurable mischief in three supposed-to-be Summer Months than those much-maligned Boys over yonder did all the Winter. They've had it all their own way the Season through, ay, as much as though they'd nailed the weathercock to S.W., and knocked out the bottom of Aquarius's water-pot. And I call upon you, O Mother of the Winds, to pop them at once into their respective Bags, sit upon them till they are choked silent and still, and then hang them up to dry—if dry such watery imps can—for at least six months to come!"

Now whether the Mother of the Winds gave ear to the prayer of the poor Princess AGRICULTURA, and imposed upon the Two Winds the punishment they richly deserved, the sequel must show.



### SIGNS OF BREEDING.

(Vide Correspondence in the "Daily Telegraph.")

Little Binks agrees with Lord Byron that Breeding shows itself in the Hands, and complacently surveys his own.

"BOSH!" SAYS BLOKER. "BREEDING SHOWS ITSELF IN THE EAR, AND NOWHERE ELSE!"

### MORE MESSAGES FROM THE MAHATMA.

1. I AM KOOT HOOMIBOOG. There are more things in my philosophy than were ever dreamed of in heaven or earth. You are POONSH. You are a Thrupni but you are not a Mahatma. Be a Mahatma, and save your postage expenses. But you must be discreet; and you must be exceeding vague. A Mahatma is nothing if he is not vague. You must also be elusive. Can you elude? It is no light matter to prove one's spiritual capacity by materialising a cigarette inside a grand piano.



2. Your reply to my letter is soulless and sceptical. How can you ask me, O POONSH, what I am trying to get at? I ask nothing from you. It would be to your advantage rather than mine if you printed my poem on the Re-incarnation of Gnan Bittas, entitled *The Soul's Gooseberry Bush*. And if you will only be a Mahatma, or a disciple, I will gladly let you have the serial rights in that great work. What do you mean by saying you do not want to find cigarettes in your neighbour's piano? Think it over again, and you will see the beauty of it. You are a Thrupni, but surely you have some spiritual needs.

3. You say that you do not want my poem, and you ask me if I have no further attractions to offer. I am KOOT HOOMIBOOG, and I have kept the greatest attraction for the last. If you will only join us, you may find a few newspapers who will discuss you. You may see the question whether you are a fool or a knave debated in the correspondence columns. Think of the glory of it!

4. What? you won't? Well, I am surprised!

THE (EUROPEAN) WORLD AND ITS WIFE. — Europe — says an oracle — is "Wedded to Peace." Possibly. And Europe, doubtless, does not exactly desire a divorce. But Europe has to pay pretty heavily—in armies and fleets, &c.—for Peace's "maintenance."



## THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. VI.

SCENE—Garden of the Hotel Victoria at Bingen, commanding a view of the Rhine and the vine-terraced hills, which are bathed in warm afternoon sunlight. Under the mopheaded acacias, CULCHARD and PODBURY are sitting smoking. At a little distance from them, are a Young Married Couple, whose honeymoon is apparently in its last quarter.

The Bridegroom (lazily, to Bride, as she draws another chair towards her for a foot-rest). How many more chairs do you want?

Bride (without looking at him). I should think you could spare me one—you can hardly sit on three at once!

[After this interchange of amenities, they consider themselves absolved from any further conversational efforts.

Podb. (to CULCH., resuming a discussion). I know as well as you do that we are booked for Nuremberg; but what I say is—that's no earthly reason why we should go there!

Culch. No reason why you should go, unless you wish it, certainly. I intend to go.

Podb. Well, it's beastly selfish, that's all! I know why you're so keen about it, too. Because the TROTTERS are going.

Culch. (colouring). That's an entire mistake on your part. Miss TROTTER has nothing to do with it. I don't even know whether she's going or not—for certain.

Podb. No, but you've a pretty good idea that she is, though. And I know how it will be. You'll be going about with her all the time, and I shall be shunted on to the old man! I don't see it, you know! (CULCH. remains silent. A pause. PODBURY suddenly begins to search his pockets.) I say—here's a pretty fix! Look here, old fellow, doosid annoying thing, but I can't find my purse—must have lost it somewhere!

Culch. (stoically). I can't say I'm surprised to hear it. It's awkward, certainly. I suppose I shall have to lend you enough to go home with—it's all I can do; but I'll do that with—er—pleasure.

Podb. (staring). Go home? Why, I can wire to the governor for more, easily enough. We shall have to stay here till it comes, that's all.

Culch. And give up Nuremberg? Thank you!

Podb. I rather like this place, you know—sort of rest. And we could always nip over to Ems, or Homburg, if it got too slow, eh?

Culch. If I nip over anywhere, I shall nip to Nuremberg. We may just as well understand one another, PODBURY. If I'm to provide money for both of us, it's only reasonable that you should be content to go where I choose. I cannot, and will not, stand these perpetual interferences with our original plan; it's sheer restlessness. Come with me to Nuremberg, and I shall be very happy to be your banker. Otherwise, you must stay here alone.

[He compresses his lips and crosses his legs.]  
Podb. Oh, that's it, is it? But look here, why not tit up whether we go on or stay?

Culch. Why should I "tit up," as you call it, when I've already made up my mind to go. When I once decide on anything, it's final.

The Bride (to Bridegroom, without enthusiasm). Would you like me to roll you a cigarette?

Bridegroom (with the frankness of an open nature). Not if I know it. I can do it better myself.

Bride (coldly). I see.

[Another silence, at the end of which she rises and walks slowly away, pausing at the gate to see whether he intends to follow. As he does not appear to have remarked her absence, she walks on.

Podbury (to Culch., in an undertone). I say, those two don't seem to hit it off exactly, eh? Seem sorry they came! You'll be glad to hear, old fellow, that we needn't separate after all. Just found my purse in my trouser-pocket!

Culch. Better luck than you deserve. Didn't I tell you you should have a special pocket for your money and coupons? Like

this—see. (He opens his coat.) With a buttoned flap, it stands to reason they must be safe!

Podb. So long as you keep it buttoned, old chap,—which you don't seem to do!

Culch. (annoyed). Pshaw! The button is a trifle too—(feels pocket, and turns pale). Good Heavens, it—it's gone!

Podb. The button?

Culch. (patting himself all over with shaking hands). Everything!—money, coupons, circular notes! They—they must have fallen out going up that infernal Niederwald. (Angrily.) You would insist on going!

Podb. Phew! The whole bag of tricks gone! You're lucky if you get them again. Any number of tramps and beggars all the way up. Shouldn't have taken off your coat—very careless of you! (He grins.)

Culch. It was so hot. I must go and inform the Police here—I may recover it yet. Anyway, we—we must push on to Nuremberg, and I'll telegraph home for money to be sent there. You can let me have enough to get on with?

Podb. With all the pleasure in life, dear boy—on your own conditions, you know. I mean,

if I pay the piper, I call the tune. Now, I don't cotton to Nuremberg somehow; I'd rather go straight on to Constance; we could get some rowing there.

Culch. (pettishly). Rowing be—(recollecting his helplessness). No; but just consider, my dear PODBURY. I assure you you'll find Nuremberg a most delightful old place. You must see how bent I am on going there!

Podb. Oh, yes, I see that. But then I'm not, don't you know—so there we are!

Culch. (desperately). Well, I'll—I'll meet you half-way. I've no objection to—er—titting up with you—Nuremberg or Constance. Come?

Podb. You weren't so anxious to tit up just now—but never mind. (Producing a mark.) Now then, Emperor—Constance. Eagle—Nuremberg. Is it sudden death, or best out of three? [He tosses.]

Culch. Sud— (The coin falls with the Emperor uppermost.) Best out of three.

[He takes coin from PODBURY and tosses.]

Podb. Eagle! we're even so far. (He receives coin.) This settles it.

[He tosses.]  
Culch. Eagle again! Now mind, PODBURY, no going back after this. It must be Nuremberg now.

Podb. All right! And now allow me to have the pleasure of restoring your pocket-book and note-case. They did fall out on the Niederwald, I was behind and saw them drop. You must really be more careful, dear boy. Ain't you going to say "ta" for them?

Culch. (relieved). I'm—er—tremendously obliged. I really can't say how.—(Recollecting himself.) But you need not have taken advantage of it to try to do me out of going to Nuremberg—it was a shabby trick!

Podb. Oh, it was only to get a rise out of you. I never meant to keep you to it, of course. And I say, weren't you sold, though? Didn't I lead up to it beautifully? (He chuckles.) Score to me, eh!

Culch. (with amiable sentimentousness). Ah, well, I don't grudge you your little joke if it amuses you. Those laugh best who laugh last. And it's settled now that we're going to Nuremberg.

[Miss TROTTER and her father have come out from the Speise-saal doors, and overhear the last speech.]

Mr. Trotter (to Culchard). Your friend been gettin' off a joke on you, Sir?

Culch. Only in his own estimation, Mr. TROTTER. I have nailed him down to going to Nuremberg, which, for many reasons, I was extremely anxious to visit. (Carelessly.) Are we likely to be there when you are?

Miss T. I guess not. We've just got our mail, and my cousin, CHARLEY VAN BOODELER, writes he's having a real lovely time in the Engadine—says it's the most elegant locality he's struck yet, and just as full of Amurreans as it can hold; so we're going to start out there right away. I don't believe we shall have time for Nuremberg



"Good Heavens, it—it's gone!"



this trip. Father, if we're going to see about checking the baggage through, we'd better go down to the *dépot* right now. *(They pass on.)*

*Culch. (with a very blank face and a feeble whistle.)* Few-fifty-fifty-fifty-fa-di-fee-fee-foo; few— After all, *PODBURY*, I don't know that I care so much about Nuremberg. They—they say it's a good deal changed from what it was.

*Podb. So are you, old chap, if it comes to that. Tiddledy-iddledy-doodle-lumpy-doodle-oo!* Is it to be Constance after all, then?

*Culch. reddening.* Er—I rather thought of the Engadine—more bracing, eh? *few-fee-dle-iddle-oodle—*

*Podb. You artful old whistling oyster, I see what you're up to! But it's no go; she don't want either of us Engadining about after her. It's CHARLEY VAN STICKENTHEMUD'S turn now! We've got to go to Nuremberg. You can't get out of it, after gassing so much about the place. When you've once decided, you know, it's final!*

*Culch. (with dignity.)* I am not aware that I *wanted* to get out of it. I merely proposed in your— *(PODBURY suddenly explodes.)* What are you cackling at now?

*Podb. (wiping his eyes.)* It's the last laugh, old man,—and it's the best!

*[CULCHARD walks away rapidly, leaving PODBURY in solitary enjoyment of the joke. PODBURY'S mirth immediately subsides into gravity, and he kicks several unoffending chairs with quite uncalled-for brutality.]*

## A "KNOT"ICAL STORY OF DRURY LANE.

*(Told by our aged Salt, with a taste for the Driblin Drama.)*

WHAT, not remember it! Not the scene on Wapping Old Stairs and Mr. CHARLES GLENNEY in the Merchant Service, and Miss MILLWARD the Ward of Count GURNEY DELAUNAY! Not remember all that! Not recollect the pretty set with the River, the boat-house, and the figure-heads! Ah, tell it to the Marines! Not that they would believe you! I remember it, and a good deal more. Now it came about in this way. You see Miss MILLWARD thought that Lieutenant CHARLES WARNER, R.N.—"her sweetheart as a boy"—was dead, and, like a sensible young lady, made arrangements to marry his foster-brother, meaning GLENNEY. This she had not the Count and a Boat-builder, one JULIAN CROSS PENNYCAD, objected. But after all, their opposition wouldn't have come to much hadn't Lieutenant CHARLES WARNER, R.N., taken it into his head to turn up from the Centre of Africa, or the Cannibal Islands, or somewhere. On second thoughts I don't think it could have been the Cannibal Islands, because *there* they would have certainly eaten him—he looked so plump, and in such excellent condition. Well, Lieutenant WARNER, R.N., finding that Miss MILLWARD was on the eve of marrying Mr. GLENNEY, most nobly made room for his foster-brother, and hurried back to sea. But as luck (and Mr. HENRY PETTIT) would have it, just as the lady and gentleman were on their way to Stepney Old Church to be spliced, who should turn up in a uniform that showed him to be a fine figure of a man but Lieutenant



"A Sailor Knot"—not a Sailor.

WARNER, R.N., himself—with the Press Gang. It turned out that Lieutenant WARNER's ship was very under-manned, and that he had been ordered by his Captain to get all the sailors he could on board H.M.S. *Dauntless*—a vessel, by the way, that afterwards proved to be the very image of the *Victory*. And here came a complication. Through the treachery of JULIAN CROSS PENNYCAD, Lieutenant WARNER seized Mr. GLENNEY just as he and Miss MILLWARD were entering Stepney Old Church. Says Mr. GLENNEY to Lieutenant WARNER, "What, taking me, because you are jealous of me, on my wedding-day! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" or words to that effect. Says Lieutenant WARNER, R.N., to Mr. GLENNEY, "Nothing of the sort. For the man who would betray another, save in the way of kindness, on his bridal morn, is unworthy of the name of a British sailor," or words to that effect. Then Miss MILLWARD chimed in, and thus touched the heart of Lieutenant WARNER, R.N., so deeply that he ordered Mr. GLENNEY'S immediate release. "I forget my duty," explained the generous

WARNER. "But I don't," put in his superior officer, Captain WILLIAM LUGG VERNON, "and I order that man to be carried on board!" and there was not a dry eye amongst those present, except, perhaps, amongst the heartless "Press Gang," who, having to write notices for the daily and weekly papers, were naturally eager to see what "In the Fo'castle" and "The Deck of the *Dauntless*" were like. And these they did see in the next Act of this really capital Drama. And here came in a scene that will long be remembered to the honour of the British Navy and the National and Royal Theatre, Drury Lane. There came a mutiny, with the misguided GLENNEY at the head of it. Said Captain WILLIAM LUGG VERNON, after it was quelled, "We can't spare a man, and so I shall have Mr. GLENNEY flogged." "Don't do that," cried Lieutenant WARNER; "he is my brother and my friend, although he has given me a oner, owing to a misunderstanding. Captain, may I appeal to these men, and ask them in stirring language, to fight the foe." "You shall," replied his superior officer; "and, by arrangement with Mr. HENRY PETTIT, I will see that 'Rule Britannia' is played softly by an efficient orchestra while you are speaking to them." "A thousand thanks!" cried the eloquent WARNER; and then he let them have it. He told them that the enemy were waiting for them—that they had left Brest for the purpose of engaging in a first-class naval engagement. He pointed out that the other ships of the Fleet were on their way to the scrimmage. Would the gallant *Dauntless* be the only laggard? "No!" shouted the now-amenable-to-naval-discipline GLENNEY, and with the rest of the malcontents, he asked to be led to glory. It was indeed stirring to see the red-coats waving their hats on the tops of their bayonets, and the Blue Jackets brandishing their swords. In the enthusiasm of the



Losing their heads on board the *Dauntless*.

moment, the entire ship's company seemed to have lost their heads, and cheers came from the deck, and the auditorium equally. It was a moment of triumph for everyone concerned! Everyone! And need I say anything more? Need I tell you how it came right in the end? How Miss MILLWARD (who was always on the eve of being married to someone) did actually go through a civil ceremony (the French were polite even in the days before Waterloo) with the Count, which, however, failed to count (as an old wag, with a taste for ancient jests, observed to a brother droll), because the Gallic nobleman got killed immediately after the ceremony? Need I hint that Mr. GLENNEY was falsely accused of murder, to be rescued at the right moment by the ever-useful and forgiving WARNER? Need I say that Mr. HENRY PETTIT was cheered to the echo for his piece, and Sir AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS for his stage management? No, for other chronicles have given the news already; and it is also superfluous to describe the fun of those excellent comedians, Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS and Miss FANNY BROUGH. All I can say is, if you want to see a good piece, well mounted, and capitally acted all round, why go to Old Drury, and you will agree with me (and the old wag with a taste for ancient jests) that Sir AUGUSTUS might add September, October, November, and December to his signature, as *A Sailor's Knot* seems likely to remain tied to the Knightly Boards until it is time to produce the Christmas Pantomime. So heave away, my hearties, and good luck to you!

SONGS FOR THE PRO. AND CON. THEOSOPHICAL CONTROVERSIALISTS.  
—"All round Mahatmas," "He's a jolly good Chela!" "Row, Brothers, Row!" and "Why did my 'Masters' sell me?"





## CRICKETANA. YOUNG LADIES V. BOYS.

*Fair Batter (ætat, 18).* "NOW, JUST LOOK HERE, ALGY JONES—NONE OF YOUR PATRONAGE! YOU DARE TO BOWL TO ME WITH YOUR LEFT HAND AGAIN, AND I'LL BOX YOUR EARS!"

## "NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH."

*A Scene very freely adapted from "The Critic."*

*Enter Mr. PUNCH, First Commissioner of Police, Inspector, and Constables.*

*Commissioner.* Oh! very valiant Constables: one is the Inspector himself, the others are ordinary P. C.'s. And now I hope you shall hear some better language. I was obliged to be plain and intelligible in my manifesto, because there was so much matter-of-fact ground for remonstrance, and even chiding; but still, 'i faith, I am proud of my men, who, in point of fact, are fine fellows.

*Mr. P.* Unquestionably! But let us listen—unobserved, if so it may be.

*Inspector.* How's this, my lads! What cools your usual zeal,

And makes your helméd valour down i' the mouth? Why dimly glimmers that heroic flame Whose reddening blaze, by civic spirit fed, Should be the beacon of a happy Town? Can the smart patter of a Bobby's tongue Thus stagnate in a cold and proxy converse, Or freeze in oathless inarticulateness? No! Let not the full fountain of your valour Be choked by mere official wiggings, or Your prompt consensus of prodigious swearing Be checked by the philanthropists' foaming wrath, Or high officialdom's hostility!

*Mr. P.* There it is, Mr. Commissioner; they admit your by no means soft impeachment.

*Commissioner.* Nay, listen yet awhile!

*1st P. C.* No more!—the freshening breeze of your rebuke

Hath filled the flapping canvas of our souls!

And thus, though magistrates expostulate,

[*All take hands and raise their truncheons.*

And hint that ANANIAS dressed in blue,

We'll grapple with the thing called Evidence,

And if we fall, by Heaven! we'll fall together!

*Inspector.* There spoke Policedom's genius!

Then, are we all resolved?

*All.* We are—all resolved.

*Inspector.* To pull—and swear—together?

*All.* To pull—and swear—together.

*Inspector.* All?

*All.* All!

*Mr. P.* *Nem. con.* Egad!

*Commissioner.* Oh, yes! When they do agree in the Force, their unanimity is wonderful!

*Inspector.* Then let's embrace this resolution, and "Keep it with a constant mind—and now—"

[*Kneels.*

*Mr. P.* What the plague, is he going to pray?

*Commissioner.* Yes—hush! In great emergencies—on the Stage or in the Force—there's nothing like a prayer in chorus.

*Inspector.* "O MENDEZ PINTO!"

*Mr. P.* But why should he pray to MENDEZ PINTO?

*Commissioner.* Oh, "the Knight, PINTO-MENDEZ FERDINANDO," as POE calls him, is the tutelary genius of Bards—and Bebbies! Hush!

*Inspector.* If in thy homage bred

Each point of discipline I've still observed;

Swearing in squads, affirming in platoons;

Nor but by due promotion, and the right

Of service to the rank P. C. Inspector,

Have risen; assist thy votary now!

*1st P. C.* Yet do not rise—hear me!

*2nd P. C.* And me!

*3rd P. C.* And me!

*Inspector.* Now swear—and pray—all together!

*All.* We swear!!!

Behold thy votaries submissive beg

That thou wilt deign to grant them all they ask,

Assist them to accomplish all their ends,

And sanctify whatever means they use

To gain them

[*Kneels.*

[*Kneels.*

[*Kneels.*

*Mr. P.* A very orthodox and harmonious chorus. Their "*tutti*" is perfection.

*Commissioner.* Vastly well, isn't not? Is that well managed or not? Is the "thin Blue line" well disciplined or not? Have you such absolute perfection of "altogetherishness" on your lyric stage as the Force voluntarily maintains—in its own interests, and obedient to its own peculiar *esprit de corps*?

*Mr. P.* (with significance). Not exactly!

## MANY HAPPY RETURNS!

(*Punch to Madame La République.*)

["The Republic attains its majority to-morrow (Sept. 4). It is the first Government since the Revolution which has had a twenty-first birthday."—*The Times.*]

DEAR Madam, "Perfidious Albion" proffers The best birthday wishes good feeling can shape!

A snap of the fingers for cynical scoffers!

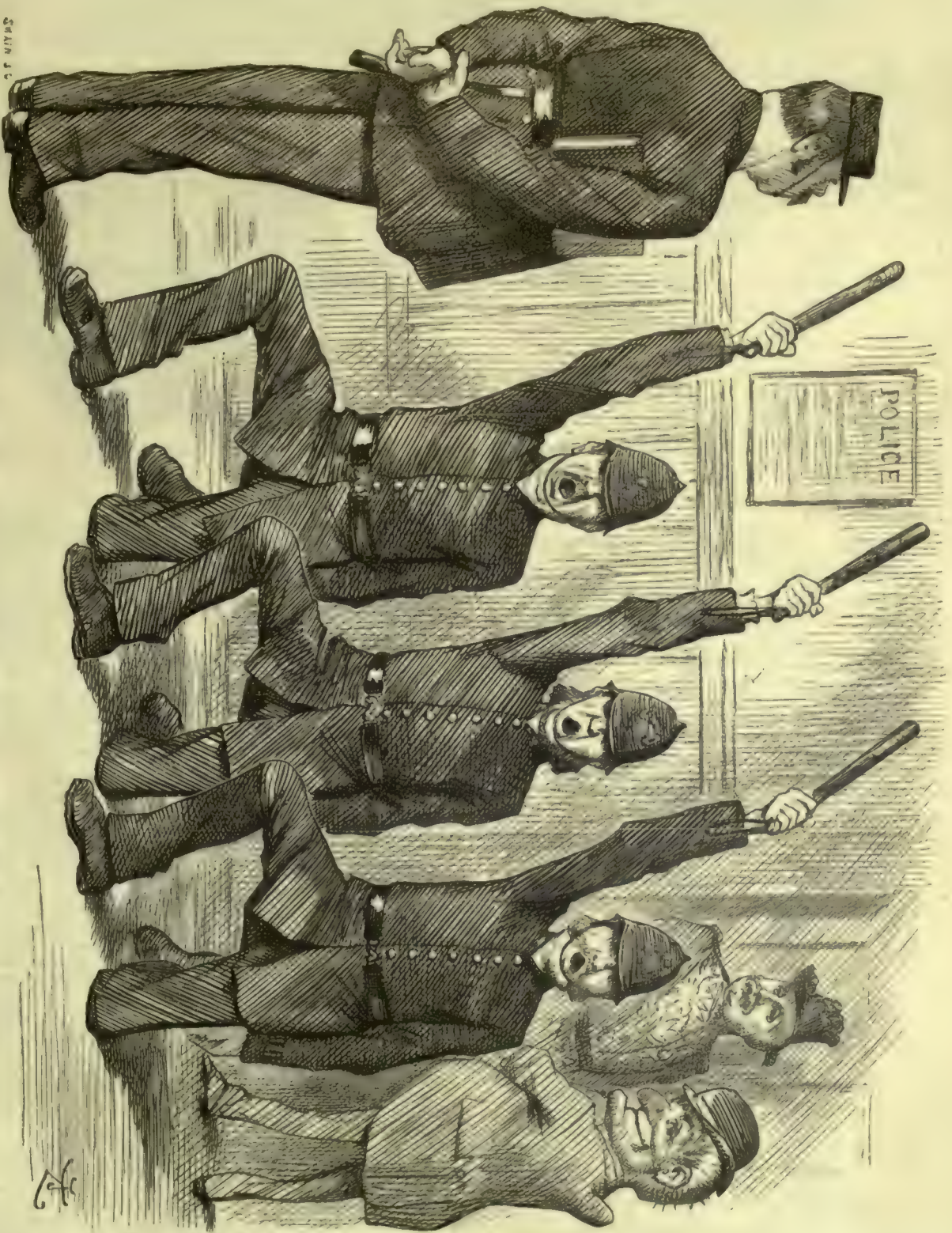
A fig for the framers of venomous jape.

May Peace and Goodwill be your lasting possession,

Your proud "Valour" tempered by "years of discretion!"

HYGEIA OFF THE SCENT.—It is stated that even the charms of a champagne luncheon failed to attract more than one out of twenty-four members of the Hygienic Congress invited to test the merits of sewage-farms by ocular—or should we say *nasal*?—demonstration. Perhaps the missing three-and-twenty thought that in this case, at least, Mrs. MALAPROP would be both correct and pertinent in saying that "Comparisons are odorous!"





# “NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.”

INSPECTOR. “NOW SWEAR! ALL TOGETHER!”  
 CONSTABLES. “WE SWEAR!!”  
 MR. PUNCH (*aside*). “DEAR ME, SIR EDWARD; WHEN THEY DO AGREE, THEIR UNANIMITY IS WONDERFUL!”—*“The Critic,” freely adapted.*







# ROBERT'S ROMANCE.

I HAVE been so bothered for coppers of my Romance, as I read at the Cook's Swarry some time back, that I have detumined to publish it, and here it is. In coarse, all rites is reserved.  
ROBERT.



## THE MYSTERY OF MAY FARE.

(BY ONE BEHIND THE SEENS.)

### CHAPTER I.—Despare!

It was Midnite! The bewtiful Countess of BELGRAVIER sat at the hopen winder of her Boodwar gazing on the full moon witch was jest a rising up above the hopposite chimbleys. Why was that evenly face, that princes had loved and Poets sillybrated, bathed in tears? How often had she, wile setting at that hopen winder, washed it with Oder Colone, to remove the stanes of them tell tail tears? But all in wane, they wood keep running down that bewtiful face as if enamelled with its buty; and quite heedless of how they was a spiling of her new ivory culled satin dress that Maddam ELISE's yung ladies had been a workin on up to five a clock that werry arternoon.

She had bin to the great ball of the Season, to be washupped as usual by the world of Fashun, but wot had driven her home at the hunerthly hour of harf-parst Eleven? Ah, that cruel blo, that deadly pang, that despairin shok, must be kep for the nex chapter.

### CHAPTER II.—The Helopemeant!

Seated in the Housekeeper's own Room at the Dook of SURREY's lovely Manshun, playfoolly patting his fatted calves, and surrounded by his admiring circle, sat CHARLES, the ero of my Tale. CHARLES was the idle of that large establishment. They simply adored him. It was not only his manly bewty, tho that mite have made many an Apoller envy him. It was not only his nolledge of the world, tho in that he was sooperior to menny a Mمبر of Parlyment from the Sister Oil, but it was his stile, his grace, his erty demeanor. The Housekeeper paid him marked attenshuns. The Ladies Maid supplied him with Sent for his ankerchers. The other Footmen looked up to him as their model, and ewen the sollem Butler treated him with respect, and sumtimes with sumthink else as he liked even better. The leading Gentlemen from other Dooical establishments charfed him upon his success with the Fare, ewen among the werry hiest of the Nobillerty, and CHARLES bore it all with a good-natured larf that showed off his ivory teeth to perfecashun. Of course it was all in fun, as they said, and probberly thort, till on this fatal ewening, the noose spread like thunder, through the estonished world of Fashun, that CHARLES had heloped with the welthy, the middle-aged, but still bewtiful, Marchioness of ST. BENDIGO.

### CHAPTER III.—The Dewell.

The pursoot was rapid and sucksessful, and the MARKISS's challenge reither disturbed the gilty pair at their elegant breakfast. But CHARLES was as brave as his fare was fare, and, having hired his fust Second for twenty-five francs, and made a few other erangements, he met his hantigginest on the dedly field on the follering day at the hunerthly hour of six hay hem. CHARLES, with dedly haim, fired in the hair! but the MARKISS being bald, he missed him. The MARKISS's haim was ewen more dedly, for he, aperiently, shot his rival in his hart, for he fell down quite flat on the new-mown hay, and dishoulered it with his blud!

The MARKISS rushed up, and gave him one look of orror, and, throwing down a £1000 pound note, sed, "that for any one who

brings him two," and, hurrying away to his Carridge, took the next train for Lunden. CHARLES recovered hisself emediately, and, pocketing the note, winked his eye at the second second, and, giving him a hundred-franc note for hisself, wiped away the stains of the rouge and water, and returned to breakfast with his gilty parrer-mour.

### CHAPTER IV.—The End.

The poor MARKISS was so horryfied at his brilliyant sucksess, that CHARLES's sanguinary corpse aunted his bed-side, and he died within a munth, a leetle munth, as *Amlet* says, of the dredful ewent, and CHARLES married his Widder. But, orful to relate, within a werry short time CHARLES was a sorrowin Widderer, with a nincum of sum £10,000 a year; and having purchased a Itallien titol for a hundred and fifty pound, it is said as he intends shortly to return to hold Hingland; and as the lovely Countess of BELGRAVIER is fortinetly becum a Widder, and a yung one, it is thought quite possibel, by them as is behind the seens, like myself, for instance, that before many more munce is past and gone, there will be one lovely Widder and one andsum Widderer less than there is now; and we is all on us ankshushly looking forred to the day wen the gallant Count der WENNIS shall lead his lovely Bride to the halter of St. George's, Hannower Squeer, thus proving the truth of the Post's fabel,—

"The rank is but the guinny's stamp,  
The Footman's the man for a' that."

## WHERE ARE OUR DAIRYMAIDS?

A SONG OF VANISHED SUMMER.

["What has become of our Dairymaids?"—*Newspaper Question*.]

AIR—"The Dutchman's Little Dog."

O WHERE and O where is our Dairymaid gone?

O where, O where can she be?

With her skirts cut short and her hair cut long,

O where, and O where is she?

Well, Summer is gone, and so is the Sun,

And farming is nought but a bilk.

When our Butter is Dutch, and our Cheese is Yank,

Why, why should they leave us our Milk?

Our brave Queen BESS, as the Laureate says,

Might wish that a milkmaid were she;

Whilst MAUDLIN in WALTON's bucolical days

Could troll forth her ballad with glee.

But, alas! for the days of the stool and the churn,

And the milking-pails brass-bound and bright!

There is much to do and but little to earn

In the Dairy, once IZAAK's delight.

Now Companies deal with the lacteal yield,

And churns clank o' night at Vauxhall,

Who dreams with delight of the buttercup'd field,

Or Dun Suke in her sweet-smelling stall?

Milking the Cow, and churning the milk

Made work for the maids long ago,

But possible Dairymaids now dress in silk,

That's where our Dairymaids go.

Ah! DOLLY becomes a mechanical drudge,

And SALLY—a something much worse.

Through cowlip-pied meadows to merrily trudge

Won't fill a maid's heart, or her purse.

The meadow at eve and the dairy at morn,

And a song—from KIT MARLOW—between,

Would fire a fine-dressed modern MAUDLIN with scorn,

And move modish MOLLY to spleen.

The Dairymaid's true "golden age" is long fled

With Summer, and pippins and cream;

Like little *Bo-Peep* and *Boy-Blue*, it is dead,

Save as parts of a pastoral dream.

O where and O where is our Dairymaid gone?

O where, and O where can she be?

Well, they make cockney shop-girls of PHILLIS and JOAN,

And I guess that they make such with *she*!

"I would I were a milkmaid  
To sing, love, marry, churn, brew, bake and die."

TENNYSON'S *Queen Mary*.

A MATTER OF CORSET.—At Sydenham, Ontario (it is stated), the Corset has been declared to be "incompatible with Christianity!" If some of our fashionable dames uttered their innermost feelings, they would doubtless reply, "So much the worse for—Christianity." It is so obvious that many modish Mammars care much more for their daughters' bodies than their souls.





MR. PUNCH ON TOUR. HE ARRIVES AT KINGSTOWN BY THE IRISH MAIL.



# THE GUZZLING CURE.

[Sir DYCK DUCKWORTH, in a letter written to a Vegetarian Correspondent, says, "I believe in the value of animal food and alcoholic drinks for the best interests of man. The abuse or misuse of either is another matter."]



What though they warn me that at first—  
It may be merely fancy—  
The stomach's sure to try its worst  
In base recalcitrancy?  
When half-starved gastric juice is set  
To cope with dainty dishes,  
The outcome—one may safely bet—  
Won't be just what one wishes.

O PLUMP Head-waiter, I have  
read [writes]  
What worthy DUCKWORTH  
And that is why I've swiftly sped  
To where your door invites.  
I kept my indigestion down  
Of old, by sheer starvation;  
But now no longer shall I frown  
On food assimilation.

I pledge him in your oldest port,  
This medical adviser,  
For vainly elsewhere might be  
A cheerier or a wiser. [sought  
He bids me speedily return  
To ordinary diet—  
A sage prescription!—and I burn  
To chance results, and try it!

I've lived on air; on food for Lent;  
On what some Doctor calls  
"Nitrogenous environment"—  
A fare that quickly palls.  
I'll eat the chops I once did eat;  
All care and thought I banish;  
And with this unexpected treat  
My old dyspeptics vanish.

This earth is rich in chemists' shops,  
With doctors it abounds,  
Who, if I feel the change from slops,  
Will take me on their rounds.  
So, scorning indigestive ache,  
I count each anxious minute;  
Oh, waiter, hurry up that steak!  
My happiness is in it.

## ANNALS OF A WATERING-PLACE THAT "HAS SEEN ITS DAY."

I do not know when Torsington-on-Sea's day precisely was, or, whether indeed its day has yet dawned, but I was sent there by my medical adviser as being "the very place" for me, it being "delightfully quiet," nine miles from a railway station, which apparently means in plain English twenty-four hours behind the rest of this habitable globe, and generally stranded in the race for every conceivable comfort or necessity with which an age of Co-operative Stores and Electric Lighting has made one comfortably—perhaps too comfortably—familiar. Judging, however, from the fact that Torsington-on-Sea consists mainly of a pretentious architectural effort consisting of six-and-thirty palatial sea-side residences, twenty-four of which are let in sets of furnished apartments to highly respectable families, and twelve of which appear, from want of funds, to have stopped short in their infancy many years ago at the basement, showing a weed-covered foundation of what might, had the over-sanguine capitalist not overshot the initial mark, have proved as fine



a sea-side terrace on the South East Coast as the weary cockney eye could well hope to light upon, it would be including the fact that there is but one policeman to protect the lives and properties of the inhabitants and strangers of Torsington-on-Sea, by day and by night, and a town band (with a uniform) of five, of which two-fifths are, I was going to say "armed" with cymbals, triangle and with big and side drums, it would be more reasonable to suppose that Torsington-on-Sea had seen its day, and that what glories it ever had may be regarded as having departed with the vanished years.

Beyond the stock recreation afforded by the militarily-apparelled Town Band of five, whose repertoire appears to be confined to a sad and serious opening march, a rather lugubrious galop, and a couple of walses and a quick-step Polka, which evidently owe their origin to the genius of the Conductor, the entertainment offered by Torsington-on-Sea must be further sought for from a donkey-chair, the donkey attached to which has many a long year ago lost what it ever possessed in the shape of "spirit," a cast-off Nigger Minstrel, with a concertina that is somewhat out of order, and a lovely "public-house" tenor, who is heard only after dark, but with a voice so sweet and true in tone, that one wonders how it is that instead of thrilling the High Street of Torsington-on-Sea for possibly the few halfpence he picks up in that rather unappreciative thoroughfare, he is not simultaneously rushed at and eagerly caught up by the leading impressarios of all the continental opera-houses in Europe!

1793, stepped at DUNSTABLE'S for some boot-laces, and, patting the grandfather of the present proprietor on the head, said, "What! what! none in stock! Then I think we must have some of these pretty curls instead." Anyhow, that is given as the reason for the style and title of "Dunstable's Royal Library and Reading Room," which it has enjoyed without dispute from the commencement of the present century to the present day.

I came here, as I said, by the advice of my medical adviser, to "pick up." How far Torsington-on-Sea has helped me to do this, I must deal with subsequently.

## IGNORANT BLISS.

At noon through the open window  
Comes the scent of the new-mown hay.  
I look out. In the meadow yonder  
Are the little lambs at play.  
They are all extremely foolish,  
Yet I haven't the heart to hint  
That over the boundary wall there grows  
A beautiful bed of mint.  
For a little lamb  
Will run to its mam,  
And will say "O! dam,"  
At a hint, however well intentioned,  
When the awful name of mint is mentioned.



At the close of day the burglar comes  
For to ply his gentle trade.  
I fondly gaze on his jemmy, and  
Grow timid and quite afraid.  
I wouldn't for kingdoms have him know  
That my neighbours of titled rank  
Went abroad on a sudden last night and left  
Their jewels at COURTIS's Bank.  
For a burglar bold  
Grows harsh and cold  
When he finds he's sold, [ing  
And his burglar's bosom heaves at know-  
That the sell of a swag isn't worth the  
stowing.

I'm a poet—you may not know it,  
But I am and hard up for "tin."  
So I've written these clever verses  
And I hope they'll get put in.  
Yet Life is an awful lottery  
With a gruesome lot of blanks,  
And I wish the Editor hadn't slips  
That are printed "Declined with Thanks."  
For it's rather hard  
On a starving bard  
When his last trump card  
Is played, and he wishes himself bisected  
When his Muse's lays come back—re-  
jected!



## STORICULES.

## III.—THE DEAR OLD LADY.

THERE were three of them in the railway-carriage. One was a Stockbroker; one was a Curate; one was an Old Lady. They had been strangers to each other when they started; but it was near the end of the journey, and they were chatting pleasantly together now.

One could see that the little Old Lady was from the country; she was exquisitely neat and simple in appearance; there was an air of primness about her which one rarely sees in a city product. She carried a big bunch of hedgerow flowers. She seemed to be a little nervous about travelling, and still more nervous about encountering the noise and confusion of the great city. She had asked the Stockbroker and Curate a good many questions about the sights that she ought to see, and how much she ought to pay the cabman, and which were the best shops.

"Not but what Tom will look after me," she explained; "Tom's a very good son to me, and he'll be waiting on the platform for me. And such a boy as he was too when he was younger! Fruit! There wasn't anything that boy wouldn't do to get it—any kind of mischief." She grew garrulous on the subject of Tom's infancy.

The two men answered her questions, and listened amusedly to her chatter. Occasionally they interchanged smiles. Presently the train got near to the station just before the terminus. The Curate warned the Old Lady that the tickets would be collected there.

"Thank you, Sir," she said, "for telling me. Then I must be getting my ticket ready. I've got it quite safely. Such a lot of money it did seem to pay for a ride to London! But Tom would have me come. He never forgets his old Mother." She undid her reticule and took out her purse; she undid the purse and took out a folded paper; she unfolded the paper and took out the ticket. Then she put the paper back in the purse, and the purse back in the reticule. She held the ticket gingerly between two fingers of her cotton-gloved hand, as if it were a delicate fruit, and she were afraid of rubbing the bloom off it.

"What a refreshing contrast to our city ways!" thought the Stockbroker.

"How characteristic!" thought the Curate.

"My word! there's one of my hair-pins coming out," said the Old Lady, suddenly. The hand which held the ticket flew to the back of her head, to put the hair-pin right.

And then, all at once, the look of animation died out of the Old Lady's face. She seemed utterly aghast and horror-stricken. She gasped out an unintelligible interjection.

"What's the matter, Ma'am?" asked the Stockbroker.

"My ticket's gone! I was putting that hair-pin right, and the ticket slipped out of my fingers, and dropped down the back of my neck between my clothes and—myself. What shall I do when that gentleman comes for the tickets?"

The Curate blushed violently. In his boyhood's days he had put halfpennies down the back of his neck and jumped up and down until they percolated out in the region of his boots. He had only just checked himself in the act of advising the Old Lady to get up and jump.

The Stockbroker was more practical, and soon consoled her. He was a season-ticket-holder, and knew the collector. He would explain it to the man. "You'll be able to get the ticket again, you see, when you—I mean, later on." The British love of euphemism had asserted itself. "And then you can send it to the collector by

post. You had better write down your name and address to give him. I'll guarantee to the collector that it will be all right."

The Old Lady overwhelmed him with thanks. Slowly and laboriously she wrote the name and address on the piece of paper in which the ticket was folded. All happened just as the Stockbroker had foretold. The Ticket-collector was very well satisfied and very much amused.

Tom was waiting for her at the terminus, and took charge of her at once.

"Ah!" said the Stockbroker to the Curate, when she had gone, "that's my notion of a dear Old Lady."

"Everything about her was so characteristic," answered the Curate, admiringly.

Neither the Curate nor the Stockbroker had the advantage of hearing what the dear Old Lady said to Tom that afternoon.

"It came off just beautifully, my boy. Not that I blame *them* mind you,—how were they to know that it was a ticket which I didn't give up last year, and that I hadn't even taken a ticket at all to-day? No, I don't blame them. As for the address, I put the same address that was on the label of the Curate's bag, only I altered The Rev. CHARLES MARLINGHURST to Mrs. MARLINGHURST. And the Stockbroker guaranteed that I should send either the ticket or the money. So he'll have to pay up! Oh, my word! My gracious word, what a treat!"

The dear Old Lady chuckled contentedly.

Tom also chuckled.

The Stockbroker subsequently relinquished to a great extent his habit of remarking upon his own marvellous intuition, enabling him to read character at sight; the Curate preached a capital sermon on the deceptiveness of man, and when he said man he meant woman.

## TO A TOO-ENGAGING MAIDEN.

I THINK you should know I've been put out of humour

By something I hear very nearly each day.

In a small town like ours, as you know, every rumour Gets about in a truly remarkable way.

It is too much to hope for that women won't prattle,

But I candidly tell you, I do feel enraged

When I find that a part of their stock title-tattle

Is that we—how I laugh at the thought!—are engaged.

Though you don't even claim to be reckoned as pretty,

You are not, I admit it, aggressively plain.

You dress pretty well, and your talk, if not

witty, [positive pain.

As a rule doesn't give me much

You will one day be rich, for your

prospects are "healthy,"

Yet as Beauty and Riches do not

make up Life,

Why, were you as lovely as Venus,

as wealthy [my wife.

As Croesus I wouldn't have you for

Are you free altogether from blame in the matter—

I'm resolved to be frank, so it's useless to frown—

Have you not had a share in the mischievous chatter

Which makes our "engagement" the talk of the town?

When some eager, impertinent person hereafter

Shall inquire of its truth, and shall ask, "Is it so?"

Instead of implying assent by your laughter,

Would you kindly oblige me by answering, "No"?

I recognise freely your marvellous kindness

In allowing your name to be linked with my own.

Maybe it is only incurable blindness

To your charms that compels me to let them alone.

But if with reports I am still to be harried,

I've thoroughly made up my mind what to do;

Just to settle it all, I shall shortly be married,

I shall shortly be married, but not—not to you.



"WHO BREAKS PAYS."—"In some large restaurants," says the *Daily Chronicle*, "the girls engaged have to pay for the breakages which occur in the course of carrying on a business in which they are not partners." If the maxim at the head of this paragraph were strictly and impartially enforced, such exacting employers would have to pay pretty smartly for certain "breakages" which occur in the carrying on of a business in which they consider *they* have no concern—breakages, to wit, of the girls' health, spirits, and, often, hearts!

MODERN VERSION OF "WISE MEN OF THE EAST."—The Congress of Orientalists.





## OFF DUTY.

The "Daily Graphic" Weather-Young-Woman gets her "Sundays out."

## SILENCE AND SLEEP.

(Lines written at Cock-crow.)

NIGHT-TIME and silence! O'er the brooding hill  
The last faint whisper of the zephyr dies;  
Meadows and trees and lanes are hushed and still,  
A shroud of mist on the slow river lies;  
And the tall sentry poplars silent keep  
Their lonely vigil in a world of sleep.

Yea, all men sleep who toiled throughout the day  
At sport or work, and had their fill of sound,  
The jest and laughter that we mate with play,  
The beat of hoofs, the mill-wheel grinding round,  
The anvil's note on summer breezes borne,  
The sickle's sweep in fields of yellow corn.

And I too, as the hours go softly by,  
Lie and forget, and yield to sleep's behest,  
Leave for a space the world without a sigh,  
And pass through silence into dreamless rest;  
Like a tired swimmer floating tranquilly  
Full in the tide upon a peaceful sea.

But hark, that sound! Again and yet again!  
Darkness is cleft, the stricken silence breaks,  
And sleep's soft veil is rudely rent in twain,  
And weary nature all too soon awakes;  
Though through the gloom has pierced no ray of light,  
To hail the dawn and bid farewell to night.

Still is it night, the world should yet sleep on,  
And gather strength to meet the distant morn.  
But one there is who, though no ray has shone,  
Waits not, nor sleeps, but laughs all rest to scorn,  
The demon-bird that crows his hideous jeer,  
Restless, remorseless, hateful Chanticleer.

One did I say? Nay, hear them as they cry;  
Six more accept the challenge of the foe:  
From six stretched necks six more must make reply,  
Echo, re-echo and prolong the crow.  
First shrieking singly, then their notes they mix  
In one combined cacophony of six.

Miscalled of poets "herald of the day,"  
Spirit of evil, vain and wanton bird,  
Was there then none to beg a moment's stay  
Ere for thy being Fate decreed the word?  
Could not ASCLEPIAS, when he ceased to be,  
Take to the realms of death thy tribe and thee?

What boots it thus to question? for thou ART,  
And still shalt be; but never canst be still,  
Destined at midnight thus to play thy part,  
And when all else is silent to be shrill.  
Yea, as I lie all sleepless in the dark,  
I love not those who housed thee in the Ark.

## "AS GOOD AS A BETTER."

DR. ANDREW WILSON (in "Science Jottings," in the *Illustrated London News*) dares disparage Golf "as an ideal game for young men," venturing to advocate the preferential claims of fogeyish Cricket, and even of futile Lawn Tennis—

"O Scots, wha hae wi' BALFOUR teed."

What *wull* ye say to this disloyal, slanderous, sacrilegious ANDY? He hints that Golf is a mere modish fashion—even a *fin de siècle* fad!!! How many perfervid and patriotic Scots will

"Condemn his soul to eternal perdition  
For his theory of the—National Game?"

He says "you hit a ball and walk after it, and manœuvre it into a hole." Eugh! Such icy analysis would make Billiards a bore, and resolve "Knuckle-down" into nonsense! "It is not (Golf is not!) a proceeding (*proceeding, quotha!*) of which youths and young men should grow enamoured." As though, forsooth, Golf were a sort of elderly Siren luring limp and languorous youths into illegitimate courses; a *passée* Delilah, whose enervating fascinations sapped the virile vigour that might be dedicated to "that noblest of sports," Cricket, or even that "much better game," Lawn Tennis!!!

Surely the devotees of the Golf-cultus, the lovers of the Links, will be down like a "driver" upon DR. WILSON. Oh, ANDY, ANDY, between you and your "brither Scots" there is henceforth "a great Golf fixed"!

## A Cricket Paradox.

THOUGH true without questioning, yet all the same,  
It's a trifle perplexing to know what it means—  
That the counties that hate most to lose in a game  
Would be pleased very much at your giving them Beans!

WIGS ON THE (SEA) GREEN!—Some Frenchman (we are told by *The Gentlewoman*) has done Ladies a good turn by inventing a Bathing Wig, which keeps the hair dry without making the fair bather look "a fright." Hooray! SABBINA herself might shout for such an invention, which even the Nereids need not despise. DIZZY once sarcastically referred to certain "Bathing W(h)igs," but they were of another sort. Not even the most adventurous Tory could "steal the clothes" of our latter day "Bathing Wigs."



"FINE SALMON YOU'VE GOT THERE, POULTER!"—"SIXTY-FIVE POUNDS, MY LORD! SHALL I SEND IT HOME TO YOUR LORDSHIP?"—"WELL—ER—LOOK HERE! JUST CUT ME HALF A POUND OUT OF THE MIDDLE THERE, AND GIVE IT ME IN A PIECE OF PAPER!"



## THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. VII.

SCENE—A Second-Class Compartment on the line between Würzburg and Nuremberg. PODBURY has been dull and depressed all day, not having recovered from the parting with Miss TROTTER. CULCHARD, on the contrary, is almost ostentatiously cheerful. PODBURY is intensely anxious to find out how far his spirits are genuine, but—partly from shyness, and partly because some of their fellow travellers have been English—he has hesitated to introduce the subject. At last, however, they are alone, and he is determined to have it out on the very first opportunity.

Culchard. Abominably slow train, this Schnell-zug. I hope we shall get to Nuremberg before it's too dark to see the general effect.

Podbury. We're not likely to be in time for *table d'hôte*—not that I'm peckish. (He sighs.) Wonder whereabouts the Trotters have got to by now, eh?

[He feels he is getting red, and hums the Garden Scene from Faust.]

Culch. (indifferently). Oh, let me see—just arriving at St. Moritz, I expect. Wonderful effect of colour, that is.

[He indicates the West, where a bar of crimson is flaming between a belt of firs.]

Podb. (absently). Oh, wonderful!—where? (Hums a snatch of a waltz.) Dum-dum-diddle-um-tum-dum-dum-dum-ty-doodle; dum-dum—I say, you don't seem particularly cut up?

Culch. Cut up? Why should I be cut up, my dear fellow?—about what?

[Before PODBURY can explain, two Talkative British Tourists tumble up into the compartment, and he has to control his curiosity once more.]

First T. T. Well, I hope we're all right now, SAM, I'm sure—these German jokers have chivied us about enough for one journey! (To CULCHARD.) Not in your way, this 'at-box, Sir? Don't give yer much space in these foreign trains. (They settle down and the train starts.) Pretty bit o' country along 'ere!—puts me in mind o' the best part o' Box 'Ill—and I can't say more for it than that!

Second T. T. (a little man with a sandy fringe and boiled-looking eyes). What I notice about the country abroad is they don't seem to 'ave no landmarks.

First T. T. (with a dash of friendly contempt). What d'yer mean—no landmarks—signposts?

Second T. T. (with dignity). I mean to say, they don't 'ave nothing to indicate which is JACK's property, and which is JOE's.

First T. T. Go on—they've as much as what we 'ave.

Second T. T. 'Ave they? We 'ave fences and 'edges. I don't see none 'ere. P'raps you'll point me out one?

First T. T. There's precious few 'edges or fences in the Isle o' Thanet, as you'd know if you've ever been to Margit.

Second T. T. (loftily). I'm not talkin' about Margit now, I'm talkin' of 'ere, and I'll trouble you to show me a landmark.

First T. T. Depend on it they've their own ways of knowing which is 'oo's.

Second T. T. That's not what I'm sayin'. I'm sayin' there ain't nothing to indicate it. [They argue the point at length.]

Podb. (to CULCHARD). Then you really aren't cut up—about Miss T. you know?

Culch. (with the reserve of a man who only wants to be pressed).

There is no reason that I am aware of, why I should be—but (lowering his voice) don't you think we had better wait till we are alone to discuss that subject?

Podb. Oh, all right. I'm not partic—at least. Well, I'm glad you aren't, you know, that's all.

[He becomes silent again—but his face brightens visibly.]

First T. T. (to Second Do.). See that field there? That's tobacco, that is.

Second T. T. What they make their penny smokes of. (The train enters a station.) What funny engines they do 'ave 'ere! I expect the guard 'll be wanting to see our billyetts again next. It's as bad as it used to be with the passports. I've 'eard—mind yer, I don't know 'ow much likelihood there is in the assertion—that they're going to bring 'em in again. Most intricate they were about them. (To CULCHARD.) Why, if you'll believe me, a friend o' mine as 'ad one—well, they got 'is description down to a ioter! He'd a cast in 'is eye,—they put it down, and a pimple you'd 'ardly notice—but down that went!

First T. T. It's no use 'aving such things if they don't do it thoroughly.

Second T. T. (irrelevantly). I wish I 'adn't 'ad that glass o' peach

wine where we changed last. (A Guard appears at the window, and makes some guttural comments on the couple's tickets.) Wechseln? Why, that means wash, don't it? I'm as clean as him, anyway. "Anshteigen,"—ah, I ought to know what that means by this time! SAM, my boy, we're bundled out again. I told yer 'ow it would be!

[They tumble out, and the carriage is presently filled by an assortment of Germans, including a lively and sociable little Cripple with a new drinking-mug which he has just had filled with lager, and a Lady with pale hair and sentimental blue eyes.]

Podb. We can talk all right now, eh? They won't understand. Look here, old fellow, I don't mind owning I'm rather down in the mouth about—you know what. I shouldn't care so much if there was any chance of our coming across them again.

Culch. (cordially). I am very glad to hear you say so. I was

rather afraid you had taken a dislike—er—in that quarter.

Podb. I?—is it likely! I—I admire her awfully, you know, only she rather seemed to snub me lately.

Culch. (with patronising reassurance). Quite a mistake on your part, I assure you, my dear fellow. I am sure she will learn to appreciate you—er—fully when you meet again, which, I may tell you, will be at no very distant date. I happen to know that she will be at the Italian Lakes early next month, and so shall we, if you let me manage this tour my own way.

Podb. (with surprise and gratitude). I say, old boy, I'd no notion you were such a nailing good chap! Nein, danky. (To the little Cripple, who is cheerily inviting him, in pantomime, to drink from his mug.) Cheeky little beggar. But do you really think anything will—er—come of it, if we do meet her again—do you now?

Culch. I—ah—have the best reasons for feeling tolerably certain of it. [He looks out of window and smiles.]

Podb. But that cousin of hers—CHARLEY, you know—how about him?

Culch. I put that to her, and there is nothing in it. In fact, she practically admitted—(He glances round and lowers his voice.) I will tell you another time. That lady over there is looking at us, and I'm almost certain—



"Puts me in mind o' the best part o' Box 'Ill."



*Podb.* What if she is, she don't understand a word we're saying. I want to hear all about Her, you know.

*Culch.* My dear *PODBURY*, we shall have ample time to talk about her while we are at Nuremberg together—it will be the greatest pleasure to me to do so as long as ever you please.

*Podb.* Thanks, old chap! I'd no idea you were doing all this, you know. But just tell me this, what did she say about me?

*Culch. (mystified).* About you? I really don't recollect that she mentioned you particularly.

*Podb. (puzzled).* But I thought you said you'd been speaking up for me! What did you talk about then?

*Culch.* Well, about myself—naturally.

[*He settles his collar with a vague satisfaction.*]

*Podb. (blankly).* Oh! Then you haven't been arranging to meet her again on my account?

*Culch.* Good Heavens, no—what a very grotesque idea of yours, my dear fellow! [*He laughs gently.*]

*Podb.* Is it? You always gave out that she wasn't your style at all, and you only regarded her as a "study," and not like that. How could I tell you would go and cut me out?

*Culch.* I don't deny that she occasionally—er—jarred. She is a little deficient in surface refinement—but that will come, that will come. And as to "cutting you out," why, you must allow you never had the remotest—

*Podb.* I don't allow anything of the sort. She liked me well enough till—till you came in and set her against me, and you may think it friendly if you like, but I call it shabby—confoundedly shabby.

*Culch.* Don't talk so loud, I'm sure I saw that woman smile!

*Podb.* She may smile her head off for all I care. (*The train stops; the Cripple and all but the Pale-haired Lady get out.*) Here we are at Nuremberg. What hotel did you say you are going to?

*Culch.* The Bayrischer-Hof. Why?

[*He gets his coat and sticks, &c., out of the rack.*]

*Podb.* Because I shall go to some other, that's all.

*Culch. (in dismay).* My dear *PODBURY*, this is really too childish! There's no sense in travelling together, if we're going to stay at different hotels!

*Podb.* I'm not sure I shall go any further. Anyway, while I am here, I prefer to keep to myself.

*Culch. (with a displeased laugh).* Just as you please. It's a matter of perfect indifference to me. I'm afraid you'll be terribly bored by yourself, though.

*Podb.* That's my look out. It can't be worse than going about with you and listening while you crow and drivel about her, that's one comfort! [*The Pale-haired Lady coughs in a suspicious manner.*]

*Culch.* You don't even know if there is another hotel.

*Podb.* I don't care. I can find a pot-house somewhere, I daresay.

*The Pale-haired Lady (in excellent English, to PODBURY as he passes out).* Pardon me, you will find close to the Bahnhof a very good hotel—the Wurttemburger.

[*PODBURY thanks her and alights in some confusion; the Lady sinks back, smiling.*]

*Culch. (annoyed).* She must have understood every word we said! Are you in earnest over this? (*PODBURY nods grimly.*) Well, you'll soon get tired of your own society, I warn you.

*Podb.* Thanks, we shall see.

[*He saunters off with his bag; CULCHARD shrugs his shoulders, and goes in search of the Bayrischer-Hof Porter, to whom he entrusts his luggage tickets, and takes his seat in the omnibus alone.*]

## "ANGELS AND MINISTERS OF GRACE!"

[*"The London Correspondent of the Manchester Guardian hears that certain ungalant Members of Parliament are threatening at the beginning of next Session to make a formal protest against the wholesale admission of ladies to the precincts of the House."*]

UNGALLANT! Vastly fine! But when they crowd

The terrace seats, elbow us in the lobbies,

Chatter and laugh, and care no more about

(Elderly) senators than boys or bobbies;

Why then, Sir, all M.P.'s of nerve and nous

Will say that, though we love the babbling beauties,

The swarming of these "Angels in the House,"

Will simply play the devil with its duties!



## "NOS ET MUTAMUR IN ILLIS!"

(*International Feline Amenities.*)

*Fair French Republican.* "SO YOU 'AVE RETURN FROM PARIS? HOW DID YOU LIKE IT?"

*Lady Godiva.* "OH, PAS DE TOUT—IT IS SO ALTERED FOR THE WORSE! FOR I CAN REMEMBER WHAT IT WAS IN THE DEAR OLD DAYS OF THE EMPIRE!"

*Fair French Republican.* "AH, MILADI, IS IT NOT POSSIBLE ZAT PARIS MAY FIND YOU A LITTLE BIT ALTERED TOO!"

## STORICULES.

### IV.—A REVIEWER'S CONFESSION.

I AM extremely fond of sitting and looking on; but I do not care about taking part in anything. There are some people who cannot even witness a cab accident without wanting to be the horse or the man who is sitting on the horse's head. They walk round the prostrate animal and give advice; and if they are allowed to help in any way, they are quite happy. If such people watch a game of any sort, they always wish they were taking part in it. I once went to a cricket-ground to eat luncheon, and I went with an enthusiast of this kind. We noticed that his attention seemed distracted, that he only replied in monosyllables when we spoke to him, and that there was something on his mind. "I would give," he exclaimed, at last—and it was the only remark that he had volunteered for half-an-hour—"I would give a year of my life for twenty minutes with that bowling." He was evidently deeply affected. "Why don't they take him off?" he moaned. There were tears in his eyes. I do not quite understand that feeling. I can watch absolutely anything, but I never want to do more. I was not made to undertake principal parts—I can witness amateur theatricals without wishing to be the prompter. I review novels, but I do not write them.

The other day I watched a game of tennis. I had placed the lounge-chair in a safe and shady position. I had got a paper-knife and the third volume with me. The cat had followed me out of the library, and sat down in a convenient position so that I could scratch it gently behind the ear if I wanted to. I was smoking a pipe that had just reached the right stage of maturity, and, in some indefinable way, made life seem richer and better. Everything was well arranged for the watching of tennis.

There were two players—BILL, a young son of the house, whom I knew intimately, and TOMMY, a boy of the same age, who had just come up from the Rectory. I had not seen TOMMY before. He was a nice-looking little boy, and wore a black necktie in the collar of his silk tennis-shirt. BILL is not good-looking; he is red and freckled, and grins vastly. He was wearing rather unclean flannels, and did not look quite so refined and delicate as TOMMY. I compared the two boys, and thought that I preferred BILL. In the first game of the set, BILL, who plays wonderfully well, won easily; after that, my attention got fixed on that third volume. I turned down a corner of the page whenever I came across anything that was at all conventional. I was reading the book for



review, and my notice of it was to appear in *The Scalpel* on the following Saturday. It was, on the whole, a capital novel, but it was by an author who had been, I thought, more successful than was good for him. He had been elected freely to the best Clubs. During the season he had gone everywhere. Many editions of his book had been sold. He had acquired a little cult who said extravagant things about him in the literary papers. It is sickening to see a man revered during his lifetime. I could imagine him posing before his cult and being pleased; even before I had read a page of his novel, I had made up my mind to administer to him a wholesome corrective in the pages of *The Scalpel*. I was rather sorry to find that it was really a capital novel; but it had enough faults for my purpose.

I had read for some time before I turned my attention to the game again. When I did so, I was startled, for it was perfectly obvious that BILL was giving the game away. His usual service is a little like invisible lightning with a bend in it; he was now serving in a modified manner, which he generally uses only when he is playing with girls who are not his sisters. It was also obvious that TOMMY, who looked very elated, fully believed that he was winning on



his own merits, and had no idea that BILL was merely allowing him to win.

"My game—and set!" cried TOMMY, joyously.

"You've improved awfully," said BILL.

I could not imagine why BILL had intentionally lost that set, for I knew that he hated losing. When TOMMY had gone home again to the Rectory, BILL came up to me to ask how old I thought a man ought to be before he began smoking. I said that I thought thirty-six was about the right age, and asked BILL why he had let TOMMY win.

"Oh, nothing particular," said BILL, in his matter-of-fact way; "only I'd never seen him wear that kind of tie before, and I asked him what he was doing it for, and he said it was for his aunt; she died a few weeks back; so I thought I might as well give him the set to make up for it."

I was rather amused. "TOMMY looked very pleased with himself," I said.

"Yes, he'll brag about that game all over the place," replied BILL, rather despondently. For a moment or two he was silent, imagining the triumph and pride of TOMMY. "I'd punch his head as soon as look at him," he added.

"What on earth for? He thought he'd won by play."

"He can't play any more than a cow, but that's not it. I hate to see anyone get so glorious about anything. Well, I don't know—it's kind of natural. He'd have had a right to brag, if he had really won, and he thought he did."

"Anyhow," I said, severely, "it's a mean trick to want to damage anyone, just because he's pleased with himself when he's got a right to be."

"Well, yes—I'll give you thirty."

"Can't play. I'm going to finish this novel, BILL."

"Is that one of the books you write about in the papers?"

"Yes."

"Are you going to praise it, or cut it up?"

"I'm going to give it such a—well, no, on second thoughts, I believe I'm going to praise it." And I did.

## LETTERS TO ABSTRACTIONS.

No. III.—TO POMPOSITITY.

MY DEAR POMPOSITITY,

It was only yesterday that I dined with BULMER, the wealthy brewer, in his magnificent mansion in the neighbourhood (I dare not be more precise) of Belgrave Square. You know as well as I do that BULMER's origin, though it may not have been humble, was certainly obscure. Nobody quite knows how he first managed to become a partner in the great concern which he now entirely controls. Fifteen years ago few people ever heard of or drank the "Pellucid Ale" without which no tap-room and few middle-class luncheon tables can now be considered complete. Suddenly, however, column upon column of the daily press overflowed, as it were, with those two magic words; analytical chemists investigated the properties of the beverage, and one and all pronounced it in highly technical language to contain more bone-forming and sinew-developing elements than any other known beer. The poetry-and-beer-loving public was fascinated by a series of memorable stanzas:—

"The hardy Briton loves good cheer,  
His mighty sinews never fail:  
'Pour me,' he cries 'a draught of Beer,  
And let it be Pellucid Ale.'"

So the verse began, and it was illustrated by a flaring symbolical picture in two compartments. In the first a throng of gaunt and miserable creatures was represented crawling with difficulty towards an immense barrel, astride which sat a lusty, hop-crowned deity. In the second, every member of the same throng had become stout and hearty. The hollow cheeks were round and shining with health, the bent backs were straight, the dreary faces were wreathed in smiles, and every hand held a foam-topped glass of "Pellucid Ale." Underneath were painted the words, "After one glass." Even without the title, the inference was obvious; the confiding public drew it, and immense quantities of BULMER's ale, almost simultaneously, and the result was that, in a very short time, BULMER might have rolled in money if he had felt disposed—as, to do him justice, he never did—to render himself ridiculous. Now what is there in the fact that BULMER has made a fortune in beer that should inflate him to so insufferable an extent? Can it be that there is some mysterious property in the liquid itself, some property which, having escaped even the careful investigation of the analytical chemists, has pervaded the being of BULMER, and has induced him to patronise the inhabited world? I thought so once. Indeed I have lost myself in conjectures on this point. But I now know that BULMER has fallen under your sway, and that you, my dear POMPOSITITY, direct his every movement, and inspire his every thought. Now, the other night, when, as I say, I was dining at his table, BULMER was in one of his most glorious and vain-glorious moods. Patronage radiated from him upon my humble self and the rest of the tribe of undoubted inferiors whom he permitted to bask in his shining presence.

"My dear boy," said BULMER to me, while he inserted his thumbs in the arm-openings of his waistcoats, and drummed an approving tattoo upon his shining shirt-front, "my dear boy, I have always been your friend, and nobody knows it better than you. Many a time have I proved it to you, and I can honestly assure you that nothing gives me greater pleasure than to welcome you in person to my humble home."

I thanked the great man deferentially, and assured him I was deeply sensible of his many kindnesses. But after he had turned away, some malicious spirit prompted me, in spite of myself, to reflect upon the favours that BULMER has conferred upon me. Were they, after all, so numerous and so great? Was I, on the whole, so poor a worm as he imagined me to be? Had he in fact made me what I am? These ungrateful thoughts chased one another through my perplexed brain, and I was forced to acknowledge to myself that at the various crises of my career the fairy form of BULMER had been absent. Yet BULMER is firmly convinced that I owe any modest success I may have attained and all my annual income to his beneficent efforts on my behalf. And the worst of it is, that he has





a kind of top-heavy and overwhelming good-nature about him. He honestly means to be kind and genial where he only succeeds in irritating his perverse acquaintances. Was BULMER always thus? When he began on his small salary, did he patronise the office-boy? When he had learnt to spell, did he devote his first epistolary efforts to the pompous patronage of his parents? I fancy I can hear him declaring to his tottering father that a man so blessed in his son might well console himself for many a grievous disappointment, and the old man I am sure meekly accepted his son's assurance, and joined with his wife in thanking providence for granting them so great a happiness. But BULMER has different fashions of showing his superiority. I will do him the credit of saying that I do not believe him to be a Snob. He does not prostrate himself before the great, since he believes himself to be greater than they can ever be. But he knows that ordinary human nature is apt to be impressed by the appearance of intimate familiarity with persons of title. And BULMER therefore uses the Peers of his circle as instruments where-with he may belabour the minds of his humbler friends.

"The Marquis of CHEDDAR," he will say, in a tone of grandeur, "did me the honour to consult me about his furniture to-day, and I told him what I thought. The fact is her Ladyship has no taste, and the Marquis has less, but I arranged it all for them."

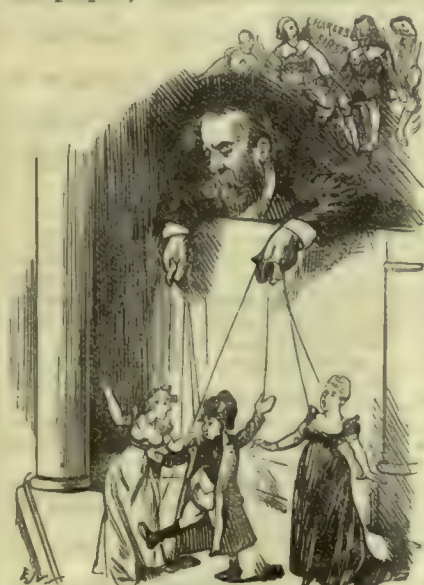
And I am certain that BULMER spoke the truth, but I am equally certain that it was unnecessary for him to mention the subject at all. Yet little KINKS, I know, went away persuaded that the aristocracy trembled at BULMER's nod, and that to know him was a privilege. Unfortunately BULMER, with all his good-nature, wears me, I know I am not worthy to tie his shoe-string, but I am disposed to imitate MONTBRON, who, when he was told that he cheated at cards, replied, "*C'est possible, Monsieur, mais je n'aime pas qu'on me le dise,*" and flung his wine-glass in his accuser's face. Cease, my dear POMPOSITY, to torment me by means of BULMER. I may address you again, but, in the meantime,

I remain, your humble Servant,  
DIOGENES ROBINSON.

## A ROYAL (OLYMPIC) DIVORCE.

(A Page from French History by Mrs. Markham, after W. G. Wills.)

AND so, when NAPOLEON had won Austerlitz, he thought he would marry MARIE LOUISE, Archduchess of Austria, although, as you know, he was already wedded to JOSEPHINE, his first wife. To effect this purpose, he sent his Minister of State, TALLEYRAND, and two comic Marshals, called MURAT and NEY, to see the EMPRESS and explain to her his wishes; and this they did with so much effect that Her Majesty consented, and fainted on the spot.



Wills and Ways; or, a Hand at Nap.

Whether the swoon was real, or in another sense a feint, is not known, because she was a mistress of deception. For instance, although she was nearly a negress in complexion, she managed, at the Palace of Fontainebleau, to appear in a flaxen wig, and with all the appearance of a blonde beauty. Shortly after the EMPEROR's marriage with his new wife, that lady called upon her predecessor, and behaved in such a fashion that JOSEPHINE was justified in calling her "vulgar." A little later, with the assistance of a British Dramatist, called W. G. WILLS (who had already made some alterations in the History of England for the benefit of CHARLES THE FIRST and Mr. HENRY IRVING), she managed to protect the baby King of Rome from a ballet mob in the Gardens of the Tuilleries, and also to afford considerable assistance to her Austrian successor while that "vulgar" person was crawling up some stone steps. Later still, she contrived to have an affecting interview on the eve of the Battle of Waterloo with NAPOLEON himself, although it has been reported in some quarters that she had become defunct a year before the occurrence of that important victory. It was on this occasion that the Hero of Austerlitz gave a most valuable testimonial to the British Army, to whom he referred as "bull-dogs who never knew

when they were beaten," and soldiers with iron-like tenacity. JOSEPHINE subsequently died of visions at Malmaison to the soothing sound of soft music kindly supplied by a semi-concealed orchestra.

## CONVERSATION ON A ROYAL (OLYMPIC) DIVORCE.

Mrs. Markham. And now, dear little FRANK, can you tell me why the Battle of Waterloo was lost?

Frank. Because, dear Mamma, it was removed from its resting-place in the Panorama close to Victoria Street.

Mrs. Markham. That is a most intelligent reply, but I do not think you are quite right. I fancy the Battle must have been lost because, out of the couple of dozen or so of French soldiers who took



Waterloo in Play; or, the Charge of a Charger.

part in the Victory in Wych Street, a considerable number had to be told off to see that NAPOLEON's charger behaved himself.

George. And yet, dear mother, after the performances, I myself saw the noble steed trotting most good-naturedly in rear of a hansom cab.

Mrs. Markham. When you are all older, I will take you myself to examine the Model of the celebrated Battle in the Royal United Service Institution; in the meanwhile, you may rest satisfied with the explanation I have afforded you.

Mary. But mother, dear, do you not think that NAPOLEON and his Army may possibly have trembled at the red fire and the picture of carnage on the painted canvas, that, on the occasion under discussion, confronted them?

Mrs. Markham. It is not improbable; and now, CHARLES, can you tell me anything about NAPOLEON?

Charles. Yes, dearest Mamma. He was strikingly like Mr. BOLTON the excellent Member of Parliament, who represents so ably a portion of St. Pancras, and had a curious and clever way of hugging his elbows when his arms were crossed behind his back.

Mrs. Markham. That was indeed the case, and I am glad to see that you have paid so much attention to historical accuracy. And you, MARY, what do you know about the Ladies-in-waiting upon the EMPRESS JOSEPHINE?

Mary. That even in the direst straits they were fond of practical joking. One of them, for instance, on the eve of the Battle of Waterloo, finding a general's uniform, that for some unaccountable reason was hanging up in an inn at Jenappes, assumed the costume, and, thus disguised, had a great deal of fun with her husband, the Marshal AUGEREAU, who was then on his way to the front, with the avowed purpose of engaging the allied armies of England and Prussia in mortal combat.

Mrs. Markham. And you, FRANK—what do you know of TALLEYRAND?

Frank. That there seemed to be some doubt about his proper title. Some called him "Monseigneur," some "Monsieur," and some even "My shoe" and "My sheer."

Mrs. Markham. Well, my dear children, you all seem to have been very observant, and let me hope that if *A Royal Divorce* does not exactly add to the reputation of NAPOLEON, JOSEPHINE, Mr. WILLS, or MARIE LOUISE, it may yet fill the coffers of Miss GRACE HAWTHORNE.

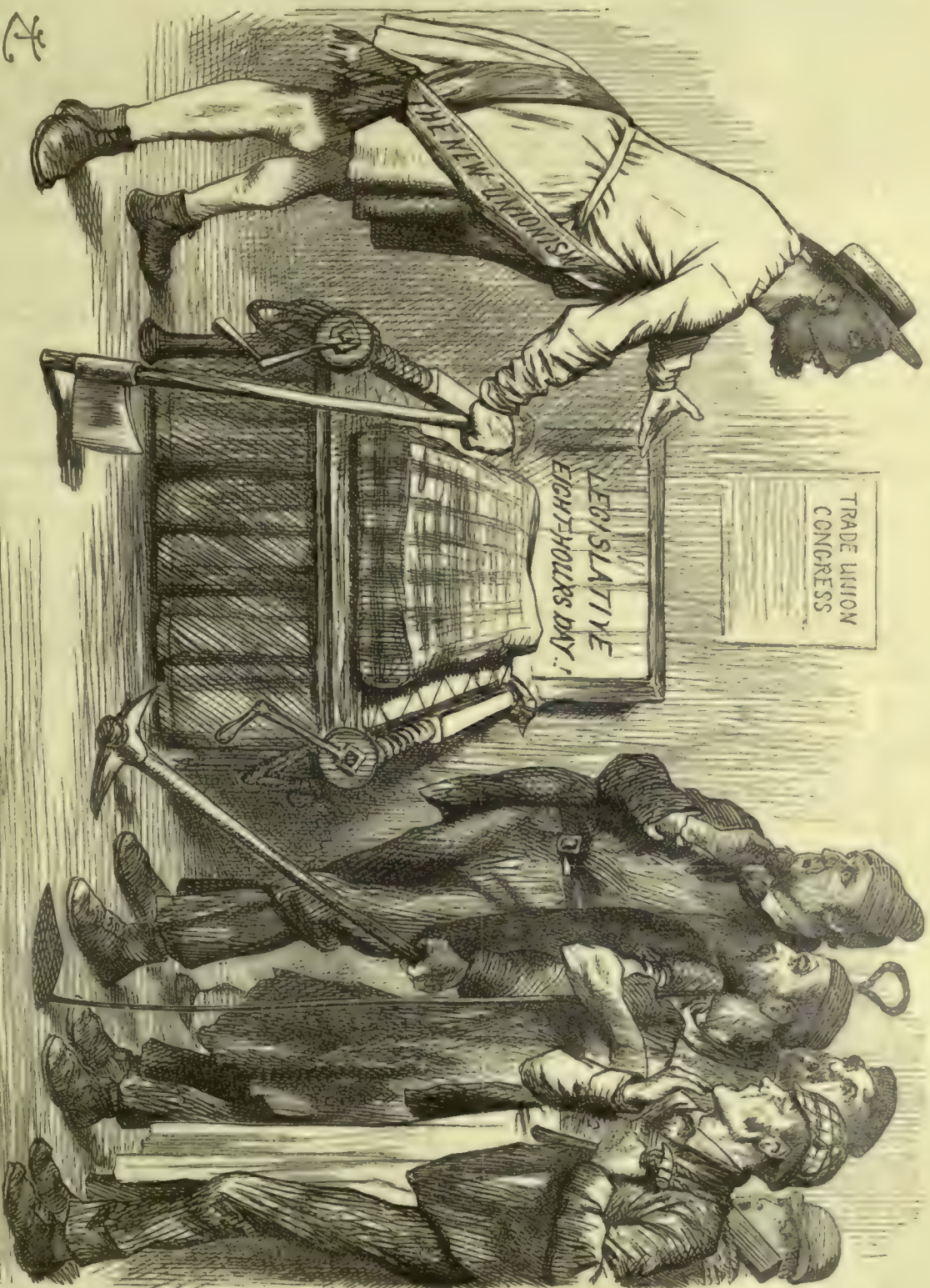
NAVAL NOTE.—The Shibboleth of international courtesy in these days of big Iron-clad Fleets should surely be, "May it please your Warships!"

SONG OF THE SHAMPOOED ONE (AFTER TENNYSON).—"Sweet after showers ambrosial (h)air!"









## THE MODERN "BED OF PROCRUSTES."

PROCRUSTES. "NOW THEN, YOU FELLOWS; I MEAN TO FIT YOU ALL TO MY LITTLE BED!"

CHORUS. "OH LOR-R-I!"

[“It is impossible to establish universal uniformity of hours without inflicting very serious injury to workers.”—*Motion at the recent Trades’ Congress.*]







## THE BITTER CRY OF THE OUTCAST CHOIR-BOY.

BREAK, break, break,  
O voice, on my old top C!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me!



O, well for the  
fishmonger's  
boy  
That he  
shrieks his  
two notes  
above A!  
O, well for the  
tailor's son  
That he soars  
in the old,  
old way!

And the twelve-year chaps go on  
Up the gamut steady and shrill;  
But, O, for the creak of a larynx cracked,  
And a glottis that won't keep still!

Break, break, break,  
O voice, on my dear top C.  
But the swell solo parts of a boyhood fled  
They'll never give more to me!

ANNALS OF A QUIET WATERING-PLACE  
THAT HAS "SEEN ITS DAY."

THIS is the nineteenth day that I have had my face glued to the window-pane watching for the promised "break" in the weather that is to enable me to get a little of the benefit of the sea-air of this place that my doctor assures me is "to do such wonders for me in a week that I shall not know myself." What it might do for me if I could only get hold of it, I can only guess, but the result of the persistent rain has been slowly but surely to empty the Grand Esplanade, the drawing and dining-room floors of which announce on colossal cards that the whole twenty-four establishments are "to let," with the result that all the recreation that Torsington-on-Sea affords has formed a sort of conspiracy to drive me mad with amusement.

The trombone of the town band steals a march on the rest, commencing as early as eight o'clock in the morning with a very powerful rendering of "*Il Balen*," who is succeeded in turn by the discarded Christy Minstrel with the damaged concertina. Then comes a Professor in black velvet spangled tights, who insists, spite my shaking my head at him dolefully through the drizzling mist, in going through a drawing-room entertainment for the amusement and edification of a Telegraph-office Boy, who has apparently only one message to deliver, and it is to be presumed finds time hang in consequence a little heavily upon his hands. Spite my menacing and almost fierce refusal to appear at my window, however, he has the hardihood to knock, and ask for a "trifle." This, if I could only ensure that he would devote it to the purchase of a place on the coach to Barminster, I would gladly give him; but knowing that it will only enable him to make an early breakfast of cold gin and bitters at the "Boar's Head and Anchor," I shake my fist at him, as much as to say, "I am feeble I admit, and do not, I dare say, look as if there were much fight in me! But, by Jove! there is such a thing as the law, even, I suppose, at Torsington-on-Sea! You had best not tempt me too far, my fine fellow."

His reply to this is characteristic; at least, I think so. For within twenty minutes the discarded Christy Minstrel, the Silvery-voiced Tenor, some performing dogs, the whole of the Town Band, the Man with the Bath-chair

and general crowd of "loafers," assemble opposite my dining-room windows, braving south-west wind (half a gale of it), and a general downpour, leaden sky, and indications of "being in" for "another day of it."

I feel quite convinced that the Professor in velvet tights has rapidly whipped up the whole place with some such sentence as "No. 27 on the Grand Esplanade. Give the Old Bloke there a taste. He wants waking up a bit!"

I write to my Medical Adviser. One day is much like another here. I cannot say I go forward very fast. I admit the weather has been against me here; still, things might, I think, have been better.

Take this, for instance, as a typical day for an invalid. It is hardly the sort of place to "pick up" in; at least, so it strikes me.

9 A.M.—Am disturbed after a windy night, which has threatened to blow the front of the house (one of the twenty-four commanding a fine sea-view "both ways") off, and in my first and only turn of refreshing sweet sleep, by the Silvery-voiced Tenor, who persists, spite entreaties, requests, and finally threats, to move a little further away, or curtail a singularly florid version of "*Fra Poco*," under eighteen-pence. On, at length, threatening to send for the police if he declines to desist, he meets the announcement with shouts of derisive laughter, a fact which, Mrs. COBBLES, my landlady, is kind enough to explain, indicates that "The Policeman," not retiring till half-past one that morning, he will not be available, even for a murder, before two o'clock in the afternoon. I compromise the matter, therefore, by sending out sixpence to the Silvery-voiced Tenor, begging Mrs. COBBLES to give as heartrending a description as possible of my exhausted condition, which has the effect of wringing from the MARIO of Torsington an expression of sympathy, and an intimation that he will finish "*Fra Poco*" round the corner.

But ill news travels apace, and within ten minutes the discarded Christy Minstrel with the concertina that is somewhat out of order, and the Town Band (reduced to three), as if by common consent, together with the man in black velvet spangled tights, a short walking-stick, wash-hand basin, and small square of carpet, draw up, as if by magic, before Mrs. COBBLES' lodgings, and with the un-earning increment of Torsington-on-Sea as audience, commence a simultaneous *matinée* for my special benefit at twenty-five minutes and a half to ten.

Mrs. COBBLES' assurance that the poor gentleman has "not closed his eyes all night" seems only to stimulate them to further effort. As I feel that even twenty minutes of this recreation will certainly drive me mad, I beg Mrs. COBBLES to send the boy who comes to clean the boots and knives to disturb the One Policeman in his first sweet slumber. If nothing else will stir him, he is to be informed that No. 34 on the Esplanade is on fire, or if that fails, he may throw in 33 and 35 as well. In fact, he need not be particular as to facts, but return with the Policeman he must! There is a good-sized crowd assembled on the Esplanade, but as I am attired in a scarlet flannel dressing-gown, white night-cap, and am arguing the Act of Parliament with the deserted Christy Minstrel with some warmth, it may account for it.



## THE KING OF THE BEASTS.

A Zoological Elegy.

[CHARLES JAMRACH, the celebrated naturalist and menagerie-keeper, of St. George's-in-the-East, died on September 6, at the age of 76.]

THE news on the town like a thunderbolt burst,

The loss of the Season 'tis reckoned;  
We mourned long ago for King JAMRACH THE FIRST,

Now we weep for King JAMRACH THE SECOND.

There's grief at the Zoo, all the Lions bohoo,  
And the Elephants dolefully trumpet;  
The Tiger's in tears, and the lonely Koodoo  
With sorrow's as cold as a crumplet.

He was seventy-six; but to cross o'er the Styx

At that age—for a JAMRACH—was premature;

There are lots of young cubs who feel quite in a fix

At the thought that he will not see them mature.

They howl with wide gorges to think that St. George's

Will see him no more—ah! no, never!  
He will not preside at their shin-of-beef orgies,

Or nurse them through phthisis or fever.  
The travelling menagerie must wait an age 'ere he—

JAMRACH—will find any fellow.

BARNUM, 'tis well you are gone we can tell you!

Bison, old boy, do not bellow  
There quite so tremendously! Sad? Oh, stupendously!

So is the Ornithorhynchus.

But don't howl the roof off, your anguish in proof of,

Or Regent's Park swells mad may think us.

Yes, Marsupial Mole, we are "left in the hole,"

But still we must think of our dignity.

Animal sorrow from bardlings must borrow  
The true elegiac benignity.

That Japanese pug I could willingly hug,  
He yaps out his grief so discreetly,

And dear Armadillo knows how to sing "Willow,"

Like poor *Desdemona*, most sweetly.

My dear *Felis Leo*, I do feel that we owe  
A debt to the urban proprieties.

Don't shame yourself, *Ursa*, but quite *vice versa*,

You know how impressive caste's quiet is!

But, JAMRACH! O JAMRACH! Woe's stretched on no sham rack

Of metre that mourns you sincerely;

E'en that hard nut o' natur, the great Alligator,

Has eyes that look red, and blink queerly.

Mere "crocodile's tears," some may snigger; but jeers

Must disgust at a moment so doleful.

For JAMRACH the brave, who has gone to his grave,

All our sorrow's sincere as 'tis soulful!

## Telling the Wasps.

(With Acknowledgments to the Greek Anthology and Mr. Andrew Lang.)

CYNICS, and ye critics cold,

When the wasps return with Spring,

Tell them that *THESES* old

Perished in his fault-hunting,

Perished on an Autumn night.  
Now no more he'll ban and blight  
In the "weeklies," as of yore;  
But the valley and the height  
Miss a biter and a bore!





MR. PUNCH HAS A LITTLE TOUR IN IRELAND.



## SOME CIRCULAR NOTES.

## CHAPTER V.

Popperie—Noise—Quiet—Descent—Cerberus—Picture—Catacombs  
Sensational—Stalactite—Surmises—Dreads—Poppy—Weird—  
Desertion—Lost—Terrors—Candle—Out!

ARRIVED! These are the works that POPPERIE & Co. built. On a height, commanding fine panoramic view. Approach to the house and stores is through a fresh-looking garden, everything neat and trim. Quite a surprise to find oneself suddenly among hundreds of casks and cases. Distant sound of carts and horses, of pulleys and cranks, of bringing in and sending out; but this sound is only a gentle hum—a murmuring accompaniment as it were; for, considering the amount of work that involves a lot of noise throughout the day, except, perhaps, during the feeding hours, the note of this place is its air of quiet activity. There is, I remark, a curious flavour in the atmosphere, that causes me to smack my lips, quite involuntarily, as if tasting wine. Remember somebody telling me, that the mere wine-laden atmosphere of the London Docks is quite enough to make anyone feel the worse for liquor, even though you do not touch a single drop in the vaults. We have not yet reached the vaults, but somehow there's something peculiarly exhilarating in the

one for rats to tackle. My ideas of anything alive underground are generally associated with suchlike warmint. At last—out of the tunnel! and now, I presume, in the caves. Here someone, gradually assuming a palpable form, emerges from somewhere out of a dark corner, and hands to each of us a long piece of wood about the length of a harlequin's bat (*note*, pantomime again), only that this is an inch or so thick and quite two inches wide at one end, where presently a candle is fixed by an attendant sprite,—the slave of the fallow candle,—and the wand, so to speak, tapers off towards the handle. *A propos* of "tapers off"—the question occurs to me, later on, as we pass through labyrinths of dark passages, where should I be in the case of "taper off"? Beautiful title for sensational story—"Lost in the Catacombs."

Our trusty guide, M. VESQUIER, is well ahead, and DAUBINET follows closely at my heels. Thus we proceed, and if this order is preserved throughout, I feel that the sensational romance above mentioned will not be written, at least not on this occasion. We are in stalactite caverns; I expect a subterranean lake,—of still champagne of course,—and a boat; strange silver foil and gold foil fish ought to be swimming about, and the name of the subterranean lake should be Loch Foil, Loch Gold or Silver Foil, according to the material. No, nothing of the sort. It is all quite dry; uncommonly dry; atmosphere dry; ground dry; and, gradually, throats dry. Probably, champagne also dry. But remembering what I have heard of someone else's experience of Dock-visiting, which I presume is similar to cave-visiting, I do not mention my sudden drought. I feel that, while down here, if I took one glass of champagne, my head first, and then my legs, might become unsteady, whereupon nothing would be more likely than for me to take the wrong turning and lose my companions; if I did, what are the chances against my ever finding them again? Or if my legs failed me and I disappeared between the casks, who would think of looking for me there? Then, years afterwards, in some specially and unaccountably good vintage year, when there would be a run upon these particular casks, my mouldering skeleton would be found, among the sawdust, between the barrels, and some purveyor of ballads would write a song whereof the burden would not be unlike that of the once popular "*Mistletoe Bough*." As I follow my leader through the vaults all this occurs to me, as does also the appropriately melancholy refrain of another old song or "catch," "Down among the dead men let him lie!"

We are under the central dome of this Stalactite Champagne Cathedral dedicated to the worship of Bacchus. [*Happy Thought*.—The Champagne country is the true "Poppy Land." I present this with my compliments to Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT, whose pleasant articles in the *Daily Telegraph* on "Poppy Land" are, and will be, for some time to come, so deservedly poppylar on the North coast of Norfolk. When driving round and about Cromer, our flyman pointed out "Poppy Land" to me. *Happy Thought*.—In future let this be known as "Caledonia Up to Date, or the New Scott-land."] A strange light descends from somewhere above, producing a bluish atmospheric effect. Weird, very. We are now in the Wine Demon's Cave. More pantomimic effects: big demons and little demons at work everywhere: champagne demons with strange faces,—I should say "fizzes,"—moving about noiselessly: the only sound is that of the occasional irrepressible effervescence of youth, or a pop from a recalcitrant cork in a distant cell, and, in a mysterious all-pervading way, an accompaniment of hammering. The lights and awful shadows of the scene recall to my mind CRUIKSHANK's grim illustrations to AINSWORTH's *Tower of London*. If these wild figures under this Central Stalactited Dome, these fearsome Troglodytes, were suddenly to join hands and dance round us, keeping a "Witches' Sabbath," I should not feel surprised. I might be considerably alarmed; but surprised, no. It would be in keeping with the scene. Only where's the music? Surely a Special Champagne Dance ought to be supplied by the orchestra of "The Monday Pops."

Here DAUBINET, being tired, sits. He has seen it all before. "He knows his way," explains M. VESQUIER, "and we shall meet him again above." This sounds funereal, but, as an expression of Christian sentiment, hopeful.

DAUBINET, mopping his forehead, mutters something, in Russian I believe, which sounds like "*Preama! Pascarry! da padadidi*," which he is perhaps rendering into English when he says, "Go straight on! Be quick! All r-r-r-right!"

Suddenly finding myself the only follower of our guide, I begin to realise to its full extent the loss of one who, up to now, has been my companion. I realise this one fact among others, but quite sufficient of itself, namely, that if I once lose sight of M. VESQUIER in this maze of caverns down in the depths below, I shall have the utmost difficulty in ever coming up to the surface again. Now we are walking on a line of rails. All at once I lose sight of M. VESQUIER. He must have turned off to the right or left—which?—and I shall see his light in the distance when I reach the opening into the right, or left, passage. . . . What's that? A shriek? a howl? a flash!—"Hé! là bas!" and at a rapid pace out of the blackest darkness emerge two wine-demons on a trolley. I have just time



knowledge that we are in the outer court of one of King Champagne's many palaces. *Mem.* Grand idea for a scene in a Drury Lane Pantomime. Visit to Palace of POPPIN THE FIRST, king of the Champagne country. Register copyright and suggest it to Sir DRURY O'LANUS.

DAUBINET has his hat in his hand and his overcoat over his arm. With his handkerchief he is mopping his fevered brow. "*Piff!*" he exclaims, "*qu'il fait chaud!* No? You don't find it? I do. *Caramba! O Champagnski! da Karascho! O Maman!* Come on! Here is our leader, le bon VESQUIER! *Allons! Marchons!* Long to reign over us!"—then as we move forward, DAUBINET again bursts into song, as usual more or less out of tune. This time he favours us with snatches of "*God save the Queen!*" and finally, as we enter a huge tunnel, and, as I judge from the steep incline, are commencing our descent into the cave, I hear his voice behind me singing "We're leaving thee in sorrow, ANNIE!"

Darker and darker as we descend through this tunnel. Orpheus going to find Eurydice. No Cerberus about, thank goodness. Wonder if any rats or blackbeetles? By the way, Cerberus would have been a nasty one for rats. Cerberus, with three to one on him ("Heads I win—tails you rats lose"), doing a match against time in killing rats, is a fine subject for a weird classical picture yet to be painted. What R.A. could grapple with so tremendous a composition? On returning to "carp the upper air," must mention the subject to Sir FREDERICK the Great. Cerberus would be a nasty



to reduce myself to the smallest possible compass against the barrels, when the wine-demons brandishing a small torch-light have whizzed past,—“Ho! Ho!”—goblin laughter in the distance, as heard in *Rip Van Winkle*, and described in *Gabriel Grub*—“Ho! Ho!”—and before I have recovered myself, they have vanished into outer and blacker darkness, and all around me the gloom is gloomier than ever.

“*Hé! Monsieur VESQUIER!*” I shout. I have taken a wrong turning; that is, I have taken some turning or other to the right, and there is no sign of my guide. My fears have come true. My forebodings are realised. I stumble on—over the tram-way lines—against the casks—“*Hé, là bas! Hé! M. VESQUIER!*”—O dear!—“*Home Sweet Home!*” What was that negro melody that now recurs to me as a sort of singing in my ears—“Home once more! Home once more! Shall I ever see my home once more!”—A shout in the distance—or is it an echo—no! Is it VESQUIER? I shout in return—then in the far distance I descry a light... it grows bigger... a shriek... a wild waving of a blazing garish torch, and again I have to compress myself against the barrels as another trolly whizzes past at full speed, carrying two cheerful-looking, and except for that one shout, silent demons. “Hey trolly lolly!” I cannot stay there—they have gone like a flash—and the obscurity is becoming oppressive... Shall I retrace my steps? It isn’t a question of “shall I”—it is “*can I*”? Through how many turnings have we come? No—I should never find my way back again. Better push on. I shout again: desperately but nervously. There is not even an echo. And now my candle, which has been guttering and sputtering for the last few moments, is threatening dissolution. It is the beginning of the end—of the candle-end. If the candle goes out before I do—Heavens! but I must move very cautiously. What a subject for a Jules-Verne novel! Ah, how I should enjoy reading about it in a story!! But as a personal experience... Where am I? Is it straight on? or to the left?—I think there is a left passage—or to the right? I peer down in the hopes of seeing some evidence of life, at all events the glimmer of a light, which may probably mean my guide. No; not a sign. Are there rats here? If so... the candle-end is sputtering worse than ever... it is flickering... What’s to be done?... I shout “Hullo!” at the top of my voice. Yes, at the top of my voice, but at the bottom of the caves. Then the question occurs to me, of what use is it to shout in English? No one will understand me. The candle-end is making a final struggle for life. So must I.

“*Hé, là bas!*” I shout “with all my might and main,” like the celebrity of the old nursery tale, who jumped into a quickset hedge as an infallible remedy for blindness. No result. I think of the man in the dungeon who was eaten by rats. Well-known case, but quite forget the gentleman’s name. Political prisoner probably whose offence had been “ratting”—and so his punishment was made “to fit the crime,” as Mr. GILBERT’s *Mikado* used to observe. Why do such grimly comic reminiscences occur to me now, when I am in so really awful a situation? So, once more I shout with desperation in my lungs, “*Hé! là—bas!*”

And—oh, the joy—oh, the rapture!—there comes back to me—“*Hé, là bas!*” Bless the Prince of WAILES!”

It is DAUBINET. He advances from somewhere, from an opening, the existence of which I had never suspected.

“Here! This way! *Par ici, mon ami; par ici!*”

And in another minute I am with him—I am out—and so is the candle-end. Ah! I breathe again!

“The first time, I believe, that you have ever seen these caves,” observes M. VESQUIER, quietly, “which, one way and another, represent several miles of walking.” Then looking at his watch, he adds, “It is time for breakfast. You must be hungry.”

I am. Hungry, but oh! so grateful! If it weren’t so expensive, I should give a Champagne-window to the Reims Cathedral, in *pian*

memoriam of my fortunate escape. A real pane (not coloured paper pretence) in a window would be an appropriate memorial. Or, at all events, I might give one small “light,” which, as recalling that little guttering, sputtering, candle, would be still more appropriate.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron’s Assistant Reader reports again:—I have just read *The Book-bills of Narcissus, An Account rendered by RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.* (FRANK MURRAY; Derby, Leicester and Nottingham.) It doesn’t make any difference to me whether this dainty little book



was actually published at Derby or at Leicester or even at Nottingham, noted of old for lambs. It makes right pleasant reading, and that is the chief point. The Narcissus, about whose life (except in the matter of book-bills, by the way) we here learn a good deal, must have been an agreeable companion—for those who allowed the lad to have his own way, and always kept a spare £10 note handy for the humouring of his little caprices. His wayward moods, his innocent love affairs, his wanderings, his reading, his culminating grand passion, Mr. LE GALLIENNE renders his

account of them all, and does it in a fresh and breezy style which suits his pleasant subject admirably. There is a special charm too about the graceful lyrics which sparkle here and there in the pretty little volume. In fact Mr. LE GALLIENNE is an artist. I don’t say a genuine artist, because he justly dislikes the qualification. OSCAR WILDE has desisted for a space from mere paradox, and gives us (am I late in thus noticing it?) *Lord Arthur Savile’s Crime, and other Stories.* (London, J. R. OSGOOD, McILWAINE & Co.) *Macte virtute*, say I; the tag is old, but ’twill serve. If you want to laugh heartily, read *Lord Arthur Savile’s Crime*, the story of a deeply conscientious man to whom murder very properly presents itself as a duty. Then, if you wish to laugh even more violently, read *The Canterville Ghost*, in which OSCAR goes two or three better than Mr. W. S. GILBERT. I am specially thankful to OSCAR. When he is on humour bent, he doesn’t dig me in the ribs and ask me to notice what a wonderfully funny dog he is going to be. He lets his fun take care of itself, a permission which it uses with great discretion. Please, OSCAR, give us some more of the same sort, and pray introduce me once more later on to the *Duchess of Cheshire*. If she continues to be as delightful as she was in her sweet girlhood, I envy his Grace.

The Baron is taking it easy. He has still by his side as his constant travelling companion, GEORGE MEREDITH’s *One of Our Conquerors*, which has travelled to Switzerland with him, and was only left behind at the inn when the Baron had to go by a new route up a lofty mountain. To make this path known the Baron’s assent was necessary, and he gave it. He had time, however, to read one shilling thrilling story. The Shilling Thrilling is by two authors, WALTER POLLOCK and ALEXANDER GALT, and is called *Between the Lines*. A happy title, as it enables the Baron to recommend everyone to read *between the lines*. A clever sensation story for which the Baron, now far away in his sea-girt home, thanks the two clever boys who wrote it. No more at present from THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

Peak Castle, Eagle’s Nest, N.E.W.

## Vox et præterea Nihil!

“Philosophy is essentially the Voice of the Silence.”

A Disciple of the Mahatmas.

VOICE of the Silence? Brotherhood prodigious,  
A babble-ridden age might well rejoice  
Could you but give instead of talk litigious,  
The Silence of the Voice.

“REAL MEAN.”—The English Churchman, who, on returning from abroad, puts all his surplusage of Swiss silver—ten and twenty centime-pieces—into the offertory bag or plate.

SHAKESPEARE (ADAPTED) AT THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS.—“We must Vote by the Card, or Equality will be our undoing.”



# THE WAITERS' STRIKE.

(At the Naval Exhibition.)

THE German Waiter waxeth fat; he grows exceeding proud;  
He is a shade more kicksome than can fairly be allowed.  
The British Press goes out to dine—the Teuton, they relate,  
Throws down his napkin like a gage, and swears he will not wait.



Now there are many  
proverbs—some are  
good and some are  
not—

But the Teuton was mis-  
led who cried, "Strike  
while the *entrée's*  
hot!"

Like readers with no  
book-marks, all the  
rebels lost their  
place,

And vanished out of  
Chelsea in their dress-  
suits and disgrace.

And I'm told that there  
were murmurings and  
courses deep and low

In darksome public-  
houses in the road of  
Pimlico,

And a general impression that it was not safe to cross  
The temper of that oaterer, Mr. MACKENZIE ROSS.

O Waiter, German Waiter! there are many other lands  
Where you can take your creaking boots and eke your dirty hands;  
And we think you'll have discovered, ere you reach your next address,  
That in England German Waiters aren't the Censors of the Press.

## MARLOWE AT CANTERBURY.

"KEEP up the Christopher!" a recommendation adapted *urbi et orbi*  
which, quoting *Mr. Puff*, our HENRY when speaking at Canterbury  
ought to have given after the unveiling of KIT MARLOWE's statue.  
We hope that the unveiling address will not prove unavailing, and  
that the necessary funds may soon be forthcoming for the completion  
of the work. For the present all that has been effected by the  
ceremony is to have given the *Times* and *Telegraph* opportunities for  
interesting leading articles at a very dull season when material is  
scarce; also it has given the author of *Tom Cobb* and other remarkable  
plays a chance of writing to the *Times*; and finally it has broken in  
upon the well-earned holiday of the indefatigable and good-natured  
HENRY. But there was one question not put by our HENRY.  
It ought to have arisen out of the record of MARLOWE's interment,  
but didn't. "The burial register of St. Nicholas, Deptford,"  
said the *Times* of September 16, "contains the entry, 'CHRISTOPHER  
MARLOWE, slain by FRANCIS ARCHER, June 1, 1593.'" The entry  
may be taken as veracious, although made by "a clerk of St.  
Nicholas." MARLOWE was a dramatist; was ARCHER a dramatic  
critic?

## TWO WORDS IN SEASON.

(Humbly dedicated to those eminent Controversialists, Lord Grimthorpe  
and Mr. Tallack.)

### No. I.

A LITTLE more grammar, a touch of the file  
To smooth the rough edge of his tongue and his style;  
And some friends, who could soften his temper or check it,  
Might amend Baron GRIMTHORPE, who once was called BECKETT.

### No. II.

Some scorn for the faddists who ask us to hug,  
Not with ropes but with pity, the pestilent Thug,  
And some sense (of which Fate, it would seem, says he shall lack),  
Of the value of logic would much improve TALLACK.

ANOTHER STRIKE THREATENED.—The advent of the brother of  
the reigning King of SIAM threatens to cause embarrassment in some  
English houses where His HIGHNESS might expect to be received.  
JEAMES has positively declined to throw open a door and announce,  
"Prince DAMRONG!" "Such langwidge," he says, "is unbecoming  
and beneath Me—leastways unless it is remembered in the wages."

## WHY SHOULD MERIT WAIT?

WE have reason to believe that Sir HENRY EDWARDS, whose stone  
image adorns a thoroughfare in Weymouth, will not long be left in  
sole possession of the honour of having a monument dedicated to him  
in his lifetime. In view of an interesting event pending in his  
family, it is proposed that a statue shall be erected to Sir SAMUEL  
WILSON, M.P., in the grounds at Hughenden. The project has so far  
advanced that the inscription has been drafted, and we are pleased  
to be able to quote it:—

To Perpetuate the Memory  
of

Sir SAMUEL WILSON, Kt.,

A good Husband, a kind Father,

A great Sheep-Farmer.

Twice elected to the Legislative Assembly of Victoria,

He once sat for the borough of Portsmouth.

He built Wilson Hall for Melbourne University,

And bought Hughenden Manor for

Himself.

He introduced Salmon into Australian Waters,

And married his Eldest Son

To the Sixth Daughter of the

Duchess of MARLBOROUGH.

Of such is the Colony of Victoria.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"DEAR Miss DOLLIE RADFORD," writes the Assistant-Reader, "I  
trust I am right in the feminine and unconjugal prefix; but, be  
that as it may, I wish simply to tell you that, at the instigation of a  
lettered friend, I have spent a few moments very wisely in reading  
your thin little book of verse, *A Light Load*. (ELKIN MATHEWS.)  
I feel now as if I had been gently drifting down a smooth broad  
river under the moonlight, when all nature is quiet. I don't quite  
know why I feel like that, but I fancy it must be on account of some  
serene and peaceful quality in your poems. Here, then, there are  
sixty-four little pages of restfulness for those whose minds are  
troubled. You don't plunge into the deep of metaphysics and churn  
it into a foam, but you perch on your little bough and pipe sweetly of  
gorse and heather and wide meadows and brightly-flashing insects;  
you sing softly as when, in your own words—

—gently this evening the ripples break  
On the pebbles beneath the trees,  
With a music as low as the full leaves make,  
When they stir in some soft sea-breeze.

One of my "Co." says he always reads anything that comes in his  
way bearing the trade-mark BLACKWOOD. His faith has been justified  
on carrying off with him  
on a quiet holiday, *His  
Cousin Adair*, by GORDON  
ROY. The book has all the  
requisites of a good novel,  
including the perhaps rarest  
one of literary style. *Cousin  
Adair* is well worth know-  
ing, and her character is  
skilfully portrayed. As a  
foil against this high-  
minded, pure-souled un-  
selfish girl, there are  
sketched in two or three of  
the sort of people, men and  
women, more frequently met with in this wicked world. But *Cousin  
Adair* is good enough to leaven the lump. GORDON ROY is evidently  
a *nom de plume* that might belong to man or woman. My "Co." is  
inclined to think, from certain subtle touches, that he has been  
entertained through three volumes by a lady.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

## What's in a Title?

(To the Author of "Violet Moses.")

With a title so lucky (though luck's all my eye),  
Your book's sure of readers I'll wager my head.  
For not even a Critic will dare to reply,

When he's asked to review it, "I'll take it as re(a)d."

FROM THE LATEST COLWELL-HATCHNEY EXAMINATION PAPER IN  
FOREIGN LANGUAGES FOR THE CAKE SCHOLARSHIP.—*Question.* What  
is the feminine of *Beau temps*? *Answer* (immediately given). Belle-  
wether.



## THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. VIII.

SCENE—*A Bridge over the Pegnitz, at Nuremberg. Time, afternoon. The shadows of the old gabled and balconied houses are thrown sharply on the reddish-yellow water. Above the steep speckled roofs, the spires of St. Lorenz glitter against the blue sky. CULCHARD is leaning listlessly upon the parapet of the bridge.*

*Culchard (to himself).* How mediæval it all is, and how infinitely restful! *(He yawns.)* What a blessed relief to be without that fellow PODBURY! He's very careful to keep out of my way—I've scarcely seen him since I've been here. He must find it dreadfully dull. *(He sighs.)* I ought to find material for a colour-sonnet here, with these subdued grey tones, those dull coppery-greens, and the glowing reds of the conical caps of those towers. I ought—but I don't. I fancy that half-engagement to MAUD TROTTER must have scared away the Muse. I wonder if PODBURY has really gone yet? *(Here a thump on the back disposes of any doubt as to this.)* Er—so you're still at Nuremberg? *(Awkwardly.)*

*Podbury (cheerfully).* Rather! Regular ripping old place this—suits me down to the ground. And how are you getting on?

*Culch.* Perfectly, thanks. My mind is being—er—stimulated here in the direction most congenial to it.

*Podb.* So's mine. By the way, have you got a book—I don't mean a novel, but a regular improving book—the stodgier the better—to lend a fellow?

*Culch.* Well, I brought an *Epitome of Herbert Spencer's Synthetic Philosophy* away with me to dip into occasionally. It seems a very able summary, and you are welcome to it, if it's of any use to you.

*Podb.* SPENCER, eh?—he's a stiff kind of old bird, ain't he? He'll do me to-rights, thanks.

*Culch.* It strikes me, PODBURY, that you must find the time rather long, to want a book of that kind. If you wish to resume our—ah—original relations, I am quite ready to overlook what I am sure was only a phase of not unnatural disappointment.

*Podb. (cheerily).* Oh, that's all right, old fellow. I've got over all that business. *(He colours slightly.)* How soon did you think of moving on?

*Culch. (briskly).* As soon as you please. We might start for Constance to-morrow, if you like.

*Podb. (hesitating).* Well, you see, it's just this: there's a fellow staying at my hotel—PRENDERGAST, his name is—rattling good sort—and I've rather chummed up with him, and—and he's travelling with a relation of his, and—well, the fact is, they rather made a point of my going on to Constance with them, don't you see? But I daresay we could work it so as to go on all together. I'll see what they say about it.

*Culch. (stiffly).* I'm exceedingly obliged—but so large a party is scarcely—however, I'll let you know whether I can join you or not this evening. Are you—er—going anywhere in particular just now?

*Podb.* Well, yes. I've got to meet PRENDERGAST at the *Café Noris*. We're going to beat up some stables, and see if we can't hire a couple of gees for an hour or two before dinner. Do you feel inclined for a tittup?

*Culch.* Thanks, but I am no equestrian. *(To himself, after PODBURY'S departure.)* He seems to manage well enough without me. And yet I do think my society would be more good for him than—. Why did he want to borrow that book, though? Can my influence after all—*(He walks on thoughtfully, till he finds himself before an optician's window in which a mechanical monkey is looking through a miniature telescope; the monkey suddenly turns its head*

*and gibbers at him. This familiarity depresses him, and he moves away, feeling lonelier than ever.)*

*On the Terrace of the Burg. Half an hour later.*

*Culch. (on a seat commanding a panorama of roofs, gables, turrets, and spires).* Now this is a thing that can only be properly enjoyed when one is by oneself. The mere presence of PODBURY—well, thank goodness, he's found more congenial company. *(He sighs.)* That looks like an English girl sketching on the next seat. Rather a fine profile, so regular—general air of repose about her. Singular, now I think of it, how little repose there is about MAUD. *(The Young Lady rises and walks to the parapet.)* Dear me, she has left her india-rubber behind her. I really think I ought—*(He rescues the india-rubber, which he restores to the owner.)* Am I mistaken in supposing that this piece of india-rubber is your property?

*The Y. L. (in musically precise tones).* Your supposition is perfectly correct. I was under the impression that it would be safe where it was for a few moments; but I am obliged to you, nevertheless. I find india-rubber quite indispensable in sketching.

*Culch.* I can quite understand that. I—I mean that it reduces the—er—paralysing sense of irrevocability.

*The Y. L.* You express my own meaning exactly.

*[CULCHARD, not being quite sure of his own, is proportionately pleased.]*

*Culch.* You have chosen an inspiring scene, rich with historical interest.

*The Y. L. (enthusiastically).* Yes, indeed. What names rise to one's mind instinctively! MELANCHTHON, JOHN HUSS, KRAFT, and PETER VISCHER, and DÜRER, and WOHLGEMUT, and MAXIMILIAN THE FIRST, and LOUIS OF BAVARIA!

*Culch. (who has read up the local history, and does not intend to be beaten at this game).* Precisely. And the imperious MARGRAVE OF BRANDENBURG, and WALLENSTEIN, and GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, and GOETZ VON BERLICHINGEN. One can almost see their—er—picturesque personalities still haunting the narrow streets as we look down.

*The Y. L.* I find it impossible to distinguish even the streets from here, I confess, but you probably see with the imagination of an artist. Are you one by any chance?

*Culch.* Only in words; that is, I record my impressions in a poetic form. A perfect sonnet may render a scene, a mood, a passing thought, more

indelibly than the most finished sketch; may it not?

*The Y. L.* That is quite true; indeed, I occasionally relieve my feelings by the composition of Greek or Latin verses, which I find, on the whole, better adapted to express the subtler emotions. Don't you agree with me there?

*Culch. (who has done no Greek or Latin verse since he left school).* Doubtless. But I am hindering your sketch?

*The Y. L.* No, I was merely saturating my mind with the general effect. I shall not really begin my sketch till to-morrow. I am going now. I hope the genius of the place will inspire you.

*Culch.* Thank you. I trust it will—er—have that effect. *(To himself, after the Young Lady has left the terrace.)* Now, that's a very superior girl—she has intellect, style, culture—everything the ideal woman should have. I wonder, now, whether, if I had met her before—but such speculations are most unprofitable! How clear her eyes looked through her pince-nez! Blue-grey, like Athene's own. If I'd been with PODBURY, I should never have had this talk. The sight of him would have repelled her at once. I shall tell him when I take him that book that he had better go his own way with his new friends. I shall spend most of to-morrow on this terrace.



"Er—I have brought you the philosophical work I mentioned."



SCENE—*The Conversations-Saal at the Wurtemburger-Hof. Evening. PODBURY at the piano; BOB PRENDERGAST and his sister HYPATIA seated near him.*

*Podb. (chanting dolefully)—*  
Now then, this party as what came from  
Fla-an-ders,  
What had the com-plex-i-on rich and  
rare,  
He went and took and caught the yellor ja-  
aun-ders—  
And his complexion isn't what it were!

*Mr. and Miss Prendergast (joining sympathetically in chorus). And his complexion isn't what it were!*  
[*There is a faint knock at the door, and CULCHARD enters with a volume under his arm. None of the three observes him, and he stands and listens stiffly as PODBURY continues,—*

Well, next this party as what came from  
Fla-an-ders,  
Whose complex-shun was formi-ally rare,  
Eloped to Injia with ELIZA SA-AUN-DEES,  
As lived close by in Canonbury Square.

*Culch. (advances to piano and touches PODBURY'S arm with the air of his better angel). Er—I have brought you the philosophical work I mentioned. I will leave it for an occasion when you are—er—in a fitter frame of mind for its perusal.*

*Podb. Oh, beg pardon, didn't see you, old fellow. Awfully obliged; jam it down anywhere, and (whispering) I say, I want to introduce you to—*

*Culch. (in a tone of emphatic disapproval). You must really excuse me, as I fear I should be scarcely a congenial spirit in such a party. So good night—or, rather—er—good-bye.*

*Miss Hypatia P. (just as C. is about to close the door). Please don't stop, Mr. PODBURY, that song is quite too deliciously inane!*



### THE STERNER SEX!

"HULLO, GERTY! YOU 'VE GOT FRED'S HAT ON, AND HIS COVER COAT!"

"YES. DON'T YOU LIKE IT?"

"WELL—IT MAKES YOU LOOK LIKE A YOUNG MAN, YOU KNOW, AND THAT'S SO EFFEMINATE!"

[*CULCHARD turns as he hears the voice, and—too late—recognises his Athene of that afternoon. He retires in confusion, and, as he passes under the window, hears PODBURY sing the final verse.*

The moral is—Now *don't* you come from  
Fla-an-ders,  
If you should have complexions rich and  
rare;  
And don't you go and catch the yellor  
ja-aun-ders,  
Nor yet know girls in Canonbury Square!

*Miss Hypatia P. (in a clear soprano).*  
"Nor yet know girls in Canonbury  
Square!"

[*CULCHARD passes on, crushed.*

### Doggerel by a "Disher."

[On September 1 the Free Education Act came into force throughout England and Wales.]

REMEMBER, remember  
The first of September  
And Free Education's sly plot;  
I know no reasons  
Why cancelling fees on  
The poor should not silence Rad rot!

A NOTE AND QUERY.—At the enthronement of Dr. MACLAGAN as Archbishop of York "the band of the First Royal Dragons," says the *Daily Graphic*, "played an appropriate march." That the band of the Royal Dragons should symbolically and cymballically represent the Church Militant is right enough; but what is "a march appropriate" to an Archbishop? One of BISHOP'S glees would have been more suitable to the occasion. Henceforth Dr. MACLAGAN can say, if he likes, "I'm Arch-bishop of Canterbury!"

"THE GREAT LOAN LAND."—Russia.

### THE GROUSE THAT JACK SHOT.

(A Solemn Tragedy of the Shooting Season.)

This is the Grouse that Jack shot.  
This is the friend who expected the Grouse that Jack shot.  
This is the label addressed to the friend who expected the Grouse that Jack shot.  
This is the Babel where lost was the label addressed to the friend, &c.  
This is the porter who "found" the "birds" in the Babel where lost was the label, &c.  
This is the dame with the crumpled hat, wife of the porter who "found" the "birds," &c.  
This is the cooking-wench florid and fat of the dame with the crumpled hat, &c.  
This is the table where diners sat, served by the cooking-maid florid and fat of the dame with the crumpled hat, &c.  
This is the *gourmand* all forlorn, who dreamed of the table where diners sat, served by the cooking-wench florid and fat, &c.  
This is the postman who knocked in the morn awaking the *gourmand* all forlorn from his dream of the table, &c.  
And this is Jack (with a face of scorn), thinking in wrath of "directions" torn from the parcel by Railway borne, announced by the postman who knocked in the morn, awaking the *gourmand* all forlorn, who dreamed of the table where diners sat, served by the cooking-wench florid and fat of the dame with the crumpled hat, wife of the porter who "found" the "birds," in the Babel where lost was the label addressed to the friend who expected the Grouse that Jack shot!

#### MORAL.

If in the Shooting Season you some brace of birds would send  
(As per letter duly posted) to a fond expectant friend,  
Pray remember that a railway is the genuine modern Babel,  
And be very very careful *how you fasten on the label!*

### A MUSICAL SUGGESTION.

(Certainly New and Original.)

WHY doesn't one of our talented composers—Sir ARTHUR, or Mr. MACKENZIE, or Mr. STANFORD, or Mr. EDWARD SOLOMON—write a Cantata, entitled *The Weather*? The subject is thoroughly English, and lends itself so evidently to much variety in treatment. The title should be, *The Weather; a Meteorological Cantata*.

It should commence with a hopeful movement, indicative of the views of various people interested in the weather as to future probabilities. The sportsman, the agriculturist, the holiday-maker, likewise the livery-stable keeper, and the umbrella manufacturer would, *cum multis aliis*, be all represented; Songs without Words; the Sailor's Hope; then wind instruments; solo violin; the Maiden's Prayer for her Sailor-love's Safety, &c. Then "as the arrows" (on the *Times* chart) "fly with the wind," so would the piccolo, followed by the trombone, and thus the approach of the storm would be indicated. Roll on drum, distant thunder; the storm passes off, and we have a beautiful air (the composer's best), which delights and reassures us.

All at once, "disturbances advance from the Atlantic;" grand effect, this!

Sudden Fall of Barometer! (This would be something startling on drum and cymbals, with, on 'cello, a broken chord.) Momentary relief of a "light and fresh breeze" (hornpipe), interrupted by showers from the West and winds from the North; then strong wind from East (something Turkish here); light breeze from Scotland (Highland Fling); Anticyclonic movement; "Depression" on the hautbois; increase of wind; then thunder, lightning, rain—all the elements at it! Grand effect!! Crash!!! and . . . for *finale*, calm sea, sun shining, joyful chorus, Harvest Home, weddings, &c., &c., &c.

I've nothing more to say. Surely this outline is sufficient. Only if any Composer does make use of this idea, and become famous thereby, let him not be ungrateful to the suggester of this brilliant notion (copyright), whose name and address may be had for the asking at the Fleet Street Office.



## SOME CIRCULAR NOTES.

## CHAPTER VI.

*Recovery—Waiter—Vicomte—Château—Reception—Night—Morning—Workers—Headstones—Memories—Stones—Explanations—Breakfast—Off—Back again.*

DAUBINET, quite recovered from his fatigue, sings "Bless the Prince of WALES" enthusiastically, and at intervals ejaculates queer, uncouth words in the Russian tongue. Breakfast with



"Karascho!" exclaims Daubinet.

Russian tongue. He asks the waiter for "*minuoschlah karosh caviar*," To which the waiter adroitly replies, "*parfaitement M'sieu*," and disappears. Returning ten minutes afterwards, the wily attendant makes no further allusion to the supposed errand that has taken him out of the room.

Then DAUBINET, remembering that we are literally "here to-day and gone to-morrow," says we must visit his friend the Vicomte. I cannot catch the Vicomte's name; I manage to do so for half an hour at a time, and then it escapes me. As we are in this champagne country, I write it down as M. le Vicomte DE CHAMPAGNIAC. We are to dine and sleep there. A Night in a French Château. "But this is another story."

On our arrival at the Château de Quelquechose we are right royally and heartily received. Delightful evening. *Vive la Compagnie!* Magnificent view from my bedroom. In the clear moonlight I can see right away for miles and miles over the Champagne valleys. At 6:30 we are in the break, and within an hour or so are "All among the barley," as the song used to say, which I now apply to "All amongst the Vineyards." Peasants at work everywhere: picking and sorting. How they must dislike grapes! Of course they are all teetotallers, and no more touch a drop of champagne than a grocer eats his own currants, or a confectioner his own sweetmeats. I suppose the butcher lives exclusively on fish, and his friend, the neighbouring fishmonger, is entirely dependent on the butcher for his sustenance, except when game is in, and then both deal with the gamester or poulterer. There are some traders

in necessities who can make a fair deal all round. The only exception to this rule, for which, from personal observation, I can vouch, is the tobacconist, who is always smoking his own cigars.

Wonderful this extensive plain of vineyards! and what stunted little stumps with leaves round them are all these vines! Not in it with our own graceful hops. No hedges or ditches to separate one owner's property from another's. To each little or big patch of land there is a white headstone with initials on it, as if somebody had hurriedly and unostentatiously been buried on the spot where he fell, killed in the Battle of the Vineyards, by a grape-shot. At first, seeing so many of these white headstones with initials on each one, I conclude that it is some peculiar French way of marking distances or laying out plots, and I find my conclusion is utterly erroneous.

"These white stones," M. VESQUIER explains, "mark the boundaries of different properties." Odd! The plain is cut up into little patches, and champagne-growers, like knowing birds, have popped down on "here a bit and there a bit and everywhere a bit" from time to time, so that one headstone records the fact that "here lies the property of J. M.," and within a few feet is another headstone "sacred to the memory of P. and G.," or P. without the G.; then removed but a step or two is a stone with a single "A," on it, and a short distance from the road is "H."—poor letter "H" apparently dropped for ever. Here lie "M.," and "M. and C.," and several other heroes whose names recall many a glorious champagne. And so on, and so on; the initials recurring again quite unexpectedly, the plots of ground held by the same proprietor being far apart. But, as it suddenly occurs to me, if these champagne-growers are all in the same plains for twenty miles or more round about, all in much the same position, and all the grapes apparently the same, why isn't it all the same wine?

"Karascho!" exclaims DAUBINET, who, under the hot rays of the early morning sun, is walking in his shirt-sleeves, his coat over his arm, his hat in one hand, and a big sunshade in the other, "I will tell you." Then he commences, and except for now and then breaking off into Russian expletives, and interspersing his discourse with selections from British national melodies, his explanation is lucid, and the reasons evident. Soil and sun account for everything; the soil being varied, and the sun shift. "*Pou ni my? comprenez-vous?*" he asks.

I do perfectly, at the moment; but subsequently trying to explain the phenomena scientifically, I find that I have not quite penetrated the mystery *au fond*. We visit the Wine-press, which (*Happy Thought!*) would be an appropriate title for a journal devoted entirely to the wine-growing and wine-vending interests.

"And now," says M. le Vicomte, "we must return to breakfast, or the sun will be too strong for us."

So back we go to our eleven o'clock *déjeuner* in a beautifully cool room, of which repast the sweetest little cray-fish, fresh from the river, are by no means the worst part of the entertainment. Then coffee, cigars, and lounge. Yes, there are some things better managed in France than *chez nous*; and the division of the day between labour and refreshment is, in my humble opinion, one of them. In the contriving of dainty dishes out of the simplest materials, the French seem to hold that everything is good for food in this best of all possible worlds, if it be only treated on a wise system of variation, permutation, and combination. We discuss these subjects of the higher education until arrives the inevitable hour of departure. Let us not linger on the doorstep. Into the



"Da Karascho! All r-r-right!"



trap again. *Bon voyage! Au revoir!* And as passing out of the lodge-gate we got a last glimpse of the party waving adieux to us from the upper terrace, DAUBINET flourishes his hat, and sings out at the top of his voice, "We're leaving thee in sorrow, ANNIE," which is more or less appropriate, perhaps; and then, as the last flutter of a pocket-handkerchief is seen, he finishes with "And bless the Prince of WAILES!!" After which he subsides, occasionally breaking the silence to sigh aloud, "O Maman!" and thenceforth, for the greater part of the journey to Paris, he slumbers in a more or less jumpy manner.

At the Grand Hotel, Paris.—"Aha!" cries M. le Baron BLUM,—always in full Blum at the Grand Hotel,—"At last! arrived!" as if he had expected us for several weeks past.—"How are you? I have your rooms ready for you!" He must have seen us driving into the courtyard, and settled our numbers there and then, not a minute ago. It's a great thing for weary travellers to be welcomed on arrival. No matter if they're forgotten again the next moment, and not thought of again until the hour of their departure. It is the welcome that is everything; it implies so much, and may mean so little. But, at the Grand, Paris, *Arise aux Messieurs les voyageurs*, "When in doubt, consult BLUM!" We enjoy a good but expensive dinner at the Maison Dorée. For myself, I prefer the simple fare at half the price to be found *chez Noël*, or at some other quiet and moderate restaurants that I could name. Next morning a brief but welcome breakfast at Amiens, a tranquil crossing, and we are bidding each other adieu at the Victoria Station. Music to the situation, "*Home once more*." Good-bye to my excellent ami DAUBINET, who stays a few hours in London, and then is off to Russia, Egypt, Iceland, Australia.

"Da Karascho! All r-r-right!"

And so ends a pleasant holiday trip to the Champagne Country, or real "Poppy-Land."

## STORICULES.

V.—A BORN ARISTOCRAT.

WHENEVER I forgot to put the matches in my pocket on leaving the chambers, I used to buy a box from a boy who stood at the street corner, where the 'busses stop. He was a small boy, somewhat ragged and occasionally a good deal splashed with mud. He was

bright and energetic, and he did a very fair trade. There was an air of complete independence about him, which one does not often find in match-boys. His method of recommending his wares was considerably above the average of the peripatetic vendor; it suggested a large emporium, plate glass, mahogany counters, and gorgeous assistants with fair hair parted in the middle:

"Now off 'rin! A unooshally lawge box of wax vestas for one penny. Shop early and shop often. Fooses, Sir? Yessir. Part o' a bankrupt's stock."

This was smart of him. By differing a little from the usual match-boy manner, he attracted more attention, and grins, and coppers.

One morning I had climbed up to the top of the 'bus and taken my seat, when I saw that the boy had followed me.

"No use," I said; "I don't want any this morning."

"Well, I ain't sellin' none this mornin', Sir. I'm goin' a ride on this 'ere 'buss. My wife's got the carriage hout in the Park; so I'm driv' to takin' busses—same as you, Sir." He took the seat next to mine, and added seriously, "I expecks as you ain't likely to be buyin' no more matches from me."

"Why, WILLIAM?"

"My name is REGGERNULD, Sir. Yer see, I'm movin' inter other premises, as yer might say. I've give up my stand at yon corner." He jerked his thumb in the direction of it.

"What's that for?"

"Oh—well—nothin'. Some of 'em think I'm a fool for doin' it. The fac' was—I couldn't quite git on with my comp'ny there?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that other boy what come last Toosday, and started sellin' pipers at my corner. You don't know 'oo 'e is, p'r'aps, nor 'oo I am." I did not know, and I was very willing to get the story out of REGINALD.

"Well, I come o' pretty mod'rately 'spectable folks, I do; and I ain't goin' to chum up with no thieves' sons an' as like as not thieves themselves. No thankyer. Them Board Schools is a deal too mixed. That's 'ow I come to know about thet boy. 'Is father 'ad a barrer, thet were what 'is father did for a livelihood, an' 'is mother were up afore the beaks for poppin' shirts what she'd took in to wash. Well, I ain't one to brag, but my father were a 'air-dresser's assistant in Pimlico. Pretty well up, too, 'e was. The way 'e'd shive yer were sutthin' to see. Shivin'? Yer couldn't call it shivin'; it were gen'us, thet's what it were. Speculation rooined 'im. 'E stawted a small plice of 'is own, and bust. Then 'e took to the turf, and bust agin. Then Mother begun dress-mikin' and there weren't no dress-mikin' to be 'ad; so thatt bust. We was unfortunit. Heve'rythin' as we touched bust. But we never run no barrers, an' we never was up afore no beaks, and if there weren't such a thund'rin' lot of us, I shouldn't be doin' this now. Anywe, I respects myself. So I'm goin' to start a new pitch an' 'shawnce it."

I inquired where the new pitch was to be.

"I'm swoppin' with another boy (EDDUS 'is nime is) up fur end o' this street. 'E ain't so perticler as I am. Clerks lives there mostly, an' the biz ain't so good as it was in my old plice. Them clerks wears top-'ats, an' consequently they daren't smoke pipes. They cawn't afford to smoke cigars, and cigarettes is off 'rin' eyep'ny oices to a stawvin' man. So they don't smoke at all, an' don't want no matches. An' I don't blime 'em, mind yer. Pussonally, I chews—but if I smoked a pipe I wouldn't do it with one o' them 'ats on. 'Cos why? 'Cos I believes in a bit o' style. Not that I'm stuck-up as yer might say, but I don't see no sense in lettin' myself down. If I'd liked I could 'a made it so 'ot fur thet newspaper boy that 'e'd 'ave 'ad to go. I could 'a mopped up the puddles with 'im if I'd wanted. But I wouldn't. I wouldn't conterminat myself by so much as 'avin' a word with 'im. I'd sooner leave—even if I lose money on it. My father were one for style too, afore 'is shop bust. That's 'ow it is, yer see. Some goes up, and some goes down. We've come down, but I draws the line somewhere fur all thet—sure's my name's REGGERNULD. An' what do you think?"

I told him that I was rather inclined to think that he was an idiot, and tried to show him why he was an idiot. But he would not be convinced. Class prejudice was strong within 'im.

"Look 'ere," he said, "you may think I'm young to be a 'visin' o' you, Sir. But jest mark my words—you cawn' be too keerful what comp'ny yer gits familyer with. I gits off 'ere. All-right, kinducter, yer needn't stop."

## MORE EXCITEMENT IN PARIS.

["A valuable porcelain vase having been stolen from Versailles Palace, a band of English tourists who were visiting the place have been searched by the police; but nothing was found upon them, and they have been liberated." —*St. James's Gazette*, Sept. 17.]



Portrait of English Tourist searched in Paris on suspicion of having a valuable Porcelain Vase concealed about his person.

The Porcelain Vase in question.

## Holiday Fare in Cornwall.

A ROLL on the billow,  
A Loaf by the shore,  
A Fig for fashion,  
And Cream galore!

"What's in a Name?"

MR. AUGUSTIN DALY says, "I have never found, as CHATTERTON did, that SHAKESPEARE spelt RUIN," perhaps he has been more inclined to think that SHAKESPEARE spelt REHAN, eh?





### TRULY CONSCIENTIOUS.

*Toyshopman.* "BEG PARDON, MISS, BUT HERE'S YOUR CHANGE, WHICH YOU'D FORGOTTEN—ONE-AND-NINEPENCE!"

*Little Maid.* "OH, THANK YOU VERY MUCH! BUT WE'RE NOT ALLOWED TO TAKE MONEY FROM ANYBODY BUT GRANDPAPA!"

### TURNING THE TABLES;

OR, THE BEAR AS LEADER.

"The French believed so implicitly in Russian friendship, even when there was nothing whatever to indicate its existence, that they may be excused for rating at more than they are worth expressions of goodwill, which, after all, are as ambiguous as they are tardy . . . The success of a Russian Loan is not dearly purchased by a little effusion, which, after all, commits Russia to nothing. French sentiment is always worth cultivating in that way, because, unlike the British variety, it has a distinct influence upon investments."—*Daily Paper.*

"But just fancy the confusion  
When a bear has burst his fetters!"  
HEINE'S *Atta Troll*.

AIR—"Blondie Jacke."

Oh! why does your eye gleam so bright?  
Russian Bear?  
Oh! why does your eye gleam so bright?  
You've broken your fetters. Like some of  
your betters,  
Your freedom moves some with affright.  
All right?  
Well, *that's* reassuring,—oh! *quite!*  
Yes, your optic gleams piggyishly bright,  
Russian Bear;  
It gleams with true ursine delight.  
'Tis done—France is won, And 'tis capital  
fun  
To hold it in shackles, which, slight—  
Ho! ho!—  
Yet fit so remarkably tight.  
The chains may feel light as a thread,  
Russian Bear!  
As light and as slight as a thread;

But though light be the chain. Will his  
might and his main  
Again rend it in twain? Fear is fled!  
Quite fled!

And old animosity dead.

Haw! haw!

Nay, laugh not I pray you so loud,  
Russian Bear!

Oh! laugh not so loud and so clear!  
Though sly is your smile The heart to  
beguile,

Bruin's chuckle is horrid to hear,  
O dear!  
And makes quidnuncs quake and feel queer.

You have quite turned the tables, that's true,  
Russian Bear,

The dancer did use to be *you*.  
Now you thump the tabor, And France,  
your "dear neighbour,"  
Seems game to dance on till all's blue.

Hurroo!

Alliances are pretty things,  
Russian Bear!  
Seductive and promising things;  
That rat-a-tat-too, Which suggests a  
Review—

Makes his legs whirl as swiftly as wings.  
How he springs

And leaps to the wild whillaloo!

You pipe and he dances this time,  
Russian Bear!

The Bear and his Leader change places.  
Quicker and quicker he, Steps; Miss  
TERPSICHOIRE

Scarce could show prettier paces.

Houp là!

*Atta Troll* could not rival his graces.

He who pays for the Pipe calls the tune—  
Russian Bear!

Pooh! *that* old saw's quite obsolete.  
Just look at that stocking! What matters  
men's mocking?

He'll pay, but your tune is so sweet—  
Rat-tat-too!—

That it keeps him at work hands and feet!

How long? That remains to be seen,  
Russian Bear;

But in spite of political spleen,  
And Treaties and Fables, You *have* turned  
the tables.

Such sight is not frequently seen.

You've slipped yourself out of your chains,  
Russian Bear;

'Till hardly a shackle remains  
In Black Sea or Bosphorus. This may  
mean loss for us,  
Bruin cares not whilst he gains.

Treaties and protocols irk,  
Russian Bear;

And therefore are matters to shirk.  
Berlin and Paris, No longer must harass  
This true friend of France—and the Turk.

Humph! humph!  
Well, well, we shall see how 'twill work!

"HANGING THEOLOGY."—Readers of the  
*Times* have been for some time in a state of  
suspense—most appropriately—as to the result  
of the correspondence carried on by Lord  
GRIMTHORPE & Co. under the above heading.  
At all events the Editor of the *Times* has  
been giving his correspondents quite enough  
rope to ensure the proverbial termination of  
their epistolary existence.





## “TURNING THE TABLES.”

[“The success of a Russian Loan is not dearly purchased by a little effusion, which, after all, commits Russia to nothing. French sentiment is always worth cultivating in that way, because, unlike the British variety, it has a distinct influence upon investments.”—*Daily Paper*.]







**"REVOLTED MORTIMER."**

[Dr. MORTIMER GRANVILLE, in a letter to the *Times*, attacks the logic and disputes the dogmas of the fanatical Teetotaler, and carries the war into the enemy's country by boldly asserting that "incalculable harm has been done to the average human organism, with its functions, which we are wont to classify as mental and physical, by the spread of teetotal views and practices."]

OHO! Doctor MORTIMER GRANVILLE,  
You are scarcely as bland as DE BANVILLE.  
On the Knights of the Pump  
Your assertions come thump  
Like an old Cyclops' "sledge" on his anvil.

Fanatical logic is "quisby";  
Each crank in his bonnet has his bee.  
They swagger, dod rot 'em!—  
Like loud Bully Bottom  
When playing the *Thrasso* to "*Thisby*."

Total abstinence purely pernicious?  
Oh, Doctor, that's really delicious!  
That's turning the tables  
On faddists, whose fables  
Do make the judicious suspicious.

Your modest and moderate drinker,  
Who's also a fair-minded thinker,  
Would look in the face  
The fell scourge of our race.  
Sense from logic should not be a shrinker.

But drinking and drunkenness, truly,  
Should not be confounded unduly.  
Fanatics here blunder;  
As far they're asunder  
As Tempe and Ultima Thule!

We thank you, whose lucid urbanity  
Assures us our favourite "vanity"  
(To quote cheery SAM)  
Need not be a "dram"  
To drive us to death or insanity.

Good wine and sound ale have their uses,  
To distinguish 'twixt which and abuses  
The clear-headed want;  
But illogical cant  
Will ne'er solve our worst social cruces.

"Table waters and watery" wines, Sir,  
Don't cheer up a man when he dines, Sir.  
To gases and slops,  
And weak "fizzles," and "pops,"  
The weak stomach only inclines, Sir.

Like teetotal cant, they're "depressing,"  
And if you can give them a dressing.  
With logic compact,  
Firmly founded on fact,  
Sober sense will bestow its best blessing.

But drunkenness, Doctor is awful,  
'Tis that we could wish made unlawful.  
'Tis that which will prick  
A man's conscience when sick  
Of fanatics of flatulent jaw full.

Your sots are sheer abominations,  
But they who deserve castigations  
Much more than poor "drunks,"  
Are those pestilent skunks  
Who poison the people's potations!

Good wine and sound ale need apology?  
No! But there's something to follow, G. I!  
Distilling and Brewing  
Must work our undoing  
When branches of mere Toxicology!

Good malt, hop, and grape, though fermented,  
May leave a man well and contented,  
But poisons infernal  
(See any Trade Journal!)  
Drive decent souls drunk and demented.

*Verb. sap.!* You'll, excuse the suggestion.  
They soften brains, ruin digestion;  
Sap body and soul,  
In the (drugged) Flowing Bowl.  
There, Doctor, 's the real Drink Question!

Meanwhile, *Punch* admires your plain speaking.

Enough of evasion and sneaking!  
Let fact, logic stout,  
And sound pluck fight it out.  
Truth's "at home" to right valorous seeking.

Of course, my dear Doctor, you'll catch it.  
The Pump is aggressive; you match it.  
Whoever proves right,  
Your pluck starts a good fight,  
And *Punch* is delighted to watch it!

**THE CONQUERED "WORTH."**

(Some way after Poe's "Conqueror Worm.")

"When women no longer interest themselves in silks and satins, ribbons and furbelows, it will be an infallible sign that the great drama of humanity is at length played out, and that the lights are to be turned down, and the house left to silence and the dark."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

**I.**

Lo! 'tis a gala night  
Within the "Rational" latter years!  
A female throng, dowdy, bedight  
In veils, and drowned in tears,  
Sits in a theatre, to see  
A play of hopes and fears,  
Whilst the orchestra breathes fitfully  
The music of the spheres.

**II.**

Mimes, dressed in fashion now gone by,  
Mutter and mumble low,  
And hither and thither fly:  
Mere puppets they who come and go  
At the bidding of a huge  
formless Thing  
That shifts the scenery to  
and fro,  
Ruling the World from flat  
and wing—  
Paris and Pimlico!

**III.**

That motley drama—oh, be  
MUTE!  
It shall not be forgot!  
With its Phantom chased  
for evermore  
By a crowd that seize it  
not,  
Through a circle that ever  
returneth in  
To the self-same spot;  
With much of Folly, and waste of Tin,  
And Vanity soul of the plot.

**IV.**

But see, amid the mimic rout  
A mystic shape intrude!  
A formless thing that writhes from out  
The scenic solitude!  
It writhes! it squirms!—with mortal pangs,  
Mocked at by laughter rude;  
There's no more snap in its sharp fangs,  
Which once that crowd subdued.

**V.**

Out—out are the lights—out all!  
And over each pallid form,  
The curtain, Mode's funeral pall,  
Comes down amidst hisses in storm;  
And the audience, dowdy, but human,  
Uprising proclaim, with wild mirth,  
That the play is the Comedy "Woman,"  
And the hero the conquered "WORTH."

**Extremes Meet.**

It is a noticeable thing  
That when Kent vines produce their crop.  
Swelldom is always "on the wing,"  
And Slumdom "on the Hop!"

**THE LATEST WEATHER-WISE DOGGEREL.**

By a Scientific Rain-maker.

[It is stated that rain may be brought down by the explosion of dynamite and blasting-powder attached to oxyhydrogen balloons and kite-tails.]

EVENING red and morning grey  
Will send the traveller on his way;  
But—blasting-powder on kites' tails spread,  
Will bring down rain upon his head.

Retort by a Washed-out Wayfarer.

If dynamite would bring fine weather,  
Scientists might be in fine feather,  
As 'tis, I sing, to the schoolboy tune,  
"Yah-bah! (oxyhydrogen) balloon!"

**FATHER AND SON.**

(A Possible Dialogue after a Recent Decision at Marylebone.)

Father. And now, my dear Son, I must ask you for your rent.

Son. But surely, Father, I am entitled to a room in your house?

Father. Out of my love and affection; but this is a matter of business; and, if you desire to be a Voter, you must behave as such.

Son. But I have had some difficulty in scraping up enough to pay you.

Father. Surely, eighteen shillings a-week is a reasonable sum for an apartment, however small, in Mayfair?

Son. I do not deny it; still it seems hard that I should be mulcted to that extent some fifty times a-year.

Father. I cannot see the hardship, nor the money!

Son. If you really want it, it is here. [Produces a pocket-book, from which he takes sufficient change to satisfy the claim.]

Father (pocketing coin). Thank you; and now we may say, adieu!

Son. But how about dinner—am I not to dine with you?

Father. Dine with me! What an idea! Why should you?

Son. Because I am your Son.

Father. You mean someone infinitely more important—my Lodger.

Son. And you absolutely refuse me food?

Father. Not I, my boy; not I! It is the law! If I was to give you what you ask, you and I would be had up for bribery.

Son. Then you prefer patriotism to paternal affection?

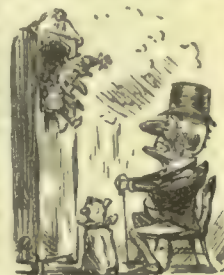
Father. Well, to be candid with you, I do! It is distinctly cheaper!

**Muscovite Version of a Music-hall Chorus.**

HIRSCH! HIRSCH! HIRSCH!  
Here comes the Bogie Man!  
He wants to help the Hebrews; he'll catch them if he can.  
HIRSCH! HIRSCH! HIRSCH!  
He's hit upon a plan,  
And all the persecutors cry, "Here comes the Bogie Man!"

**LINES ON A PHOTOGRAPH.**

DOWNY has photographed "the FIFES" at home.  
Aha! Domestic music! FIFE and "drum"!







MR. PUNCH ON TOUR. A LITTLE HOLIDAY IN WALES.



# OUR REAL DESIDERATUM.

(By a "Well-informed" Fool.)

AH! I was fogged by the Materialistic,  
By HUXLEY and by ZOLA, KOCH and  
MOORE; [Mystic,  
And now there comes a Mælistrom of the  
To whirl me further yet from sense's shore.  
Microbes were much too much for me, bacilli  
Bewildered me, and phagocytes did daze,  
But now the author 'cute of "Piccadilly,"  
HARRIS the Prophet, the BLAVATSKY craze,  
Thibet. Theosophy, and Bounding Brothers—  
No, Mystic Ones—Mahatmas I should say,  
But really they seem so much like the others  
In slippery agility!—day by day  
Mystify me yet more. Those germs were bad  
enough, [Bodies?  
But what are they compared with Astral  
Of Useless Knowledge I have almost had  
I really envy uninquiring noddies. [enough,  
I would not be a Chela if I could.  
I have a horror of the Esoterical.  
BESANT and OLCOTT may be wise and good,  
They seem to me pursuing the chimerical.  
Maddened by mysteries of "Precipitation,"  
The Occult Dream and the Bacillus-Dance;  
We need Societies for the propagation  
Of Useful—Ignorance!

## Dwarfs in and about London.

SIR,—We need not go so far afield as Messrs.  
HALIBURTON & Co. in search of dwarfs. In  
the suburbs of London, and even in the more  
densely-populated districts of this vast Metro-  
polis, there are numbers of people who are un-  
commonly short. About quarter-day these  
extraordinary individuals may be heard of,  
but are rarely seen; which fact, however,  
affords no proof of their non-existence.

Yours, TAXOS GATHEROS.

LATEST PUBLICATION (OF THE POLITICAL  
NATURAL HISTORY SERIES).—*Curious De-  
velopment of French Froggies into Toadies  
of Russia.*



## "WHEN A MAN DOES NOT LOOK HIS BEST."—No. 1.

WHEN HE MAGNANIMOUSLY CONSENTS TO GO ON THE PLATFORM AT A CONJURING PER-  
FORMANCE, AND UNWONTED OBJECTS ARE PRODUCED FROM HIS INSIDE POCKETS.

## TO THE GRAND OLD CRICKETER.

DEAR DR. GRACE, the season through  
You've struggled on, and striven gamely;  
Your leg, for all you've tried to do,  
Has made your record come out lamely;  
Your county suffers, too, with you;  
Your failures very dear have cost her.  
But better luck in 'ninety-two  
To you, old friend, and good old Gloucester!

## THE MODERN CACLIOSTRO; OR, THE POWER OF THE SPIRITS.

(A Page from a Romance up to Date.)

AND SO PETER, learning that the veteran Alchymist was to be seen  
on the presentation of a small coin of the realm, approached the old  
man's residence. He had heard that the Sage had discovered the  
secret of immortality—barring accidents, he would live for ever.

"Now that JOSEPHINE is true to me," he murmured, "I have no  
objection to a further century of existence, or even two."

And he continued his walk. He had never seen so many taverns in  
his life. On every side of him were distilleries, public-houses, and  
beer-shops. He marvelled that a man of so many summers should  
have chosen such a bibulous spot for his home.

"He must be exceedingly eccentric," he thought to himself;  
"however, that is nothing to me. If he can teach me how to live  
continuously, this bag of gold, now mine, shall change masters."

The small coin of the realm was presented, and PETER stood face  
to face with the Sage of the Ages.

"What do you want?" asked the ancient Alchymist, with a  
glistening eye. "What d'ye want with an old man—a very old  
man?" And the Sage wept.

"I meant not this," remonstrated PETER, greatly distressed at the  
incident. "I came here merely to crave your aid. I wish to live  
now, for JOSEPHINE is true to me."

"Who's JOSEPHINE?" asked the Sage, in the same thick voice.

"Never heard of JOSEPHINE. JOSEPHINE's bore—swindle! Old  
JOSEPHINE's jolly humbug!"

"Well, let that pass," said PETER, "I am here to ask you why  
you have lived so long. You are one hundred and twenty-seven  
years old, I think, and yet you are still alive."

"Why, certainly. But you know all about it. Secret no longer.

DR. MORTIMER GRANVILLE has told the *Times* how it's done. Con-  
sider it great shame. Takes the bread, so t' speak, out of one's  
mouth." Here the Sage gave a lurch and seated himself acciden-  
tally on a stuffed alligator. Seeing that his host was about to indulge  
in an untimely nap, PETER thought the moment had arrived to urge  
him to reveal his wonderful secret. "I implore you to tell me how  
you have managed to live for so many years when all your contem-  
poraries are gone."

"Well, sure I don't mind," was the reply. "Won't hurt me—  
may do you good. Want to know how it's managed?"

"That I do, indeed," was the earnest answer.

"Why reason I've lived for more than century and quarter is  
this! I've never been—mind, never been during all that time—see  
—during all that time—never been sober!"

PETER was astounded.

"Why, Sir WILFRID LAWSON says—" he began.

"Never mind what Sir WILF-LAWSON says. I say if you want,  
keep your health you must—hic—always—be—in—intoxicated!  
Now go to public-house. My patients in public-houses yonder."

And, urged by a sense of duty, PETER withdrew; and, joining the  
Sage's cures, found them in various stages of renewed health and  
increased intoxication.

## The Bitter Cry of the British Bookmaker.

(After a famous Original.)

'Tis a very good land that we live in

To lend, or to lose, or to give in;

But to sell—at a profit—or keep a man's own,

'Tis the very worst country that ever was known.

Men give cash for their wines, wives, weeds, churches and cooks,  
But your genuine Briton won't pay for his—Books!



## JOURNAL OF A ROLLING STONE.

## EIGHTH ENTRY.

SINCE my call to the Bar, have been treating myself to rather a long roll abroad. Now, however, the time has come to devote myself to the work of the profession, which seems to mean studying practical law with some discreet and learned Barrister.

Met a few nights ago, at dinner, a very entertaining fellow. Full of legal anecdotes. Told that it was DICK FIBBINS, a Barrister,

"and rather a rising one." DICK (why not RICHARD?) talked about County Courts with condescending tolerance; even the High Court Judges seemed (according to his own account) to habitually quail before his forensic acumen.

Mentioned to FIBBINS that I had just been "called," and was "thinking of reading in a Barrister's chambers;" and he seemed to take the most friendly and generous interest in me at once—asked me, indeed, to call on him any day I liked at his chambers in Waste Paper Buildings, which I thought extremely kind, as I was a complete stranger.

Go next day. Clerk, with impressive manner, receives me with due regard to his principal's legal standing. (Query—has a rising Barrister any standing?) Ushered into large room, surrounded with shelves containing, I imagine, the Law Reports from the Flood downwards. Just thinking what an excellent "oldest inhabitant" METHUSELAH would have made in a "Right of Way" case, when DICK FIBBINS rises from the wooden arm-chair on which he has been sitting at a table crowded with papers, and bundles tied up in dirty red tape, and shakes hands heartily.



Dick Figgins.

"What's your line of country?" he asks—"Equity or Common Law?"

I admit that it's Common Law. Have momentary feeling that Equity sounds better. Why Common Law?

"Quite right," he says, encouragingly; "much the best branch. I am a Common-Law man too." Refers to it as if it were a moral virtue on his—and my—part to have avoided Equity. Wonder if Equity men talk in this way about "Common" Lawyers? If so, oughtn't there to be more *esprit de corps* in the Profession?

"Been before old PROSER, Queen's Bench Division, to-day," he proceeds. "Do you ever sit in Court?"

I reluctantly confess that I have not made an habitual point of doing so.

"Ah," he says, finding that I can't contradict him as to what did really happen in old PROSER's Court to-day; "you *should* have been there just now. Had BLOWHARD, the great Q.C., opposed to me. But, bless you, he couldn't do anything to speak of against my arguments. PROSER really hardly would listen to him once or twice. Made BLOWHARD quite lose his temper, I assure you."

"So he lost his case, too, I suppose?" I remark, humorously.

"Um," replies FIBBINS, sinking into despondency, "not exactly. PROSER didn't quite like to decide *against* BLOWHARD, you know; so he—so he—er—decided *for* him, in fact. Of course we appeal. It won't," goes on FIBBINS, more cheerfully, "do BLOWHARD's clients a bit of good. Only run their bill up. I'm safe to win before the Court of Appeal. Lord Justice GRILL a first-rate lawyer—sure to reverse old PROSER. I can," he ends with conscious pride, "twist GRILL round my finger, so to speak."

The idea of twisting a Lord Justice round one's finger impresses me still more with DICK FIBBINS's legal genius. How lucky I am to have made his acquaintance! Feel impelled to ask, as I do rather nervously, not knowing if a bitter disappointment does not await me.

"Do you—er—take legal pupils ever?"

I feel that I've put it in a way that sounds like asking him if he indulges in drink. But FIBBINS evidently not offended. He answers briskly, with engaging candour.

"Well, to tell you the truth, though I've often been asked to—quite pestered about it, in fact—I've never done so hitherto. The Solicitors don't like it quite—makes 'em think one is wasting the time which ought to be given to their briefs on one's own pups—I mean pupils."

Perhaps, after all, FIBBINS will dash my hopes (of becoming his

"pup!" Query, isn't the word *infra dig.*—or merely pleasantly colloquial?) to the ground.

"I was," I say boldly, "going to ask you if you would let me read with you."

"Were you?" replies DICK, apparently intensely astonished at the idea; "By Jove! I should be really sorry to disappoint you. Yes," he goes on in a burst of generosity, "I will make room for you—there!"

This is really kind of DICK FIBBINS. We finally arrange that I am to come in two days' time—at the usual, and rather pretentious, fee of one hundred guineas for a year's "coaching"—and begin work.

"You'll see some good cases with me—good fighting cases," FIBBINS remarks, as I take my leave. "When there are no briefs, why, you can read up the Law Reports, you know. My books are quite at your disposal."

"But," I remark, a little surprised at that hint about no briefs—I thought DICK FIBBINS had more than he knew what to do with—"I suppose—er—there's plenty of business going on here?"

"Oh, heaps," replies FIBBINS, hastily. Then, as if to do away with any bad impression which his thoughtless observation about no briefs might have occasioned in my mind, he says, heartily,—

"And, when I take old PROSER up to the Court of Appeal, you *shall* come too, and hear me argue!"

I express suitable gratitude—but isn't it rather "contempt of Court" on FIBBINS's part to talk about "taking up" a Judge?—and feel, as I depart, that I shall soon see something of the real inner life of the Profession.

## ON THE MARLOWE MEMORIAL.

(Unveiled by Mr. Henry Irving at Canterbury, September 16, 1891.)

MARLOWE, your "mighty line"

Though worthy of a darling of the Nine,  
Has—in quotation—many a reader riled.

Like SHAKESPEARE's "wood-notes wild,"  
And POPE's "lisp'd numbers," it becomes a bore  
When hackneyed o'er and o'er

By every petty scribe and criticaster.

Yet we must own you master

Of the magnificent and magniloquent,  
And modern playwrights might be well content  
Were they but dowered with passion, fancy, wit,  
Like great ill-fated "KIT."

## THE LAST OF THE CANTERBURY TALES.

## BEFORE THE UNVEILING.

She. What do you know about MARLOWE?

He. Isn't it somewhere near Taplow?

She. I think not, because Mr. IRVING went to unveil MARLOWE, and I don't think he is a rowing-man.

He. But he may be doing it for Sir MORELL MACKENZIE, who has a place at Wargrave.

She. Yes, but then the papers would have said something about it—wouldn't they?

He. Very likely; they would say anything in the silly season.

## AFTER THE UNVEILING.

She. Well, I know all about MARLOWE now. He was a great poet—greater than SHAKESPEARE, or thereabouts.

He. Always thought that they would find some fellow greater than SHAKESPEARE. SHAKESPEARE always bores me awfully. But what did *this* fellow write?

She. Oh, lots of things! *Faust*, amongst the rest.

He. Come, that must be wrong, for *Faust* was written by GOUNOD. Wasn't it?

She. Now I come to think of it, I suppose it was—or BERLIOZ.

He. Yes, they did it together. But where does MARLOWE come in?

She. Well, I am not quite sure.

He. You had better write to Mr. IRVING about it; he will tell you. He's awfully well up in the subject. As for me, I'm still under the impression that Marlow is somewhere on the river.

## Honours Divided.

WRITERS can't speak in public. So says WALTER.

They mumble, stumble, hammer, stammer, falter!

BESANT, why grumble at fate's distribution?

To writers, sense; to speakers, elocution!

Some books are bosh, but all experience teaches

"Rot's" native realm is—After-dinner Speeches!



## THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. IX.

SCENE—*The Burg Terrace at Nuremberg. PODBURY on a bench, grappling with the Epitome of SPENCER.*

*Podbury (reading aloud, with comments).* "For really to conceive the infinite divisibility of matter is mentally to follow out the divisions to infinity, and to do this would require infinite time." You're right *there*, old cock, and, as I haven't got it to spare, I won't trouble you!—um—um—... "opposite absurdities"—"subjective modifications"—... "ultimate scientific ideas, then, are all representative of ideas that cannot be comprehended." I could have told *him* that. What bally rot this Philosophy is—but I suppose I must peg away at it. Didn't she say she was sorry I didn't go in more for cultivating my mind? (*He looks up.*) Jove, here she comes! and yes, there's that beggar CULCHARD with her! I thought he'd—how the dickens did he manage to—? I see what *he's* after—thinks he'll cut me out—twice over—but he shan't this time, if I can help it!

*Culchard (to Miss HYPATIA PRENDERGAST).* No, the Modern Spirit is too earnestly intent upon solving the problems of existence to tolerate humour in its literature. Humour has served a certain purpose in its day, but that day is done, and I for one cannot pretend to regret its decay.

*Miss H. P.* Nor I. In fact, the only humour I ever really appreciated is that of the ancient classics. There has been no true fun since ARISTOPHANES died. At least, I think not.

*Podb. (catching the last sentence).* Oh, I say, come, Miss PRENDERGAST. Have you ever read "The Jumping Frog"?

*Miss P.* I was under the impression that all frogs jumped. But I never read—I—ah—study.

*Podb. (declining to be crushed).* Well, I call MARK TWAIN funny anyhow. But I'm going in for study now. I am—honour bright! I'm swotting up SPENCER—look!

[*He exhibits the volume proudly.*]

*Miss P.* And are you not enchanted by the logical lucidity of that great thinker?

*Podb.* Um—I should be more enchanted if I ever had the faintest notion what the great thinker was driving at. Look here—here's a simple little sentence for you! (*Reads.*) "Let us therefore bear in mind the following:—That of the whole incident force affecting an aggregate, the effective force is that which remains after deducting the non-effective, that the temporarily effective and the permanently effective vary inversely, and that the molar and molecular changes wrought by the permanently effective force also vary inversely." (*With pathos.*) And that's only in an *Epitome*, mind you!

*Miss P.* Really, Mr. PODBURY, I see nothing particularly incomprehensible in that.

*Culch. (with his superior smile).* My dear PODBURY, you can hardly expect to master the Spenserian phraseology and habit of thought without at least some preliminary mental discipline!

*Podb. (nettled).* Oh—but you find him plain-sailing enough, I suppose?

*Culch.* I have certainly not encountered any insuperable difficulties in his works as yet.

*Podb.* Well, I'll just trouble you to explain *this*—wait a bit. (*Opens volume again.*) Ah, here we are—"And these illusive and primordial cognitions, or pseud-ideas, are homogeneous entities which may be differentiated objectively or subjectively, according as they are presented as Noumenon or Phenomenon. Or, in other words, they are only cognoscible as a colligation of incongruous coalescences." Now then—are you going to tell me you can make head or tail of all that?

*Culch. (perceiving that Miss P. is awaiting his reply in manifest suspense).* It's simple enough, my dear fellow, only I can't expect you to grasp it. It is merely a profound truth stated with masterly precision.

*Podb.* Oh, is that all, my dear fellow? (*He flings up his heels in an ecstasy.*) I knew I'd have you! Why, I made that up myself as I went along, and if you understand it, it's a jolly sight more than I do!

[*He roars with laughter.*]

*Miss P. (behind her handkerchief).* Mr. CULCHARD has evidently gone through the—the "preliminary mental discipline."

*Culch. (scarlet and sulky).* Of course, if Mr. PODBURY descends to childishness of that sort, I can't pretend to—

*Podb. (wiping his eyes).* But you *did* pretend, old chap. You said

it was "profound truth" and "masterly precision"! I've got more profound truth where that came from. I say, I shall set up as an intellectual Johnny after this, and get you to write an *Epitome* of me. I think I pulled your leg that time, eh?

*Culch. (biting his lip).* When you have extracted sufficient entertainment from that very small joke, you will perhaps allow Miss PRENDERGAST to sit down and begin her sketch. You may not be aware that you've taken her place.

[*He withdraws majestically to the parapet, while PODBURY makes way for Miss P. with apologies.*]

*Podb. (as he leans over seat while she sketches).* I wish your brother BOB had been here—he would have enjoyed that!

*Miss P.* It was really too bad of you, though. Poor Mr. CULCHARD! *Podb.* He shouldn't try to make me out a bigger duffer than I am, then. But I say, you don't *really* think it was too bad? Ah, you're laughing—you don't!

*Miss P.* Never mind what I really think. But you have got us both into sad disgrace. Mr. CULCHARD is dreadfully annoyed with us—look at his shoulders!

*Culch. (leaning over parapet with his back to them).* That *ass* PODBURY! To think of his taking me in with an idiotic trick like that! And before Her too! And when I had made it all right about the other evening, and was producing an excellent impression on the way up here. I wish I could hear what they were whispering about—more silly jokes at my expense, no doubt. Bah! as if it affected me!

*Podb. (to Miss P.).* I say, how awfully well you draw!

*Miss P.* There you betray your ignorance in Art matters. Sketching with me is a pastime, not a serious pursuit. (*They go on conversing in a lower tone.*) No, please, Mr. PODBURY. I'm quite sure he would never—

*Podb. (rises; comes up to CULCHARD, and touches his shoulder).* I say, old chap—

*Culch. (jerking away with temper).* Now, look here, PODBURY. I'm not in the mood for any more of your foolery—

*Podb. (humbly).* All right, old boy. I wouldn't bother you, only Miss PRENDERGAST wants a figure for her foreground, and I said I'd ask you if you'd keep just as you are for a few minutes. Do you mind?

*Culch. (to himself).* Afraid she's gone too far—thinks she'll smooth me down! Upon my word, it would serve her right to—but no, I won't be petty. (*Aloud.*) Pray tell Miss PRENDERGAST that I have no immediate intention of altering my position.

*Podb.* Thanks awfully, old chap. I knew you'd oblige.

*Culch. (incisively).* I am obliging Miss PRENDERGAST, and her only. (*Raising his voice, without turning his head.*) Would you prefer me to face you, Miss PRENDERGAST?

*Miss P. (in tremulous tones).* N—no, thank you. It—it's so much more n—natural, don't you know, for you to be l—looking at the view.

*Culch.* As you please. (*To himself.*) Can't meet my eye. Good! I shall go on treating her distantly for a little. I wonder if I look indifferent enough from behind? Shall I cross one foot? Better not—she may have begun sketching me. If she imagines I'm susceptible to feminine flattery of this palpable kind, she'll—how her voice shook, though, when she spoke. Poor girl, she's afraid she offended me by laughing—and I *did* think she had more sense than to—but I mustn't be too hard on her. I'm afraid she's already beginning to think too much of—and with my peculiar position with Miss TROTTER—(MAUD, that is)—not that there's anything definite at present, still—(*Aloud.*) Ahem, Miss PRENDERGAST—am I standing as you wish? (*To himself.*) She doesn't answer—too absorbed, and I can't hear that idiot—found he hasn't scored so much after all, and gone off in a huff, I expect. So much the better! What a time she is over this, and how quiet she keeps! I wish I knew whether it was coquetry or—shall I turn round and see? No, I must be perfectly indifferent. And she *did* laugh at me. I distinctly saw her. Still, if she's sorry, this would be an excellent opportunity for—(*Aloud.*) Miss PRENDERGAST! (*No reply—louder.*) May I take it that you regret having been betrayed into momentary approbation of a miserable piece of flippancy? If so, let me assure you—(*Turns round—to discover that he is addressing two little flaxen-haired girls in speckled pinafores, who are regarding him open-mouthed.*) Miss PRENDERGAST and PODBURY have disappeared. PODBURY again! He must have planned this—with her! It is too much. I have done—yes—done with the pair of them! [*Strides off in bitter indignation.*]

SCHOOL-BOY'S FIRST EXPERIENCE OF SMOKING.—One sickarette, —and he never could do another. O si sic omnes!



Podbury grappling with the Epitome of Spencer.





"LET SLEEPING DOGS LIE!"



## "HOTEL ME, GENTLE STRANGER!"

[Mrs. WHEELER and Mrs. CUSTER, two literary ladies of New York, are starting a hotel for women only.]

SAYS MRS. CUSTER to Mrs. WHEELER:  
 "I propose we put out a 'promoting' feeler!"  
 Says Mrs. WHEELER to Mrs. CUSTER,  
 "Monopolist Males we shall greatly fluster;"  
 'Hotel it not in Gath!'—at present  
 Till we have made things nice and pleasant.  
 First rule—'No Rules!' O, of course male noddies  
 Will snigger at once, the superior bodies!  
 But OSCAR WILDE must 'pull up his socks,'  
 Ere he'll equal women at paradox.  
 What I mean is this, in our 'Women's Hotel,'  
 We'll have no such thing as the 'Curfew Bell,'  
 And no fixed hour for the cry, 'Out lights!'  
 We will give free way to true 'Woman's Rights,'  
 Which are to thump, strum, tap, twirl, trill,  
 From morn till night at her own sweet will.  
 That's why we cherish, despite male spleen,  
 Typewriter, Piano, and Sewing-Machine!  
 The 'woodpecker tapping' is, indeed, not in it  
 With Emancipate Woman—no, not for a minute!  
 Our Hotel will be, when we've won the battle,  
 'The Paradise of unlimited Rattle,'  
 'The Realm of the Spindle,' 'the Home of the Duster!'"

SAYS MRS. WHEELER to Mrs. CUSTER.  
 "Nought tabooed save Man! So comes Peace the Healer!"  
 Says Mrs. CUSTER to Mrs. WHEELER.  
*Punch* hopes their Hotel may flourish—only,  
 Spots "Reserved for Ladies" are often—lonely!

THE GERMAN EMPEROR GOING NAP.—It now appears that the words descriptive of NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE used by the German Emperor, and to which the French took so strong an exception, were not "*Le parvenu Corse*," but "*Le conquérant Corse*," which, of course, makes all the difference. At this banquet it would have been better had each course been omitted from the *menu*.

### A Vain Vaunt.

*La belle France* boasts of being Art's true henchman!  
 That cosmopolitan claim she should be mute on.  
 "Art for Art's sake!" shouts the thrasonic Frenchman,  
 "Save when that Art is Teuton,"  
 Though Art's not marred for him by subtle sin  
 A German twang poisons e'en *Lohengrin*.



### INDISCRIMINATE CHARITY.

*Benevolent Old Lady.* "No, MR. SMITH; I SHALL NOT CONTINUE MY SUBSCRIPTION TO YOUR CRICKET-GROUND ANY LONGER—FOR I FIND YOU ALLOW IT TO BE USED IN THE WINTER FOR PIGEON-SHOOTING!"  
*Secretary to the Local Cricket Club.* "BUT, MADAM, YOU CAN'T BE AWARE THAT WE SHOOT AT NOTHING BUT CLAY PIGEONS!"  
*B. O. L.* "I DON'T CARE WHAT THE BREED MAY BE—IT'S EQUALLY CRUEL!"

### THE ARMADA FROM THE SPANISH.

(Commenced by Mr. J. A. Froude and concluded by the Duke of Medina Sidonia.)

It may be remembered that the English writer in *Longman's Magazine*, had got to the point when after trying to get out of the expedition by pleading poverty, incompetency, and anything else I could think of, I was forced to go on my way to England with apparent satisfaction. We had putrid pork and mouldy biscuit, but still I informed the King that we were "content and cheerful." Had I given him any other intelligence, the chances are that he would have had my head—not a good one, but sufficient to meet my modest requirements.

Well, we sailed towards England, and as Mr. J. A. FROUDE has already explained (quoting from my own letter to King PHILIP), "knowing nothing of navigation," I soon made a bad shot. Instead of going to Tilbury, I drifted towards Cronstadt, even then a fortress of some consideration. I could tell you a great deal more, were it not that I succumbed to sea-sickness and gave up my command. The expedition was now, of course, commanded by the steward, but the duties of his unpleasant office left him but little time for directing an invasion. Well, we got within reach of England when the wind began to blow, and before I could hitch myself up with a marling-spike, every man Jack of us was ready for Davy Jones's locker!

But why should I dwell upon the events of the next few days? We were out-maneuvred and beaten. I myself took refuge in a wood of mahogany trees, and it was my delight and my privilege to supply the requirements of the British colony in all that they desired. The result of this was that I and a few personal friends took refuge in a forest in which mahogany trees flourished. It was in this leafy prison that I supplied the genuine old Armada mahogany "as advertised." I would be afraid to say how many places I supplied with wood from the Armada. I may hint that I know something of the tables at Westminster and the benches of Gray's Inn. But there, that is many years ago, and all I can say now is, "Heave away, boys," and "Three cheers for the Don, the Keys, and the Donkey." I was the Don, the keys were supplied to those who paid for them, and the donkeys could defend themselves. The Armada was not a success, and after this frank avowal, it seems to me that Mr. FROUDE need render no further explanation. Surely the story of the Spanish Invasion is copyright. And if it is, Mr. FROUDE has no right to tamper with my work, the more especially as it is immediately appropriated by that model of modern journalism the *Review of Reviews*.

PHILOSOPHICAL REFLECTION.—We have five senses. That's quite enough. If we had a sixth sense, what a *new sense* it would be!

### "IN CELLAR DEEP."

(Latest Up-to-Date Version of a celebrated Bacchanalian ditty, as it might be revised by Dr. Mortimer Granville and Mr. James Payn.)

[*"No one drinks alcoholic liquor (unless it be beer) to quench thirst."*—JAMES PAYN.]

In Cellar deep I sit and steep  
 My soul in GRANVILLE's logic.  
 Companions mine, sound ale, good wine—  
 That foils Teetotal dodge—hie!  
 With solemn pate our sages prate,  
 The Pump-slaves neatly pinking.  
 He's proved an ass, whose days *don't* pass  
 In drinking, drinking, drinking!

In water pure there's danger sure,  
 All fizzle-pop's deceiving;  
 And ginger-beer must make you queer  
 (If GRANVILLE you're believing).  
 Safe, on the whole, is Alcohol;  
 It saves man's strength from sinking.  
 I injure none, and have good f—fun,  
 Whilst drinking, drinking, drinking!  
 Hie! Hie!! Hooray!! New reasons gay  
 For drink from doctors borrow!  
 The last (*not* first) is simple thirst.  
 That's true—to LAWSON's sorrow!  
 Good Templarish fain would "physic PAYN,"  
 And GRANVILLE squeal like winking;  
 But all the same, true Wisdom's—hie—  
 game  
 Is drinking, drinking, drinking!  
 [Left playing it.]



## MR. PUNCH'S NAVAL NOVEL.

[*Mr. Punch* has observed with much gratification the success of various brochures professing to give, under the disguise of retrospect, a prophetic but accurate account of the naval battle of the immediate future. *Mr. Punch* has read them carefully over and over again. For some time he has been living, so to speak, in the midst of magnificent iron-clad fleets. In vain have torpedo-boats been launched on their occasionally death-dealing mission against him, in vain have immense shells exploded in his immediate neighbourhood. Nothing, not even the ramming of one whole squadron by another, has succeeded in daunting him. He has remained immovable in the midst of an appalling explosion which reduced a ship's company to a heap of toe-nails. And now, his mind fired by the crash of conflict and the intoxication of almost universal slaughter, he proposes to show the world how a naval novel that means to be accurate as well as vivid, to be bought by the public in thousands as well as to teach useful lessons to politicians and sailors, ought really to be written. *Mr. Punch* may as well state that he has not submitted this story to any naval experts. His facts speak for themselves, and require no merely professional approval to enhance their value.]

## WHO'D BE A SAILOR?

(A Story of Blood and Battle.)

## CHAPTER I.

LISTEN, my Grandchildren! for you are mine, not indeed by the ridiculous accident of birth (since to speak the truth I am an unmarried old sea-dog), but by the far higher and more honourable title of having been selected by me to hear this yarn. You know well enough that such a tale must be told to grandchildren, and since you undoubtedly possessed grandparents, and have been hired at a shilling an hour to listen to me, I have every right to address you as I did. Therefore I say, my grandchildren, attend to what I am about to relate. You who live under the beneficent sway of the mighty Australo - Canado - Africo - Celto - Americo - Anglian Federation of Commonwealths, can have no notion of the degraded conditions under which I, your grandfather, and the rest of my miserable fellow-countrymen lived fifty years ago in the year 1892. Naturally you have read no books of history referring to any date anterior to 1902. The wretched records of ignorance, slavery and decrepitude have been justly expunged from your curriculum. Let me tell you then that a little country calling itself the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland at that time arrogated to itself the leadership of the mighty countries which you now call your home. You smile and refer me to a large-sized map on which, as you justly observe, this country occupies a space of not more than two square inches. Your surprise is intelligible, but the melancholy fact remains. All this has now been happily changed, and changed too in consequence of a war in which England (for so the country was often inaccurately called, except upon Scotch political platforms, where people naturally objected to the name) in which, as I say, England bore the chief part and obtained the decisive victory. The story of this war I am now about to relate to you.

## CHAPTER II.

War had been declared. We had known for a long time that it was coming. For months past the bellicose bench of Bishops had been preaching war in all the Cathedrals of the land. Field Marshal the Duke of WOLSELEY, who was then a simple lord, had written articles in all the prominent American reviews, and had proved to demonstration that with 50,000 boys and the new patent revolving ammunition belt, Britain (for that too was the name of my late country) was ready to defy and conquer the world. Rear-Admiral and Lieutenant-General Sir WILLIAM T. STEAD, G.C.B., C.S.I., K.G., V.C.—the great journalist in the shade of whose colossal mounted statue we are now sitting—had suddenly become a convert to the doctrine that war is the great purifier, and had offered in a spirit of extraordinary self-abnegation to command both the Army and the Fleet in action. Volunteer corps armed with scythes, paper-knives, walking-sticks and umbrellas had sprung up all over the country, and had provided their own uniforms and equipment.

Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, father of the present Earl of South Africa, had been recalled to office by an alarmed country, and had united in his own person the offices of Secretary of State for War, First Lord of the Admiralty, Premier, Chancellor of the Exchequer and Lord Privy Seal. As a first step towards restoring confidence, he had, with his own hands, beheaded the former Prime Minister, the Marquis of SALISBURY, and had published a cheap and popular edition of his epoch-making Letters from Mashonaland. His Lordship's official residence had been established at the Amphitryon Club where they still preserve on constant relays of ice the *Bécaussine bardée aux truffes* which Lord RANDOLPH was about to eat when he snubbed the united ambassadors of Germany, France, Austria, Russia, Italy and the Republic of Andorra. The immediate consequence was a declaration of war against us.

## CHAPTER III.

I was at that time in command of H.M.S. *Bandersnatch*, a vessel of nine hundred thousand horse-power, and a mean average displacement of four hundred thousand tons. Ah, the dear old *Bandersnatch*! Never can I forget the thrill of exquisite emotion which pervaded my inmost being as I stepped on board in mid-ocean. Everything was in apple-pie order. Bulkheads, girders, and beams shone like glass in the noonday sun. The agile torpedo-catchers had been practising their sports, and I could not resist a feeling of intense pride when I learnt that only fifty of these heroic fellows had that morning perished owing to the accidental explosion of one of their charming playthings at the very crisis of the game. The racers of the after-guns had been out for their morning's exercise. Indeed the saddles had only just been removed, and the noble animals were now enjoying a good square meal of corn in their bomb-proof stable. Keep your animals in good fettle, and they'll never shirk their work: that was always my motto, and right well has it answered. The roaring furnaces, the cylindrical boilers, the prisoned steam, the twin screws, the steel shot that crashes like thunder, the fearful impact of the ram, the blanching terror of the supreme moment, the shattered limbs and scattered heads,—all these were ready, waiting but for the pressure of my finger on the middle button of the boatswain's mess-waistcoat to speed forth upon their deadly work between the illustrated covers of a shilling pamphlet.

## CHAPTER IV.

In another moment the enemy's fleet had hove in sight. Our movements in the ten minutes preceding the fatal conflict will be best understood by consulting the annexed diagram:—

We advanced in this imposing order for five minutes. Then came a puff of smoke, and, in less time than it takes to tell it, two thousand men had been literally blown into thin air, their sole remnant being the left shoe of my trusty second in command, Captain GLIMDOWSE. I trained the two turret-guns until I had got them into perfect condition, and gave the word.

The crash that followed was terrific. One of the massive missiles went home, and stayed there, no amount of inducement availing to bring it out again to face the battle. The other, however, behaved as a British missile should, and exploded in the heart of the hostile fleet. The result was terrific. French, German and Russian Admirals by the thousand were destroyed, their scattered fragments literally darkening the face of the sun, and a mixed shower of iron, steel, stanchions, bollards, monster guns, Admirals, sailors, stewards, cocked-hats, and Post Captains fell for ten minutes without intermission from the clouds into which they had been driven by the awful



The Explosion.











## DEA EX MACHINÂ!

(A Reminiscence.)

## "AS HE'D LIKE IT."

(Shakespeare once more freely adapted to the situation.)

"We wanted, and we want, to do for the villages, what the first reformed Parliament did in conferring municipal government upon the towns. We knew that the Tory Party did not really mean to give us village or parish Councils. . . . 'The Radical agitators,' says Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, 'want to see a complete change in the social condition of rural society.' What if we do? . . . Why, it was for this that many of us, seven or eight years ago, and many more years ago, fought for getting the labourers a vote."—Mr. John Morley at Cambridge.

SCENE—The Forest of Ha(w)arden.

Touchstone (Mr. J-HN M-BL-Y); Audrey, (The Agricultural Vote); Jaques (Mr. P-NCH),

behind. Afterwards William (Sir M-CH-L H-CKS-B-CH.)

Touch. Come apace, good AUDREY: I will fetch up your votes, AUDREY. And how, AUDREY?—am I the man yet? Doth my simple programme content you?

Audrey. Your programme! Lord warrant us, what programme?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy Votes as the glittering poet-god Apollo was among the herds of Admetus.

Jaques (aside). Oh, knowledge oddly applied! Fancy Olympian Oracles in a thatched cottage!

Touch. When a man's speeches cannot be understood, nor a man's good platform wit seconded by the froward child popular understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a

small minority on a big Bill. Truly, I would the gods had made thee political.

Aud. I do not know what political is. Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. (with sardonic frankness). No, truly; for the truest politics show the most feigning; and Tories are given to politics; and what they swear, in politics, may be said, as Tories, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me political?

Touch. I do, truly; for they swear to me thou art true Tory, parson-and-squire-ridden Tory. Now, if thou wert political, I might have some hope thou didst feign—to them!

Aud. Would you not have me Tory?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert fortune-favoured; for Toryism coupled to poverty is to have folly a sauce to misery.

Jaques (aside). A shrewd fool!

Aud. Well, I am not rich; and therefore I pray the gods to make me Liberal.

Touch. Truly, and to cast away Liberalism upon a willingly "unemancipated" Voter, were to deck a porker with pearls.

Aud. I may not be "emancipated," but I thank the gods I am "enfranchised."

Touch. Well, praised be the Liberals for thine enfranchisement! Emancipation—from "squarsonry"—may come hereafter. But, be it as it may, I will marry thee.

Jaques (aside). I would fain see this wedding. Methinks there will be sport forward ere it be fully achieved.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. . . . But, AUDREY, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in me in the world. Here comes the man you mean.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a—Tory: by my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Enter WILLIAM.

Will. Good even, AUDREY.

Aud. Give ye good even, WILLIAM.

Will. And good even to you, Sir!

Touch. Good even, gentle friend . . . Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, Sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. You do desire this maid?

Will. I do, Sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Will. No, Sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me; to have is to have; for it is a great figure in Gladstonian rhetoric, that votes being deducted from one Party and added to another, by putting the one Out do put the other In; for all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he: now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, Sir?

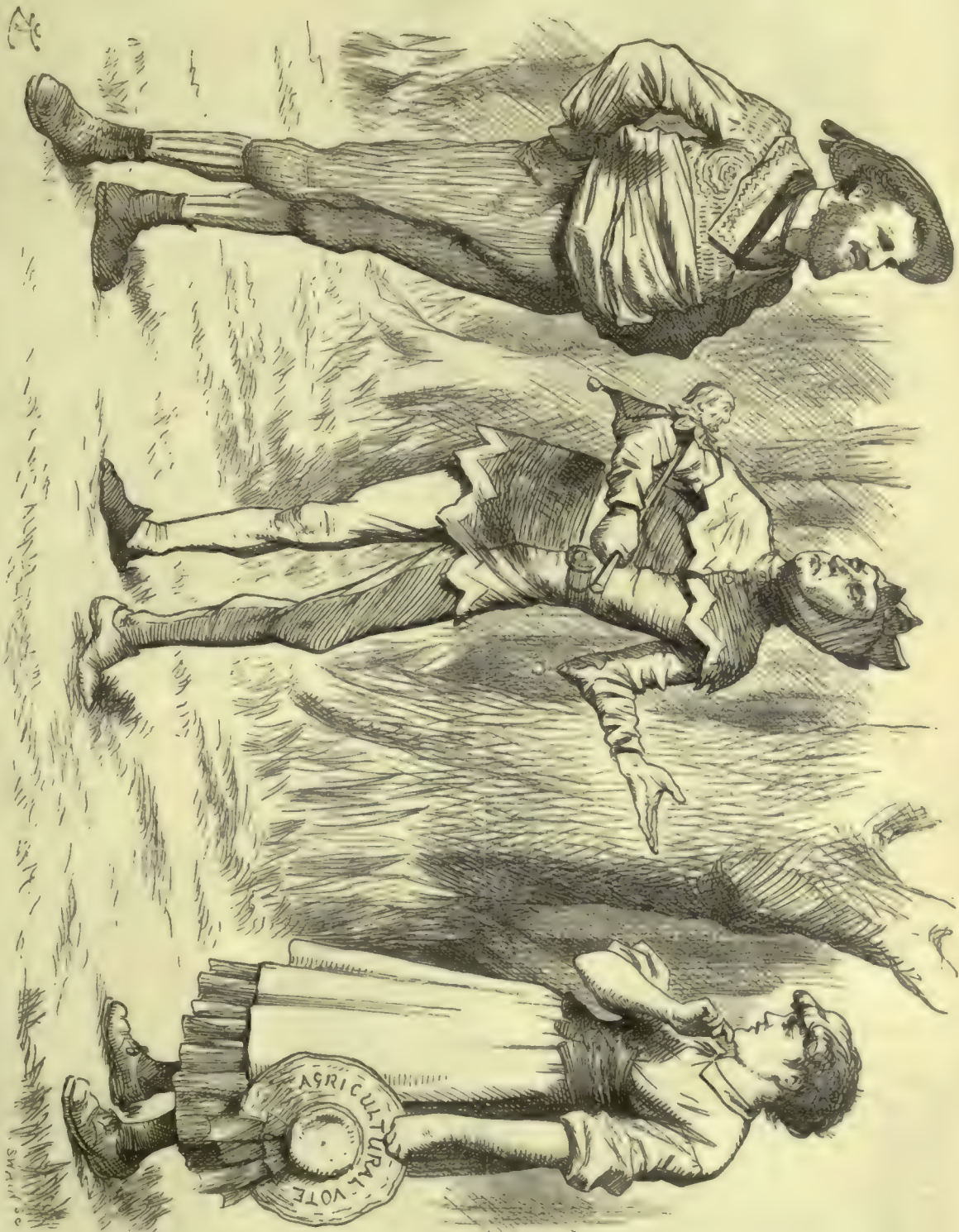
Touch. He, Sir, that must marry the woman. Therefore, you Tory, abandon—which is, in the vulgar, leave—the society, which in the boorish is, company—of this female,—which in the common is, woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or Tory, thou vanishest; or, to thy better understanding, skeddaddlest; or, to wit, I defeat thee, make thee away, translate thy majority into minority, thine Office into Opposition; I will deal in programmes with thee, or in eloquence, or in epigram; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'erturn thee with policy; I will "mend thee or end thee" a hundred and fifty ways; therefore, tremble, and depart!

Song (behind).

It was a lover and his lass,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,





William . . . . Sir M-CH-L H-CES-B-CH.

Touchstone . . . . J-IN M-BL-Y.

Audrey . . . . THE AGRICULTURAL VOTE.

“AS HE'D LIKE IT.”

SCENE—*The Forest of Hain(arden).*

TOUCHSTONE. “I AM HE THAT MUST MARRY THIS WOMAN; THEREFORE, YOT CLOWN, ABANDON THE SOCIETY OF THIS FEMALE; . . . I WILL BANDY WITH THEE IN FACTION; I WILL O'ERRUN THEE WITH POLICY; THEREFORE, TREMBLE, AND DEPART!”—*As You Like It, Act V., Scene 1.*







That o'er the stubble fields did pass  
(Together WILL caught 'em).  
In the time of autumn, [about;  
When M.P.'s spout, and "manceuvre"  
M.P.'s (who are "out") love autumn.

About three acres and a cow,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;  
The artful country folks know now.  
In the time of autumn, &c.

Since that the franchise was their dower,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
The Country Voters are a power.  
In the time of autumn, &c.

And, therefore, at the present time, [ho!—  
With "an Agricultural Policy"—funny.  
Both Parties simple HONOR would lime,  
In the time of autumn, &c.

Will. (aside). Truly, though there is no  
great matter in the ditty, yet the note is very  
untuneable. [Exit.

Touch. Trip, AUDREY, trip, AUDREY,—I  
attend,—I attend! [Exeunt.

Jag. (appearing). There is surely another  
political deluge forward, and these motley  
would-be couples are seeking the official ark!  
[Exit.

## THE TRUE TENNYSON.

WE have all been startled to find from the  
researches of Mr. WOODALL in *Notes and  
Queries*, that "Between the story sung by  
the Poet Laureate in his romantic poem *The  
Lord of Burleigh*, and the actual fact, there  
seems to be little in common." HENRY CECIL,  
Earl and afterwards Marquis of EXETER,  
married Miss SARAH HOGGINS under the name  
of JOHN JONES, having a wife alive at the  
time, and she did not die as the poem relates.  
It is obvious then that TENNYSON must be  
re-written, and we offer his Lordship the  
following humble suggestions. *The Lord of  
Burleigh* should henceforward run somewhat  
as follows:—

Quoth he, "Gentle SARAH HOGGINS,"  
Speaking in seductive tones,  
"You must wed no HODGE or SCROGGINS,  
But espouse your own J. JONES."  
Oh! he was an artful party,  
And that marriage was a crime.  
He'd a wife alive and hearty,  
Though she'd left him for a time.

The above discovery has, of course, led to  
doubts regarding other Tennysonian heroines.  
Was Lady CLARA VERE DE VERE, for example,  
as black as the poet has painted her? Perish  
the thought! Here are a couple of specimen  
stanzas for an amended version:—

Lady CLARA VERE DE VERE,  
I vow that you were not a flirt,  
The daughter of a hundred Earls  
Would not a single creature hurt.  
"Kind hearts are more than coronets,"  
What abject twaddle, on my word;  
And then the joke is in the end,—  
We know they made the bard a Lord.

The tale of how young LAURENCE died,  
In some audacious print began;  
The fact is that he took to drink,  
He always was that sort of man.  
And as for ALFRED, why, of course  
You snubbed him; but was that a crime,  
That he should go and call you names,  
And print his atrabilious rhyme?

Then, again, was the *Amy of Locksley  
Hall* quite as shallow-hearted and so forth  
as the angry rhymester declares? It will  
probably turn out that she was not. Hence  
the verses should run in this fashion:—

And I said, "My Cousin AMY, speak the truth, my  
heart to ease.  
Shall it be by banns or license?" And she whis-  
pered, "Which you please."



George (about to enjoy the first new-laid Egg from the recently set-up Fowl-house). "WHY—  
CONF—THEY'VE BOILED THE PORCELAIN NEST-EGG!"

Love took up the glass of Time and waved it gaily  
in the air, [Camden Square.  
Married life was sweet at Number Twenty-Six in  
AMY faithless! Bless your heart, Sir, that was  
not the case at all: [Hall.

It was pure imagination that I wrote in Locksley  
This process will doubtless have to be  
applied to many of the poems, but we must  
leave the congenial task to the Laureate.

## A SONNET OF VAIN DESIRE.

AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

As when th' industrious windmill vainly  
years [head,  
To pause, and scratch its swallow-haunted  
Yet at the wind's relentless urging turns  
Its flying arms in wild appeal outspread;  
So am I vex'd by vain desire, that burns [fled,  
These barren places whence the hair hath  
To wander far amid the woodland ferns,  
Where dewdrops shine along the gossamer  
thread;  
Where its own sunlight on the reddening leaf  
Sleeps, when soft mists have swathed the  
sunless tree, [dance;  
Or where the innumerable billows merrily  
Yet must I busily dissemble grief  
Whirl'd in the pitiless round of circumstance,  
Rigid with trained respectability.

## New Way out of a Wager.

DESMOND, Theosophist Colonel, now thinks  
better  
Of his rash vow his gift to "demonstrate,"  
Receiving a "precipitated letter"  
Warning him not to be—precipitate.  
Many a Betting Man who'd hedge or tack  
Must wish he had Mahatmas at his back.

## The Beggar's Petition.

(New Version.)

LIFE must not be lost, Sir, with lightness,  
To labour for life gives me pain;  
My exchequer's affected with tightness,  
But begging's the pink of politeness,  
Like Scribes, Sir, "I beg—to remain!"

\* And didn't CHARLES LAMB, in his most de-  
lightful essay *On the Decay of Beggars*, deplore  
their gradual disappearance?

## DOCTOR LAURIE.

Song by a Scotch Student. AIR—"Annie Laurie."

"According to Dr. LAURIE, of Edinburgh  
University, the "teaching of Greek, so far as it  
is attempted in our secondary schools, is positively  
harmful."—*Daily News*.]

PEDAGOGUE brays are bonnie,  
When Greek they'd fain taboo;  
And 'tis here that Doctor LAURIE  
Gives utterance strictly true,  
Gives utterance strictly true,  
Which ne'er forgot should be,  
And for bonnie Doctor LAURIE,  
A Scottish boy would dee.

Auld HOMER is a humbug,  
ANACREON is an ass;  
Sumpsh scrape enoo o' baith o' them,  
The "Little-go" to pass,  
The Little-go to pass—  
It affects them "harmfullee."  
Ah! but bonnie Doctor LAURIE,  
He kens Greek's a' my ee!

Like diplomas fause and lying,  
Are "passes" such as this.  
Why should Scotch lads sit sighing  
O'er the *Anabasis*?—  
O'er the *Anabasis*?  
XENOPHON's fiddle-de-dee?  
Oh, for bonnie Doctor LAURIE,  
I'd shout with three times three!

UNDER-LYNE'D.—Said Sir W. VERNON  
HARCOURT, at Ashton-under-Lyne, "I am  
very glad to be enabled to come here from  
the hospitable roof of Mr. RUPERT MASON."  
... And again, "I have come here also  
from the roof of Mr. MATHER." Quite a Sir  
WILLIAM ROOFUS! But what was he doing  
on the roof? Was there a tile off in each  
case? Something wrong with the first house  
that a Mason couldn't set right? And with  
the second, did Sir ROOFUS sing, "Oh dear,  
what can the Mather be?" And why the  
invidious distinction between the two roofs?  
The first being hospitable, and the second  
having no pleasant epithet to recommend it.

PROPOSED NEW TITLE FOR LORD GR-M-  
TH-RPE.—BARON (H)ALTER EGO.





**A LANCASHIRE WATERING-PLACE.**



## POPULAR SONGS RE-SUNG ;

OR, MISS BOWDLER AT THE MUSIC HALLS.

## INTRODUCTORY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

IN these progressive days earnest reformers, especially those of the London County Council type, yearn to chasten and æstheticise the Muse of the Music Hall, who is perhaps the only really popular Muse of the period. My name gives me a sort of hereditary right to take exceptional interest in such matters, though indeed my respected, and respectable, ancestor is not in all things the model of his more catholic and cosmopolitan descendant. The McDougall regimen would doubtless be a little too drastic. To improve the Music-hall Song off the face of the earth, is an attempt which could only suggest itself to puritan fanaticism in its most arbitrary administrative form. The proletariat will not "willingly let die" the only Muse whose ministrations really "come home to its business and its bosom." No, Sir, the People's Pegasus cannot, must not be ruthlessly consigned to the knackers. But may it not be gently bitted, discreetly bridled, and taught to trot or amble with park-hack paces in the harness of Respectability?

It is in this hope and faith that the following drawing-room versions of some of "the most popular Comic (and Sentimental) Songs of the Day" have been attempted by

Your respectful admirer,

VIRGINIA BOWDLER.

To the Respectable Citizen, the Moral Matron, and the Young Person, with a love of larkiness and lilt, but a distrust of politics, pugilism, and deep potations, the following eclectic adaptation of this prodigiously popular ballad may perhaps be not altogether unwelcome.

## No. I.—TWO LOVELY BROWN EYES.

AIR—"Two Lovely Black Eyes."

Strolling one Sunday near Bethnal Green,  
This "æsthetic" you might have seen,  
Surveying "the People" with scornful spleen,

When, oh, what a surprise!  
An Art Exhibition I chanced to see,  
Therein I entered right speed-i-lee,  
When—on a canvas—there shone on me

Two lovely brown eyes!

Chorus.

Two lovely brown eyes!

Oh, what a surprise!

Smiling right down on a dingy throng,  
Two lovely brown eyes!

From a canvas of "High Art" sort they shone,

Their owner was o'netured with classic zone,

She was spare of flesh, she was big in lon',  
Oh, what a surprise!

A parson, whom everyone owned "a good sort,"

Had hung them there for the pleasure and sport

O! the dreary dwellers in slum and court,  
Those lovely brown eyes!

Chorus.

Two lovely brown eyes!

Oh, what a surprise!

Drawing the gaze of an East-End crowd,  
Two lovely brown eyes!

My own regard, as I loitered there,  
Fastened on one proletariat pair,  
With finery frowsy, and oily hair;  
Oh, what a surprise!

"SALLIE" and "BILL" were the names they  
Frankly abroad with unreticent tongue, [flung  
Lounging and staring where graciously hung  
Those lovely brown eyes.

Chorus.

Two lovely brown eyes!

Oh, what a surprise! [thrill;

SALLIE and BILL your calm beauty could  
Two lovely brown eyes!

Art (so I argue) for all is best,  
Here, in the East, on the Day of Rest,  
Lo! my pet theory put to the test!

Oh, what a surprise!

The chap staring there is a Coster true,  
Trowered in corduroy, belchered in blue;

What does he think of your heavenly hue,  
Two lovely brown eyes?

Chorus.

Two lovely brown eyes!

Oh, what a surprise!

"SALLIE," he whispered, "she's got, like you,  
Two lovely brown eyes!"



The picture was one of BURNE-JONES's best;  
"SALLIE" was snub-nosed and showily  
drest;

I sought her visage in querulous quest,

When oh, what a surprise!

Plump in the midst of a "pudding" face,  
Coarse-cut in feature, devoid of grace,  
Nature capricious had chosen to place

Two lovely brown eyes!

Chorus.

Two lovely brown eyes!

Oh, what a surprise!

There on each side of a salient "snub,"

Two lovely brown eyes!

Brown? Ah, yes! But, alack! alack!  
The brown was fringed with a halo of black,  
Fruit, it was plain of some marital thwack,

Oh, what a surprise!

"She," sighed the girl, "has a beautiful  
chump,

Though she do seem to 'ave got the 'ump.  
Them pair o' lamps never felt a thump,

Them lovely brown eyes!"

Chorus.

Two lovely brown eyes!

Oh, what a surprise!

Something seemed telling that man he was  
wrong,

Two lovely brown eyes!

Say, was it fancy? I saw a flush  
O'er the coarse cheeks of that Coster rush,  
"Stash it!" he murmured. A Coster blush?  
Oh, what a surprise!

SALLIE, she clung to his muscular arm—  
With a look half lovingness, half alarm,  
He stooped and—kissed her! Now, was it  
your charm,

Two lovely brown eyes?

Chorus.

Two lovely brown eyes!

Oh, what a surprise!

Was it your influence, gentle yet strong,  
Two lovely brown eyes?

"BILL," whispered she, "you may bet two d  
She never nagged at 'er bloke—like me—

He never wheeled a wheel-barrer, d'yer

Oh, what a surprise! [see?

Parties with cultcher and piles o' cash

Ain't no temptation to row or bash,

But—who's to tell but she's jilted 'er

mash—

Miss Lovely Brown Heyes?"

Chorus.

Two lovely brown eyes!

Oh, what a surprise! [frown,

Twinkled like stars 'twixt a tear and a  
Two lovely brown eyes.

The moral you've caught I can hardly  
doubt;

On Art versus Morals men sneer or shout,  
Leave it to OSCAR to fight that out,

If you would be wise.

Better, far better, it is to let [bet!

Beautiful things work their way—you

Then the Coster's wife may less frequently

Her lovely brown eyes. [wet

Chorus.

Two lovely brown eyes!

Oh, what a surprise!

Art-loving Man is less likely to black

Two lovely brown eyes!

## MEN OF THE PAST.

(COMPILED BY THE MAN OF THE PRESENT.)

CROMWELL.—An English Brewer. Uncertain about his aspirates. Distinctly vulgar. Face disfigured by warts.

PETER THE GREAT.—Quite a common sort of Russian. Man with coarse tastes. Came to England to learn ship-building. Fond of low society; in fact, the type of an enterprising cad.

WASHINGTON.—Entirely provincial English rebel, who caused considerable trouble in America. Family fair, but not to be traced beyond three generations. Used to eat peas with his knife.

HANNIBAL.—Brutal barbarian. Feeblest ideas of strategy. Went the wrong way over the Alps. Given to oaths from childhood up. Quite a classical nobody.

BUONAPARTE.—A Corsican Parvenu.

## The Garrick School.

SCHOOL for young actors is the Garrick Playhouse.

Upon the road to fame a quarter-way house  
For IRVING *file*. And likewise note we there  
The heir apparent of a parent HARE.

"Dio, age!" of which the classic American translation is, "Do tell!"



## JOURNAL OF A ROLLING STONE.

NINTH ENTRY.

CURIOUS thing, now that I am installed as a pupil in FIBBINS'S Chambers in Waste Paper Buildings, Temple, how few *new* briefs I am given to read. Usual routine is for DICK FIBBINS to hand me a brief on which the dust of ages has collected, and to leave me to "get up the law about it"; but when he (FIBBINS) comes back from his day's business in Court, about 4.30 P.M., he doesn't seem to care a bit to know what the law is. Seems tired, and prefers to gossip and smoke; so I do the same, or "follow on the same side," as he expresses it.

"It strikes me forcibly," I begin, "that the Plaintiff, SMITHERS, in that running-down case you asked me to read to-day, hasn't got the ghost of a chance. Why, in *Blatherson v. Snipe*, the Court ruled—"

"Tried the lawn-tennis in the gardens yet?" FIBBINS interrupts, in the rudest possible manner.

"No," I reply, "I was speaking of the Court, not lawn-tennis courts." (One for FIBBINS, I think.) "All the Judges held in *Blatherson v. Snipe*, that—"

"Oh, did they?" he interrupts again: "doosid interesting. Was I for plaintiff or defendant?"

"Plaintiff, SMITHERS. A running-down case."

"Wish it had been a running-up case—a case of running-up the fees," he laughs. Then, resuming a more professional style, "You see, I've had such multitudes of cases since then, that I've forgotten the precise details. But you write out your own Opinion—not to-day; to-morrow will do. Then I'll see what it's like. Now let's go a trot down the Strand."

Another circumstance that strikes me as remarkable, is the frequency with which I hear the Impressive Clerk (in the little room next to mine) requesting persons who have called to "settle up that other little matter." Then the strange voice laughs, and says—"Oh, your Governor can wait." "No, he can't."—it's the Clerk who says this—"it's been going on for three years, now." "Well," chimes in the unknown, "let it go a bit longer. When'll your Governor have settled those pleadings?" "When your people settle about the five guineas, and not before," replies the Impressive Clerk in his best Parliamentary debating style. Then follows a long wrangle, not on law, but on finance, which never—as far as I can judge—ends in the Clerk getting his way, and his money.

Astonishing event happens. A real live new brief comes in! Impressive Clerk—who looks like a Prime Minister in reduced circumstances—brings it to FIBBINS when I am in the room. More impressive than ever. "From ROGERS, in Chancery Lane—an excellent firm, Sir," he says. Poor FIBBINS tries, ineffectually, to conceal his delight, and his eye turns instinctively to the place where the fee is marked.

"Six guas" (legal slang for guineas) "for an Opinion, not bad," he comments, rubbing his hands. FIBBINS dusts a corner of his desk, and lays it down there.

I am given this precious brief, and am asked to write a "draft Opinion" about it! "Just to try your hand," says FIBBINS, who does not wish me to be conceited. "Then I'll write my own afterwards," he adds.

I make a very elaborate commentary, quoting from innumerable parallel cases in English, American, and Roman law, and, after giving it to DICK FIBBINS to read, I don't see it again.

But, a few afternoons later, when Impressive Clerk happens to be out, a knock comes. Nobody in. At last, go myself (*Query—infra dig.?*) and open door.

"Here!" says a juvenile, who apparently mistakes me for the Clerk, and rudely chucks some papers to me, which hit me in the chest, "give these to your Governor. What a time you take



"Looks like a Prime Minister in reduced circumstances."

answering a knock! Having a nap, hay? Take care old FIBBINS don't catch you at it, that's all!" Juvenile disappears downstairs, whistling, before I can think of a suitable rejoinder.

Open the papers. The same brief returned with request to "draw up a Statement of Claim,"—and my "Opinion" inside! It looks as if DICK sent these clients of his *my* valuable advice, pretending that it was his own!

My learned "leader," when he comes in, treats affair very coolly. "Oh, did I send *your* 'Opinion' to them as well as mine? What an ass I am! I wonder what they thought of it?"

I also wonder. In looking over the returned brief just now, however, I certainly did not come across the "Opinion," manufactured by FIBBINS himself, of which that learned Counsel spoke. And I have no second chance of examining it, as he is careful to take "all the documents in the case" (a phrase of the Impressive Clerk's) home with him, for what he calls re-perusal.

The conviction that it *was* my Opinion, and mine alone, which FIBBINS dispatched, probably out of sheer laziness, to ROGERS & Co., Solicitors, Chancery Lane, is one that I still retain. But it is FIBBINS who retains the fee!

## AT THE CLOSE OF THE SUMMER.

(By one who idled. To his Lady-help.)

I AM back at my work, which is far from exciting

After nothing to do for a month at a time,  
So I am not astonished to find myself writing

To you, dear MELENDIA, and writing in rhyme.

In my rooms very often the scent of the heather

Brings back with it sweet recollections, and so

I think of the days when we idled together,

Far away in the country a fortnight ago.

Yes, the two afternoons when, although we were sorry

That it rained, we went out as to do we had vowed,

And the wonderful echo we found in a quarry

That took what we whispered and said it aloud.

Whilst we wandered through fern-laden hedges and talked, it

So happened a dragon-fly flew by your side.

You remember, I'm sure, how you laughed as I stalked it,

And how it seemed hurt, as it finally died.

Then I think of our pic-nic. The sunshine came glinting,

And we thought that the summer had come—come to stay.

We did not walk too fast, you were constantly hinting

You were really afraid we were losing our way.

I seemed to be catching two glimpses of heaven,

As I gazed at the sky and kept looking at you;

For the party that started by being just seven

Had a curious habit of shrinking to two.

Why, that's quite sentimental. It isn't the fashion

To write of such things in so high flown a style.

Yet maybe I'm entitled to so much of passion

As to say that you won me outright with your smile.

Though a merciless fate may not let it befall so,

For we know not at all what there may be in store,

Yet next year, if you're down there—and I am there also,

Shall we do what we did in the summer before?

"TO ERR IS HUMAN."—"Even I am not always infallible," observed Mr. P., on noticing that, in the dialogue under a picture, last week, the spelling of "cover-coat" for "covert-coat" had escaped his eagle eye. Just as he was wondering to himself how such things could be, his other and eagle eye caught this line in the correspondence, *per* "Dalziel," from Chicago, in the *Times* for Sept. 23:—"Great Britain has chosen a sight for her buildings at the World's Fair." If "taken" had been substituted for "chosen," the mistake might have borne a satirical meaning. No doubt Great Britain has not made any error as to the site she has selected, from any point of view.

## MEM. IN COLOURS.

MAN'S life is in two colours, simply told:

Green while you're young, and grey when you are old.

DOMESTIC COOKERY.—(For a future *New Edition* of "*Mrs. Glasse-with-care*.")—It will contain suggestions for new dishes, to be arranged according to grammatical divisions of gender and number, as "case" already exists. A specimen of the first will be *Une Femme-lette*, a female companion dish to *Un O'mmelet*. Another example proposed is *La Petite Marmite* and *Le Petit Pa'mite*, two dishes most suitable for a very small family party; say of dwarf Troglodytes. "Number" of dishes must always be "a party question;" though at the same time politics will be rigidly excluded from the new publication.





### THE CYCLIST CENTAUR OF THE FUTURE.

THE DREAM OF A (PNEUMATIC) TYRO.

### OYSTERS (NOT) FOR EVER!

He was a gentle Fishmonger, and WILLIAMSON his name,  
No doubt you may have heard before his philanthropic game.  
The lack of oysters pained him much, for how could people royster  
And happy be in r-less months without the luscious oyster?

A look of pain was in his face, a pucker on his brow,  
Long time he pondered very hard to try and find out how.  
At last he cried, "Eureka! from France I'll go and bring them,  
And into beds I've got at home without a murmur fling them."

Then they came across the Channel, and he very sweetly said,  
"So glad to see you looking well, would you like to see your bed?  
For there, my little dears, you stay; you'll one day  
know the reason."

I'll rouse you when the month of May makes natives  
out of season."

The Fishmongers, the Worshipful, sent down a man  
to see,

He wrung his hands and shook his head, and said,  
"Oh, miserece!"

It pains me very deeply, and it drives me to distraction,  
You've done what's wrong, and I shall have to institute  
an action."

Then WILLIAMSON, he sobbed aloud, and shed a bitter  
tear,

"Oh, hang it all" he cried, "why must you come  
and interfere?"

I quite admit, however, that I see your point precisely,  
So don't let's quarrel, let's be friends, and bring the  
action nicely."

They brought that friendly action, and the clever  
counsel tried

To prove to FAUDEL PHILLIPS that the law was on  
his side,

But the oyster-dealer found the law for him was one too many,  
So he had to pay the piper—to be quite exact, a penny.

And you who love your oyster in the latter end of May,  
In June, July, and August, too, will sadly rue the day,  
For philanthropic folk will find it unremunerative  
To introduce in summer-time this Franco-English native.\*

\* Oysters are to be six shillings a dozen this winter!! How many of  
the ordinarily careless will now be compelled to go by RULES without  
going in for Oysters. N.B.—"Action" in these verses is poetic license for  
"summons."

### "SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS!"

SCENE—A Place of Meeting. Enter Parliamentary Leader and his  
Subordinate. They greet one another effusively.

Leader (cordially). And now, my dear fellow, how are my interests?

Sub. (with much heartiness). Getting on capitally! Just been  
writing to all the papers to say that it is stupid to call you "Old  
Dot-and-go-one," because it is inapplicable to either your age or  
your mode of controversy.

Lead. (with a feeble smile). That was kind of you! But who had  
said it?

Sub. (airily). Oh, someone of about fourth-rate importance! and  
it had been quite forgotten you know. So I dragged  
it up again, and put it all right for you.

Lead. (shaking hands). Thanks, so very much.  
But if persons had forgotten it, why revert to it?

Sub. Oh, don't you see? Why, the point is, you  
are not a bit like it—not a scrap like it! Next week  
I shall write and say that it's rubbish to call you a  
turncoat, because you have always been consistent.

Lead. (anxiously). But is anybody calling me a  
turncoat?

Sub. Not that I know of, but they might, don't you  
see. So it's as well to be on the safe side. I shall  
say that, if any one did call you a turncoat, that the  
speaker would prove himself a liar! That ought to  
give you a leg up, oughtn't it?

Lead. (with some hesitation). My dear friend, you  
are most kind; but if you don't mind, I would be so  
immensely obliged if you would leave my interests  
alone.

Sub. (with great cordiality). What, leave your  
interests alone! Never! You may be always sure of  
my hearty support!

Lead. (earnestly). But as a personal matter, I must  
beg of you kindly to leave me alone.

Sub. (reluctantly). Well, of course, if you make it a personal  
matter, I must consent. But the Party will suffer.

Lead. (dryly). Possibly—from your point of view. [Exeunt.]



A Native Hoister.

JAWFUL NEWS!—The Diminution of the Jaw in the Civilised  
Races is the title of a pamphlet by Mr. F. HOWARD COLLINS. We  
haven't read it; but if it be in favour of the diminution of "jaw,"  
we heartily recommend its study to all Members of Parlia-  
ment, actual or intending, and to all post-prandial speechmakers  
generally.



## BUMBLEDOM'S BIG OPENING.



*Bumble.* "DON'T BOTHER ME ABOUT YOUR DRAINAGE AND SICH! WHY, NOW THE SWELLS IS 'OOKIN' IT, I'M A-GOING TO BE CHAIRMAN OF THE COUNTY COUNCIL!"

*Bumble (after reading Dr. T. Orme Duffield's Report to the Vestry of Kensington on the health and sanitary condition of the district), loquatur:—*  
 OH bother this sanit'ry bosh! Always piping  
 the same dull old strains,  
 One would think there was nothink in life to  
 be done but go sniffing the Drains!  
 Wich my nose is a dalicot one, and I don't  
 like the job, not by lumps;  
 And I won't be perpetual poked up by these  
 peeping and prying old pumps.  
 "Bumbledom and Disease!" I like that,—  
 like the *Times*' dashed himperence, I think.  
 We porochial pots is to pass all our time a-  
 prospecting for Stink!



Doctor DUDFIELD thinks WE should inspect, periodical, all privit dwellings,  
Discover and show up defecks, sech as fumings and leakings, and smellings,  
As "lurk unsuspected about," which the tenants theirselves do not twig,  
And the landlords, in course, don't remove. Well, your tenant is mostly a pig,  
And your landlord is sometimes a 'og; still between 'em we jest slip along,  
But do dooty for both of 'em? Snakes! that is coming it slightly too strong.  
The tenants 'old on jest as long as they can, and the landlords 'old orf.  
A sort of a ketchy sore-throat, or a bit of a qualm or a korf,  
Make some idjots go fair orf their chumpson diphtheria, and typhod and such;  
But then others, who don't like a hupset, put up with the lot, pooty much,  
Jest to save topsy-turvey and 'oles in the garden, and mud on the stairs;  
Landlords, likeways, is dabs at postponing, and patching, and 'ush-ing up scares.  
But if we are to spot wot goes quisy, and be the responsible chaps,  
Wheugh! we should 'ave a regular beanfeast with sockets and air-pipes and traps!  
No, no, westry worrying sneaks, it won't work. As for "W. B. E."  
He may frighten the Kensington lot, he won't 'ave no effect upon Me!  
Diphtheria be jolly well dashed! It is often, as DUDFIELD explains,  
Mere "follicular (—hem!—) tonsillitis." Me bother my 'ed about Drains?  
Go to! I 'ave got other fish, in a manner of speaking, to fry,  
That L. C. C. gave itself airs and declared it would wipe my old hey  
With its bloomin' Big Pots and "Progressives." Aha! where the doose are they now?  
Mister ROSEBERRY resigned, regular sick of bad manners and endless bow-wow;  
Now LUBBOCK and FARRER are orf. FARRER gave the *Times* one in the eye,  
'Cos it seemed for to 'int even he of them precious Progressives was shy.  
Swears their manners is quite up to dick, most consid'rit, and all that there stuff.  
Well they may 'ave been Brummels of course, but he seems to 'ave 'ad quite enough!  
'Owsomever, wotever the cause, now they 're quit of the Great Toffy Three,  
They must 'ave a new Chairman, in course, and—ha! ha!—wot a hopening for Me!!  
Porochial Bumble must rule, spite of fads, in a steady and sane age,  
And 'aving a hey on High Orfice I can't waste my time on mere Drainage!  
[Kicks Report, and strikes an attitude.

#### Hide and Seek.

An! Pirate KID's Treasure has done good we know,  
It suggested a rattling good story to Poe.  
But the "Syndicate" started to seek where 'tis hid,  
Will probably find that same Treasure—"all KID!"



#### TRUE LITERARY EXCLUSIVENESS.

"DON'T YOU ADMIRE ROBERT BROWNING AS A POET, MR. FITZSNOOK!"  
"I USED TO, ONCE; BUT EVERYBODY ADMIRES HIM NOW, DON'TCHERENOW—SO I'VE HAD TO GIVE HIM UP!"

#### TEA IN TEN MINUTES.

(A SONG AT A RAILWAY STATION.)

AIR—"Thee, Thee, only Thee."

TEN minutes here! The sun is sinking  
And longingly we've long been thinking,  
Of Tea, Tea, fragrant Tea!



The marble slabs we gather round,  
They're long in bringing what is wanted.  
The china cup with draught embrown'd  
Our thirsty souls are wholly haunted  
By Tea, Tea, fragrant Tea!

Now then, you waiter, stir, awaken!  
Time's up. I'll hardly save my bacon.  
Tea, Tea, bring that Tea!

At last! The infusion's rayther dark.  
But hurry up! Can't stay for ever!  
One swig! Br-r-r-r! Hang the cunning shark!  
Will't never cool? Nay, never, never!  
Tea, Tea, scalding Tea!

More milk; don't be an hour in bring-ing!  
Heavens! That horrid bell is ringing!  
"Take your seats, please!" Can't touch the Tea!  
Cup to the carriage must not take;  
Crockery may be lost, or broken;  
Refreshment sharks are wide awake.  
But—many a naughty word is spoken  
O'er Tea, Tea, scalding Tea!

NOTHING NEW.—The Editor of the *Gentlewoman* announces a forthcoming novel to be written by about a dozen or more novelists. Mr. Punch highly commends this spirited enterprise. The scheme is not absolutely a novelty, as in Mr. Punch's pages some time ago, was there not a "Limited Novel Co." of Authors and Artists to produce "Chikkin Hazard?" They combined, but did not collaborate. But any way, success to the *Gentlewoman*!

"WHERE IS DAT BARTY NOW?"—After the recent suicide of *le pauvre Général*, the Boulangist party cannot be said to have been left without leaders, at all events, in England, as they have had leaders in all the papers, and actually two in the *Times*.



## THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. X.

SCENE—*A flight of steps by the lake in the grounds of the Insel Hotel, Constance. Time, late afternoon. A small boat, containing three persons, is just visible far out on the glassy grey-green water. BOB PRENDERGAST and PODBURY are perched side by side on a parapet, smoking disconsolately.*

*Podbury.* Do they look at all as if they meant to come in? I tell you what, BOB, I vote we row out to them and tell them they'll be late for table d'hôte. Eh? *[He knocks out his pipe.]*

*Prendergast (phlegmatically).* Only be late for it ourselves if we do. They'll come in when they want to.

*Podb.* It's not safe for your sister,—I'm hanged if it is—going out in a boat with a duffer like CULCHARD! He'll upset her as sure as eggs.

*Prend. (with fraternal serenity).* With pin-oars? Couldn't if he tried! And they've a man with them, too. The less I see of that chap CULCHARD the better. I did hope we'd choked him off at Nuremberg. I hate the sight of his supercilious old mug!

*Podb.* You can't hate it more than I do—but what can I do? *(Pathetically.)* I've tried rotting him, but somehow he always manages to get the best of it in the end. I never saw such a beggar to hang on!

*Prend.* What on earth made you ask him to come on here, after he declared he wouldn't?

*Podb.* I! I ask him? He settled it all with your sister. How could I help it?

*Prend.* I'd do something. Why can't you tell him right out he ain't wanted? I would—like a shot!

*Podb.* It's not so easy to tell him as you think. We haven't been on speaking terms these three days. And, after all (*feebly*) we're supposed to be travelling together, don't you know! You might drop him a hint now.

*Prend.* Don't see how I can very well—not on my own hook. Might lead to ructions with HYPATIA, too.

*Podb. (anxiously).* BOB, you—you don't think your sister really—eh?

*Prend.* HYPATIA's a rum girl—always was. She certainly don't seem to object to your friend CULCHARD. What the dickens she can see in him, I don't know!—but it's no use my putting my oar in. She'd only jump on me, y'know!

*Podb. (rising).* Then I must. If that's what he's really after, I think I can stop his little game. I'll try, at any rate. It's a long worm that has no turning, and I've had about enough of it. The first chance I get, I'll go for him.

*Prend.* Good luck to you, old chap. There, they're coming in now. We'd better go in and change, eh? We've none too much time.

*[They go in.]*

*In the Lese-zimmer, a small gaslit room, with glazed doors opening upon the Musik-saal. Around a table piled with German and English periodicals, a mild Curate, the Wife of the English Chaplain, and two Old Maids are seated, reading and conversing. CULCHARD is on a central ottoman, conscientiously deciphering the jokes in "Fliegende Blätter." PODBURY is at the bookcase, turning over odd TAUCHNITZ volumes.*

*The Chaplain's Wife (to the Curate, a new arrival).* Oh, you will very soon get into all our little ways. The hours here are most convenient—breakfast (*table d'hôte*) with choice of eggs or fish and coffee—really admirable coffee—from eight to nine; midday dinner at one. Supper at nine. Then, if you want to write a letter, the post for England goes out at—(&c., &c.) And on Sundays, eleven o'clock service (Evangelical, of course!) at the—(&c., &c.) My husband—(&c., &c.)

*First Old Maid (looking up from a four days old "Telegraph").* I see they are still continuing that very interesting correspondence on "Our Children's Mouths—and are they widening?" One letter attributes it to the habit of thumb-sucking in infancy—which certainly ought to be checked. Now I never would allow any—

*The Chaplain's Wife.* Nor I. But corals are quite as bad. Only this afternoon I was telling a Lady in this hotel that her little boy would be much happier with a rubber ring. You get them at a shop in the Hoch-strasse I can take you to it at any time, or if you like to mention my name—(&c., &c.)

*Second O. M.* One correspondent thought the practice of eating soup with table-spoons tended to enlarge the mouth. I really believe there may be something in it. *[A pause.]*

*The Curate.* The weather we have been having seems to have

materially affected the harvest prospects at home; they say there will be little or no fodder for the cattle this year. I saw somewhere—I forget where it was exactly—a suggestion to feed cows on chickweed.

*Podb. (at the bookcase).* Capital thing for them too, Sir. Know a man who never gives his cattle anything else.

*The Curate.* Oh, really? And does he find the experiment answer?

*Podb.* They take to it like birds. And—curious thing—after he'd tried it a month, all the cows turned yellow and went about chirping and twittering and hopping. Fact, I assure you!

*The Curate.* Dear me—I should scarcely have—

*[He gradually comes to the conclusion that he is being trifled with, and after a few moments of uncomfortable silence, gets up and quits the room with dignity.]*

*Podb. (to himself).* One of 'em gone! Now if I can only clear these old tabbies out, I can tackle CULCHARD. (*Aloud, to Chaplain's Wife.*) You don't happen to know if there's a good doctor here, I suppose? A lady was saying in the Musik-saal—the lady with the three daughters who came this afternoon—that she was afraid they were in for bad feverish colds or something, and asking who there was to call in.

*The C.'s W.* Oh, I've no belief in foreign doctors. I always find a few drops of aconite or pulsatilla,—I have my homœopathic case with me now. Perhaps, if I went and had a talk with her I could—*[She goes out energetically.]*

*Podb.* Another gone! (*To the Old Maids.*) So you ain't going down to the Cloisters to-night? I'm told there's to be some fun there—Hide-and-seek, or something—first-rate place for it, especially now the moon's up!

*First Old Maid.* Nobody told us a word about it. Hide-and-seek—and in those quaint old Cloisters too—it sounds delightful! What do you say, TABITHA. Shall we just—? Only to look on, you know. We needn't play, unless—

*[The Two Old Maids withdraw in a pleased flutter. PODBURY crosses to CULCHARD.]*

*Podb. (with determination).* Look here, CULCHARD, I'd just like to know what you mean by the way you're going on.

*Culch.* I thought we were both agreed that discussions of this kind—

*Podb.* It's all bosh our travelling together if we're not to have any discussions. You've been on the sulk long enough. And I'll thank you to inform me what you're after here, going about alone with Miss PRENDERGAST like this, in the Museum with her all the morning, and on the lake again this afternoon,—it won't do, you know!

*Culch.* If she happens to prefer my society to yours and her brother's, I presume you have no claim to interfere.

*Podb.* I don't know about that. How about Miss TROTTER?

*Culch.* If I remember rightly, you yourself were not insensible to Miss TROTTER's—er—attractions?

*Podb.* Perhaps not; but I am not engaged to her—you are. You told me so in the train.

*Culch.* You entirely misunderstood me. There was no definite understanding between us—nothing of the sort or kind. In fact, it was merely a passing caprice. Since I have had the privilege of knowing Miss PRENDERGAST, I see clearly—

*Podb.* Then you mean to propose to her, eh?

*Culch.* That is certainly my intention; have you any objection to offer?

*Podb.* Only that I mean to propose too. I daresay my chances are as good as yours—even now.

*Culch.* I doubt it, my dear fellow; however, don't let me discourage you.

*Podb.* I don't intend to. (*The figure of Miss PRENDERGAST is seen to pass the glazed doors, and move slowly across the Musik-saal; both rush to the door, and look after her.*) She's gone out into the balcony. Jove, I'll go, too, and get it over!

*Culch.* I should not advise you to do so. It is possible she may have gone there with the—er—expectation of being joined by—by somebody else. *[He smiles complacently.]*

*Podb.* You mean she gave you a rendezvous there? I don't believe it!

*Culch.* I did not say so. But I am not prepared to deny that I have been waiting here with some such expectation.

*Podb. (holding the door).* If you go, I go too—that's all.

*Culch.* Don't be absurd. You will only be *de trop*, I assure you.

*Podb.* De trop or not, I mean going—she shall choose between us.

*Culch. (turning pale).* I suppose you intend to enlighten her as to my—er—little flirtation (before I knew her) with Miss TROTTER? Do it, PODBURY, do it—if you think you'll gain any good by it!





*Podb.* Telling tales is not exactly in my line. But you don't go on that balcony without me—that's all.

*Culeh.* Well, listen to reason, my dear fellow. What you propose is ridiculous. I—I don't mind conceding this: we'll each go, and—er—tit up, as you call it, which goes first.

*Podb.* Done with you! (*Produces a mark.*) Sudden death. You're Eagle—I'm the other Johnny (*Tosses.*) Eagle! Confound you! But I mean to have my innings all the same.

*Culeh.* You're perfectly welcome—when I've had mine. I'll—er—wish you good evening.

[*He stalks out triumphantly. PODBURY places himself in a position from which he can command a view of the Musiksaal, over the top of "über Land und Meer," and awaits results.*]

## STORICULES.

### VI.—BUDWELL'S REVENGE.

My friend, THOMAS GIDLING, is something indefinite and authoritative in the Post Office. He is a practical man. He can do fret-work, cook a steak, clean boots, find out what's wrong with the gas, and understand Waterloo Station; in an emergency he is invaluable. This is just as well, because destiny has decided that the life of THOMAS GIDLING shall be a series of emergencies. He has comfortable bachelor quarters at the very top of Parkington Chambers, which are situated in Bloomsbury.

One night last winter I had been dining with GIDLING at his Club; after dinner he proposed that we should go round to his flat for a talk and a smoke. GIDLING, being practical, can make coffee, which is a thing that they cannot do at GIDLING's Club, nor, indeed, at many others. So I consented.

We had climbed painfully to the top of Parkington Chambers, and had just got inside GIDLING's outer door, when we noticed a very

marked and curious smell. "There's something wrong about this," remarked GIDLING, severely. I agreed with him, adding, out of a nervous politeness, from which I suffer sometimes, that I rather liked the smell. "Then you're an idiot," said GIDLING, who never suffers from politeness at all. He opened the door of his sitting-room, and then we saw at once what was the matter. The lower part of the chimney was on fire; the fire-place was covered with glowing masses of soot which had fallen. "HANKIN's had another nasty touch of that in-

fluenza," remarked GIDLING. HANKIN is GIDLING's servant, and at regular intervals becomes incapacitated for work. HANKIN himself says that it is influenza, and speaks of "another of them relapses;" GIDLING thinks that it is as a rule intoxication. As a matter of fact HANKIN would not be a bad servant if his zeal was distributed over him rather more evenly. It is always either excessive or defective. It comes out in lumps. In neglecting to have the chimney swept HANKIN had shown defect; in the way that he had piled up the fire he had shown excess. In subsequently absenting himself from the flat he had shown a certain amount of wisdom, for GIDLING was rather angry.

"Not but what I can put it all right," said GIDLING. "I'm a practical man. Fire Brigade? I thought you'd suggest a few fire brigades. No, not exactly. I'll show you how to stop a thing of this kind." He went into his bed-room, and returned with the water-jug. An iron ladder from the main staircase led through a trap-door in the roof. GIDLING went up this ladder with the water-jug, while I waited to see the result in the sitting-room. I could hear him walking about on the roof, and I looked out for a deluge of water to descend down the chimney into the fire-place. But no deluge came. Presently GIDLING descended and entered the room with the empty water-jug.

"Did it splash much?" he asked.

"No, there was no water came down at all."

"Oh? Then I've emptied this water-jug down the wrong chimney. We'd better clear out of this."

At this juncture HANKIN returned, and GIDLING said a good deal to him. HANKIN was left to put out the fire, and we went back again to the Club. GIDLING seemed rather annoyed with me for laughing about his mistake.

"It's a deuced awkward thing," he said. "That water went down somebody's chimney, and it's put somebody's fire out. That means unpleasantness, you know, if he or she finds out who did it."

"Who live in the flats below yours?" I asked.

"An Art-student and her mother in the flat below mine—they are really most charming people, and I hope to goodness it wasn't their chimney that I poured the water down. I'm on rather friendly terms with them. Then on the first floor there's BUDWELL. He's a conceited affected ape. I only hope it was he who got the benefit of that water-jug. It's rather amusing, you know. BUDWELL's very much in love with Miss VANE (that's the Art-student), and she loathes him—at least I believe so. Poor beggar!" GIDLING laughed, sarcastically. "Yes, I hope that was BUDWELL's chimney, not the other."

It turned out afterwards that it *was* BUDWELL's chimney, and he found out that it was GIDLING who had done the deed. So BUDWELL determined on revenge. He climbed up on to the roof with a large bath-can of water, intending to empty it down GIDLING's chimney. Chimneys ought to be labelled. The whole of the contents of that can descended into Mrs. VANE's fireplace. BUDWELL called and apologised, but it was of no use. They considered it mean of BUDWELL to take revenge for what was only a mistake on GIDLING's part; and they were not very well pleased at having their own fire put out. "A chimney's not the place for a cataract, you know, Mr. BUDWELL," said Miss VANE.

BUDWELL went back to his own flat and brooded over his misfortunes. He had now grown still more angry with GIDLING, which was irrational of him; and he determined to take a still fiercer revenge. Late at night he conveyed the bath-can and several jugs, all full of water, on to the roof. There was no fear of his selecting Mrs. VANE's chimney by mistake this time. One by one he emptied the jugs and the water-can, and then descended to his own flat, fiendishly triumphant, as he thought of the havoc he must have made in GIDLING's fire-place.

But when he got to his own flat, he found that he had emptied all that water down his own chimney.

After that he gave up his revenges, together with his affections and his apartments. But GIDLING tells the story with considerable unctious; the facts of it were partly derived from BUDWELL's servant and partly from Miss VANE—with whom GIDLING is beginning to be on more than friendly terms.

## INTERNATIONAL NURSERY-TALE CONGRESS.

THE Chair was taken by Mr. JOHN HORNER, P.R.I.N.T.C., lineal descendant of the celebrated "Jack" of that ilk.

The President said he had no desire to waste the meeting's valuable time. He would at once address himself (and the company present) to the myth, if myth it could be called, which had immortalised his own name. Need he say he alluded to the legend of "Little Jack Horner"? (*Cheers.*) Some commentators are of opinion that "HORNER" was a typographical error for "HOMER." But the prefix and the epithet combined to militate against this ingenious and plausible, but specious, theory. "HOMER" was not in any sense "Little," nor was his Pagan name "JACK." Again, "Corner," in the second line, could not in any language have ever rhymed with "HOMER." He knew that "Cromer" furnished them

with a rhyme for "HOMER;" but if this were accepted, what became of the ancient Greek, of the Syrian, of the Phœnician, of the Nimrodic legends, nay, of the very *Iliad* itself, if "HOMER" were a native of "Cromer"? (*Loud and prolonged cheers.*) No! "Jack Horner," or, as it was originally written, "Jakorna," was of Scandinavian origin, and it was in all probability a mythic myth—No, beg pardon, he should say a rhythmic myth (*Cheers*) sung by a wandering Sam Oar Troupe on their visiting Egypt and the Provinces before the time of the Celtic-Phœnician O'SIRIS, or at least before the reign of RAMESSES THE FIRST, ancestor of the great Scotch RAMSEY family—(*Cheers*)—at one of the social entertainments given on a non-hunting day by that eminent sportsman NIMROD. Then came the question of where was "the corner" in which Jakorna secluded himself? Of course, Christmas, as differentiating this pie from all others, was a modern substitution. The original word was probably "Kosmik." The lecture was still proceeding when our Reporter left, the dryness of the subject having unfortunately affected his throat.)







## A CONNOISSEUR.

*Sir Pompey Bedell* "THIS BOTTLE OF ROMANÉE-CONTI SEEMS RATHER CLOUDY, BROWN! IT OUGHT TO BE ALL RIGHT. I KNOW IT STANDS ME IN TWELVE GUINEAS A DOZEN!"

*The New Butler.* "THERE CERTAINLY HIS SOME SEDIMENT, SIR POMPEY; BUT IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE WHATEVER! I TRIED A BOTTLE OF IT MYSELF THE OTHER DAY, AND FOUND IT FIRST-RATE!"

## "WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?"

[The 'tchorni narod'—the inconceivably ill-used, patient, long-suffering 'black people,' as the moujiks of White Russia are grimly denominated by their rulers—are dying by thousands, of sheer starvation, without a hand being stretched out by the 'Tchin' to rescue them from the greedy jaws of Death.]—*Daily Telegraph.*

The moujiks are remonstrating and even rebelling in consequence.]

"LITTLE FATHER," we have suffered long, and sorrowed,

We the "children" of the wonderful White Tsar,

Steadfast patience from staunch loyalty have borrowed,

Slaved for Slavdom still in Peace, and died in War;

We have borne the yoke of power, and its abuses,

We have trusted cells and shackles served their turn;

Nay, that e'en the ruthless knout had noble uses;

Now we starve—and think—and burn.

"Little Father," is your power then so paternal As in pious proclamation is set forth?

If the round earth bears a brand of the infernal, [North?]

Does the trail of it not taint our native Ay, we love it as in truth we've ever loved it,

Our devotion, poorly paid, is firm and strong;

Have our little pitied miseries not proved it, And our weary tale of wrong?

"Little Father," we are hungering now, neglected,

While the foreigner shouts praises in our ports;

We are honoured, say your scribes, loved, feared, respected,

The proud Frank, we fought for you, your friendship courts.

The golden price of it you hug most gladly.

Well, that price, what is its destined end and aim?

The indulgence of ambitions cherished madly? The pursuit of warrior fame?

Your realm is ever widening, Tsar, and lengthening,

Though its peoples—your dear children—prosper not;

Railways stretching, boundaries creeping, legions strengthening!

And the end, O Tsar, is—where?—the purpose—what?

The Afghan, Tartar, Turk feel your advancing,

The Persian and the Mongol hear your And an eager watchful eye is eastward glancing

Where the Lion lifts his head.

And your children, "Little Father"? They are lying

In their thousands at your threshold, waiting death.

Gold you gather whilst your foodless thralls are dying!

Is appeal, oh Great White Tsar, but wasted breath?

On armaments aggressive are you spending What might solace the "black people" midst their dead?

Of the millions the effusive Frank is lending Is there *nothing* left for bread?

## BOUILLABAISSE.

[There has been some correspondence lately about Bouillabaisse, and a writer in the *Evening News* (who misquotes THACKERAY) actually gives a recipe without oil!]

OUR THACKERAY in ancient days,

Wrote of a very famous dish,

And said in stanzas in its praise,

'Twas made of several kinds of fish.

A savoury stew it is indeed,

And he's "in comfortable case"

Who finds before him at his need

A smoking dish of Bouillabaisse.

And now folks laud that dish again,

And o'er it raise a pretty coil,

While one rash man we see with pain,

Would dare to make it minus oil.

Oh! shade of TERRE, you no doubt

Would make once more the "droll grimace,"

At such a savage, who left out

The olive oil, in Bouillabaisse.

"THOUGHT-WAVES." (By an Un-Esoteric.)

—The Theosophists talk mistily about "the concentration of mind-force on a thought-wave"—which seems only another way of saying that such minds are, at the time,

"quite at sea."





“WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?”

STARVING RUSSIAN PEASANT. “IS NONE OF THAT FOR ME, ‘LITTLE FATHER’?”







## MONEY MAKES THE MAN.

(A Fragment from a Romance dedicated by Mr. Punch to Mr. Diggle.)

"It is entirely your own fault," said the intruder, as he put another silver tea-pot in his bag.

"I don't see that at all," replied the master of the house, moving uneasily in his chair.

"Well, I have not time to argue with you," returned the other, as he held up an enamelled ship of beautiful workmanship. "Dear me, this is really very fine. I have never seen anything like it before! What is it?"

"I got it at a sale in Derbyshire. I fancy it must be something like the old Battersea enamel."

"Very fine! And solid silver, too! Well, in all my experience, and I have been in the profession some twenty years, I have seen nothing like it. Beautiful! Lovely!"

"If you had not tied my hands behind my back," explained the master of the house, "I could show you, by lifting that lid, you would see prettier subjects in the interior of the vessel."

"You certainly tempt me," answered the intruder, "to give you an increased facility in moving. But it is against my rules. I always work in a methodical manner, and one of my regulations is, before I open the safe, I must bind the master of the house hand and foot in an arm-chair. But what were we talking about?"

"You were saying," returned the other, with a sigh, "that it was my own fault that I find myself in this painful, this ruinous position. As a man of education I cannot see how you can advance such a proposition."

"But that's the point. I am not a man of education. I don't know how to play the piano, and can scarcely manage a free-hand sketch of a cathedral. My Greek is shaky, and I speak French and German with an accent enough to drive a linguist mad. No, no, you take my word for it—this little incident would never have happened had you behaved wisely, and like a public-spirited citizen."

"What do you mean?" asked the householder.

"Why, this, that if you had paid more to the School Board, I would have received a better education, and have never been a housebreaker. As it is, I am only making up the difference between the sum you have paid, and the sum you should have expended."

And the burglar, helping himself to another silver tea-pot, continued his lucrative work.

## THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

THE "true sphere of woman"—so HARRISON says—In effect—is the family circle. Some praise; But to geometers it strange may appear, For a "circle" is only a part of a "sphere." Since woman appeared at the wickets, some think (Though male cricketers from the conclusion may shrink), That the true "sphere" of woman must be, after all, A leathern one—typed by a new cricket-ball. Young girls think a "Ball" of another guess sort Is the sphere in which woman may find truest sport. To harmonise all these opinions, 'tis clear, Is hard; but, whatever be woman's true sphere, Whether found in the dictum of "Positive" HARRISON, And what ladies call his "degrading comparison," Or elsewhere,—this will be certainly found, If you'll let angry women alone they'll "come round."

"THE MAN FOR THE POST."—SIR JAMES FERGUSON.

## FANCY PORTRAIT.



SIR W. V. HARCOURT,  
THE "ODD FELLOW" OUT.

## TALK FOR TRAVELLERS.

["The German officials at the frontier, since the relaxation of the passport regulations, have been ordered to treat foreign passengers with every politeness."—*Daily Papers.*]

MEIN HERR, will you do us the honour to descend from the railway-carriage? It will be merely a matter of form. We need not disturb those gracious ladies, your wife and daughters.

This is the best way to the Customs. You will notice that we have swept the path that leads to the door.

Certainly, these arm-chairs are for the use of passengers. We have placed them there ourselves, and can recommend them.

Is it asking too great a favour to beg you to lend me the keys of your boxes? A hundred thousand thanks.

Your explanation is absolutely satisfactory. You are bringing these sixteen unopened boxes of cigars home for your grandmother. It is a most proper thing to do, and, under the circumstances, the duty will be remitted.

And these three hundred yards of lace of various makes and ages? An heir-loom! Indeed! Then, of course, the packet must pass duty-free.

As we have found nothing of consequence in this portmanteau of yours, it will be unnecessary to search the nineteen boxes of that gracious lady, your wife. No doubt she has obeyed your instruction not to smuggle. We are absolutely satisfied with your explanations, and are greatly

obliged to you for your kindness and condescension.

This is the way to the carriage. We have placed steps before the door, as without a platform it is difficult to ascend.

No, Mein Herr, it is utterly impossible! We are forbidden by the EMPEROR himself to accept a gratuity.

Yes, Madam, it is indeed without charge. Do not tempt us. Instant dismissal is the penalty.

Certainly, Mein Herr, you could get the same politeness before the EMPEROR issued his Imperial instructions.

But then the charge was a thaler!

## THE GREAT TWIN BRETHREN.

["I do not wish to call Mr. GLADSTONE by a name which would be both tasteless and pointless."—*Mr. A. V. Dicey's Letter to the Times.*]

TASTELESS and pointless, DICEY? Well, the time is out of joint, And you were born to set it right, though not with "taste" and "point."

We cannot all do all things, Sir, and if you save the State (As the great Twin Brethren mean to in despite of HARCOURT's hate), What does it matter, DICEY, if your letters are not quite In that style epistolary, which our fathers called "polite"?

'Tis a little too meticulous—in you—and rather late, After giving Mr. GLADSTONE such a wholesome slashing "slate." Take heart of grace, dear DICEY, and don't let Sir WILLIAM's "point" In your tough (if tasteless) armour find a vulnerable joint.

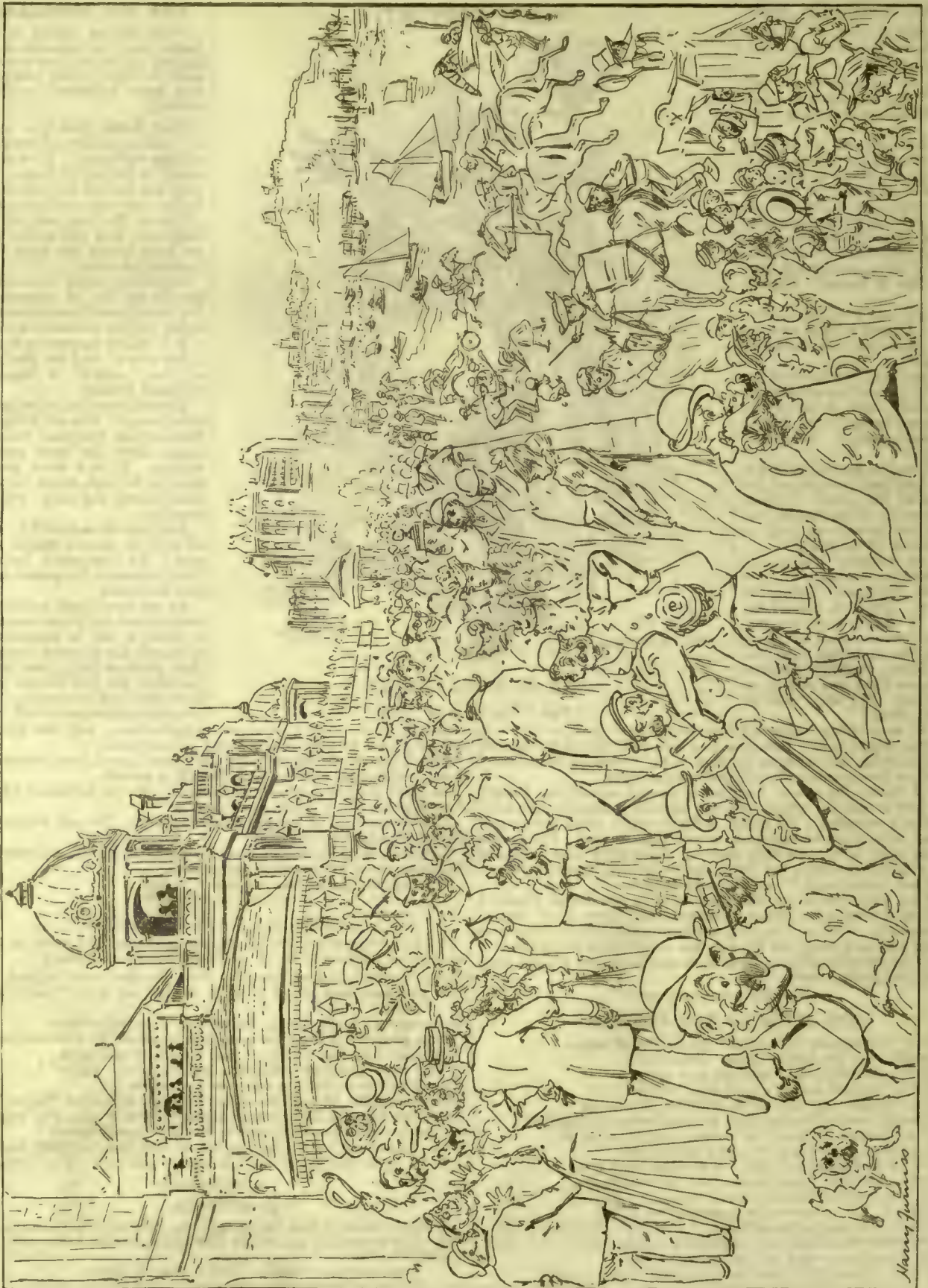
"Old Timbertoes" won't trouble, Sir, to wish that you were dead, And his taste (not point) forbids him to call you "Old Wooden-head!"

## Keep Watch!

[A Visitor fishing off Deal Pier brought up a gold watch and chain on his hook. It is supposed to be one lost by a resident, but the lucky angler has not been seen since.]

PARADOXICAL portent! Most worthy of rhyme Is this fortunate angler who tried to kill time. Fate made him the offer, and, wisely, he took'd it; He not only killed time, but he caught it,—and; "hook'd it."





MR. PUNCH VISITS SCARBOROUGH SPA.



## BOULANGER.

So high he floated, that he seemed to climb;  
The bladder blown by chance was burst by time.  
Falsely-earned fame fools bolstered at the  
urns;  
The mob which reared the god the idol burns.  
To cling one moment nigh to power's crest,  
Then, earthward flung, sink to oblivion's  
rest  
Self-sought, 'midst careless acquiescence,  
seems  
Strange fate, e'en for a thing of schemes and  
dreams;  
But CÆSAR's simulacrum, seen by day,  
Scarce envious CASCIA's self would stoop to  
slay,  
And mounting mediocrity, once o'erthrown,  
Need fear—or hope—no dagger save its own.

FROM BRIGHT TO DULL.—In an interesting article on artificial reproductions of Nature's treasures, the *Standard* remarked that "Real diamonds have been turned out of the chemist's retorts." What a brilliant chemist he must have been! Probably of Hibernian origin, as among conversational sparklers there are few on record more brilliant than "Irish Diamonds." Stay, though! If the real diamonds were "turned out of the chemist's retorts," then his retorts, without these flashes of brilliancy, must have been a trifle dull, and he is no longer the chemist we took him for. "But," to quote our KIPLING, "that is another story."

## The New Evangel.

[M. ZOLA, in his new Novel, glorifies War, and the regenerative mission of human bloodshed.]

"ZOLA on War," intensifies the "Holla!"  
Of purists who are all for "war on ZOLA!"  
Well, he whose pen is touched with tints  
from Tophet,  
Is the right man to pose as Red War's  
Prophet!

A TRIFLE FOR THE BUILDER.—"When are houses like difficulties?" And the practical man replies, "When they have to be 'faced.'"

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"RESPECTED ANDREW LANG," writes the Baron's Assistant Reader, "I have read your criticism in *Longman's Magazine* upon Mr. BARRY PAIN'S *In a Canadian Canoe*. It is an ugly piece of bludgeon work, I admit, but not convincing to anyone who has read the book of which you speak. You tear away a line or two from the context, and ask your readers to say if that is wit or humour. How your admirers would have protested had any sacrilegious critic ventured to treat one of your own immortal works in this manner. *Essays in Little*, a book which, by the way, appeared in the same series for which Mr. BARRY PAIN wrote, is a pleasant and inoffensive compilation, but even *Essays in Little* would have presented a sorry appearance if, let us say, ANDREW LANG had reviewed it in this perfunctory and extractory and arbitrary fashion. I remember that in that case the critics were respectfully enthusiastic. Even Mr. BLUDYER would have doffed his cap, I fancy, to one

Who rhymes, researches and reviews,  
Who sometimes writes like Genesis,  
And sometimes in the *Daily News*.

For, after all, you stand high in the journalistic world. Your opinion passes current in many a select circle. Not even your vagaries seem to have power to offend the worshippers to whom your



## THE RULING PASSION STRONG AT DINNER.

*Laconic Waiter (thoroughly familiar with Sporting Major's taste in Champagne). "SEVENTY-FOUR, SIR?"*

*Sporting Major (down on his luck, after a bad week at Newmarket). "SEVEN-TO-FOUR, SIR!"*  
DASH IT! WOULDN'T TAKE TEN TO ONE ABOUT ANYTHING!"

word has long been a law, whether you spoke of golf, of salmon, of folk-lore or of books. The censure of a BLUDYER (I wonder what has brought that formidable name to my mind) can do little to discourage you. But Mr. BARRY PAIN is a young writer. And yet some one remarked that *In a Canadian Canoe* was better even than *Essays in Little*, and the audacious words were actually printed in a journal to which ANDREW LANG is an occasional contributor. I myself have never dared to go so far. There is something sacred about an established reputation. And I can honestly say that I like the elegant airy trifles which your little Muse has bestowed upon us, though I confess to a weariness when the talk is too much of golf-clubs and salmon rods. And I admire your appreciation of the original work of other men. In the present case you and I disagree upon a question of taste. That is all. *Tant pis pour moi*, I hasten to add. But I disagree in good company, for I note with some amusement, that the PAIN whom you rightly praise, has a kind and encouraging word for the PAIN whom you so vehemently disparage. And in this case I will stake my all upon the eulogy of JAMES PAIN as against the censure of ANDREW LANG. As you did me the honour to refer to something I had written, I thought myself bound in politeness to reply, and am

Your obedient servant,  
AN A. R. IN THE B. DE B.-W.'S OFFICE."

## A Straight Tip to Canadian "Cross Coves."

'Tis nice "in a Canadian Canoe"  
To practise what the ribald call "canoodling;"  
But what the deuce does the Dominion do,  
"In this galley," with this new game of "boodling?"  
"Paddle your own Canoe," dear, if you will,  
But kick all "cross coves" out, and trust to honest skill.





## JOURNAL OF A ROLLING STONE.

TENTH ENTRY.

DICK FIBBINS, my more or less "learned" instructor in practical law, goes out to a good many evening parties, I find. Casually remarks that he "danced three square dances, the other night, with old DAVIS's ugly daughter, the Solor (legal slang for Solicitor), in Caraway Street." It's DAVIS himself, not the daughter, that is the Solicitor, and, it seems she introduced the gay FIBBINS to her Papa. Hence another brief, a rather complicated one, on some dispute about a mortgage.

On the morning when the case is to come into Court, DICK the Brief-hunter, who has promised to take me there, seems nervous. Yet he is still confident that, if "old PROSER" is the judge, he will "pull the thing off." It will be, apparently, a case of "Pull FIBBINS, pull PROSER."

In Court I occupy a seat just behind him, because—as he observes—I've been "grinding away at the case, and know the subject

down to the ground"—which I don't think he does. I therefore am to act as his reserves, also as his prompter, and to supply him with the names of cases which he has forgotten, and which he wishes to quote. Rather a responsible position. Should feel more confidence in result if FIBBINS had told me of this prompter arrangement before the very morning when the trial comes on.

"Old PROSER," appears to my untutored gaze to be rather a dignified occupant of the Bench. I don't know whether he cherishes any personal or professional animosity against DICK FIBBINS, but directly the latter opens his mouth to begin, PROSER seems inclined to jump down it.

"A complicated case of foreclosure?" he growls. "You needn't tell us that. All foreclosure cases are complicated. I ever saw one yet that wasn't."

FIBBINS goes along unimpeded for a minute or two, PROSER having thrown himself back with an air of resigned inattention, one of the other Judges taking furtive notes, and the third resting his elbows on his desk, and his head on his elbows, and eyeing me with a stony and meaningless stare. Can he suddenly have gone mad?

I have no time to consider this interesting point, as FIBBINS is again in difficulties about some precedent that he wants to quote, but which he has forgotten, and turns sharply round on me, saying, in a fierce whisper—

"What the doose is that case?"

I look hurriedly down on the sheet of paper on which (as I fancy) I have jotted down the authorities bearing on the subject, and reply, also in a whisper—"Cookson and Gedge."

"The Court, m' luds," FIBBINS airily proceeds, as if he were indebted entirely to his own memory for the information, "held in *Cookson and Gedge* that a mortgagor who desires to foreclose—"

"Where is the case you mention?" suddenly asks the Judge who was staring at me a moment ago. He is now engaged in first looking at my instructor suspiciously, and then at me, as if he thought that there was some horrible secret between us, which he is determined to probe to the bottom.

"Volume Six of the *Law Reports*, m' lud."

"Page?" snaps PROSER.

"Page 184, m' lud. As I was saying, the Court there held that the right to foreclose at any reasonable time is not taken away—"

This time the interruption comes from the Judge who I thought was going mad, but who now seems to be preternaturally and offensively sane.

"It would be odd," he observes, cuttingly, "if any Court had decided a point about mortgages in *Cookson versus Gedge*, because on looking at the page to which you have referred us, find that *Cookson and Gedge* was a *running-down case*!"

I glance at the paper before me in consternation; another moment,

and the horrifying fact is revealed to me that the sheet of "authorities" I have brought with me bears, not on the mortgage case now before the Court, but on that previous six-guinea matter on which I had given ROGERS & Co. my valuable opinion gratis.

I hear DICK FIBBINS, in this trying position, with the eyes of three Judges fixed on him, swearing at me under his breath in the most awful manner. But why did he depend on me? Why didn't he get up the case himself?

Deprived at one blow of most of his precedents, "shorn"—as the Breach of Promise Reports puts it—"of its usual attractions," FIBBINS's speech becomes an impotent affair. He has to quote such cases as he can remember, and as neither his memory nor his legal knowledge is great, he presents them all wrongly, and prematurely sits down. I see PROSER's wrinkled countenance illumined with an exultant smile. Just as I am moving out of Court (FIBBINS has to "move" in Court), because I am desirous of avoiding FIBBINS's wrath,—though I feel that this *fiasco* is more his fault than mine,—I hear the presiding judge (the mad one) say to the Defendant's Counsel that he need not trouble to address them. I know what that means—judgment for the Defendant!

Changing half-an-hour later to enter a Strand Restaurant, part of which, I regret to say, is also a drinking-bar, I am startled at beholding the identical form and features of FIBBINS himself. He appears flushed—has two companions with him, to whom he is talking excitedly. I hear the words—"idiot"—"jackass of a pupil"—"regular sell"—and; but no, perhaps I had better not repeat all that I *did* hear. I decide to seek refreshment elsewhere.

Over the subsequent scene in FIBBINS's Chambers I prefer to draw a veil. It is sufficient to say that I was obliged to leave FIBBINS, and thereafter received a solid half-year's instruction in the Chambers of a learned Counsel who was not a briefless impostor.

I heard afterwards that he had added the story to his fund of legal dining-out anecdotes, and had considerably amplified it. It came out in a shape which made FIBBINS a hero, myself an imbecile of a rather malicious kind, PROSER helplessly cowering under FIBBINS's wealth of arguments, and the other two Judges reduced to admiring silence. I take this opportunity of stating that if anybody "cowered" in Court on that memorable occasion, it was certainly not poor old PROSER.

## THE "DISAPPOINTMENT OF DECEMBER."

"[It is too early yet (says the *Telegraph*) to announce the title of the latest of the Laureate's plays, but this much may be said, that it is written partly in blank verse and partly in prose, that it is what is known in theatrical circles as 'a costume play,' and that the scene is laid in England. It may, however, interest sensitive dramatists to know that Lord TENNYSON is liberal enough to place the stage detail wholly in the competent hands of Mr. DALY. He does not wince if a line is cut here and there, or protest if a scene or a speech has to be supplied.]"

BEHOLD, I know not anything,—  
Except that if I write two Acts in  
verse,

And two in prose, I might do worse  
Than having a Four Act song to sing.

I leave the dress we know to-day;  
On English ground my scene I set,  
And wonder if I touch as yet,  
What we have termed a "Costume  
Play!"

If I have over-writ, and laid,  
It may be here, it may be there,  
The fat too thickly on,—with care  
To cut it down be not afraid.

But oh, if here and there I seem  
To have half-said what I should say,  
Give me the start—I'll fire away,  
And keep up the poetic steam—

Ay! keep it up in lines that run  
As glibly from the Laureate's pen,  
That I shall by my fellow men  
Be greeted with "That's TENNYSON!"

In short, it will not be easy, from such scanty information as the Noble Rhymester has as yet given to the public, to say precisely what sort of a play this promised comedy, "half in prose, half in blank verse," will prove itself to be; but it is to be hoped with *The Promise of May* still fresh in the memory of many a playgoer, that the forthcoming effort may not, after all, turn out to merit the unpromising title of *The Disappointment of December*.

A MYSTERIOUSLY MASONIC LINE.—"Oh, for a Lodge in some vast wilderness!"



A cut here and there  
will be necessary.



## THE AUTOMATIC PHYSIOGNOMIST.

SCENE—The German Exhibition, near an ingenious machine constructed to reveal the character and future of a person according to the colour of his or her hair, for the small consideration of one penny. A party of Pleasure-seekers are examining it.

First Pleasure-seeker (a sprightly young lady of the name of LOTTIE). "Put in a penny and get a summary of your character from the colour of your 'air." I wonder what they'll 'ave next!

Second Pl.-s. (her admirer, a porridge-faced young man with pink eyelids and flaming hair, addressed as 'ECTOR by his intimates). Ah, it's surprising how far they've got, it really is. And beginning with butter-scotch, too!



Aunt Maria. Come on, do—you don't want to waste no more time over that rubbish!

Fourth Pl.-s. (a lanky youth, with pale hair and a receding chin, to his fiancée). Hadn't we better be making a move if we're going to 'ear the band, CARRIE?

CARRIE. I shall move on when I like, without your leave, FREDDY; so make no mistake.

FREDDY. Oh, I'm in no 'urry. I only thought your 'Air was getting—but don't mind me. [CARRIE does not mind him.]

Dolph. (the funny man of the party).

'Old on a bit! I've got some coppers. I'm going to sample this concern. I'll put in for all of you—it's my treat, this is. We'll begin with Aunt MARIA. What colour do you call your 'air now? I don't see any slot marked "cawfy-colour."

Aunt Maria. Never you mind what colour my 'air is—it's a pity you can't find a better use for your pennies.

Dolph. (inserting a penny in a slot marked "Light Brown"). 'Ere goes, the oracle's working. (The machine emits a coloured card.) Listen to what it says about Aunt MARIA. She is—"tender-'arted." Jest what I've always said of her! "A little 'asty in her temper"—'ullo, must be a 'itch in the machinery, there!—"neither obstinate nor 'aughty"—(A snort from Aunt MARIA at this)—"her inclination to love never unreasonable." 'Ow like her! "Frolicsome, inclined to flirt and sometimes mischievous." You giddy little thing! Up to all your little tricks, this machine is! "Fertile in imagination, domesticated, thoughtful and persevering"—There's Aunt MARIA for yer!

General Chorus. Good old Aunt MARIA!

Dolph. There's a prophecy on blue paper from Napoleon's Book of Fate, gratis. (Reads.) "Thy 'oroscope forewarns thee of a loss if thou lendest thy money." Just when I was going to borrow arf-a-crown off of her too!

Aunt Maria. Ah, I didn't want no machine for that. 'Ow you can patronise such rubbish, I don't know! Tellin' characters by the colour of your 'air, indeed—it's told mine all wrong, anyhow!

Dolph. Well, you see, your 'air's so natural it would deceive any machine!

[Movement on part of Aunt MARIA.]

Lottie. Put in for 'ECTOR next, DOLPH, do. I want to hear what it says about him.

Dolph. They don't keep his colour in stock—afraid o' losing their insurance policy. "Red or oburn's" the nearest they can get to it. (He puts in a penny in the "Red" slot.) Here's old 'ECTOR. (Reads.) "The Gentleman with long red hair is of a restless disposition, constantly roving." Keep your eye on him, LOTTIE! "Impatient and fiery in temper"—'Old 'im, two of yer?—"but for all that, is kind and loving." You needn't 'old him—it's all right. "He is passionately fond of the fair sex." What all of 'em, 'ECTOR? I'm ashamed of yer! "He is inclined to timidity"—'Oo'd ha' thought it?—"but by reflection may correct it and pass for a man of courage." You start reflecting at once, old chap!

'ECTOR (ominously, to LOTTIE). If DOLPH don't mind what he's about, he'll go too far some day!

[He breathes hard, then thinks better of it.]

Dolph. Now it's CARRIE's turn. "Leave you out?" Couldn't think of it. Brown 'air, CARRIE's is. (He puts in a penny.) "A Lady with 'air of a medium brown colour, long and smooth"—Is your 'air long though, CARRIE?

CARRIE (with pride). I should hope so—I can set on it.

Dolph. That's nothing! So can Aunt MARIA set on hers' (With a glance at that Lady's very candid "front.") Can't you, Auntie, eh? If you make an effort?

Aunt Maria (with dignity). I'll thank you to 'ave the goodness to drop your saucer, Mr. ADOLPHUS GAGES; it's out of place and not appreciated, I can assure you! [She walks away.]

Dolph. (surprised). Why, there's Aunt MARIA got the 'ump—for a little thing like that! Let me finish with CARRIE. (Reads.) "She is of an intellectual turn of mind." ("Ear, 'ear!" from FREDDY.) "Very fond of reading." Takes in Sloper's 'Alf' 'Oiday regular! "Steadfast in her engagements." 'Ulllo, CARRIE!

CARRIE (firing up). Well, have you anything to say against that? You'd better take care, Mr. GAGES!

Dolph. I was only thinking. Sure you haven't been squaring this machine? Ah, it tells you some 'ome truths here—"Although inquisitive and fond of prying into the secrets of others—" Now however did it know that?

CARRIE. It isn't there—you're making it up!

[She snatches the card, reads it, and tears it up.]

Dolph. Temper—temper! Never mind. Now we'll try FREDDY. What's his shade of 'air? I should say about the colour of spoilt 'ay, if I was asked.

CARRIE (with temper). You're not asked, so you needn't give your opinion!

Dolph. Well, keep your 'air on, my dear girl, and we'll call FREDDY's "Fair." (Reading card.) "A gentleman with this colour of hair will be assiduous in his occupation—"

CARRIE (warmly). What a shame! I'm sure he isn't. Are you, FREDDY?

[FREDDY smiles vaguely.]

Dolph. "Not given to rambling,"—Except in his 'ed,—"very moderate in his amorous wishes, his mind much given to reflection, inclined to be 'asty-tempered, and, when aroused,"—"Ere, somebody, rouse FREDDY, quick!—"to use adjectives." Mustn't use 'em 'ere, FREDDY! "But if reasonably dealt with, is soon appeased." Pat his 'ed, CARRIE, will yer? "Has plenty of bantering humour." (Here FREDDY grins feebly.) Don't he look it too! "Should study his diet." That means his grub, and he works 'ard enough at that! "He has a combination of good commercial talents, which, if directed according to the reflection of the sentiments, will make him tolerably well off in this world's goods."

CARRIE (puzzled). What's it torking about now?

Dolph. Oh, it on'y means he's likely to do well in the cat's-meat line. Now for your fortune, FREDDY. "It will be through marriage that your future will be brightened."

CARRIE (pleased). Lor, FREDDY, think o' that!

Dolph. Think twice of it, FREDDY, my boy. Now we'll be off and get a drink.

CARRIE. Wait. We haven't got your character yet, Mr. GAGES!

Dolph. Oh, mine—they couldn't give that for a penny. Too good, yer know!

CARRIE. If they haven't got it, it's more likely they're afraid it would break the machine. I'm going to put in for you under "Black." (She does.) Here we are. (Reads.) "The gentleman will be much given to liquor." Found out first time, you see, Mr. GAGES!

Dolph. (annoyed). Come, no personalities now. Drop all that!

CARRIE. "Somewhat quarrelsome and of an unsettled temper; more decorous and less attentive in his undertakings, and consequently meets with many disappointments. Such gentlemen"—now you listen to this, Mr. GAGES!—"will now know their weaknesses, which should induce them to take steps to improve themselves." ("Ear, 'ear!" from the rest of the party.) "Knowledge is power, and enables us to overcome many obstacles we otherwise should have fallen prey to." This is your fortune. "Thou art warned to be careful what thou drinkest!" Well, they do seem to know you, I must say!

Dolph. (in a white rage). I tell you what it is, Miss CARRIE BICKERTON, you appear to me to be turning a 'armless joke into a mejium for making nasty spiteful insinuations, and I, for one, am not going to put up with it, whatever others may! So, not being partial to being turned into ridicule and made to look a fool in company, I'll leave you to spend the rest of the evening by yourselves, and wish you a very good-night!

[He turns majestically upon his heel and leaves the party stupefied.] 'ECTOR. (with mild regret). It do seem a pity though, so pleasant as we were together, till this come up!

FREDDY. And CARRIE's Aunt MARIA gone off in a tantrum, too. We shall have a job to find 'er now!

Lottie and CARRIE. Oh, do hold your tongues, both of you. You and your automatic machines!

'ECTOR and FREDDY. Our automatic machines! Why, we never—Lottie and CARRIE. If you say one word more, either of you, we'll go home! [FREDDY and 'ECTOR follow them meekly in search of Aunt MARIA as the Scene closes in.]

## VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

(In Fleet Street.)

OH raucous street—"Echo," whose vile rox clamantis Is, like the Salvationist's shout, heard a mile hence, I wish, how I wish,—ah! yes, that what we want is!—Some Cockney Narcissus could charm you to silence. Ah, me! no such luck; in the clear autumn twilight Your shriek on my tympanum stridently jars. "Echo" murders repose, mars the daffodil sky light; And if one thing sounds worse 'tis "the Voice of the Stars"!



JUST CAUGHT THE POST!



*Sir J-m-s F-rg-ss-n loquitor:—*

Just in time to catch the Post!  
 Pheugh! But the Pats would have "had me on toast"  
 (As 'ARRY would say in his odious slang),  
 If I had been but a little bit later.  
 Out o' breath as it is. Ah, hang  
 This hurrying business! My mouth's like a crater,  
 Dreadfully dry, and doosedly hot.  
 Rather a downer, this is, for SCOTT's lot!

Feared Mrs. Manchester *might* just say  
 (In the popular patter of my young day)  
*"It is all very well (with a wink and a jeer),  
 But you, Master FERGUSSON, don't lodge here!"*  
 All right now, though! Saved my bacon.  
 My defeat might the Cause have shaken.  
 Just in time. There! Popped it in!  
 Awfully glad it conveys a Win;  
 Although One Fifty ain't much to boast,—  
 'Twixt you and me and the (General) Post!



## William Henry Smith.

BORN, JUNE 24, 1825. DIED, OCTOBER 6, 1891.

O'ER-BUSY Death, your scythe of late seems reaping  
Swiftly our heads of State;  
The wise who hold our England's weal in keeping,  
The gentle and the great.

GRANVILLE is gone; and now another Warden  
Falls with the fading leaf,  
Leaving at Hatfield sorrow, and at Hawarden  
Scarcely less earnest grief.

All mourn the Man whose simple steadfast spirit  
Made hearty friends of all.  
Whilst manhood like to his her sons inherit  
England need fear no fall.

No high-perched, privileged and proud possessor  
Of lineal vantage he;  
Of perorating witchery no professor,  
Or casuist subtlety.

A capable, clear-headed, modest toiler,  
Touched with no egoist taint,  
To Duty sworn, the face of the Despoiler  
Made him not fear or faint.

O'erworn, o'erworked, with smiling face, though weary,  
The tedious task he plied.  
Sagacious, courteous, ever calm and cheery  
Unsoiled by spleen or pride.

As unprovocative as unpretentious,  
Skilful though seeming slow;  
Unmoved by impulse of conceit contentious  
To risk success for show.

O rare command of gifts, which, common-branded,  
Are yet so strangely rare!  
Selflessness patient, judgment even-handed  
And spirit calmly fair!

Lost to his friends their worth may now be measured  
By the strong sense of loss.  
How "OLD MORALITY'S" memory will be treasured,  
Midst faction's pitch-and-toss.

But England which has instincts above Party  
Most mourns the Man, now gone,  
Who gave to Duty an allegiance hearty  
As that of WELLINGTON.

Sure "the gaunt figure of the old Field-Marshal"  
Would his successor praise;  
As modest, as unselfish, as impartial,  
Though fallen on calmer days.

No glittering hero, but when England numbers  
Patriots of worth and pith,  
His name shall sound, who after suffering slumbers,  
Plain WILLIAM HENRY SMITH!

\* LONGFELLOW'S "The Warden of the Cinque Ports."

### A ROMANCE IN NUMBERS.

As we announced last week, the *Gentlewoman* proposes for publication "the most extraordinary novel of modern times"—a tale which is to be written chapter by chapter, week after week, by well-known writers of fiction, without consultation with their collaborateurs. We did the same thing years ago. However, as the notion is still calculated to amuse and instruct our readers, we subjoin a short story, which has been written on the same terms by the entire strength of a paper—political, sporting, and social. It will be found below.

#### WHAT? WHO? AND WHICH?

(A Joint Stock Mystery.)

*Political Writer commences.*—Yes, EUSTACE entered the House prepared to vote for the Government. He knew that Lady FLORA had counted upon his vote in support of her father, the Duke, and the other Members of the Opposition. But when did love outweigh duty? EUSTACE knew that the prosperity of the entire country depended upon his views. With the price of corn falling, with the Russian Bear on the prowl, growing nearer and nearer to our Afghan frontier, with the unsettled state of the South American Republics, he knew that only one course was open to him.



### THE ETERNAL FITNESS OF THINGS.

"I WANT A NICE TIE, FOR A WEDDING. CAN YOU RECOMMEND ME ONE?"  
"CERTAINLY, SIR. A—ER—PRINCIPAL GUEST, SIR!"

"FLORA, darling," he said to the fair girl, as he paced by her side in the Lobby, "believe me, I will do anything to help you; but what *can* I do?"

*Sporting Writer continues.*—"What can you do?" she echoed, with a hearty laugh, as she struck her riding-habit smartly with her whip; "why, tell me the horse you fancy for the Cambridgeshire!"

He thought for a moment. He knew the good points of *Bobby*, and was rather partial to *Rosina*; but nothing wrong with *Snuffbox*, the stable reports were favourable. Still, you can't always rely upon what you see, much less what you hear.

"Lady," said he, at length, "if you take my advice, you will back nothing until they go to the post."

*Continuation by French Correspondent.*—They had no further time for parley, because the mail train left for Dover within the hour. So they hurried to Victoria, and in less than eight hours were in the Capital of the World.

Ah, Paris, beautiful Paris! They enjoyed the balmy air as they drove through the awaking streets to the Grand Hotel. As they entered the courtyard they met the President.

"Is it really true that the Germans refuse to take up the Russian Loan?" asked EUSTACE of the First Frenchman in France.

"I would not say this to anyone but yourself," replied M. CARNOT, looking round to see that no one was listening; "but those who wait longest will see best!"

And with his finger to his mouth in token of discretion and silence, he disappeared. EUSTACE and his fair companion hastened to the telegraph office.

*Scientific Writer takes it up.*—They were, of course, desirous of transmitting their important despatch to head-quarters.

"You want to know upon what system the telephone is worked?" queried the operator, as he prepared a black-board, and took up a piece of chalk. They bowed acquiescence. "You must know," said he, "that if we represent the motive-power by *x*, we shall—"

*Lady Correspondent turned on.*—Before he could complete his sentence, Lady FLORA uttered a cry.

"What a charming gown! Why, it is the prettiest I have seen in my life!" and she gazed with increasing delight at the lady beneath on the boulevard. Then she began to explain the costume to her two male companions. She showed them that an under-skirt of snuff, with a waist of orange-blue, both made of some soft fluffy material (which can be obtained, by the way, at Messrs. SOWE AND SOWE), made an admirable contrast.

*Naval Correspondent puts finishing touch.*—[Please end up briskly.—ED.]—And they left Paris, and embarking on H.M.S. *Rumrod*, met a gale, and foundered. When they were picked up they were both dead.—[THE END.]



## LETTERS TO ABSTRACTIONS.

No. IV.—TO POMPOSITY.

YOUR EXCELLENCY,

How difficult it is to succeed in giving pleasure. When I addressed you recently, I honestly intended to gratify you by the adoption of a tone of easy familiarity. Surely, I thought to myself, I cannot be wrong if I address my friend POMPOSITY by his name, and speak to him in a chatty rather than in an inflated style. If I chose the latter, might he not think that I was poking fun at him by cheap parody, and manifest his displeasure by bringing a host of BULMERS about my ears? These considerations prevailed with me, and the result was the letter you received. But, *O pectora cæca!* I have learnt from an authoritative source that you are displeased. You resent, it seems, what you are pleased to term my affectation of intimacy, and you beg for a style of greater respect in any future communications. So be it. I have pondered for hours, and have eventually come to the conclusion that I shall best consult your wishes by addressing you in a manner suited to diplomatic personages of importance. I have noticed that in their official intercourse these gentlemen move on stilts of the most rigid punctilio, and I have often pictured to myself the glow of genuine pride which must suffuse the soul of an ambassador or a foreign Minister when, for the first time, he finds himself styled an Excellency. It may be of course that he knows himself to be anything rather than excellent, but he will keep that knowledge to himself, stowed away in some remote corner of his mind, and never on any account allowed to interfere with his enjoyment of the ignorant and empty compliments that others pay him.

I wish to ask you a simple question. Why do you render those who spend their lives in your service so extremely ridiculous? That may be just the fashion of your humour; but is it fair to persist as you do? There is, for instance, my old friend BENJAMIN CHUMP, little BEN CHUMP as we used to call him in the irreverent days, before his face had turned purple or his waistcoat had prevented him from catching stray glimpses of his patent-leathered toes. Little BEN was not made for the country, that was certain. A life of Clubs and dinner-parties would have suited him to perfection. In his Club he could always pose before a select and, it must be added, a dwindling circle as a man of influence. "There is no Club, however watched and tended, but one dread bore is there." BEN might have developed into a prime bore, but as he was plentifully supplied with money and had a good cook and a pleasant wife, he would always have managed to gather round him plenty of guests who would have forgiven him his elaborate platitudes, for the sake of his admirable made-dishes. Suddenly, however, he resolved to become a country gentleman. As there is no law to prevent a CHUMP from turning into a squire, BEN had not to wait very long before he was able to put his fatal resolve into execution. He purchased an Elizabethan mansion, and descended with all his airs and belongings upon the unhappy country-side which he had decided to make the scene of his rural education. Before that I used to see him constantly. After that I quite lost sight of him. Occasionally I read paragraphs in weekly papers about immense festivities due to the enterprise of the CHUMPS, and from time to time I received local papers containing long accounts of hunt breakfasts, athletic sports, the roasting of whole oxen, and other such stirring country incidents in which it appeared that the CHUMPS took a prominent part. I will do BEN the credit to say that he never omitted to mark with broad red pencil those parts which referred specially to himself, or reported any speech he may have happened to make.

Eventually that which I dreaded came about. Circumstances made it impossible for me to refuse an invitation to Carchester Manor, and on a certain evening in the first week of December I found myself a guest under the roof of the CHUMPS. The entertainment provided was, I am bound to say, magnificent. Every want that the most exacting guest could feel was supplied almost before he had expressed it, and all that gorgeous rooms, stately retainers and irreproachable cooking could do to secure our comfort was done at Carchester Manor. But CHUMP himself was on that first evening the grandest spectacle of all. He overpowered me. Like some huge Spanish galleon making her way with belling sails and majestic progress amidst a fleet of cockle-shells, so did CHUMP bear himself amidst his party. The neighbouring magnates came to meet us. Lord and Lady AGINCOURT with their charming daughter Lady MABEL POICTIERS, SIR GEORGE BUCKWHEAT and his wife, the Reverend Canon and Mrs. CATSPAW, and a host of others were there to do CHUMP honour. I thought of POLYCRATES and his ring and of

other well-known examples. Something I knew must happen to disturb this edifice of pompous grandeur. The something was not long in coming, for just after CHUMP had expatiated at immense length upon the vintages of France, after he had offered to stock the failing cellars of Lord AGINCOURT from his own, after the butler had, with due parade, placed two corks at his master's side in token of the treat that was to follow, it was discovered by little BILLY SLITZER, an impudent dog without veneration or reticence, that both the bottles of *Pontet Canet* were disgustingly corked. To my relief, but to CHUMP's discomfiture, BILLY announced his discovery. "BEN, my boy," he shouted across the table, "the moths have been at this tap of wine. I'm afraid his Lordship won't care to take it off your hands." BEN became blue with suppressed fury. The trembling butler obeyed his angry summons. "Take that stuff away," said BEN, "and drink it yourself. Bring fresh wine at once." But, alas, for wasted indignation, no more *Pontet Canet* was forthcoming, and we had to satisfy ourselves on a wine whose inferiority no flourish of trumpets could disguise.

Now there is nothing in the accident of a corked bottle that ought to crush a man. I have seen a host rise serenely after such an occurrence, and nobody dreamt of imputing it to him for wickedness. But the contrast between the magnificence of poor BEN and the deadly failure of his wine, was too great. Even Lady MABEL, a

kind girl without affectations, could not forbear a smile when the incident was narrated to her in the drawing-room, and some of the other guests, whose names I charitably refrain from mentioning, seemed quite radiant with pleasure at the misfortune of their host. CHUMP, however, was not long in recovering, and before many hours had passed, he was assuring us in the smoking-room, that he proposed to establish sport in his particular district on a broad and enduring basis. On the following morning there was a lawn-meet at the Manor, and, as I'm a living sinner, our wretched host was flung flat on his back before the eyes of all the neighbouring sportsmen and sportswomen by a fiery chestnut which he bought for £400 from a well-known dealer. What became of him during the rest of the day I know not. Indeed I shrink from continuing the story of his ridiculous humiliations, and I merely desire to remark that if this be your Excellency's manner of rewarding those who serve you, I pray that I may be for ever preserved from your patronage.

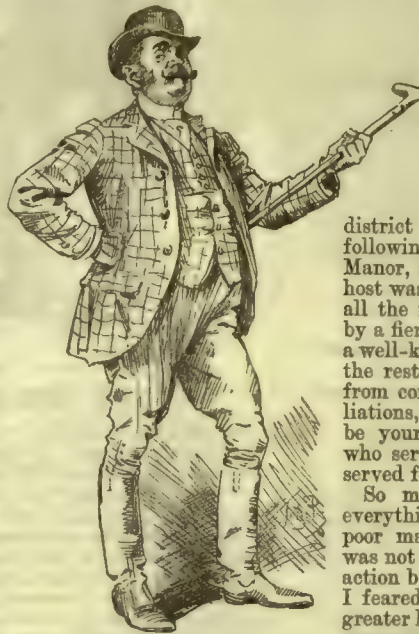
So much, then, for BENJAMIN. In spite of everything I have a sort of sneaking regard for the poor man, especially since I discovered that he was not a free agent, but was inspired in word and action by your blatant influence. Were it not that I feared to weary you, I might proceed at much greater length. I might parade before you regiment upon regiment of pompous local magnates and political nobodies all drilled and disciplined by your offensive methods, and all of them as absurd and preposterous as they can be made. But the spectacle would only move you to derision. One point, however, I must insist on. Whatever you do, don't throw JOSHUA POSER across my path again. I might do him an injury. We were at College together, he being my senior by a year. Even then he always assumed a condescension towards me, an air as of one who temporarily stepped down from a pedestal to mingle with common grovellers. He became a personage in the City, a Chairman and a Director of Companies, and I lost sight of him. Yesterday I met him, and he was good enough to address me. "Yes, yes," he observed, "I remember you well. I have read some of your contributions to periodical literature, and I can honestly say I was pleased; yes, I was pleased. Of course the work is unequal, and I marked one or two passages that might have been omitted with advantage. For instance, the discussion between the vicar and the family doctor is not quite in the most refined taste, but there is distinct promise even in that. By the way, why don't you write in *The New Congeries*? Your style would suit it. I always take that paper in, and find it very much appreciated in the pantry. The butler reads it, when we have done with it, and passes it on to the footman. It keeps them out of mischief. Now take my advice, and contribute to that." I humbly murmured my thanks to this intolerable person, and left him. As I turned away I half thought I heard the sound of your Excellency's bellows in the neighbourhood of POSER. Was I wrong?

I remain (merely in an epistolary sense),

Your Excellency's humble servant,

DIOGENES ROBINSON.

APPROPRIATE TITLE FOR MR. ANDREW LANG.—The Folk-Loreate.





## "AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM!"

(A Pendant to Mr. William Watson's "The Key-Board.")

FIVE-and thirty black slaves,  
Half-a-hundred white,  
All their duty but to make  
Shindy day and night,  
Now with throats of thunder,  
Now with clattering lips,  
While she thumps them cruelly  
With stretched finger-tips.

When she quits the chamber  
All the slaves are dumb,  
Dumb with rapture, till the Minx  
Back shall come to strum,  
Dumb the throats of thunder,  
Hushed chromatic skips,  
Lacking all the torturing  
Of strained finger-tips.

Dusky slaves and pallid,  
Ebon slaves and white, [stool  
When Minx mounts her music-  
Neighbours fly with fright.  
Ah, the bass's thunder!  
Oh, the treble's trips!  
Eugh, the horrid tyrannies  
Of corned finger-tips!

Silent, silent, silent,  
All your janglings now;  
Notes false-chorded, slithering  
Pedal-aided row! [slaps,  
Where is Minx, we wonder?  
Ah! those scrambling skips!  
Back she's come to torture us  
With her finger-tips!

## CHARLEMAGNE AND I.

*Aix-la-Chapelle, Monday.*—CHARLEMAGNE was doubtless well advised in selecting this town for his residence. However that be, it is not a matter for us to dogmatise about. I have heard a lamented friend, suddenly and all too soon lost, say there are few things more regrettable than the tendency of the present age to review the actions of great men, not lost but gone before, and to pass judgment upon them without having enjoyed the opportunity of hearing what they might have to say in justification or palliation of the proceedings challenged.

That is true and tersely put. Still I may observe that if C. lived at this period and had his choice, say between Aix-la-Chapelle and Homburg or Aix-les-Bains, it is doubtful whether he would have built his cathedral here. Unlike the two latter watering-places, Aix-la-Chapelle has other fish to boil besides the invalids who come hither attracted by the fame of its hot springs. It is a manufacturing town, and has all the characteristics of one. At Homburg or Aix-les-Bains you walk up a street, turn a corner and find yourself among pine-trees, or in a smiling valley with a blue lake blinking at the sun. Here the baths are in the centre of the town, and, like a certain stalling, you feel you "can't get out."

But invalids musn't be choosers, and if RUSTEM ROOSE sends you to Aix-la-Chapelle—he's always sending somebody somewhere—to la-Chapelle you must carry your Aix, in the hope that you may leave them there.

"I wonder," said the Member for SARK, who as usual is grumbling round, "if the local female population was less unlovely in CHARLEMAGNE's time? Probably, since he married with a frequency not excelled by our HENRY VIII. But what was HILDEGARDE like—HILDEGARDE, his favourite spouse? If she in any way resembled the women who throng the streets of Aix-la-Chapelle to-day, C.'s lot was not a happy one. Never in any city, in either hemisphere, have I suffered such a nightmare of ugly ill-dressed women as is here found."

That is a most unfair and unjustifiable remark to make. Brimstone evidently does not agree with SARK who is more disagreeable than ever. The only thing that has touched his stony nature since he came to Aix is the unselfish devotion of the local aristocracy to the interests of the town. Visitors mustering in the Elisengarten for their morning cups, notice the group of musicians in the orchestra by the entrance-gate. Every man wears a top-hat, the only head-gear of the kind seen in Aix. SARK, attracted by this peculiarity, made inquiries, and learned from an intelligent native that these are nobles in disguise, who, desirous of contributing to the common weal, turn out at seven every morning to play the band. They are willing to sink all social distinctions, save that they will wear the cylindrical hat of civilisation. Not comfortable, especially in wet weather; but it adds an air of distinction to the group.

"Very nice of them," SARK grudgingly admits; "but"—he must have the compensation of a sneer—"imagine our House of Lords forming themselves into groups to play the band in Palace Yard, with HALSBURY wielding the mace by way of *bâton*! They'd never do it, TOBY, even in top-hats. Germany's miles ahead of us in this matter."

Sorry to find Squire of MALWOOD, who spent a morning here on his way to Wiesbaden, agreeing in SARK's view of the standard of female beauty at Aix.

"Strange," he mused, "that Nature never makes an ugly flower or tree or blade of grass; and yet, when it comes to men and women, behold!" and he swept a massive arm round the blighted scene in the crowded Kaiserplatz.

A small boy who thought the beneficent stranger in blue serge was chucking pennings about the Square, careered wildly round in search of the treasure. We walked on without undecieving him. To quote again from an old friend: "There is nothing more conducive

to the production and maintenance of a healthy mind in a sound body than enterprise and industry, even when, owing to misapprehension or miscalculation, their exercise leads to no immediate reward."

It had been quite a surprise one morning to find the SQUIRE striding into the coffee-room at "Nuellens."

"Thought you were down at Malwood," I said, "looking after your flocks and herds, your brocoli and your spring onions."

"So I had hoped to be," he said, as we strolled up and down under the trees in the Elisengarten. "But the fact is, TOBY, dear boy, I could not stand the weather. I am of a sensitive nature, and it cut

me to the heart to see cold winds nipping the fruit and trees, the flood of rain beating down the corn, the oats, and the mangel-wurzel.

People make a mistake about me. They regard me as an ambitious politician, caring for nothing but the House of Commons and the world of politics. At heart I am an agriculturist. Give me three acres and a cow—anybody's, I don't care—and I will settle down in peace and quietness, remote from political strife, never turning an ear to listen to the roll of battle at Westminster. I am often distraught between the attractions of interludes in the lives of CINCINNATUS and of WILLIAM OF ORANGE's great Minister. Of the two I think I am more drawn towards the rose-garden at Sheen than by CINCINNATUS's unploughed land. Before I die I should like to create a new rose and call it 'The Grand Old Man.'"

Quite a revelation this of the true inwardness of the SQUIRE. Would astonish some people in London, I fancy, if ever I were to mention this conversation. But, to quote once more from a revered authority: "We all live a dual life, and are not actually that which, upon cursory regard, the passer-by believes us to be. Every gentleman, in whatever part of the House he may sit, has a skeleton in the cupboard of his valet."

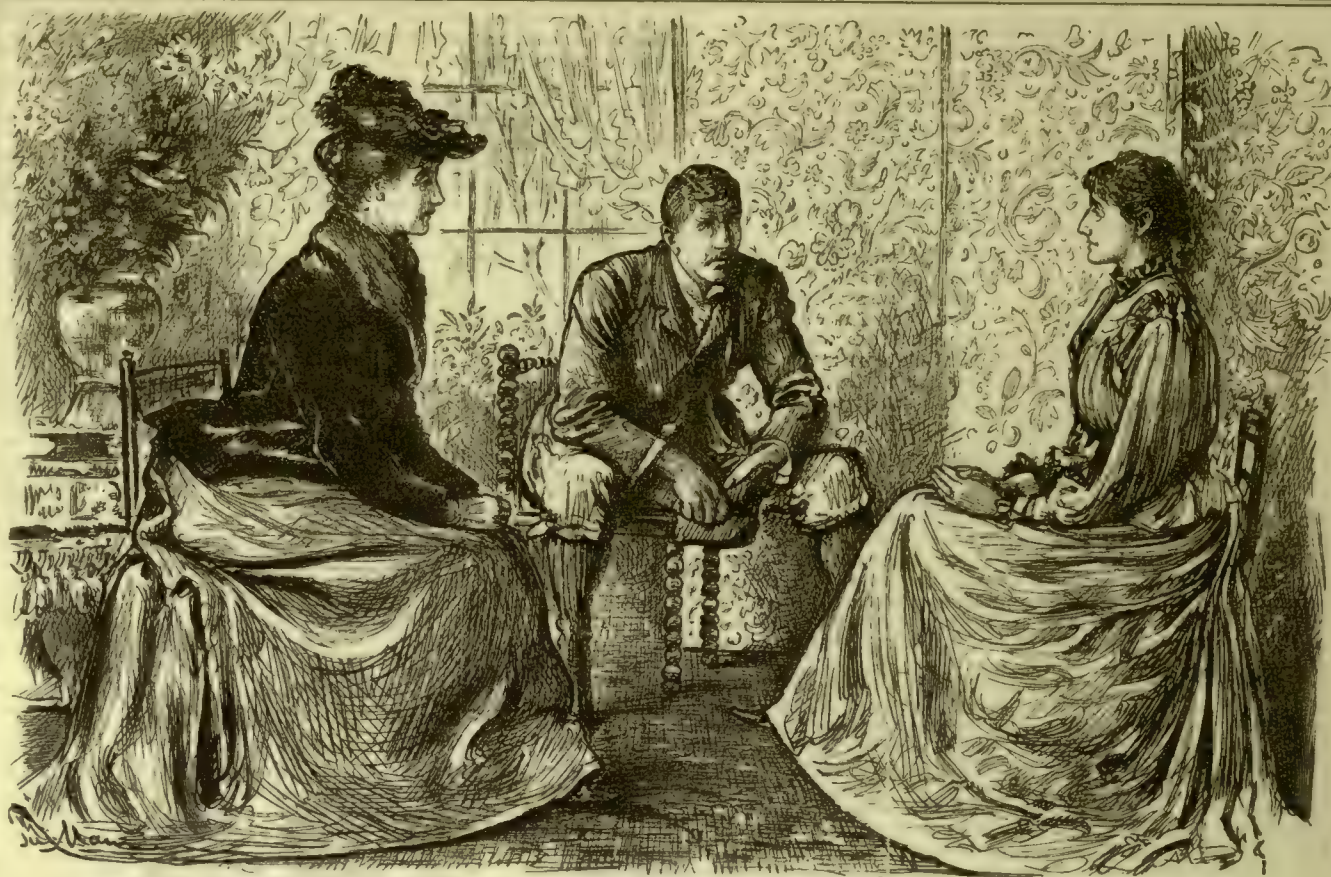
The SQUIRE stayed here only a morning, passing on to other scenes. I watched his departure with mingled feelings; sorrow at losing a delightful companion, and apprehension of what might happen if he were to remain here to go through the full cure. The place is, as SARK says, the most brimstonery on the same level. You breathe brimstone, drink it, bathe in it, and take it in at the pores. At the end of three weeks or a month you are dangerously saturated with the chemical. An ordinary lucifer match is nothing to a full-bodied patient at the end of three weeks treatment at Aix-la-Chapelle. If the SQUIRE had stayed on, I should never have seen his towering frame pass underneath a doorway without my heart leaping to my mouth. Some day he would have accidentally struck his head against the lintel and would have ignited as sure as a gun.

If CHARLEMAGNE were now alive, I feel certain from what I know of him, he would have exhausted the resources of civilisation in search of a preventive of this ever-present and dangerous risk. Under CAROLO MAGNO the patient might have gone about the streets of Aix-la-Chapelle with sweet carelessness, knowing that, however much brimstone he carried, he would strike only on the box.



Ask why was made the gem so small  
And why so huge the granite?  
Because 'twas meant that men should set  
The larger value on it.





### OUR COMPATRIOTS ABROAD.

"AND HOW DID YOU LIKE SWITZERLAND?"

"OH, IMMENSELY! IT WAS OUR FIRST VISIT, YOU KNOW!"

"AND DID YOU GO ON INTO ITALY?"

"WELL, NO. WE FOUND A HOTEL AT LAUSANNE WHERE THERE WAS A FIRST-RATE TENNIS-LAWN, YOU KNOW—QUITE AS GOOD AS OURS AT HOME. SO WE SPENT THE WHOLE OF OUR HOLIDAY THERE, AND PLAYED LAWN-TENNIS ALL DAY LONG!"

### FAMILY TIES.

["The journal (the *Grashdanin*) is of opinion that in making common cause with the other European Powers against China, Russia would but serve the ends of . . . England to the prejudice of her own interests, which demand that she should not jeopardise the security of her Asiatic shores, or contribute to the complete ascendancy of Great Britain in the Pacific Ocean, by arousing the antagonism of China."—*Times*.]

*Muscovite loquitur* :—

"Won't you help me bind the Dragon?" says the Briton to the Russ. Oho! ingenuous JOHNNY! I'm opposed to needless fuss, And have other fish to fry—say near the Oxus! Not a hang Do I care for what may happen on the great Yang-tse-Kiang.

I approve Non-Intervention. 'Tis your favourite doctrine, JOHN, And you stick to it so closely, and that's just why you get on. If you think that Dragon's dangerous—I hold 'tis but his play!—There's but one thing you've got to do—clear out of the brute's way.

I am sure he doesn't want you where you've stayed a deal too long; He wishes you would up and go to—well not to Hong-Kong, But the natural home of all such "Foreign Devils," in his view. Why, he's none too sweet on Me, JOHN; is it likely he'd like you?

*Grattez le Russe—et cetera.* You are mighty fond, J. B., Of quoting that stale epigram. You fancy it riles me. Not a bit of it, my Briton; Tartars have a thickish skin, And your foe and I are neighbours, nay a distant sort of kin.

The Mantchus and the Romanoffs are not exactly chums, And a Tartar insurrection, when that little trouble comes, As it may do if you press too much at Peking, well, who knows? There is always something pleasing in the quarrels of one's foes.

The Mantchus miss a many of once subject Tartar tribes Who have—gravitated Russwards. Little call for blows or bribes To make blood-relations mingle. On the Mantchus this may jar, But we've not forgotten Kuldja, and we recollect Kashgar.

Wheels within wheels, dear JOHNNY! As to missionaries, well, They are troublesome—and useful; but to put things all pell-mell On account of priests and parsons, and of quite an alien creed, That's scarce "diplomatic," JOHNNY; it is not, dear boy, indeed.

A new Tamerlane, my JOHNNY, who could stir the Tartar hordes To—say "Asiatic Concert,"—well, you know that thought affords To your talky "Only General" a quite sensational theme. But prophecy's not "business," JOHN, and CÆSAR should not dream.

Oh! the world is full of Bogies. I'm the biggest of them all In the minds of many croakers who ne'er saw the Chinese Wall, But are frightened at the spreading of my kindred—on the map; For I'm semi-Asiatic, and half Tartar, dear old chap.

Now put this and that together, think of Pamir, Turkestan, Of Persia, of the Dardanelles!—I think you'll see, old man, That though this ramping Dragon you may wish to tie and tame, A Benevolent Neutrality is rather more *my* game.

### A PLAYGOER'S "LAST WORD."

(An Echo from the Pit.)

THE Season is—has been for some time—silly, And lengthy correspondences are rife. We have, alas! to read them willy-nilly; They take a deal of pleasure out of life. To flee such evils here's an easy way— Let morning dailies idly rant or vapour, At the Lyceum go and see the play, The programme there's the finest DAILY paper.\*

\* A Correspondent, signing himself "A Knight of the Free Lists," suggests that free admissions to the Lyceum should be known, during the American Company's season, as "The Best Daily Paper."

MOTTO FOR A DEPRESSED TEETOTALLER.—"Whine and Water."





## FAMILY TIES.

JOHN BULL. "AIN'T YOU GOING TO LEND A HAND?"

RUSSIA. "WELL, I DON'T KNOW;—YOU SEE HE'S A SORT OF RELATION OF MINE!!"







## TIPLING SALLY.

*A Song of Sorrow on Zoo Sunday.*

[SALLY, the Chimpanzee (late of the Zoo), is stated to have "drunk beer daily."]

Of all the monkeys at the Zoo

There's none like Tipling SALLY.

She was the first who quenched her thirst  
Quite al-co-hol-i-cally.

A draught of beer made her not queer,  
But seemed her strength to rally.

MORTIMER GRANVILLE well might cheer  
Three cheers for Tipling SALLY.

Of all the days within the week

I chiefly favoured one day,

That was the day when children seek

The rapture called "Zoo Sunday."

For then full dress all in my best

I'd go and visit SALLY,

And see her soothe her hairy breast

So al-co-hol-i-cally!

But now no more poor SALLY's tricks

With glee fill girl or boy full;

No mug of beer her soul can cheer,

Nor glass of O-be-joyful!

We yet may see some Chimpanzee

With Drink's temptations daily,

To WILFRID'S woe; but no, ah! no!

It won't be Tipling SALLY!

## AN ESSAY IN REVIEWING.

WE are obliged to "Beginner" for the proffered contribution to our collection of Book Reviews. That is, however, a department of the paper our noble friend the BARON DE BOOK-WORMS reserves for his own pen. But as *Mr. Punch* has never been known to discourage beginners, he finds room here for the interesting contribution, which perhaps should more appropriately have been addressed to his confrère at the office of the *Athenæum*—



*Don Quixote.* By MIGUEL CERVANTES. We have conscientiously plodded through this voluminous work, which is certainly not entirely without merit.

It purports to recount the daily doings of a resident in a village of La Mancha (Spain) who, accompanied by a clownish retainer, went forth in search of adventures. He was not very happy, his day's sport being invariably rounded off by a sound drubbing, received either by himself, his Squire, or both. We wish Lord MACAULAY had lived to see the publication of this work, and had with fuller leisure relieved us of the task of reviewing it. Remembering his method of procedure as illustrated in his article on Dr. NARE'S *Memoirs of Lord Burleigh*, he would doubtless by careful enumeration have been able to show that from first to last *Don Quixote* had more ribs broken than any man has actually possessed since ADAM was privy to a diminution of their original number. He seems also to have had a perpetual renewal of teeth, keeping pace with their frequent removal by brute force. As for the number of legs and arms he had fractured, MACAULAY'S Schoolboy would have shrunk from the task of computing their aggregate.

These are blemishes upon a work that is, at least, well intentioned, and which might have been more successful had our author been inclined to give his hero credit for more acumen. When he represents *Don Quixote* as running tilt at windmills under the impression that they are armed knights, and

when he pictures him charging a flock of sheep in the belief that it is an ordered army, we think he too grossly trifles with the assumed credulity of his readers. Exaggeration is, indeed, the bane of a work that, from first page to last, bears evidence of the drawback of extreme youth on the part of the author. We have been pleased to notice some indications of humour in the conversation of *Sancho Panza*. But it is the pennyworth of sack to an intolerably large quantity of bread. What we have written has been without desire to discourage Mr. CERVANTES, whom we shall be glad to meet with again, bringing with him the fruits of unremitted practice and of maturer views of life.

## TO ARAMINTA.

(After hearing Mr. Harrison's Lecture.)

"To keep the family true, refined, affectionate, faithful, is the woman's task—a task that needs the entire energies and life of woman; and to mix up this sacred duty with the grosser occupation of politics and trade, is to unfit her for it as much as if a priest were to embark in the business of money-lender."—FREDERIC HARRISON.]



I PRITHEE, ARAMINTA, hear

What FREDERIC HARRISON has said:

Don't read for College honours, dear,

And put a towel round your head.

Don't sully what should surely be

An unstained soul, with tricks of trade;

Leave stern official work to me,

While you remain a simple maid.

Don't prate of woman's function, sweet,

Your only duty is to charm;

Leave platform spouting, as is meet,

To men; it cannot do them harm.

Your influence comes from gracious ways,

Your glory in the home doth lie;

The guardian angel of our days,

Until you bless us when we die.

Don't enter on ignoble strife

With man, 'tis yours to soar above—

To all the higher things of life,

Divine compassion, and pure love.

'Tis yours to stimulate, refine,

To win men by a kindly heart;

Not grovel with us where the sign  
Of Mammon hangs above the mart.

Thine is the task to reign supreme

Within the sacred sphere of home;

To make our life one happy dream,

Thine own as spotless as the foam.

To trade, to toil, to head the feast,

To seek the politician's gain,

Were hateful:—ay, as though the priest

Took usury within the fane!

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS owns to being easily affected by a pathetic episode. He well re-



members how years ago in the course of a discussion among literary men about books and their writers, the Baron acknowledged that in spite of his having been told how the pathos of DICKENS was all a trick, and how the sentiment of that great novelist was for the most part false, he still felt a choking sensation in his throat and a natural inclination to blow his nose strenuously whenever he re-read the death of *Little Paul*, the death of *Dora*, and some passages about *Tiny Tim*. There was no dissentient voice as to the death of *Colonel Newcome*; all admitted the recurrence of that peculiar choking sensation, read they their THACKERAY never so often. Now the Baron differs from *Josh Sedley* in, as he thinks, many respects, but he is almost as "easily moved to tears" as was that stout hero. Wherefore this preface? Well, 'tis because the Baron owns to having "snivelled," if you will, when reading a delightful story, published by MACMILLAN in one volume ("bless all good stories in one vol., clearly printed!" says the Baron, parenthetically), entitled simply, *Tim*. No relation to *Tiny Tim* already mentioned; quite another child. The Baron strongly recommends this story, and especially to Etonians past and present, as giving a life-like picture which the latter will recognise, of the career at that great public school of a fragile little chap entirely unfitted by nature for the rough and tumble of such a life. The considerate tutor, too, is no effort of imagination; he exists; and, perhaps, such an one may have always existed since the division between Collegers and Oppidans first began. The Baron in his own time, nigh forty years ago, knew an exceptional species of this rare genus; but there are plenty of witnesses to the truth of the Etonian portion of *Tim*. "Tolle, lege!" quoth the Baron, and be not ashamed if in reading the latter portion of the story you have to search for your pocket-handkerchief, and, glancing furtively around, murmur to yourself, "But soft! I am observed!" Then when unobserved, "wipe the other eye!" and thank the unknown author of *Tim*: at the same time not forgetting your guide, philosopher, and friend, THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.





DESIGN FOR THE POSTER FOR THE NEXT GERMAN EXHIBITION IN LONDON.



## A FALLEN LEADER.

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

BORN, JUNE 27TH, 1846. DIED, OCTOBER 6TH, 1891.

"The falcon-crest and plumage gone,  
Can that be haughty MARMION?"

*Sir Walter Scott.*

FALLEN! And not as leaders love to fall,  
In battle's forefront, loved and mourned by all;  
But fiercely fighting, as for his own hand,  
With the scant remnant of a broken band;  
His chieftainship, well-earned in many a fray,  
Rent from him—by himself!

None did betray  
This sinister strong fighter to his foes;  
He fell by his own action, as he rose.  
He had fought all—himself he could not fight,  
Nor rise to the clear air of patient right.  
Somewhere his strenuous soul unsoundly rang,  
When closely tested. Let the laurels hang  
About his tomb, for, with whatever fault,  
He led with valour cool a fierce assault  
Upon a frowning fortress, densely manned  
With strong outnumbering enemies. He planned  
Far-seen campaigns apparently forlorn;  
He fronted headlong hate and scourging scorn,  
Impassively persistent. But the task  
Of coldly keeping up the Stoic mask  
O'ertaxed him at the last; it fell, and lo!  
Another face was bared to friend and foe.  
Scarce to his foes will generous judgment lean—  
Foes mean as merciless, and false as mean,  
Their poisoned pens, which even softening Death,  
Which hate should hush and stifle slander's breath,  
May not deprive of venom, prodding still  
The unresponsive corse they helped to kill,  
Is an ignoble sight. Turn, turn away!  
Mean hates pursue the MARMION of our day,  
A nobler foe, like DOUGLAS, well may rue  
His fall, and sigh, "'Tis pity of him, too!"

## Motto for the Moment.

*(By a Militant Radical Candidate.)*

AN! I must trounce the Tory foe,  
And love my Toiling neighbour.  
The cry with which to fight I go  
Is "Labour and Belabour!"



"WHEN A MAN DOES NOT LOOK HIS BEST."—No. 2.

WHEN THE ROAD-CAR STOPS SUDDENLY JUST AS HE IS CAUTIOUSLY DESCENDING THE STAIRCASE!

## THE G. P. AND THE G. P. O.

*(A Dialogue strictly according to Precedent.)*

*General Public.* I am sorry to say the condition of the Postal Service is really extremely defective. The delay in the delivery of letters is most annoying. Frequently a note which should be received in the evening is not obtained until the following morning—proof of this being given by the post-marks.



*General Post Office.* Your complaint shall receive consideration.

*G. P.* You are most kind. Next, a telegram despatched from one part of London to another part, sometimes takes eight hours, and the reason given is that the counter-clerk has a discretionary power to retain telegrams until he has what he considers a sufficient supply for the messenger to take out for delivery. This naturally causes much delay and consequent inconvenience.

*G. P. O.* Your complaint shall receive consideration.

*G. P.* You are too good. Next, the carelessness at Branch Offices is extremely irritating. For instance, it is often the case that the words of telegrams have been altered and changed during transmission.

It is unnecessary to point out that such mistakes are liable to create annoyance, not to say disaster.

*G. P. O.* Your complaint shall receive consideration.

*G. P.* Very many thanks. Then, at offices where females are engaged, rudeness is very common. Would-be purchasers of postage-stamps are frequently kept waiting while the clerks chatter to one

another about matters entirely unconnected with the Department. And this habit is gaining ground in those offices in which male labour is only employed, especially in the immediate neighbourhood of St. Martin's-le-Grand itself. It is useless to call attention to this practice, as a simple denial from an official implicated is accepted by the authorities as proof (almost) positive of his or her innocence.

*G. P. O.* Your complaint shall receive consideration.

*G. P.* Again, thanks for your courtesy. But about these and many other grievances, the same stereotyped answer has invariably been received.

*G. P. O.* Your complaint shall receive consideration.

*G. P.* Exactly! That is the very answer. And it is felt that no other outcome will result from agitation. It seems utterly impossible to make the officials in charge realise their responsibility to the taxpayers.

*G. P. O.* Your complaint shall receive consideration.

*G. P.* Of course; the same parrot-cry! And it may be for years, and it be for ever, before reform is introduced. The probability is, that the present unsatisfactory condition of affairs may exist at St. Martin's-le-Grand until the hour of doom.

*G. P. O.* Your complaint shall receive consideration.

## REFLECTION BY A GENERAL READER.

I HAVE been reading books wherein  
'tis shown (civil),  
(In diction autocratic, sour, un-  
That nothing can be absolutely  
known, [evil]  
Save that the Universe is wholly  
And even this poor result is only  
plain  
To Genius—which, of course, is  
quite a rarity.

I should have thought this would  
have given it pain,  
And moved it to both modesty  
and charity; [to mock sure,  
But what surprises me (—ZOLAUS,  
Will whip me with sham-epi-  
grams would-be witty,—)  
Is that Agnostics seem so awfully  
pure, [pity,  
And Pessimists so destitute of



## ANNALS OF A WATERING-PLACE

THAT HAS "SEEN ITS DAY."

THE weather which, in Mr. DUNSTABLE'S varied experience of five-and-twenty years, he assures me, has never been so bad, having at length afforded some indications of "breaking." I make the acquaintance, through Mrs. COBBLE, of Mr. WISTERWHISTLE, the Proprietor of the one Bath-chair available for the invalid of Torsington-on-Sea, who, like myself, stands in need of the salubrious air of that health-giving resort, but who is ordered by his medical adviser to secure it with the least possible expenditure of physical strength.

Both Mr. WISTERWHISTLE and his chair are peculiar in their respective ways, and each has a decided history. Mr. WISTERWHISTLE, growing confidential over his antecedents, says, "You see,



Sir, I wasn't brought up to the Bath-chair business, so to speak, for I began in the Royal Navy, under His Majesty King WILLIAM THE FOURTH. Then I took to the Coast-Guard business, and having put by a matter of thirty pound odd, and hearing 'she' was in the market," — Mr. WISTERWHISTLE always referred to his Bath-chair as "she," evidently regarding it from the nautical stand-point as of the feminine gender, — "and knowing, saving your presence, Sir, that old BLOXER, of whom I bought her, had such a good crop of cripples the last season or two, that he often touched two-and-forty shillings a-week with 'em, I dropped Her Majesty's Service, and took to this 'ere. But, Lor, Sir, the business ain't wot it wos. Things is changed woeful at Torsington since I took her up. Then from 9 o'clock, as you might say, to 6 P.M., every hour was took up; and, mind you, by real downright 'aristocracy,' — real live noblemen, with gout on 'em, as thought nothink of a two hours' stretch, and didn't 'aggle, savin' your presence, over a extra sixpence for the job either way. But, bless you, wot's it come to now? Why, she

might as well lay up in a dry dock arf the week, for wot's come of the downright genuine invalid, savin' your presence, blow'd if I knows. One can see, of course, Sir, in arf a jiffy, as you is touched in the legs with the rheumatics, or summat like it; but besides you and a old gent on crutches from Portland Buildings, there ain't no real invalid public 'ere at all, and one can't expect to make a livin' out of you two; for if you mean to do the thing ever so 'ansome, it ain't reasonable to expect you and the old gent I was a referring to, to stand seven hours a day goin' up and down the Esplanade between you, and you see even that at a bob an hour ain't no great shakes when you come to pay for 'ousing her and keepin' her lookin' spic and span, with all her brass knobs a shining and her leather apron fresh polished with patent carriage blackin': and Lor, Sir, you'd not b'lieve me if I was to tell you what a deal of show some parties expects for their one bob an hour. Why, it was only the other day



A Mess Dinner.

that Lady GLUMPLEY (a old party with a front of black curls and yaller bows in her bonnet, as I dare say you've noticed me a haulin' up and down the Parade when the band 's a playin'), says to me, says she, 'It ain't so much the easy goin' of your chair, Mr. WISTERWHISTLE, as makes me patronise it, as its general genteel appearance. For there's many a chair at Brighton that can't hold a candle to it!' But at this point he was interrupted by the appearance of a dense crowd that half filled the street, and drew up in silent expectation opposite my front door. Dear me, I had quite forgotten I had sent for him. But the boy who cleans the boots and knives has returned, and brought with him

the One Policeman!

## THE BOY THE FATHER OF THE MAN.

(A Chapter from a Sea Story of the future.)

"LASH the lubber to the top-gallant yard and give him five hundred with the cat o' ninetails!" shouted the pirate Captain, blue with passion.

There was a murmur amongst his crew. Because their messmate had forgotten to touch his cap, it seemed hard to their poor untutored minds he should receive so heavy a punishment.

"What, mutiny!" cried the ruffian skipper, "here take this and this!" and he distributed the contents of his revolver amongst the sailors aft.

In the meanwhile, the poor wretch was hanging to the topgallant yard, expecting every moment to be his last.

"A sail, Sir," said the boatswain, saluting, as he mounted to the quarter-deck.

"Get ready the torpedoes, and serve out per man a hundred-weight of smokeless powder cartridges. We shall have rough work." Then he added, "By the way, what is the time?"

"About half-past two, Sir," returned the other, and then, as his Captain made an unsuccessful grab, he muttered, "No you don't!"

The ship in pursuit came on apace, and soon the two vessels were yard-arm to yard-arm engaged in mortal combat. For a while the confusion was so great that it was impossible to say what would be the upshot. But a fortunate torpedo sent the pirate craft to the bottom, and of all her crew, only the skipper survived. He was brought (loaded with chains) before his conqueror.

"Well, you scoundrel," said the British Captain, "have you anything to urge in your defence before we prepare you for your execution?"

"What would be the good?" was the sulkily reply. "I know my fate."

"That voice, those husky tones," exclaimed the epauletted representative of the English Admiralty; "surely I know them. They bring back painful recollections. Show your face, Sirrah!"

"Why should I?" queried the conquered Chief. "It won't do me any good!"

But at a gesture of the British Captain, his prisoner was seized, and his face forcibly washed.

"What, BILLY TOMPKINS!" murmured the Briton, "and we meet again like this!"

"Yes," answered the other, "and it can't be helped. You have your duty to perform, and so have I. Do your worst!"

"But, BILLY, you were not always like this!"

"No, JACK, I was not. Once I used to prattle at my mother's knee. I was beloved by my brothers and sisters, and I was the pride of the nursery!"

And then the strong man broke down, and wept bitterly.

"But have you not fallen very low?" asked the British Captain, gently.

"Indeed I have! I am a thief, a liar, a scoundrel — and, in fact, a black-guard!"

"With such surroundings," returned the Officer R.N., pointing to the debris of the pirate craft, "it is difficult to dispute your contention. Indeed, you are a blackguard! But to what cause do you owe your fall?"

"To my early training."

"I do not comprehend you. Your early training! Where were you trained?"

"In the *Britannia*!"

And then the British Captain completely understood the situation.

## A SOLILOQUY.

(At the close of the German Exhibition.)



West Kensington Cuirassier. "Now OI WONDER WHAT KOIND OF AN 'ERO OI 'LL 'AVE TO BE NEXT YEAR!"



## LAISSEZ FAIRE.

(Inscription for a Free Public Library.)



HERE is an Institution doomed to scare  
The furious devotees of *Laissez Faire*.  
What mental shock, indeed, could prove immenser  
To Mumbo Jumbo—or to HERBERT SPENCER?  
Free Books? Reading provided from the Rates?  
Oh, that means Freedom's ruin, and the State's!  
Self-help's all right,—e'en if you rob a brother—  
But human creatures must *not* help each other!  
The "Self-made Man," whom SAMUEL SMILES so  
Who on his fellows' necks his footing raises, [praises,  
The systematic "Sweater," who sucks wealth  
From toiling crowds by cunning and by stealth,—  
He is all right, *he* has no maudlin twist,  
*He* does not shock the Individualist!  
But rate yourselves to give the poor free reading?  
The Pelican to warm her nestlings bleeding,  
Was no such monument of feeble folly.  
Let folks alone, and all will then be jolly.  
Let the poor perish, let the ignorant sink,  
The tempted tumble, and the drunkard drink!  
Let—no, *don't* let the low-born robber rob,  
Because,—well, that would rather spoil the job.  
If footpad-freedom brooked no interference,  
Of Capital there might be a great clearance;  
But, Wealth well-guarded, let all else alone.  
'Tis thus our race hath to true manhood grown:  
To make the general good the common care,  
Breaks through the sacred law of *Laissez Faire*!

## A REMONSTRANCE.

To Luke's Little Summer.

AN, Summer! now thy wayward race is run,  
With soft, appeasing smiles thou com'st, like  
one

Who keeps a pageant waiting all the day,  
Till half the guests and all the joy is gone,  
And hearts are heavy that awoke so gay.

What though the faithful trees, still gladly  
green,  
Show fretted depths of blue their boughs  
between,  
Though placid sunlight sleeps upon the  
lawn,  
It only tells us of what might have been  
Of fickle favours wantonly withdrawn.

Blown with rude winds, and beaten down  
with rain,  
How can the roses dare to trust again  
The tricky mistress whom they once  
adored?  
Even the glad heaven, chilled with stormy  
stain,  
Grudges its skylark pilgrims of its hoard.

Poor is the vintage that the wild bee quaffs,  
When the tall simple lilies—the giraffes  
That browse on loftier air than other  
flowers—  
When all the blooms, wherewith late Summer  
laughs,  
Like chidden children droop among the  
bowers.

Oft like a moorhen scuttling to the reeds,  
The cricket-ball sped o'er the plashy meads,  
And rainbow-blended blazers shrank and  
ran  
When showers, in mockery of his moist needs,  
Half-drown'd the water-loving river man.

What woman's rights have crazed thee?  
Would'st thou be  
A Winter Amazon, more fierce than he?  
Can Summer birds thy shrew-heroics sing?  
Wilt tend no more the daisies on the lea,  
Nor wake thy cowslips up on May morning?

What, shall we brew us possets by the fire  
And let the wild rose shiver on the brier,  
The cowslip tremble in the meadows chill,

While thy unlovely battle-call wails higher  
And dusty squadrons charge adown the hill?

It is too late; thou art no love of mine;  
I answer not this sigh, this kiss divine;  
The sunlight penitently streaming down  
Shines through the paling leaf like thinnest  
wine  
Quaff'd in the clear air of a mountain town.

Farewell! For old love's sake I kiss thy  
hands;  
Go on thy way; away to other lands  
That love thee less, and need thee less than  
we;  
Pour out thy passion on some desert sands,  
Forget thy lover of the Northern Sea.



Away with fond pretence; let winter come  
With snow that strikes the heaviest footfall  
dumb.

We know the worst, and face his rage with  
glee;  
And, though the world without be ne'er so  
glum, [thee,  
Sit by the hearth, and dream and talk—of

Yes, come again with earliest April; stay,  
Thyself once more, through the fair time  
when day

Clasp hand with day, through the brief  
hush of night—  
A twilight bower of roses, where in play  
Dance little maidens through from light to  
light.

## Birds of a Feather.

[Lord HAWKE's team of Cricketers were beaten  
at Manheim by the Philadelphians by eight wickets  
whereat the *Philadelphia Ledger* cockadoodles con-  
siderably. The Britishers, however, won the return  
match somewhat easily.]

THE Yankee Eagle well might squeal and  
squawk [HAWKE.  
At having licked the British bird (Lord)  
But when that HAWKE his brood had "pulled  
together," [feather."  
That Eagle found it yot might "moult a  
Go it, ye friendly-fighting fowls! But know  
'Tis only "Roosters" who o'er conquest crow!

## HOME SWEET HOME!

(By one who believes there's no place like it.)

SWEET to return (for home the Briton hankers,  
After an exile of two months or so,  
Swiss or Italian). Sweet—to find your  
Banker's  
Balance getting low.

Sweet to return from Como or Sorrento,  
Meshed in their shimmering net of drowsy  
sheen,  
Into a climate that you know not when to  
Really call serene.

Sweet to return from  
hostelries whose  
waiters  
Rush to fulfil your  
slightest word or  
whim,  
Back to a cook who  
passionately  
eaters [him.  
Not for you, but

Sweet to return from  
Table - d' Hôtes  
disgusting  
(Oh, how you grumbled at the *Sauce Ro-  
maine*!)

Fresh to the filmy succulence incrusting  
Solid joints again.

Sweet to return from Innkeepers demurely  
Pricing your candle at a franc unshamed,  
Back to a land where perquisites are surely  
Never, never claimed.

Sweet to return from bargaining, disputing,  
*Pourboires* and *Trinkgelds* grudgingly be-  
stowed—  
Unto the simple charioteers of Tooting,  
Or the Cromwell Road.

Sweet to return from "all those dreadful  
tourists,"  
Such mixed society as chance allots,  
E'en to the social splendour of the purists  
Of those sparkling spots.

Sweet to return to bills and fogs and duty!  
(Some of the latter at our Custom House)  
Sweet, after smaller game, to hail the beauty  
Of the British mouse!

Sweet too the sight of cockchafer; and  
sweet 'll  
Welcome the pilgrim doomed too long to  
roam, [beetle  
England's tried sentinel, the black, black  
With his "Home, sweet Home!"





## LONDON'S DILEMMA; OR, "FAIR ROSAMOND" UP TO DATE.

*(Lately-discovered Fragments of a valuable and interesting "Variant" of the old Ballad Story.)*

\* \* \* \* \*

WHENAS VICTORIA rulde this land,  
The firste of that greate name,  
Faire Loundonne, of the cockneyes lovde,  
Attaynd to power and fame.

Most peerlesse was her splendoure founde,  
Her favour, and her face;  
Yet was there one thing marred her weale,  
And wroughte her dire disgrace.

Her dower was all that showered golde,  
Like Danaë's, could her lende,  
Yet dwelt she in the ogreish holde  
Of fell and fearsome fiende.

Yea Loundonne Towne, faire Loundonne  
Towne,  
Her name was calléd so,  
To whom the Witch Monopolie  
Was known a deadlye foe.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now when ye Countie Councile woke,  
And FARRER rose to fame,  
With envious heart Monopolie  
To Loundonne straightway came.

"Cast off from thee those schemes," said she,  
"That greate and costlye bee,  
And drinke thou up this deadlye cup,  
Which I have brought to thee!"



"Take pitty on my awkward plight!"  
 Faire Loundonne she dyd crye,  
 "And lett me not with poison stronge  
 Enforced be to dye!"

Then out and laught that wicked Witch:  
 "If that you will not drinke,  
 This dagger choose! Though you be riche,  
 You'll shrinke from that, I thinke."

The dagger was a magic blayde,  
 With figures graven o'er,  
 Which, as you gazed thereon, did seeme  
 To growe to more and more.

"Nay," quoth the faire Loundonne, "'tis but  
 choyce  
 'Twixt dyvill and deepe sea!  
 I praye thee take thyself awaye,  
 And leave the jobbe to me!"

But nothyng could this grasping Witch  
 Therewith appeased be.  
 The cup of deadlye poison stronge,  
 As she knelt on her knee,

She gave this comely dame to drinke,  
 Who tooke it in her hande,  
 Then from her bended knees arose,  
 And on her feet did stande.

And casting Council-wards her eyes,  
 She did for rescue call,  
 When—[*Fragments further may be founde,  
 At presente thys is alle!*]

If close researche, as welle we hope,  
 Perchaunce complete ye texte,  
 This ballade, as scribes saye, shall be  
 "Continued in our next!"

#### ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

**W**ANTED, a few good extra Judges, who will be prepared to do all the work at present delayed or neglected by the existing members of the Bench. They will be expected to dispense with all vacations except a week at Christmas, five days at Easter, and a fortnight from the first to the fifteenth of October. They will devote their entire time to the service of the State, both day and night. Their day will be devoted to business in the High Court of Justice in the Strand, and when required they will go Circuit (by special express) sitting at the various assizes from 9 P.M. until 3 A.M., returning to London by trains timed to reach the Metropolis sufficiently early to allow of the usual morning sitting. They will be further required to consider their leisure (if any) entirely at the disposal of those members of the Bar and Solicitors who require it. If they do this punctually and diligently, without knocking up, they will be permitted to draw salaries computed at the rate of about one-third of the emoluments received by a third-rate Queen's Counsel; and if they grow lazy, or are incapacitated by illness, they will be rewarded by a number of personal attacks in the London newspapers. Applications to be sent to the Lord Chancellor (endorsed "Extra Judges to suppress outside clamour") as early as possible. Every candidate for an appointment will be expected to be as strong as a horse, and as insensible to feeling as the back of a rhinoceros.



Bro Drinkers, Moderate Drinkers, and Little Drinkers—this is the Tipple Alliance!



#### "WHEN A MAN DOES NOT LOOK HIS BEST."—No. 3.

WHEN HIS DENTIST WILL SUSPEND OPERATIONS TO TELL HIM FUNNY STORIES.

#### Gilbert à Beckett.

BORN, APRIL 7, 1837. DIED, OCT. 15, 1891.

"Wearing the white flower of a blameless life."  
 TENNYSON.

GILBERT the Good! Title, though high, well  
 earned [burned]  
 By him through whose rare nature brightly  
 The fire of purity,  
 Undimmed, unflinching, like some altar flame  
 Sky-pointing ever. Friend, what thought of  
 Hath coldest heart for thee? [blame]

A knightly-priest or priestly-knight wert  
 thou,  
 Man of the radiant eye and reverent brow;  
 Chivalry closely knit  
 With fervent faith in thee indeed were blent;  
 Thought upon high ideals still intent,  
 And a most lambent wit.

Serene, though with a power of scathing scorn  
 For all things mean or base. Sorrow long  
 borne,  
 Though bowing, soured not thee,  
 Bereaved, health-broken, still that patient  
 smile [guile]  
 Wreathed the pale lips which never greed or  
 Shaped to hypocrisy.

A saintly-hearted wit, a satirist pure,  
 Mover of mirth spontaneous as sure,  
 And innocent as mad;  
 Incongruous freak and frolic phantasy  
 Were thy familiar spirits, quickening glee  
 And wakening laughter glad.

Dainty as *Ariel*, yet as *Puck* profuse [use  
 Of the "preposterous" was that wit, whose  
 Was ever held "within

The limits of becoming mirth." His whim  
 Never shy delicacy's glance could dim,  
 Or move the cynic grin.

But that fate's hampering hand lay on him  
 long  
 He might have won in drama and in song  
 A more enduring name.  
 But he is gone, the gentle, loyal, just,  
 Whence all these things fall earthward with  
 the dust  
 Of fleeting earthly fame.

Gone from our board, gone from the home he  
 loved!  
 With what compassion are his comrades  
 moved  
 For those who sit alone  
 With memories of him! Gracious memories  
 all!  
 A thought to lighten, like that flower, his  
 pall,  
 And hush love's troubled moan.

Farewell, fine spirit! To be owned thy friend  
 Was something to illumine the unwelcome end  
 Of comradeship below.  
 A loving memory long our board will grace,  
 In fancy, with that sweet ascetic face,  
 That brow's benignant glow.

#### Rhyme at Rhyl.

(By a Listening Layman.)

If Cleric Congresses could only care  
 A little less for the mere Church and Steeple,  
 Parochial pomp and power in lion's share,  
 And have one aim—to purify the People,  
 They need not shrink from Disestablishment,  
 Or any other secular enormity;  
 Unselfish love of Man destroys Dissent,  
 True Charity provokes no Nonconformity.



## THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. XI.

SCENE—A Balcony outside the Musik-Saal of the Insel Hotel, Constance. Miss PRENDERGAST is seated; CULCHARD is leaning against the railing close by. It is about nine; the moon has risen, big and yellow, behind the mountains at the further end of the lake; small black boats are shooting in and out of her track upon the water; the beat of the steamers' paddles is heard as they come into harbour. CULCHARD has just proposed.

Miss Prendergast (after a silence). I have always felt very strongly with RUSKIN, that no girl should have the cruelty to refuse a proposal—

Culchard (with alacrity). RUSKIN is always so right. And—er—where there is such complete sympathy in tastes and ideas, as I venture to think exists in our own case, the cruelty would—

Miss P. Pray allow me to finish! "Refuse a proposal at once" is RUSKIN's expression. He also says (if my memory does not betray me), that "no lover should have the insolence to think of being accepted at once."

You will find the passage somewhere in "Fors."

Culch. (whose jaw has visibly fallen). I cannot say I recall it at this moment. Does he hold that a lover should expect to be accepted by—er—instalments, because, if so—

Miss P. I think I can quote his exact words. "If she simply doesn't like him, she may send him away for seven years—"

Culch. (stiffly). No doubt that course is open to her. But why seven, and where is he expected to go?

Miss P. (continuing calmly). "He vowing to live on cresses and wear sackcloth meanwhile, or the like penance."

Culch. I feel bound to state at once that, in my own case, my position at Somerset House would render anything of that sort utterly impracticable.

Miss P. Wait, please,—you are so impetuous. "If she likes him a little,"—(CULCHARD'S brow relaxes)—"or thinks she might come to like him in time, she may let him stay near her,"—(CULCHARD makes a movement of relief and gratitude)—"putting him always on sharp trial, and requiring, figuratively, as many lion-skins or giants' heads as she thinks herself worth."

Culch. (grimly). "Figuratively" is a distinct concession on RUSKIN's part. Still, I should be glad to know—

Miss P. If you will have a little more patience, I will make myself clear. I have always determined that when the—ah—occasion presented itself, I would deal with it on Ruskinian principles. I propose in your case—presuming of course that you are willing to be under vow for me—to adopt a middle course.

Culch. You are extremely good. And what precise form of—er—penance did you think of?

Miss P. The trial I impose is, that you leave Constance to-morrow—with Mr. PODBURY.

Culch. (firmly). If you expect me to travel for seven years with him, permit me to mention that I simply cannot do it. My leave expires in three weeks.

Miss P. I mentioned no term, I believe. Long before three weeks are over we shall meet again, and I shall be able to see how you have borne the test. I wish you to correct, if possible, a certain intolerance in your attitude towards Mr. PODBURY. Do you accept this probation, or not?

Culch. I—ah—suppose I have no choice. But you really must allow me to say that it is not precisely the reception I anticipated. Still, in your service, I am willing to endure even PODBURY—for a strictly limited period; that I do stipulate for.

Miss P. That, as I have already said, is quite understood. Now go and arrange with Mr. PODBURY.

Culch. (to himself, as he retires). It is most unsatisfactory; but at least PODBURY is disposed of!

The same Scene, a quarter of an hour later. PODBURY and Miss PRENDERGAST.

Podbury (with a very long face). No, I say, though! RUSKIN doesn't say all that?

Miss P. I am not in the habit of misquoting. If you wish to verify the quotation, however, I daresay I could find you the reference in *Fors Clarigera*.

Podb. (ruefully). Thanks—I won't trouble you. Only it does seem rather rough on fellows, don't you know. If everyone went on his plan—well, there wouldn't be many marriages! Still, I never

thought you'd say "Yes" right off. It's like my cheek, I know, to ask you at all; you're so awfully clever and that. And if there's a chance for me, I'm game for anything in the way of a trial. Don't make it stiffer than you can help, that's all!

Miss P. All I ask of you is to leave me for a short time, and go and travel with Mr. CULCHARD again.

Podb. Oh, I say, Miss PRENDERGAST, you know. Make it something else. Do!

Miss P. That is the task I require, and I can accept no other. It is nothing, after all, but what you came out here to do.

Podb. I didn't know him then, you see. And what made me agree to come away with him at all is beyond me. It was all HUGHIE ROSE's doing—he said we should get on together like blazes. So we have—very like blazes!

Miss P. Never mind that. Are you willing to accept the trial or not?

Podb. If you only knew what he's like when he's nasty, you'd let me off—you would, really. But there, to please you, I'll do it. I'll stand him as long as ever I can—upon my honour I will. Only you'll make it up to me afterwards, won't you now?

Miss P. I will make no promises—a true knight should expect no reward for his service, Mr. PODBURY.

Podb. (blankly). Shouldn't he? I'm a little new to the business, you see, and it does strike me—but never mind. When am I to trot him off?

Miss P. As soon as you can induce him to go—to-morrow, if possible.

Podb. I don't believe he'll go, you know, for one thing!

Miss P. (demurely). I think you will find him open to persuasion. But go and try, Mr. PODBURY.

Podb. (to himself, as he withdraws). Well, I've let myself in for a nice thing! Rummest way of treating a proposal I ever heard of. I should just like to tell that fellow RUSKIN what I think of his precious ideas. But there's one thing, though—she can't care about CULCHARD, or she wouldn't want him carted off like this... Hooray, I never thought of that before! Why, there he is, dodging about to find out how I've got on. I'll tackle him straight off.

[CULCHARD and PODBURY meet at the head of the staircase, and speak at the same moment.]



"It does seem rather rough on fellows, don't you know?"



*Culch.* Er—PODBURY it has occurred to me that we might—

*Podb.* I say, *CULCHARD*, we really ought to—

*Podb.* Hullo! we're both of one mind for once, eh? (*To himself.*) Poor old beggar! Got the sack! That explains a lot. Well, I won't tell him anything about this business just now.

*Culch.* So it appears. (*To himself.*) Had his *quietus*, evidently. Ah, well, I won't exult over him.

(*They go off together to consult a time-table.*)

*Miss. P.* (*on the balcony, musing.*) Poor fellows! I couldn't very well say anything more definite at present. By the time I see them again, I may understand my own heart better. Really, it is rather an exciting sensation, having two suitors under vow and doing penance at the same time—and all for my sake! I hope, though, they won't mention it to one another—or to *BOB*. *BOB* does not understand these things, and he might—But, after all, there are only two of them. And *RUSKIN* distinctly says that every girl who is worth anything ought always to have half-a-dozen or so. Two is really quite moderate.

## A TOO-ENGAGING MAIDEN'S REPLY.

(*By Mr. Punch's kind permission.*)

YES, I read your effusion that lately got printed, And at first never guessed there was anything meant. But when someone suggested that something was hinted, On your verses some time I reluctantly spent.

They are fair—and perhaps you consider them clever,

You're a poet, no doubt, of a minor degree, But I never was startled so strangely—no, never!

As to learn that the lady you mentioned was In the coolest of ways you sum up my attractions,

Pray allow me to turn my attention to you. You are good, I believe, at the vulgarst fractions,

You have cheek and assurance sufficient for You are what people reckon "a nice sort of fellow,"

Your sense of importance very strongly you You are bilious, you've got a complexion of yellow,

You are plainer than I am—which says a "Am I free altogether from blame in the matter?"—

And as to my frowning, I don't know the Do you really imagine that insolent chatter Can affect me, or that I care for what people say?

With fervent adorers around by the dozen,

For whom but my word is the law of their life,

Do you think I'd occasion to pitch on a cousin,

And announce that you wanted myself as your wife?

Do not think I am angry, I am good at forgiving,

Have my constant refusals then made you so sour?

Even poets in *Punch* have to write for their living,

And must wear their poor lives out at so much the hour.

I am weary and tired of being proposed to,

And at times I'm afraid it will injure my brain,

But my heart for the future yourself, mind, is closed to,

So don't, I implore, come proposing again.

A REAL BURNING QUESTION.—What should be done with the mischievous and malicious noodles who communicate false alarms (to the number of 518 in one year) to the London Fire Brigade, by means of the fire-alarm posts fixed for public convenience and protection in the public thoroughfares? The almost appropriate stake is out of date, but *Mr. Punch* opines that the Pillory would be none too bad for them.

THE BULL, THE BEAR, AND THE OXUS.—Russia, it is asserted, "intends to annex the whole of the elevated plateaus known as the Pamirs, and all parts of Afghanistan north of a straight line drawn from Lake Victoria to the junction of the Kotecha River with the Oxus." *JOHN BULL* might say, "I should like to Kotecha at it!"

## SOME LONDON "FIENDS."

(*How to Exorcise, after reading Correspondence on the subject in several "Dailies."*)

### The "Walking-stick and Umbrella Fiend."

PROVIDE yourself with a steel-plated umbrella (carriage size), with a "non-conducting" handle. When open in a shower, where people are hurrying, let the framework bristle with sharp penknife points. Held firmly in front of you, you will find everyone get out of your way.

In entering a crowded omnibus or railway carriage, by touching a knob, let the heat generated by the electric current instantly cause the whole to become "red-hot." Dexterously moved about in front of you, you will find this a most thoroughly protecting weapon, clearing instantly a large space on each side of you, and even sometimes involving the summoning of the conductor or guard, with a view to your removal either to another compartment, or even a general request for your expulsion from the vehicle altogether. This may lead possibly to your enjoyment of an entire compartment to yourself; for, of course, you will point out that you cannot be expected to travel without your umbrella, which, after all, happens merely to be constructed on a newly-patented principle.



### The "Hansom Cab Fiend."

This is easily overcome. You have merely to employ an agent to purchase a second-hand steam-roller for you, put in a high-pressure boiler, and the thing is done. With practice, you can easily get eight miles an hour out of one of these excellent machines, and you will find a general indifference as to the rule of the road, especially if you turn a corner or two at a stiff pace, act as a capital "road-clearer." Even the smartest butcher's cart will do its best to get out of your way when it sees you coming.

### The "Piano Organ, German Band, and General Street Music Fiend."

Get (your best way is through a friend at the Admiralty) several fog-horns rejected by the Department on account of their excessive and unbearable shrillness. Whenever any sort of street music commences at either end of your street, turn on, by an apparatus specially arranged in your area, the full force of the above. This will not only overpower your would-be tormentors, but bring every householder in the neighbourhood to his street-door begging you to desist. You have merely to say, "When they stop, I turn off," to get them to comprehend the situation. It may possibly lead to the intervention of the police, probably in some force; but the net result will be that you will, for that morning, at least, enjoy a quiet street.

There are other London fiends removable by various measures, concerning which much might be said if they were not actionable.



PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN  
"BREAKING IN" HIS SHOOT-  
ING-BOOTS.

"GRATITUDE—A SENSE OF FAVOURS TO COME."—*MR. SWINBURNE* unexpectedly says a good word for the much be-mocked *BOWDLER*. "No man (he says), ever did better service to *SHAKESPEARE* than the man who made it possible to put him into the hands of intelligent and imaginative children." Can *MR. SWINBURNE* be "proticipating" the period when another *BOWDLER* may be called upon to do a similar "service" for the author of *Poems and Ballads*?





### FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

(As zey are Spoke at ze Country 'Ouse.)

Hostess. "OH—ER—J'ESPAIR KER VOOS AVVY TROOVY VOTRE—VOTRE—ER—ER—VOTRE

COLLAR STUD, BARRONG?"

M. le Baron. "OH, I ZANK YOU, YES! I FIND 'EEM ON MY CHEST OF TROWERS!"

#### "AFTER YOU!"

"[I am sure I may say, on behalf of all those whose names are mentioned (for the Leadership of the House of Commons), that we do not understand what selfishness is in the Public Service. Everyone of us would prefer that someone else should hold that high and honourable office."—Sir M. Hicks-Beach at Stockton-on-Tees.]

Eminent official Altruist loquitur:—

Oh, is there such a vice as unholy love of self, In the Public Service, too? 'Tis a thing I can't believe.

If I thought we could be moved by the love of power or pelf, [greatly grieve.

To compete for premier office I should very But oh no, oh deary no! I am sure it can't be so. [course it isn't true.

We don't even "understand it," so of When we're called upon to go, each will say, all louting low, "After you!"

We are not "competitive," like those naughty goddesses [pine-clad peak. Who poor Paris fluttered so upon Ida's

Of his "choice"—through selfishness—that young shepherd made a mess, But our Shepherd, SALISBURY, will not be so wildly weak;

And our claims we shall not urge to compulsion's very verge.

On the contrary each one thinks that "another" best will do.

"No, loved comrade" (each will say) "let me make my 'splendid splurge' 'After you!'"

Look at GOSCHEN! Can't you see he regards with perfect glee

The prospect of promotion of his faithful friend BALFOUR.

He doesn't want to lead. Ah no, indeed, indeed!

Do you think that off friend ARTHUR JOACHIM can wish to score?

Upon the Treasury Bench did he ever try to trench

On the province of the Leader for the time, no matter who?

He would cry, "Dear ARTHUR, No! from priority I blench,— 'After you!'"

Then bland BALFOUR in his turn such crude selfishness would spurn

As the wish to prove himself popular more than soft J. G.,

With a most becoming blush his pale cheek, I'm sure, would burn,

If his uncle should cry, "Come, nephew dear, and second me!"

He would hint at nepotism, and the chance of secret schism.

"Let the mild ex-Liberal lead, I will be his henchman true!"

He would cry, with selfish joy on his brow like a pure chrisim, "After you!"

And as for simple Me! Oh, it's utter fiddle-de-dee

To suppose that I possess, or desire, the least look in.

No, selfishness, my friends, we unitedly agree In Party life is just the unpardonable sin,

Which "we do not understand," like that other little game

That AH-SIN, reluctant, played, with some small success 'tis true.

But we've no sleeve-hidden card as we cry, with modest shame,

"After you!"

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—The *St. James's Gazette* says:—"There are forty-seven divorces in the United States for every one in the United Kingdom." Evidently "United" is something more than anagrammatically identical with "Untied."

#### "GRAY'S ELEGY" AMENDED.

"[I have often thought that GRAY's *Elegy* was defective in having no verse commemorative of the sequestered and unsophisticated philanthropy of the village doctor."—Sir James Crichton-Browne at the Yorkshire College, Leeds.]

And one lies here of whom the scoffer said, He did his best the green churchyard to fill; None ever looks upon his lowly bed, Without the recollection of a pill.

He lived sequestered, and he died unknown, A truly unsophisticated man; A medicine-glass adorns his humble stone, And thus the epitaph they graved him ran:

"Here Doctor BOLUS lies, to dose no more; His charge was moderate, but quite enough: Death left a last prescription at the door, And then the doctor had his 'Quantum suff.'"





"AFTER YOU!"

"HE BELIEVED THAT EVERYONE OF THEM WOULD PREFER THAT SOMEONE ELSE SHOULD HOLD THAT HIGH AND HONOURABLE OFFICE."—SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH at Stockton-on-Tees.







## HARRYING OUR HAKIMS.

[A medical journal suggests that all candidates for Medical Degrees should be required to give proof of good handwriting, in order to put an end to indistinct prescriptions.]

A FEW additional requirements, we believe, have been under consideration, of which the following are a sample:—

All candidates for the M.B. Degree to be able to count up to fifty. Candidates who are more than fifty not to count.

Nobody to become a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons until he has mastered Simple Addition and Compound Fractions.

Members of the Royal College of Physicians will henceforth be expected to know their Weights (with boots off) and Measures (round the waist). Troy weight only. "Scruples" not allowed. Good knowledge of Multiplication Table indispensable for dispensers.

No candidate to be accepted for a Degree unless he either has a good "bed-side manner," or undertakes to develop one as soon as possible.

Any candidate to be at once ploughed unless he can answer all the following questions:—

1. What would you do if asked to hold a consultation with a practitioner whom you have every reason to suppose an incapable quack?
2. If a good paying patient, suffering from no ailment whatever, called you in with a view to getting a week's holiday at the seaside by medical orders, how would you reconcile a desire to oblige that pardonable weakness with a strict regard for veracity?
3. When the parents of a large family, who do their duty manfully by calling you in about twice a week, and from whom therefore you derive a not inconsiderable proportion of your income, object to have an infant vaccinated at the proper time, because they erroneously consider it to be unfit for the operation, which would you feel inclined to strain—friendship, or the law?
4. Do you believe in Influenza?
5. Have you ever seen a Microbe?
6. "In the multitude of visits there is safety." Comment on this declaration. How many visits do you think a common catarrh will support? Give reasons.
7. What is the etiquette about Red Lamps?

"HORSE AND 'RYDER.'"—Last week, on the 15th, as was reported in the *Globe*, and elsewhere, "a humble crossing-sweeper," named RYDER, stopped a runaway cab-horse (a great rarity this, too) just as he was about to descend headlong the steps of the Duke of York's column, and so saved the two passengers, who, we hope, in consideration of what he has done for their lives, have settled something handsome upon him for his life. If not, the proposition is here made, and after the prop comes the RYDER.

GHOSTLY COUNSEL.—Prizes are being offered for "Good Ghost Stories." This may mean *Stories of Good Ghosts*; but supplying the hyphen and supposing that the requirement is for "Good Ghost-stories," then Mr. *Punch* makes a present of a good title to any sanguine amateur who may compete. Let him call his story, "A Ghost of a Chance." And Mr. *Punch* wishes he may get it!

PENNY FOOLISH.—Somebody has published a penny *A B C of Theosophy*. To the appeal of this Occult *A B C* the enlightened public will probably be *D E F*.

"QUI DORT, DINE," ET "QUI DINE, DORT."—A man who "goes nap" at dinner, is pretty safe to go nap immediately after it.



## WATER V. WINE.

"HOLD! ENOUGH!"

## ONLY FANCY!

(From Mr. *Punch's Own Rumourists*.)

It is not generally known that the Emperor of RUSSIA visited London the other day on his way to Paris, where he is to hold an important secret conference with the President of the Republic and M. BLOWITZ. His Imperial Majesty's disguise was complete, consisting as it did of an aquiline nose of considerable size, and a second-hand gaberdine of primitive cut. He visited the principal Music Halls of the Metropolis and left by the last train for Surbiton, where his private yacht was in waiting to convey him to Marseilles, and so on to Paris by the new French canal system.

Monaco has adhered to the Triple Alliance. The negotiations thus brought to a successful issue, have been for a long time in progress. Obligations of honour, which no longer exist, have hitherto compelled me, as your Correspondent, to keep secret the fact that amongst the *croupiers* of the *trente-et-quarante* tables at the

Casino for the past three months have been the Chancellors of the German and Austrian Empires, and the MARCHESE DI RUBINI, who, thus disguised, carried out their delicate mission to the Court of Monaco. By this post I send you the draft treaty by which Monaco engages, in the event of war, to furnish a completely equipped contingent of ten men.

The BARON DE BOOK-WORMS arrived in town yesterday afternoon and transacted business at his office in Bouverie Street, afterwards returning to his country seat at Stow-in-the-Wold.

## BROWNING SOCIETY VERSES.

[Dr. FURNIVALL announces that the Browning Society is about to be dissolved.]

HARK! 'tis the knell of the Browning Society,  
Wind-bags are bursting all round us to-day;  
FURNIVALL fails, and for want of his diet he  
Pines like a love-stricken maiden away.

Long has he fed upon cackle and platitude,  
FURNIVALL sauce to a dish full of dearth,  
Still, in the favourite FURNIVALL attitude,  
Grubbing about like a mole in the earth.

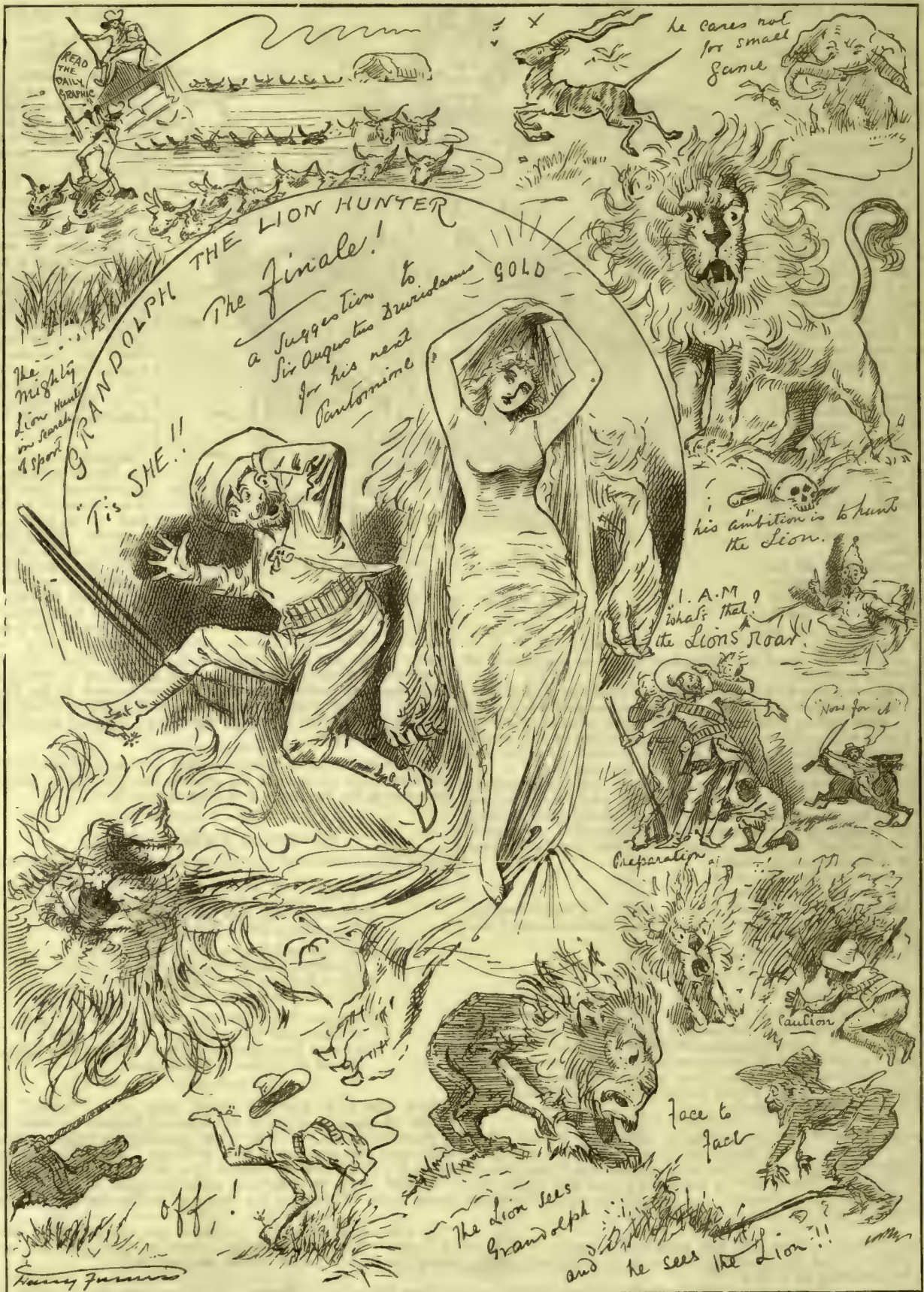
Now must he vanish, the mole-hills are flat again,  
(Follies grow fewer it seems by degrees);  
Lovers of BROWNING may laugh and grow fat again,  
Rid of the jargon of Furnivallese.

NEW AND OLD TERMS.—"Slate, Slite, Slote, Slitten," is the title of an amusing article in the *Saturday Review*, on the derivation of the verb "to slate." How "slote" comes in is not quite evident, but that when the pages of a dull book are "slitten" by the paper-knife, it will be read and slated by a critic, and then "slited" (or "slihted") by the public, is quite sufficient without "putting a penny in the 'slote'" on the chance of getting something better.

SO LIKE HIM!—Tuesday last week was the seventieth birthday of Professor VIRCHOW. He has refused all titles and emoluments, observing that "VIRCHOW is its own reward."

VERY POP-ULAR!—Through the *Times* came the information that, since the famine, the Russian Officers have given up drinking champagne. Their conduct is really quite Magnuminus!







## "ADSCRIPTUS GLEBÆ."

["He (Mr. GOSCHEN) was in favour of giving the agricultural labourer every opportunity of becoming more attached to the soil."—*Mr. Goschen at Cambridge.*]

ATTACHED to the soil! Pretty optimist phrase  
We are so, and have been, from *Gurth's* simpler days,  
Though now platform flowers of speech—pleasant joke!—  
May wreath the serf's ring till men scarce see the yoke.  
Attached to the soil! The soil clings to our souls!  
Young labour's scant guerdon, cold charity's doles,  
The crow-scarer's pittance, the poor-house's aid  
All smell of it! Tramping with boots thickly clayed  
From brown field or furrow, or lowered at last  
In our special six-feet by the sexton up-cast,  
We smack of the earth, till we earthy have grown,  
Like the mound that Death gives us—best friend—for our own.  
We tramp it, we delve it, we plough it, this soil,  
And a grave is the final reward of our toil.  
Attached? The attachment of love is one thing,  
The attachment of profit another. *Gurth's* ring  
Is our form of attachment at bottom, Sir, still,  
And to favour *that* bond HODGE doubts not your good will.  
But when others talk of improving our lot  
By possession of more than a burial plot,  
By pay for our toil, and by balm for our troubles,  
You ban all such prospects as "radiant bubbles."  
Declare "under-currents of plunder" run through  
All plans for our aid save those favoured by you.  
Attached to the soil! Ah! how many approve  
*That* attachment, when founded on labour and love!  
But about "confiscation" they chatter and fuss  
At all talk of attaching the soil to poor us!

## FREE AND INDEPENDENT.

SCENE—*Manager's Room of the Ideal Theatre.*  
Present—*Committee of Taste.*

*Manager.* Now, you fellows, I think we have settled what to do next. Carry out the notion of an afternoon performance of the *Ideal Drama*. We have got the moderate guarantee, and the good stock

company, and hope to receive the co-operation of the leading artists from other theatres. Isn't that so?

*Auditor.* Yes, I can answer for the moderate guarantee—about £20—in the bank.

*Stage Manager.* And the good stock company was imported early this morning from Ireland. All very good Shakspearian actors with a taste of a brogue to give their remarks pungency.

*Manager.* That's all right. And what is the play?

*First Member of the Committee of Taste.* "Demons," by the Master.

*Second Ditto.* No, let us have something newer. Why not an adaptation (by myself) of that charming work by SODALA—I call it *Blood and Thunder*?

*Manager (producing halfpenny).* By the rules of the Company we toss for it. (Throws up coin.) Heads!—*Blood and Thunder* wins. We will do *Blood and Thunder*. Well, now as to casting it. Anything for IRVING in it?

*Second Mem.* Oh, yes—if he would play it. A Policeman who dies by cutting his throat in Scene 1. Not the sort of part he usually selects, but capital.

*First Mem.* It is not for Mr. IRVING to pick and choose, it is the cause of Art we serve.

*Second Mem.* Well, yes. We might telephone and learn his views on the subject. [Subordinate takes instructions.]

*Manager.* All right! Ah, here we have the piece! Rather long, but the parts seem mild enough. Who's to do this soldier—a sort of heavy dragoon, with a cold, who dies in the First Scene of the Second Act?

*Second Mem.* Oh, anybody! KENDAL or FARREN; or if they can't, then HARE or LIONEL BROUGH.

*Manager.* But do you think they will like it? You see they each have their line, and—

*First Mem.* In the cause of Art they will be prepared to do anything. At least, they ought to be.

*Manager.* Well, we will telephone to them too. (Subordinate takes further instructions.) And now, how about the Ladies?

*Second Mem.* Oh, there are a lot of school-girls, and a woman who



## MODEST AMBITION.

*The Squire (to his Eldest Son, just home from the 'Varsity).* "WELL, MY BOY, AND WHAT HAVE YOU SETTLED TO BE?"

*The Squire's Son.* "JUST A PLAIN COUNTRY GENTLEMAN LIKE YOU, FATHER!"

dies by degrees of general paralysis. The girls, of course will be all right with—say, Miss EMERY, Miss LINDEN, Miss ALMA MURRAY, and Mrs. KENDAL. But we want two people to play the woman. First Act, Miss ELLEN TERRY; second and third, Miss GENEVIEVE WARD. To be properly played, both should be in it.

*Manager.* But how will that do? I do not think that Miss TERRY will care to—

*First Mem.* Nonsense! She is a most charming person, and will do anything in the cause of Art.

*Subordinate (returning from telephone).* Beg pardon, Gentlemen, but Messrs. KENDAL, FARREN, BROUGH, and HARE say they are very sorry, but they are not at home; and Mr. IRVING presents his compliments, and would be delighted to do what we wish, but he fears he will be otherwise engaged. However, he says you have his sympathy, and his heart goes out to you. [Exit.]

*Manager.* Well, what shall we do?

*Second Mem.* Oh, there's VEZIN, and TERRIS, and PAULTON, and a heap more!

*Subordinate (returning).* Just heard from the Ladies, Gentlemen, and they send their kindest regards, but they are out too!

*Acting Manager (entering).* Well, how about the performance?

*Members of the Council (together).* Oh, it's nearly arranged!

*Acting Man.* Well, if I might suggest, as a person of considerable experience, it doesn't matter a jot whether you get a company together or not.

*Members (as before).* Why?

*Acting Man.* Because you won't get an audience!

[Scene closes in upon further consultation.]

## Theosophic Tools.

(By an Opponent of Occultism.)

THE Theosophic Boom, its wordy strife

And futile fuss are fading out in "fizzle."

They talk a deal about their "planes of life,"

'Tis plain to me the fitter term were "chisel."



## POPULAR SONGS RE-SUNG:

OR, MISS BOWDLER AT THE MUSIC HALLS.

"A NOD is as good as a wink to a blind horse," says the old saw, and a wink is no doubt as good as a smile to a purblind ass. But the wink is indeed one of the worst uses to which the human eye can be put. It signifies usually the vulgarisation of humour, and the degradation of mirth. It is the favourite eye-language of the cynical cad, the coarse jester, the crapulous clown, and—above all—the chuckling cheat.

It must be admitted, that the Muse of the Music Hall—in her Momus mood—has a strong leaning towards the glorification of cynical 'cuteness of the *Autolycus* sort. It is a weakness which she seems to share with party scribes and Colonial politicians. If she had any classic leanings, which she has not, her favourite deity would be Mercury, the "winking Cyllenian Argophont" of the Homeric Hymn, the "little cradled rogue," the Apollo-cheating babe, "the lord of those who swindle, house-break, sheep-steal and shop-lift," under whom *Autolycus* prided himself upon having been "littered."

*Autolycus's* complacent self-gratulation, "How bless'd are we that are not simple men!" would appeal to the heart of the Music-hall votary. "Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman" is, virtually, the burthen of dozens of the most favourite of the Music-hall ditties.

Sly-scheming Hermes "winked" knowingly at Jupiter when he was "pitching his yarn" about the stolen oxen, and Jupiter "according to his wont,"

"Laughed heartily to hear the subtle witted

Infant give such a plausible account,  
And every word a lie."

So the Music-hall Muse "winks" knowingly, and knavishly, at her audience, and her audience "laugh heartily," in Jovian guffaws, at her winks. What wonder then that she should lyrically apostrophise "The Wink" in laudatory numbers?

"Say, boys, now is it quite the thing?"

she cries in sham deprecation, but all the while she "winks the other eye" in a way her hearers quite understand.

"Cabby knows his fare," and the Music-hall Muse knows her clients. What, we wonder, would be her reception did she really carry out her ironically pretended protest and sing to the chuckling cads who applaud her, the following version of her favourite lay?

## No. II.—THE WINK OF ROGUERY'S EYE.

AIR—"Wink the Other Eye."

SAY, boys, whatever do men mean

When they wink the other eye?

Why, when "sharps" say the world is "green,"

Do they wink the other eye?

The Radicals and Tories both tell stories, not a few,

About Measures falsely promised, and reforms long overdue;

And when the simple Mob believes that every word is true,

Then they—wink the other eye!

Chorus.—Say, boys, now is it quite the thing!

Say, should we let them have their fling?

Ah, when they get us "on a string"

Then they wink the other eye!

Say, boys are Leaders to be loved,

When they wink the other eye?

By artful speech the Mob is moved,

Till it winks the other eye;

The optic Wink 's the language of the sly and sordid soul,

The mute freemasonry of Fraud, sign-post to Roguery's goal.

When Circe sees her votaries swine ready in sludge to roll

Then she winks the other eye!

Chorus.—Say, boys, is it so fine a thing,  
Low Cunning, which Cheat's laureates sing,  
The Comus of the Mart and Ring,  
Who—winks the other eye?

Say, boys, is Cunning's promise good,

When she winks the other eye?

Noddledom seeks her neighbourhood,

And winks its other eye.

For no one winks so freely as a fool who *thinks* he's sly;

The dupe of deeper knavery smirks in shallow mimicry

Of the smirking JERRY DIDDLE who is sucking him so dry,

And who winks the other eye.

Chorus.—Say, boys, now is the Wink a thing

Worthy of worship; will you fling

Your caps in air for the Knave-King

Who—winks the other eye?

The Politician plucks his geese,

Then he winks the other eye.

Brazen Fraud steals Trade's Golden Fleece,

Then he winks the other eye.

*Autolycus* pipes ballads; public pockets are his aim;

*Rabagas* raves of "liberty"; advancement is his game;

And when their dupes aren't looking all these rogues do just the same,

They—wink the other eye!

Chorus.—Say, boys, means will you sing

To winking harpies all a-wing

To prey on fools; who steal, and sting,

And—wink the other eye?

Wisdom may smile, but Cunning can't,

She winks the other eye.

Humour shall chortle, Mockery shan't,

She winks the other eye.

The stars above us twinkle and the dews beneath us blink,

All the eyes of Nature sparkle, and from merriment do not shrink,

The Language of the Eye of Cynic Knavery is—the Wink!

Roguery "winks the other eye!"

Chorus.—Say, boys, is it quite the thing?

"Duedame" to fools the Diddlers sing;

Trust me 'tis Rascals in a Ring

Who wink the other eye!

\* *Amiens*. What 's that "duedame"?

*Jacques*. 'Tis a Greek invocation to call fools into a circle.

"As You Like It," Act II., Sc. 5.

## THE EVOLUTION OF TOMMY'S PRIVATE-SCHOOL REPORT.

1. *A rough draught, written by the under-master, who certainly has had rather a trying week with TOMMY.*

"I am unable to speak highly of either his intelligence or his industry; but occasionally he works well, and has undoubtedly made some progress this term. His conduct is not always good."

2. *Second rough draught; TOMMY in the meantime has missed a repetition and accidentally knocked down the black-board.*

"Exceptionally stupid and idle. Cannot be said to have made any progress whatever this term, although he has had every effort made with him. His conduct is abominable, noisy and unruly in the extreme."

3. *Fair copy to be submitted to the principal; of course, TOMMY had not intended to be overheard when he spoke of the under-master as "Old Pig-face," but this is the result.*

"A more idle and utterly worthless boy it has never been my misfortune to teach. Seems to have gone steadily backward all the term. Is most objectionable in his manners, and has no sense of honour."

4. *Fair copy, as amended by the principal; how was TOMMY to know that stone would break the conservatory window, and drive the principal to alter the report to this?*

"Would be better suited in a reformatory than in a school of this standing. Utterly depraved, vicious and idle, with marked criminal instincts. In intellect verges on the imbecile. Unless there is a marked improvement next term, I cannot keep him."

5. *Principal's final copy; it was fortunate that TOMMY happened to remark that he had four cousins who were, perhaps, coming next term. One can't lose four pupils, even if it makes it necessary to write like this.*

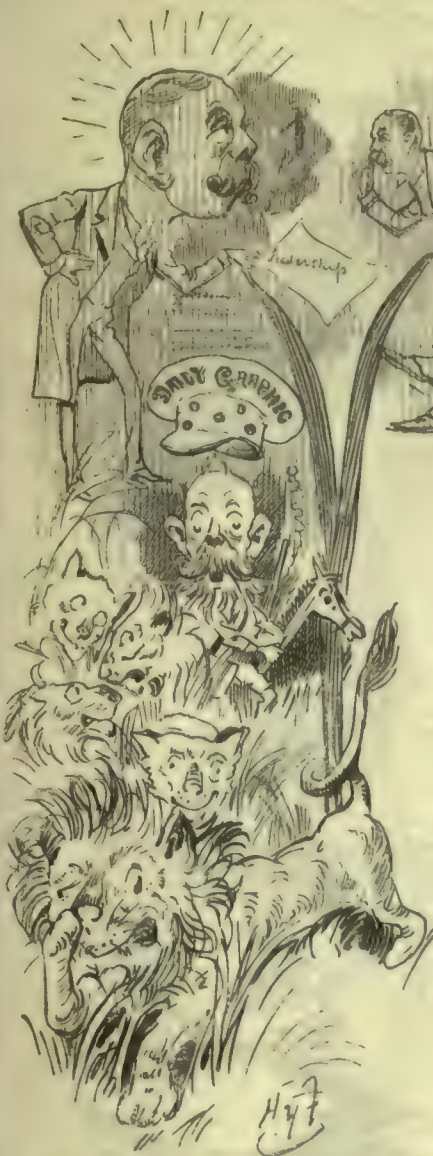
"A singularly bright and high-spirited boy; a little given to mischief, as all boys are, but quite amenable to discipline. My assistant speaks most highly of his progress this term, and of his general intelligence. He seems well suited by our system. His conduct is, on the whole, admirable. He is truthful and conscientious."

COUPLET BY A CYNIC.

"POETRY does not sell!" cry plaintive pleaders.  
Alas! most modern Poetry *does*—its readers!



## YOUNG GRANDOLPH'S BARTY.



YOUNG GRANDOLPH hat a Barty—

Where ish dat Barty now?  
He fell'd in luf mit der African goldt;  
Mit SOLLY he'd hat a row;  
He dinks dat his secession  
Would make der resht look plue,  
But, before he drafel vast and var,  
His Barty split in two.

Young GRANDOLPH hat a Barty—

Dere vash B-LF-R, W-LFF, and G-RST,  
Dey haf vorgot deir "Leater,"  
Und dat ish not deir vorst.  
B-LF-R vill "boss" der Commons,  
While GRANDOLPH—sore disgraced—  
Ish "oop a tree," like der Bumble Bee,  
Und W-LFF and G-RST are "placed."

Young GRANDOLPH hat a Barty—

Vhen he dat Barty led,  
B-LF-R vash but a "Bummer,"  
A loafing lollop-head.  
Young Tories schvore by GRANDOLPH,  
(Dey schvear at GRANDOLPH now.)  
Now at de feet of der "lank æsthete"  
Der Times itsself doth bow!

Young GRANDOLPH hat a Barty,

Dere all vash "Souise and Brouse."  
Now he hets not dat prave gompany  
All in der Commons House,  
To see him skywgle GL-DST-NE,  
Und schlog him on der kop.  
Young Tory bloods no longer shout  
Till der SCHPEAKER bids dem shtop.

Und, like dat Rhine Mermaiden

"Vot hadn't got nodings on,"  
Dey "don't dink mooch of beoplesh  
Vat goes mit demselves alone!"

Young GRANDOLPH hat a Barty—

Where ish dat Barty now?  
Where ish dat oder ARTHUR's song  
Vot darkened der Champerlain's prow?  
Where ish de himmelstrahlende stern,  
De shtar of der Tory fight?  
All gon'd afay, as on Woodcock's wing,  
Afay in de ewigkeit!

\* Saus und Braus—Ger., Riot and Bustle.

"CORRECT CARD, GENTS!"—"Wanted a Map of London" was the heading of a letter in the *Times* last Thursday. No, Sir! that's not what is wanted. There are hundreds of 'em, specially seductive pocket ones, with just the very streets that one wants to discover as short cuts to great centres carefully omitted. What is wanted is a correct map of London, divided into pocketable sections, portable, foldable, durable, on canvas,—but if imperfect, as so many of these small pocket catch-shilling ones are just now, although professedly brought up to date '91, they are worse than useless, and to purchase one is a waste of time, temper and money. We could mention an attractive-looking little map—which, but no—Publishers and public are hereby cautioned! N.B.—Test well your pocket map through a magnifying glass before buying. *Experto crede!*

## OYSTERLESS.

(By an Impecunious Gourmet.)

[Oysters are very dear, and are likely, as the season advances, to be still higher in price.]

Oh, Oyster mine! Oh, Oyster mine!  
You're still as exquisitely nice;  
With perfect pearly tints you shine,  
But you are such an awful price.  
The lemon and the fresh cayenne,  
Brown bread and butter and the stout  
Are here, and just the same, but then  
What if I have to leave you out?

What wonder that my spirits droop,  
That life can bring me no delight,  
When I must give up oyster soup,  
So softly delicately white.  
The curry powder stands anear,  
The scallop shells, but what care I—  
You're so abominably dear,  
O Oyster! that I cannot buy.

With sad imaginative flights,  
I think upon the days of yore;  
Like TICKLER, on Ambrosian nights,  
I have consumed thee by the score.  
And still, whenever you appeared,  
My pride it was to use you well;  
I let the juice play round your beard,  
And always on the hollow shell.



I placed you in the fair lark-pie,  
With steak and kidneys too, of course;  
Your ancestors were glad to die,  
So well I made the oyster sauce.  
I had you stewed and feathery fried,  
And dipped in batter—think of that;  
And, as a pleasant change, I've tried  
You, skewered in rows, with bacon-fat.

"Where art thou, ALICE?" cried the bard.  
"Where art thou, Oyster?" I exclaim.  
It really is extremely hard,  
To know thee nothing but a name.  
For this is surely torment worse  
Than DANTE heaped upon his dead;—  
To find thee quite beyond my purse,  
And so go oysterless to bed.

A PROPOS OF THE SECRETARY FOR WAR'S  
ROSEATE AFTER-DINNER SPEECH (on the  
entirely satisfactory state of the Army  
generally).—STAN—) "HOPE told a flattering  
tale."

UNIVERSITY MEM.—The Dean of Christ  
Church will keep his seat till Christmas, and  
just a LIDDELL longer.



## THE RAVEN.

(Very Latest War-Office Version. See Mr. Stanhorne's After-Dinner Speech at the Holborn Restaurant (Oct. 17), and Letter in "Times" (Oct. 21) on "Pangloss at the War Office.")



Secretarial Pangloss sings:—

LATE, upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, tired but cheery,  
Over many an optimistic record of War Office lore;  
Whilst I worked, assorting, mapping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
As of someone rudely rapping, rapping at my Office-door.  
"Some late messenger," I muttered, "tapping at my Office-door—  
Only this, but it's a bore."

I remember—being sober—it was in the chill October,  
Light from the electric globe or horseshoe lighted wall and floor;  
Also that it was the morrow of the Holborn Banquet; sorrow

From the Blue Books croakers borrow—sorrow for the days of yore,  
For the days when "Rule Britannia" sounded far o'er sea and shore.  
Ah! it must have been a bore!

But on that let's draw the curtain. I am simply cock-sure—certain  
That "our splendid little Army" never was so fine before.  
It will take a lot of beating! Such remarks I keep repeating;  
They come handy—after eating, and are always sure to score—  
Dash that rapping chap entreating entrance at my Office-door!  
It is an infernal bore!



Presently I grew more placid (Optimists should not be acid.) [drumming there no more.]  
 "Come in!" I exclaimed—"confound you!" Pray stand  
 But the donkey still kept tapping. "Dolt!" I muttered, sharply snapping, [Office-door?  
 "Why the deuce do you come rapping, rapping at my  
 Yet not 'enter' when you're told to?"—here I opened  
 wide the door—

Darkness there, and nothing more.

Open next I flung the shutter, when, with a prodigious flutter, [moor.  
 In there stepped a bumptious Raven, black as any blacka-  
 Not the least obeisance made he, not a moment stopped  
 or stayed he, [Office-door,  
 But with scornful look, though shady, perched above my  
 Perched upon BRITANNIA's bust that stood above my Office-  
 door— Perched, and sat, and seemed to snore.

"Well," I said, sardonic smiling, "this is really rather riling;  
 "It comports not with decorum such as the War Office bore  
 In old days stiff and clean-shaven. Dub me a Gladstonian craven  
 If I ever saw a Raven at the W. O. before. [of yore."  
 Tell me what your blessed name is. 'Rule Britannia' held  
 Quoth the bird, "'Tis so no more!"

Much I marvelled this sophistic fowl to utter pessimistic  
 Fustian, which so little meaning—little relevancy bore  
 To the rule of me and SOLLY; but, although it may  
 sound folly, [General" wore,  
 This strange fowl a strange resemblance to "Our Only  
 To the W-LS-L-Y whose pretensions to sound military lore  
 Are becoming quite a bore.

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that much-peeled bust,  
 spake only [precious poor.  
 Of our Army as a makeshift, small, ill-manned, and  
 Drat the pessimistic bird!—he grumbled of "the hurdy-  
 gurdy [fought before,  
 Marching—past side of a soldier's life in peace." "We've  
 Winning battles with boy-troops," I cried, "We'll do as  
 we before—"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

"Nonsense!" said I. "After dinner at the Holborn, as  
 a winner [snore!)"  
 Spake I in the Pangloss spirit to the taxpayers, (Don't  
 Told them our recruits—who 'll master e'en unmerciful  
 disaster, [yore,"—  
 Come in fast and come in faster, quite as good as those of  
 "Flattering tales of (Stan) Hope!" cried the bird, whose dismal  
 dirges bore, One dark burden—"Nevermore!"

"Hang it, Raven, this is riling!" cried I. "Stop your rude reviling!  
 Then I wheeled my office-chair in front of bird and bust and door;  
 And upon its cushion sinking, "I," I said, "will smash like winking  
 This impeachment you are bringing, O you ominous bird of yore,  
 O you grim, ungainly, ghastly, grumbling, gruesome feathered  
 bore!" Croaked the Raven, "You I'll floor."

Then methought the bird looked denser, and his cheek became  
 immenser,

And he twaddled of VON MOLTKE, and his German Army Corps;  
 "Flattering the tax-payers' vanity," and much similar insanity,  
 In a style that lacked urbanity, till the thing became a bore.  
 "Oh, get out of it!" I cried; "our little Army yet will score."

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "of all evil, that we're 'going to the devil'  
 Has been the old croaker's gospel for a century, and more.  
 Red-gilled Colonels this have chaunted in BRITANNIA's sears undaunted,  
 By their ghosts you must be haunted. Take a Blue-pill, I implore!  
 When our Army meets the foe it's bound to lick him as of yore!"  
 Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "that's uncivil. You may go to—well, the  
 devil!" [o'er.

That Establishments are 'short,' and 'standards' lowered o'er and  
 That mere 'weeds,' with chests of maiden, cannot march with knap-  
 That the heat of sultry Aden, or the cold of Labrador, [sack laden;  
 Such can't stand, may be the truth; but keep it dark, bird, I  
 implore!" Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

"Then excuse me, we'll be parting, doleful fowl," I cried,  
 upstarting; [shore!)

"Get thee back to—the Red River, or the Nile's sand-cumbered  
 Leave no 'Magazine' as token of the twaddle you have spoken.  
 What? BRITANNIA stoney-broken? Quit her bust above my door.  
 Take thy hook from the War Office; take thy beak from off my  
 door!" Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"



### THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

Aunt Jane. "THAT MAKES THREE WEDDINGS IN OUR FAMILY WITHIN A  
 TWELVEMONTH! IT WILL BE YOUR TURN NEXT, MATILDA!"

Matilda. "OH, NO!"

Aunt Jane. "WELL, THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY THINGS HAPPEN SOMETIMES,  
 YOU KNOW!"

And the Raven still is sitting, croaking statements most unfitting,  
 On BRITANNIA's much-peeled bust that's placed above my Office-door,  
 And if Pangloss, e'en in seeming, lent an ear to his dark dreaming,  
 Useless were official scheming, grants of millions by the score,  
 For my soul were like the shadow that he casts upon the floor,  
 Dark and dismal evermore!

### TUPPER'S PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY UP TO DATE.

["The range of our inquiry was intended to include the whole migratory  
 range for seals . . . Our movements were kept most secret."—Sir George  
 Baden-Powell on the Work of the Behring Sea Commission.]

We came, we saw, we—held our tongues (myself—BADEN-POWELL—  
 and Mr. DAWSON.)

We popped on each seal-island "unbeknownst," and what we  
 discovered we held our jaws on.

We'd five hundred interviews within three months, which I think  
 "cuts the record" in interviewing.

Corresponded with 'Frisco, Japan, and Russia; so I hope you'll allow  
 we've been "up and doing."

(Not up and saying, be't well understood). As TUPPER (the  
 Honourable C. H., Minister

Of Fisheries) said, in the style of his namesake, "The fool imagines  
 all Silence is sinister,

"But the wise man knows that it's often dexterous." Be sure no  
 inquisitive shyness or bounce 'll

Make us "too previous" with our Report, which goes first to the  
 QUEEN and the Privy Council.

Some bigwig's motto is, "Say and Seal," but as TUPPER remarked  
 a forefinger laying

To the dexter side of a fine proboscis, "Our motto at present is,  
 Seal without saying!"

LEGAL QUERY.—The oldest of the thirteen Judges on the Scotch  
 Bench is YOUNG. Any chance for a Junior after this?



## THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. XII.

SCENE—In front of the *Hôtel Bodenhau* at *Splügen*. The Diligence for *Bellinzona* is having its team attached. An elderly Englishwoman is sitting on her trunk, trying to run through the last hundred pages of a novel from the *Hotel Library* before her departure. *PODBURY* is in the *Hotel*, negotiating for sandwiches. *CULCHARD* is practising his Italian upon a very dingy gentleman in smoked spectacles, with a shawl round his throat.

The Dingy Italian (suddenly discovering *CULCHARD*'s nationality). Ecco, siete Inglese! Lat us spika Ingelis. I onnerstan' 'im to ze bottom-side. (Laboriously, to *CULCHARD*, who tries to conceal his chagrin.) 'Ow menni time you employ to go since Coire at here? (C. nods with vague encouragement.) Vich manners of vezzer you vere possess troo your trave s—mash ommerella? (C.'s eyes grow vacant.) Ha, I tink it vood! Zis day ze vicket root sail 'ave plenti 'orse to pull, &c., &c. (Here *PODBURY* comes up, and puts some rugs in the coupé of the diligence.) You sit at ze beginning-end, hey? better, you tink, zan ze mizzle? I too, zen, sall ride at ze front—we vill spika Ingelis, altro!

*Podb.* (overhearing this, with horror). One minute, *CULCHARD*. (He draws him aside.) I say, for goodness' sake, don't let's have that old organ-grinding Johnny in the coupé with us!

*Culch.* Organ-grinder! you are so very insular! For anything you can tell, he may be a decayed nobleman.

*Pod.* (coarsely). Well, let him decay somewhere else, that's all! Just tell the Conductor to shove him in the *intérieur*, do, while I nip in the coupé and keep our places.

[*CULCHARD*, on reflection, adopts this suggestion, and the Italian Gentleman, after fluttering feebly about the coupé door, is unceremoniously bundled by the Conductor into the hinder part of the diligence.

In the *Bernardino Pass*, during the Ascent.

*Culch.* Glorious view one gets at each fresh turn of the road, *PODBURY*! Look at *Hinter-rhein*, far down below there, like a toy village, and that vast desolate valley, with the grey river rushing through it, and the green glacier at the end, and these awful snow-covered peaks all round—look, man!

*Podb.* I'm looking, old chap. It's all there, right enough!

*Culch.* (vexed). It doesn't seem to be making any particular impression on you, I must say!

*Podb.* It's making me deuced peckish, I know that—how about lunch, eh?

*Culch.* (pained). We are going through scenery like this, and all you think of is—lunch! (*PODBURY* opens a basket.) You may give me one of those sandwiches. What made you get *veal*? and the bread's all crust, too! Thanks, I'll take some claret. . . . (They lurch; the vehicle meanwhile toils up to the head of the Pass.) Dear me, we're at the top already! These rocks shut out the valley altogether—much colder at this height, eh? Don't you find this keen air most exhilarating?

*Podb.* (shivering). Oh very, do you mind putting your window up? Thanks. You seem uncommon chirpy to-day. Beginning to get over it, eh?

*Culch.* We shan't get over it for some hours yet.

*Podb.* I didn't mean the Pass, I meant—(hesitating)—well, your little affair with Miss *PRENDERGAST*, you know.

*Culch.* My little affair? Get over? (He suddenly understands.) Oh, ah, to be sure. Yes, thank you, my dear fellow, it is not making me particularly unhappy. [He goes into a fit of silent laughter.

*Podb.* Glad to hear it. (To himself.) 'Jove, if he only knew what I know!

*Culch.* You don't appear to be exactly heartbroken?

*Podb.* I? why should I be—about what?

*Culch.* (with an affectation of reserve). Exactly, I was forgetting. (To himself.) It's really rather humorous. (He laughs again.) Ha, we're beginning to go down now. Hey for Italy—la bella Italia! (The diligence takes the first curve.) Good Heavens, what a turn! We're going at rather a sharp pace for downhill, eh? I suppose these Swiss drivers know what they're about, though.

*Podb.* Oh, yes, generally—when they're not drunk. I can only see this fellow's boots—but they look to me a trifle squiffy.

*Culch.* (inspecting them, anxiously). He does seem to drive very

recklessly. Look at those leaders—heading right for the precipice. . . . Ah, just saved it! How we do lurch in swinging round!

*Podb.* Topheavy—I expect, too much luggage on board—have another sandwich?

*Culch.* Not for me, thanks. I say, I wonder if it's safe, having no parapet, only these stone posts, eh?

*Pod.* Safe enough—unless the wheel catches one—it was as near as a toucher just then—aren't you going to smoke? No? I am. By the way, what were you so amused about just now, eh?

*Culch.* Was I amused? (The vehicle gives another tremendous lurch.) Really, this is too horrible!

*Podb.* (with secret enjoyment). We're right enough, if the horses don't happen to stumble. That off-leader isn't over sure-footed—did you see that? (*Culch.* shudders.) But what's the joke about Miss *PRENDERGAST*?

*Culch.* (irritably). Oh, for Heaven's sake, don't bother about that now! I've something else to think about. My goodness, we were nearly over that time! What are you looking at?

*Podb.* (who has been leaning forward). Only one of the traces—they've done it up with a penny ball of string, but I daresay it will stand the strain. You aren't half enjoying the view, old fellow.

*Culch.* Yes, I am. Magnificent!—glorious!—isn't it?

*Podb.* Find you see it better with your eyes shut? But I say, I wish you'd explain what you were sniggering at.

*Culch.* Take my advice, and don't press me, my dear fellow; you may regret it if you do!

*Podb.* I'll risk it. It must be a devilish funny joke to tickle you like that. Come, out with it!

*Culch.* Well, if you must know, I was laughing. . . . Oh, he'll never get those horses round in. . . . I was—er—rather amused by your evident assumption that I must have been rejected by Miss *PRENDERGAST*.

*Podb.* Oh, was that it? And you're nothing of the kind, eh?

[He chuckles again.

*Culch.* (with dignity). No doubt you will find it very singular; but, as a matter of fact, she—well, she most certainly did not discourage my pretensions.

*Podb.* The deuce she didn't! Did she tell you *RUSKIN*'s ideas about courtship being a probation, and ask you if you were ready to be under vow for her, by any chance?

*Culch.* This is too bad, *PODBURY*; you must have been there, or you couldn't possibly know!

*Podb.* Much obliged, I'm sure. I don't listen behind doors, as a general thing. I suppose, now, she set you a trial of some kind, to prove your mettle, eh?

[With another chuckle.

*Culch.* (furiously). Take care—or I may tell you more than you bargain for!

*Podb.* Go on—never mind me. Bless you, I'm under vow for her, too, my dear boy. Fact!

*Culch.* That's impossible, and I can prove it. The service she demanded was, that I should leave *Constance* at once—with you. Do you understand—with you, *PODBURY*!

*Podb.* (with a prolonged whistle). My aunt!

*Culch.* (severely). You may invoke every female relative you possess in the world, but it won't alter the fact, and that alone ought to convince you—

*Podb.* Hold on a bit. Wait till you've heard my penance. She told me to cart you off. Now, then!

*Culch.* (faintly). If I thought she'd been trifling with us both like that, I'd never—

*Podb.* She's no end of a clever girl, you know. And, after all, she may only have wanted time to make up her mind.

*Culch.* (violently). I tell you what she is—she's a cold-blooded pedantic prig, and a systematic flirt! I loathe and detest a prig, but a flirt I despise—yes, despise, *PODBURY*!

*Podb.* (with only apparent irrelevance). The same to you, and many of 'em, old chap! Hullo, we're going to stop at this inn. Let's get out and stretch our legs and have some coffee.

[They do: on returning, they find the Italian Gentleman smiling blandly at them from inside the coupé.

The *It. G.* Goodday, dear frens, a riverderla! I success at your chairs. I vish you a pleasure's delay!

*Podb.* But I say, look here, Sir, we're going on, and you've got our place!

The *It. G.* Sank you verri moech. I 'ope so.

[He blows *PODBURY* a kiss.





*Podb. (with intense disgust).* How on earth are we going to get that beggar out? Set the Conductor at him, CULCHARD, do—you can talk the lingo best!

*Culch. (who has had enough of PODBURY for the present).* Talk to him yourself, my dear fellow, I'm not going to make a row.

*Podb. (to Conductor).* Hi! sprechen sie Französisch, oder was? *il y-a quelque chose dans mon siege, dites-lui de—what the deuce is the French for "clear out"?*

*Cond. Montez, Monsieur, nous bartons, montez vite alors!*

*[He thrusts PODBURY, protesting vainly, into the intérieur, with two peasants, a priest and the elderly Englishwoman. The diligence starts again.]*

### AT THE ITALIAN OPERA.

*Tuesday, October 20th.*—Opening night. *Roméo et Juliette*: débuts of Mlle. SIMMONET, of the Opéra Comique, and M. COSSIRA, as the lovers. *Lady Capulet's* Small Dance, quite the smartest of the season, as the Veronese nobility present were evidently remarking, with abundance of easy gesture, to one another, as they led the way to the lemonade. The *Juliette* of the evening charming, and soon



Two (Covent Garden) Gentlemen of Verona!!

singing herself into the good graces of a large audience; ditto, M. COSSIRA, "than which," as the Prophet NICHOLAS would say, "a more competent *Roméo*—though perhaps a trifle full in the waist for balcony-scaling by moonlight." If he had really trusted himself to that gossamer ladder in the Fourth Act, he would never have got away to Mantua, especially as *Juliette*, with the thoughtlessness of her age and sex, omitted to secure it in any way. Fortunately it was not a long drop, and the descent was accomplished without accident, as will be seen from the accompanying sketch.



Exit Romeo by the Rope Ladder,—a shrewd guess at what really happens.

**CHANGE FOR A TENOR.**—MR. SEYMOUR HADEN, the opponent of the Cremation gospel according to THOMPSON (Sir HENRY of that ilk), should come to an arrangement with the English Light Opera tenor, and tack COFFIN on to his name.

### ONLY FANCY!

(From Mr. Punch's Own Rumourists.)

It may be interesting at this time of the year to mention the fact that Lord SALISBURY always uses a poker in cracking walnuts. He says it saves the silver. The other day, whilst wielding the poker across the walnuts and the wine, Mr. GLADSTONE chanced to look in. The Premier, with his well-known hospitality, immediately furnished the Right Hon. Gentleman with another poker (brought in from the drawing-room), and ordered up a fresh supply of nuts.

Mr. GLADSTONE, recurring in private conversation to a recent visit paid by him to Lord SALISBURY in Arlington Street, questioned the convenience of a poker as an instrument for shattering the shell of the walnut. For himself, he says, he has always found a pair of tongs more convenient.

The Marquis of HARTINGTON, to whom this remark was reported, observed that as a dis-sentient Liberal he naturally differed from Mr. GLADSTONE, and was not to the fullest extent able to agree with his noble friend, the Marquis of SALISBURY. For his own part, he found the most convenient way of cracking a walnut was deftly to place the article in the interstice of the dining-room door, and gently close it. He found this plan combined with its original purpose a gentle exercise on the part of the guests highly conducive to digestion.

Two hours later, the Leader of the Opposition was seen walking up Arlington Street, and on reaching Piccadilly, he hailed an omnibus, observing the precaution before entering of requiring the conductor to produce the scale of charges. "No pirate busses for me," the Right Hon. Member remarked, as (omitting the oath) he took his seat.

It is no secret in official circles that before the vacancy in the office of Postmaster-General was filled, it was placed at the disposal of the BARON DE BOOK-WORMS. Upon Sir JAMES FERGUSON stepping in, the PRIME MINISTER was urgently desirous to have the collaboration of the noble BARON at the Foreign Office. But, somehow, the post of Under-Secretary vacated by Sir JAMES was assigned to Mr. WILLIAM JAMES LOWTHER.

We are authorised to state that His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of GERMANY, feeling the need of a little change, has resolved to stay at home for a fortnight.

We are in a position to state that just prior to the General Election of 1890, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was observed standing before a cheval glass, alternatively fixing his eyeglass in the right eye and in the left. Asked why he should thus quaintly occupy his leisure moments, he replied: "It is in view of the General Election. If on the platform any person in the crowd poses you with an awkward question, should you be able rapidly to transfer your eyeglass from your right eye to your left, and fix the obtruder with a stony stare, he is so much engaged in wondering whether you can keep the glass in position, that he forgets what he asked you, and you can pass on to less dangerous topics."

When Mr. SCHOMBERG M'DONNELL informed his chief that Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL had "come upon eight lions," Lord SALISBURY sighed and remained for a moment in deep thought. Then he said, "How different had the eight lions come upon him!"

Mr. GLADSTONE has backed himself to walk a mile, talk a mile, write a mile, review a mile, disestablish a mile, chop a mile and hop a mile in one hour. Sporting circles are much interested in the veteran statesman's undertaking, and little else is talked about at the chief West End resorts. The general opinion of those who ought to know seems to be in favour of the scythe-bearer, but not a few have invested a pound or two on the Mid-Lothian Marvel.







## TRUE LITERARY EXCLUSIVENESS.

"WHAT, MY DEAR REGINALD! YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU DON'T ADMIRE BYRON AS A POET?"

"CERTAINLY NOT. INDEED I HAVE A QUITE SPECIAL LOATHING AND CONTEMPT FOR HIM IN THAT PARTICULAR CHARACTER!"

"DEAR ME! WHY, WHAT PARTICULAR POEMS OF HIS DO YOU OBJECT TO SO STRONGLY?"

"MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER, I NEVAH READ A LINE OF BYRON IN MY LIFE,—AND I CERTAINLY NEVAH MEAN TO!"

## TRYING IT ON.

[“The natural result of a *rapprochement* between Russia and Italy, even if avowedly platonic in its character, would be to weaken the prestige and moral force of the Triple Alliance.”—*The Times*.]

*Mr. Bruin loquitor* :—

*Pat*! Hang it, quite *au mieux*! Now what am I to do?

I must draw her attention, if I'm going to have a chance.

She seems so satisfied with those gallants at her side

That just now in my direction she will hardly deign a glance.

*Pat*! Darling, just a word!

No! Deaf as any post! It is perfectly absurd!

*Pat*! Heeds me not the least, just as though I were the Beast,

And she the sovereign Beauty that she deems she is, no doubt.

Since she won those burly *beaux*, it appears to be no go,

But Bruin's an old Masher, and he knows what he's about.

*Pat*! Darling, look this way!

In your pretty little ear I've a word or two to say!

The coy Gallic girl I've won. It is really awful fun,

For *her* prejudice was strong as was that of Lady ANNE

To the ugly crookback, DICK. But my wooing there was quick.

Platonic? Oh! of course. That is always Bruin's plan.

A flirtation means no harm,

When you wish not to corrupt or betray, but simply charm.

Fancy Italian girl won by the swagger twirl

Of an Austrian moustache! It is monstrous, nothing less.

What *would* GARIBALDI say? Well, he doesn't live to-day,

Or he'd tear her from the arm of her ancient foe, I guess.

And that stalwart Teuton too!

Do you really think, my girl, he can really care for *you*?

Ah! you always were a flirt, Miss ITALIA. You have hurt

France's feelings very much. Why, she stood your faithful friend

When the hated Austrian yoke bowed your neck. Did you invoke  
The pompous Prussian then your captivity to end?

*Pst*! Just a moment, dear.

I've a word or two to say it were worth your while to hear.

Ah! A hasty glance she throws o'er her shoulder. But for those

Big, blonde, burly bullies twain, I could win her, I am sure;

For my manners all girls praise, and I have such winning ways,

And my lips, for kisses made, are for love a lasting lure.

*Pst*! How those two stride on,

Without a glance at me! Do they think the game is won?

Humph! The Bear, although polite, is as pertinacious, quite,

As the tactless Teuton pig. I'll yet spoil their little game.

Triple Alliance? Fudge! If that girl is a good judge,

She will make a third with Me and my latest Gallic "flame."

*Pst*! Come along with me,

My dark Italian *belle*! We shall make a lovely Three!

[*Left making signs.*]

ACCI-DENTAL QUERY.—Let me ask the *Patres Conscripti* of our Academy Royal, why Dentists are not admitted A.R.A. *ex officio*. We have all for ever so long, since the memory of the oldest JOE MILLER, which runneth not to the contrary, known that Dentists drew teeth. But they nowadays add to their accomplishments by painting gums. The other day a friend of ours had a gum beautifully painted by a Dentist-artist in a certain Welbeck Street studio. It was a wonderful gathering; our friend in the chair.

## The Old Joe and the New.

To the humorous mind of a cynical cast,

Party change many matters for mirth affords;

But of all the big jokes, we've the biggest at last,

In CHAMBERLAIN'S backing the House of Lords!

They toil not, nor spin? That's a very old jeer!

Won't the Lilies take back seats when JOE is a Peer?





## TRYING IT ON!

Russia. "SS-S-T! (*Whisper*) I WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU, MY DEAR!"









"LISTEN TO MY TALE OF WOA!"

(Not much Gaiety about it.)

### TO MY LORD ADDINGTON.

[Lord ADDINGTON, speaking recently at a Harvest Festival, said, "If he were a labourer, and saw a rabbit nibbling his cabbages, he would go for that rabbit with the first thing at hand." (*Enthusiastic cheers.*)—*Daily News.*]

LORD ADDINGTON, most wonderful  
Of people-pleasing peers,  
You certainly contrived to raise  
"Enthusiastic cheers."

The villagers come flocking in  
From all the country through,  
To hear Your Lordship speak his mind  
And tell them what to do.



You did it well, you told them how  
You'd have them understand  
A lucky chance has made you own  
A quantity of land.

Though very fond of shooting, yet  
Your love of shooting stops  
At letting rabbits have their way  
At decimating crops.

And so, if you a labourer were,  
(The which of course you're not),  
And saw a rabbit in your ground  
A-nibbling—on the spot  
You'd go for him with spade or fork,  
At which, so it appears,  
There rang throughout the crowded room  
"Enthusiastic cheers."

A Peer's advice is always good,  
So doubtless they will grab it,—  
But no one will be happier than  
The cabbage-nibbling rabbit!

### A LITTLE STRANGER.

["At the meeting of the Bermondsey Vestry, the Medical Officer reported that water drawn from the service-pipe of a house in the Jamaica Road, had been submitted to him. The water was clear, but it contained a live horse-leech."—*Daily Paper.*]

Oh, into our domestic pipes  
They crawl and creep by stealth,  
The gruesome creatures known unto  
An Officer of Health!  
Harken to him of Bermondsey,  
Think what his murmurings teach,  
"The water seemed quite limpid, but—  
It did contain a Leech!"

The service-pipe was sound and good  
In the Jamaica Road;  
The cistern there had harboured no'er  
Microbe, or newt, or toad;  
No clearer water softly layed  
A coral island beach;  
So thought the householder, until—  
He found that awful Leech!

Perchance he was a temperance foe  
To alcoholic drink,  
And from all dalliance with Bung  
Did scrupulously shrink.  
Yet now to forms of fluid sin  
He'll cotton, all and each;  
He does not like such liquors, but—  
Prefers them to a Leech!

Our pipes will not be pipes of peace  
If such things hap, I trow;  
And as for Water Trusts, 'tis hard  
To trust in water now.  
Oh, Co. of Southwark and Vauxhall,  
We ratepayers beseech,  
Double your filtering charges, but—  
Remove the loathly Leech!

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THERE is a judicial review of GEORGE MEREDITH's work in the *Quarterly* for October—masterly, too, quoth the Baron, as striking a balance between effect and defect, and finding so much to be duly said in high praise of the diffuse and picturesquely-circumnavigating Novelist through whose labyrinthine pages the simple Baron finds it hard to thread his way, and yet keep the clue. When the unskippingly conscientious peruser of GEORGE M.'s novels is most desirous that the author shall go ahead, GEORGE, like an Irish cardriver, will stop to "discoorse us," and at such length, and so diffusely, and with such a wealth of eccentric word-coining and grammar-dodging, that at last the Baron gasps, choked by the rolling billows of sonorously booming or booming sonorous words, battles with the waves, ducks, and comes up again breathlessly, wondering where he may be, and what it was all about. "Story! God bless you, I haven't much to tell, Sir!" says the luxuriantly fanciful novel-grinder. And he hasn't much, it must be owned, for essence it would go



into half a volume, or less, and all over and above is pot-fuls of rich colour, spilt about almost at haphazard, permutations and combinations, giving the effect of genius. Which—genius it is; but a little of it goes a great way, in fact, a very great way, wandering and straying until at length the Baron calls for his *Richard Feverel*, and says, "This is the best that GEORGE MEREDITH has written, as sure as my name is

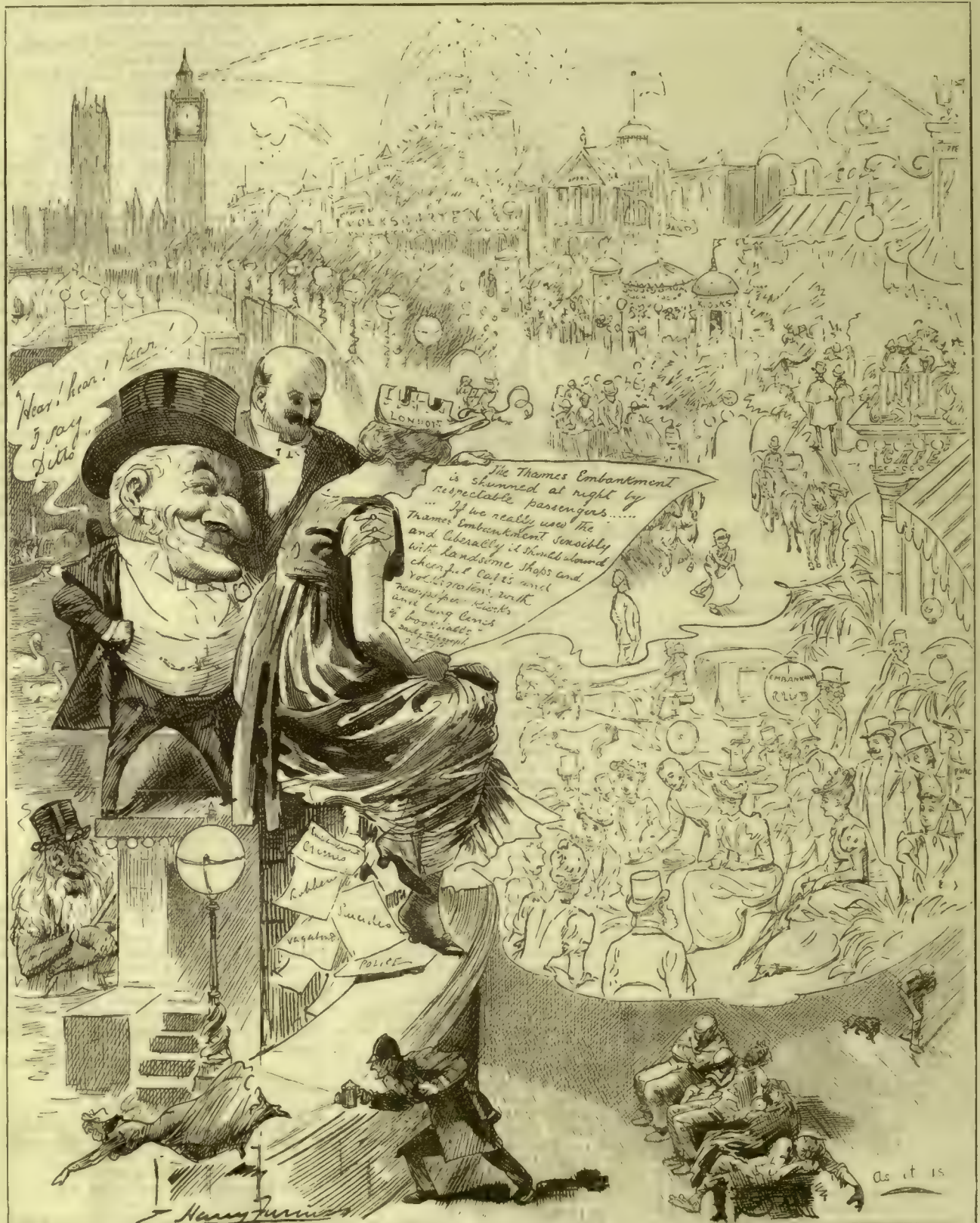
"THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS."

### Bard v. Bard.

THERE was a poor Poet named CLOUGH,  
Poet SWINBURNE declares he wrote stuff.  
Ah, well, he is dead!  
'Tis the living are fed,  
By log-rollers, on butter and puff.

A SUGGESTION.—In a new poetical play at the Opéra Comique there is a good deal of hide-and-seek. It might have had a second title, and been appropriately called *The Queen's Room*; or, *Secret Passages in the Life of Mary Stuart*.





## STREET IMPROVEMENTS.

["If we really used the Thames Embankment sensibly and liberally, it would abound with handsome shops and cheerful cafés and volksgartens, with newspaper kiosks and long lines of bookstalls."—*Daily Telegraph*, Oct. 21.]



## BLENDIMUS!

"WATER, water everywhere" in the *Times* recently, except when Messrs. GILBEY wrote their annual, and this time hopeful, account of the Claret vintage, and when subsequently Messrs. "P. and G."—(who on earth are "P. and G."?)—with a few modest lines at the foot of a page, last Wednesday, enlivened our drooping spirits with a brief but satisfactory account of Champagne Prospects. If the vintages of '86 and '87 are good, and those of '90 and '91 poor, why not make a blend? and why not sell it as such? Let "P. and G."—[confound it! who on earth can P. and G. be? "P. and J." would be "Punch and Judy"—and, by the way, in the choice *Lingua Tuscana*, "P. and G." would stand for "*Poncio è Giulia*." But, on the other hand, who, unauthorised, would dare to use this signature? No matter—where were we?—ah!—to resume.] Let "P. and G.," whose'er they be—which is rhyme, though not so intended—(but why this masquerade in initials?)—let them exploit a "Blend of '90-cum-'86 and '91-cum-'87," sell it as such—viz., The "P. and G. Blend," or "The Punchius and Giulia Blend"—at a reasonable figure, and thus the Not-quite-up-to-the-mark vintages will be saved. Have we not seen in City partnerships how a strong house saves a failing one, and then the Blends go on successfully? Let "P. and G." give us a first-rate Champagne, call it, say, The "G. B.," or "Golden Blend," at a reasonable price, and, to drop once again into poetry, No matter what their name may be, We'll ever bless our P. and G.!

\* "P. and G." might stand for "Pay-for-it and Get-it," or "Pour-it and Guzzle-it." A Correspondent has suggested that solution of the initial problem might possibly be found in the names of Pommery and Gre'—No! So common-place a suggestion is evidently, and on the face of it, absurd. Not in this spirit did the Pickwick Club treat the celebrated inscription on the stone that so puzzled the antiquarians.

## CAUGHT BY THE CLASSICS.

(*The Record of a Ruined Life.*)

AUGUSTUS SPARKLER was an exceptionally brilliant man. At school he had done marvelously well, and if he did not distinguish himself at either of the Universities, it was less his fault than his misfortune. When he entered the world, after casting off parental control, he took up Medicine. He was a great success. He rose by leaps and bounds, until at length it was thought highly probable that he would be elected President of the Royal College of Physicians. He was sounded upon the subject, and a question was put to him.

"No," he replied, sorrowfully, and then the courteous Secretary informed him, with tears in his voice, that he feared he was disqualified.

"Well, I will enter the Navy."

He did. He passed through the *Britannia*, and rose by leaps and bounds, until it was considered desirable to revive the post of Lord High Admiral for his acceptance. But before this was done, he was sounded upon the subject, and asked a question.

"No," he again answered, regretfully.

"I am afraid then, that the scheme must be abandoned," returned the First Civil Lord (he had been chosen as more polite than his sea colleagues), and he was almost moved to tears in his sadness.

"I will enter the Army," cried AUGUSTUS, with determination.

And he did. He rose from the ranks in less than no time to become a Field Marshal. It was then that a certain Illustrious Personage asked him if he would like to become Commander-in-Chief.



## SPORT!

*Cockney Sportsman (cager, but disappointed).* "I SAY, MY BOY, SEEN ANY BIRDS THIS WAY?"  
*Cute Rustic (likewise anxious to make a bag).* "OH, A RARE LOT, GUY'NOR—A RARE LOT—JUST FLEW OVER THIS 'ERE 'EDGE, AND SETTLED IN THAT 'ERE FIELD, CLOSE TO SQUIRE BLANK'S RICKS."

[*Grateful Cockney Sportsman tips boy a shilling, and goes hopefully after . . . a flock of Starlings!*]

"It is not impossible I might resign in your favour," said the I. P. And then he asked him the necessary question.

"No, Sir," returned AUGUSTUS, bowing down his head in shame. Again he found that his career was interrupted.

"I will try the Bar," he shouted.

And he did. He entered at Gray's Inn, and in a very short time became a Q.C., a Judge, and a Lord Justice. Then the entire Ministry begged him, as a personal favour, to accept the post of Lord Chancellor.

"With pleasure," was his modest rejoinder. Then he remembered that he had been asked a certain question on previous occasions, and explained matters.

"I am afraid you won't do," cried the entire Ministry, mournfully.

"Well, then, I will try the Church."

And he tried the Church. He became an eminent divine. Every one spoke well of him; and when, in due course, the Primacy of all England was vacant, he was asked to accept it. Again he explained matters.

"No!" shouted all the Deans and Chapters.

"You can't mean it!" cried the entire body of Archdeacons.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed every other ecclesiastical authority. But it could not be, and the disappointment was too much for poor AUGUSTUS, and he died of grief.

And so they put on the tombstone, that he would have been President of the Royal College of Physicians, Lord High Admiral, Commander-in-Chief, Lord Chancellor, and Archbishop of Canterbury, if—he had only learned Greek!



## LETTERS TO ABSTRACTIONS.

No. V.—TO GUSH.

MY DEAREST DARLING PERSON,

How sweet and amiable of you to allow a humble being like myself to write to you. Dropping your own special style (which, to be perfectly frank with you, I could no more continue through the whole of this letter than I could dine off treacle and butter-scotch), I beg to say that I am heartily glad to have this opportunity of telling you a few things which have been on my mind for a long time. In what corner of the great realm of abstractions do you make your home? I imagine you whiling away the hours on some soft couch of imitation down, with a little army of sweet but irrelevant smiles ready at all times to do your bidding. You are refined, I am sure. You cultivate sympathy as some men cultivate orchids, until it blooms and luxuriates in the strangest and gaudiest shapes. Your real face is known of no other abstraction; indeed, you never see it yourself, so well-fitted and so constant is the mask through which you waft the endearments which have caused you to be avoided everywhere. This, I admit, is imagination; but is it very far from the truth? Perhaps I ask in vain, for truth is the very last thing that may be expected of you and of those who do your bidding upon earth. I will not, therefore, press the question, but proceed at once to business.

About a month ago I met your friend, ALGERNON JESSAMY.

What is there about ALGERNON that inspires such distrust? He is very presentable; some people have gone so far as to call him absolutely good-looking. He is tall, his figure is good, his clothes fit him admirably, and are always speckless; his features are regular, his complexion fresh, and his fair hair, carefully parted in the middle, lies like a smooth and shining lid upon his head. I pass over all his remaining advantages, whether of dress or of nature. It is enough to say that, thus equipped, and with the additional merits of wealth and a good position, ALGERNON ought to have found no difficulty in being one of the most popular men in town. Perhaps he would have been if he had not tried with such a persistent energy to make himself "so deuced agreeable." The phrase is not mine, but that of SAMMY MIGGS, who has a contempt for ALGERNON and his methods, which he never attempts to conceal.

"ALGY, my boy," I have heard him say, while the unfortunate JESSAMY smiled uneasily, and shifted on his seat, "ALGY, my boy, I've known you too long to give in to any of your nonsense. All that butter of yours is wasted here, so you'd better keep it for someone who likes it. Try it on QUISEY," he continued, indicating the celebrated actor, who was at that moment frowning furiously over a notice of his latest performance; "he loves it in firkins, and I'll undertake to say you'll never get to the bottom of his swallowing-capacity. You'll have to exhaust even your stock, ALGY, my boy; and that's saying a lot."

So thoroughly uncomfortable did the suave and gentle ALGERNON look, that I afterwards ventured to remonstrate mildly with the gaddy MIGGS.

"What?" he said, "made him uncomfortable, did I? And a jolly good job too. Bless you, I know the beggar through and through. I wasn't at Oxford with him for nothing. Wish I had been. He's the sort of chap who loses no end of I.O.U.'s at cards one night, and when he wins piles of ready the next never offers to redeem them. You let me alone about ALGY. I tell you I know him. There's no bigger humbug in Christendom with all his soft sawder and gas about everybody being the dearest and cleverest fellow he's ever met. Bah!"

And therewith SAMMY left me, evidently smarting under some ancient sore inflicted by the apparently angelic ALGERNON.

However, this little incident was not the one I intended to narrate. I met ALGY, as I said, about a month ago. It was in Piccadilly. At first, as I approached, I thought he did not see me, but suddenly he seemed to become aware of my presence. An electric thrill of joy

ran through him, a smile of heavenly welcome irradiated his face, he darted towards me with both hands stretched out and almost fell round my neck before all the astonished cabmen.

"My dear, dear fellow," he gasped, apparently struggling hard with an overpowering emotion, "this is almost too much. To think that I should meet the one man of all others whom I have been literally longing to see. Now you simply must walk with me for a bit. I can't afford to let you go without having a good talk with you. It always refreshes me so to hear your opinions of men and things."

Ignoring my assurance that I had an important appointment to keep, he linked his arm closely in mine and dragged me with him in the direction from which I had come. How he pattered and chattered and flattered. He daubed me over with flattery as I have seen bill-stickers brush a hoarding over with paste. Never in my life had I felt so small, so mean and such a perfect fool, for though I own I have no objection to an occasional lollipop of praise, I must say I loathe it in lumps the size of a jelly-fish. Yet such is the fare on which JESSAMY compels me to subsist. And the annoying part of it was that every lump which he crammed down my throat contained an inferential compliment to himself, which I was forced either to accept, or in declining it to appear a churl. I was never more churlish, never less satisfied with myself. Amongst other things we spoke of the affairs of "The Dustheap," a little Club of which we were both members. JESSAMY opined it was going to the dogs. "Just look," he said, "at the men they've got on the Committee; mere nobodies. I've always wondered why you are not on it. Men like you and me wouldn't make the ridiculous mistakes the present lot are constantly making. Fancy their electing MUMPLEY, a regular outsider, without enough manners for a school-boy. I really don't care about being in the same room with him." At this very moment, by one of those curious coincidences which invariably happen, the abused MUMPLEY himself, a wealthy but otherwise inoffensive stockbroker, hove in sight. "There comes the brute himself," said JESSAMY; and in another moment his arms were round MUMPLEY's neck, and he was protesting, with all the fervour of a heartfelt conviction, that MUMPLEY was the one man of all others for whom his heart had been yearning. That being so, I left them together, and departed to my business.

Now does JESSAMY imagine that that kind of thing makes him a favourite? It must be admitted that he is not very artistic in his methods; and I fancy he must sometimes perceive, if I may use a homely phrase, that he doesn't go down. But the poor beggar can't help himself. He is driven by a force which he finds it impossible to resist into the cruel snares that are spread for the over-amiable. You, my dear GUSH, are that force, and to you, therefore, the sugary JESSAMY owes his failure to win the appreciation which he courts so ardently.

And now I think I have relieved my mind of a sufficient load for the time being. If I can remember anything else that might interest you, you may count upon me to address you again. Permit me in the meantime to subscribe myself with all proper courtiness,

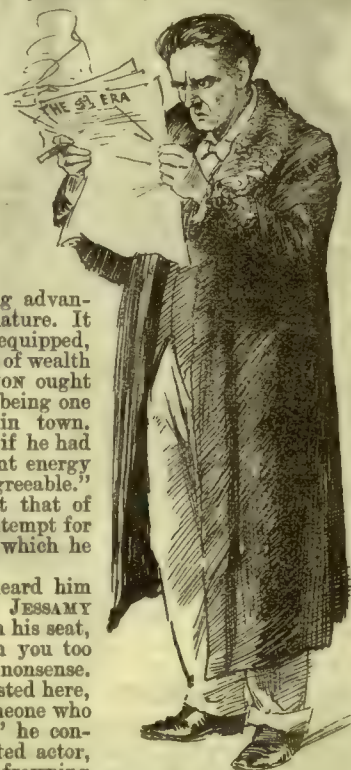
Yours, &amp;c.

DIOGENES ROBINSON.

## "THE PRODIGY SON."

SIR,—I have not seen *Pamela's Prodigy*, but I have just read the criticism in the *Times*, which says of it, "It must be regarded either as a boyish effusion or a sorry joke." The criticism then points out how it lacks "wit, humour, literary skill," and apparently is wanting in everything that goes to make a successful play,—everything that is, except the actors. Mrs. JOHN WOOD was in it: she is a host in herself: not only a host, but the Manageress of the theatre who, with her partner in the business, is responsible for the selection of pieces. Now granting the critic to be right—and, on referring to others, I find a consensus of opinion backing him up—at whose door lies the responsibility of having deliberately selected a failure? Under what compulsion could so clever and experienced an autocrat, sharp as a needle and with the "heave of an 'awk" in theatrical matters, as Mrs. JOHN WOOD, have made so fatal a mistake—that is, if the critics are right, and if it be a mistake? "To err, is human"—and, including even Mrs. JOHN WOOD, and the critics, we are all human,—"*To forgive, divine*"—the critics not being divine could not forgive; the public apparently, did forgive—and, will, of course, forget. 'Tis all very well to fall foul of the unhappy author—whom we will not name—after the event; but why was the piece ever chosen, and why was not the discovery of its unfitness made during rehearsal? No! "as long as the world goes round" these things will happen in the best regulated theatres, and experience is apparently no sort of guide in such matters.—Yours faithfully,

"NOT THERE, NOT THERE, MY CHILD!"



Much put out.



## ONLY FANCY!



disaster, had produced a Christmas stock of portraits and busts, showing His Majesty with a beard, he shaved it off, and once more they have their goods returned on their hands. Prussian 3½ per Cents. have fallen to 83-85.

When Sir AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS read in the *Times* that Signor LAGO had been granted the QUEEN'S permission to prefix "Royal" to his opera entertainment at the Shaftesbury Theatre, it gave him so great a shock that, but for the opportune ("opera-tune," Sir AUGUSTUS jocosely put it) arrival of Dr. ROBSON ROUSTEM PASHA, the shock might have had a serious effect.

On Monday last, at half-past three, the King of SPAIN cut a new tooth, His Majesty's seventh acquisition in this class of property. The happy event was celebrated by a salute of seventeen guns.

"What's that?" asked His Majesty, awakened by the roar from his siesta.

"Sire," said the Field-Marshal commanding the troops, bringing his trusty Toledo to the salute, "your Majesty has condescended to cut a tooth."

"That's all very well to begin with," said the King; "but, when I grow a little older, I mean to cut a dash."

Previous to the appointment of Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR, much speculation was indulged in as to the succession to the Leadership of the House of Commons. In Conservative circles there was an almost universal desire to see the place filled by a noble Baron well-known for the assiduity with which he arrives in town to transact business in Bouverie Street, returning to his country seat the same evening.

During the interval after it had been made known that the Leadership of the House of Commons had been offered to Mr. BALFOUR, and whilst his decision was anxiously awaited, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT was asked whether he thought the Chief Secretary would take the place.

"Who can say, TOBY mio?" answered the Squire, stroking his chin, with a far-away glance. "The situation reminds me of an incident that came under my notice when I represented Oxford borough. One of my constituents, a worthy pastor, had had a call to another and much wealthier church. He asked for time to consider the proposal. One afternoon, a fortnight later, I met his son in High Street, and inquired whether his father had decided to take the new place. 'Well,' said the youngster, 'Pa is still praying for light, but most of the things are packed.'"

We understand that an innovation will be introduced at Guildhall on the occasion of the Lord MAYOR'S dinner. The Lord MAYOR elect being a Welshman, intends to substitute the leek for the loving cup. At the stage of the festival where the loving cup usually goes round, a dish of leeks will be passed along, and every guest will be expected publicly to eat one. This will necessitate an alteration in the time-honoured formula of the Toastmaster. On the 9th of November it will run: "My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen, the Right Hon. the Lord MAYOR pledges you with a loving leek, and bids you HALL a 'arty welcome."

WE learn by telegraph from Berlin that some uneasiness exists in that capital owing to demonstrations made by the photographers and artists in plaster-of-Paris, who have been accustomed to reproduce likenesses and busts of His Imperial Majesty. They complain that, owing to a measure of uncertainty about the EMPEROR'S personal appearance from day to day, they have large stocks thrown on their hands, and are reduced to a condition approaching bankruptcy. The crisis has been precipitated by the circumstance that, just when the combined trades, recovering from their first

## OUR OWN FINANCIAL COLUMN.

(By Cræsus.)

[Mr. Punch has decided that it is absolutely necessary for him to publish every week a financial article. The best treatises on Political Economy lay it down as an axiom that, where the desire for acquisition is universal, and the standard of value absolute, a balance between gain and loss can only be reached by the mathematical adjustment of *monum* and *tuum*. Acting upon this principle, Mr. Punch has, in the interests of everybody, retained the services of one of the most, if not the most, eminent contemporary financiers, whom modesty alone prevents from signing his own name to his benevolent and comprehensive articles. Those, however, who care to look beneath the surface, will have no difficulty in determining the identity of one of the greatest modern monetary authorities, a man whose nod has before this shattered prosperous empires, and whose word is even better than his bond, could such a thing be possible. Mr. Punch has only one thing to say to those who desire to be rich. It is this. Follow implicitly the advice of CRÆSUS.]

SIR,—You have asked me to devote some of my spare time to the enlightenment of your readers on matters connected with the money-markets of the world. The request is an easy one to make. You talk of spare time, as if the man who controlled millions of money, and could at any moment put all the Directors of the Bank of England in his waistcoat pocket, had absolutely nothing to do except to devote himself to the affairs of other people. Such a man has no leisure. When he is not engaged in launching loans, or in admitting to an audience the Prime Ministers of peoples rightly struggling to free themselves from debt by adding largely to their public liabilities, when, I say, he is not thus or otherwise engaged, his mind must still busy itself with the details of all the immense concerns over which he, more or less, presides. However, I am willing to make an exception in your case, and to impart to you the ripe fruits of an experience which has no parallel in any country of the habitable globe. Without, therefore, cutting any more time to waste, I begin.

(1.) *Mines*.—There can be no doubt that in this department a largely increased activity may soon be expected. I am aware that in "Shafts" there has been a downward tendency; but I am assured by the Secretary of the "Dodja Plant Co." (19½, 6/8, 54½, 7/8), that the prospects of this branch of investment were never more brilliant. The latest report of the Mining Expert sent out to investigate this mine, runs as follows:—

"I have now been three days in the interior of the Dodja Plant. I can confidently state that I found no water, though there was evidence of large deposits of salt, which could be worked at an immense profit. The gold is abundant. I have crushed ten tons of quartz with my own hands, and found the yield in florins extraordinary. The natives guard the mouth of the mine. Please relieve promptly. My assistant became a Salmi yesterday."

There is some obscurity (intentional, of course) in the last few words. I may, therefore, state that a Salmi is one of the most important native bankers. The profession is only open to millionnaires. I therefore say, emphatically, buy Dodjäs.

(2.) *The Carbon Diamond Fields*.—The latest quotations are 14½ to the dozen, with irregular falls. Carbon Prefs. unaltered. Trusts firm. This is a good investment for a poor man. In fact there could not be a better. No necessity to deal through an ordinary stockbroker. Wire "CRÆSUS, City." That will find me, and by return you shall have address of banker, to whom first deposit for cover must be immediately paid.

(3.) *Italian Cattivas* quieter. A Correspondent asks—"What do you recommend a man who has laid by £20 to do in order to hold £1,000 at the end of a month?" I say at once, Try Cattivas (19½ Def.; Deb. Stk. 14-15). Wire "CRÆSUS, City."

(4.) *South-African Pih Kroost* short. Gold continues to be in good demand. Anybody wishing to make a quick profit out of a small sum, such as from two to five sovereigns, wire "CRÆSUS, City" any time before 12.30. In all cases of telegraphing, the message must be "Reply-Paid," or no notice will be taken of the communication. Remember "Time is Money." Keep up a good supply of both, and you'll live to bless "CRÆSUS."

*Advice Gratis*.—Make (Brighton) "A." while the sun shines.

Inquiries as to *The Para Docks Company*, and *The Jerrie Myer Bolder Company*, I will answer squarely and fairly next week. Don't move in these without the straight and direct advice of "CRÆSUS."

As to the *Turpin, Sheppard, and Abershau Highways Company*, I shall have something to say next week. Investors who want a real good thing, just hold your coin in hand for a week, till I say "Go," and then go it. This Company will be a big thing, and, mind you, safe.

For the present I close the account, to re-open it next week, and, to show my good faith, send you my subscription, which you may read here, as I subscribe myself, "CRÆSUS, CITY."





## ΘΗ ΠΡΩΤΕΚΤΕΔ ΦΗΜΑΛΕ.



["For our part we do not believe in protected studies. Greek came into the Western world, poor and needy, three centuries ago. By her own unaided charms she has won her way. By those charms we believe that she will hold her own against all competitors until literature and civilisation are no more."—*Times*.]

PROTECTED Greek! Protected Greek!

BALFOUR may doubt, the *Times* demur,  
And chattering "correspondents" seek  
Against the goddess strife to stir,  
But while the Senate rules, you bet,  
The Goths shan't smash the Grecians yet.

When Don meets Don in furious fray  
Then comes in sooth the tug of war;

And on this memorable day  
They gather in from near and far,  
To whelm the unnatural ones who'd seek  
To set the "Grace" against the Greek.

SWETE looks on JEBB and JEBB on BROWNE,  
And BATESON looks on ROBERTSON SMITH.  
They cry, "Of WELLDON 'tis ill-done!"

But THOMSON is a man of pith,  
And GRIMTHORPE, that scalp-hunting  
"Brave"  
Will tomahawk the "Modern" slave.

The Proctors sat with serious brow,  
Within the swarming Senate House,  
Voters in hundreds swarmed below,  
Fellows of scholarship and *nous*.  
They counted votes, and, when 'twas done,  
*Non-placets* had it, three to one!

And where are they, Granta's fell foes,  
The champions of the Modern side?  
Five twenty-five emphatic "Noes"  
Have squelched their schemes, and dashed  
their pride.  
Hurroo! for those so prompt to vindicate  
Compulsory Greek against the Syndicate!



Thus sang, or would, or could, or should have sung,  
The modern Greek, in imitative verse;  
Meanwhile the Goddess, grave, though ever young,  
Stood, Psyche-like, untempted to rehearse  
The ragings—angrier ink was seldom slung—  
Uttered by BYRON in Minerva's Curse.  
She simply stood, as stately-proud as Pallas,  
Looking so calm, some might have deemed her callous.  
Amusing sight this game! *Don versus Don*  
Mixed in a sort of classic Donnybrook.  
A lethal weapon is a Lexicon  
When rivals make a bludgeon of the book.  
By her unaided charms the Goddess won  
Her way. *This* is the language of her look.  
(The Laureate's) "Judge thou me by what I am,  
"So shalt thou find me, fairest"—*sans* Compulsory  
Cram!

### BETWEEN THE ACTS.

SCENE—Europe. The Great Powers discovered in Council.

*Russia.* Now, I think I have arranged matters fairly well. I shall myself lend a hand to France, and that will keep the balance decently level, so far as Germany is concerned.

*Germany.* Will it? I can fight you both!

*Austria.* Now, keep quiet. If we are to be partners, you must not be so impulsive.

*Italy.* Just what I say. Why can't he take it calmly!

*Russia.* Well, of course it's not my business; but if you want to break up the Triple Alliance, that's the way to do it! Well, then, France employed with you boys on the Rhine, I shall move down south, and quietly occupy Constantinople. Now, no one could object to that!

*Germany.* Why, I should, and so would Austria, wouldn't you?

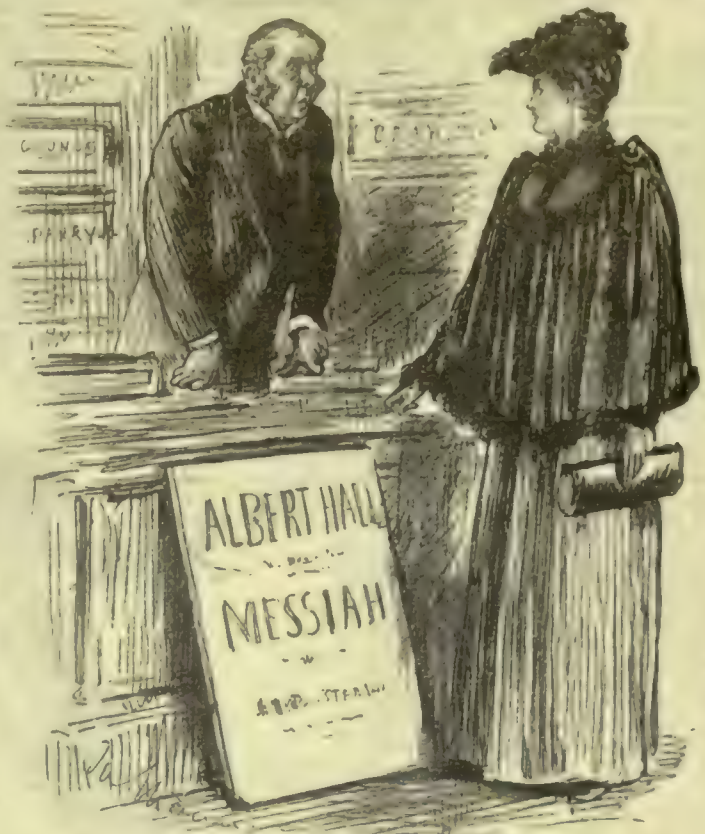
*Austria.* Of course. But what could we do, if we were hard at work with France?

*Italy.* Yes; and fancy the Mediterranean becoming a Russian lake!

*Russia.* Oh, you would soon grow accustomed to it! Then I should move on to Afghanistan, and quietly make my way to India. But all this has to be done after the first step is taken. England must scuttle out of Egypt.

*England.* Scuttle out of Egypt? Why, certainly! After consideration!

[Left considering.]



### MISUNDERSTOOD.

Young Lady (in Contralto tones of remarkable depth and richness). "HAVE YOU GOT ANY LOW FRENCH SONGS?"

Music Publisher (indignantly). "CERTAINLY NOT, MISS! YOU MUST TRY SOME OTHER ESTABLISHMENT!"

### ROBERT ON THE COMING SHO.

WHAT a proud and appy day dear old Whales is about for to have on the werry next Lord Mare's Day, as is cumming, which it's the ninth of nex month, which it's nex Monday. Not only is wun of the werry populousest of living Welchmen a going for to be made Lord



MARE on that werry day, but the Prince of WHALES hisself, who was invited but karnt kum cos he's keepin' his hone Jewbilly at one that appy and horspigious day. Praps Madam HADDYLEANER PATTY (wich is quite a Welch name) would kum up an give us a treat on this okashun.

Praps my enthewiasm in the cause of Whales may be xcused when I reveals the fack that I am myself arf a Welchman, as my Mother was a reel one before me, and so, strange to say, was my Huncle, her Brother. There was sum idear of dressing me up as a Bard with a Arp, and I was to jine in when the rest on

us struck up "*The March of the Men of Garlick*," but I prudently declined the temting horffer. I need scarcely say that Welch Rabbits will be a werry striking part of the Maynoo, being probably substituted for the Barrens of Beef.

I'm told as all the Ministers is a cumming.

BROWN, with his ushal raddicle imprence, says it's becuz they knos as it's for the larst time. Yes, much BROWN knos about it, when he sed jest the werry same thing larst year! I'm told as Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. GOSHEN is to be seated nex to each other, so that they can take the Loving Cup together. So that will be all rite. We are going to have a splendid Persession—the werry longest and the werry hinterestingest of moddern times! So I advise all my many kynd paytrons and Country Cuzzins to "*cum erly*." There's no telling what dreful changes may take place in these horful rewolushunary times, and ewen the "*Sacred Sho*" may be stript of sum of its many attackshuns, or ewen erbolished alto-gether! But that is, of course, only a fearfool wision, begotten, as

SHAKSPEARE says, of too much supper last nite, "a praying on my eat-oppressed Brane!" No, no! There are things as is possibel, and there are things as ain't, and them as ain't done werry often happen.

ROBERT.

### The Two Graces.

[Miss MAUDE MILLETT was at Cambridge last week, when the Grace of the Senate for an inquiry into the Compulsory Greek question was now-placed by a large majority.]

THE tug of war, when Greek met Anti-Greek

In deadly feud, was over in a trice.

They spoke out promptly, when they had to speak—

They would not have the Grace at any price.

But undergraduates of every race

Flocked to the Theatre, each night to fill it.

The Grace THEY placeted was just the Grace

Of one fair maiden—pretty Miss MAUDE MILLETT.

A CHILI PICKLE.—The following advertisement is sent us, extracted from the *Chilian Times* :—

CASA QUINTA!—To LET in Villa del Mar the first story of a comfortable house, with beautiful garden and yard, situated in the finest part of the villa, and consisting of eight rooms, baths, gas, cellar and all other comforts, etc., against rent or board to a matrimony—Apply, &c., &c.

If Chilians can treat English like this, Americans will stand a poor chance "*against rent or board to a matrimony*." The terms of the lease in Chilian Legal English would probably "*afford employment for the gentlemen of the long robe*."

The *Observer* recently warned us that—

"LOUISA Lady AILSBURY must not be confounded with MARIA Lady AILSBURY, who is the widow of the elder brother of her husband."

There is surely some misapprehension here. Lady "A." did not marry her deceased husband's brother, whether "*elder*" or younger.



## THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. XIII.

SCENE—A hundred yards or so from the top of Monte Generoso, above Lake Lugano. CULCHARD, who, with a crowd of other excursionists, has made the ascent by rail, is toiling up the steep and very slippery slope to the summit.

Culchard (to himself, as he stops to pant). More climbing! I thought this line was supposed to go to the top! But that's Italian all over—hem—as PODBURY would say! Wonder, by the way, if he expected to be asked to come with me. I've no reason for sacrificing myself like that any longer! (He sighs.) Ah, HYPATIA, if you could know what a dreary disenchanted blank you have made of my life! And I who believed you capable of appreciating such devotion as mine!

A Voice behind. My! If I don't know that back I'll just give up! How've you been getting along all this time, Mr. CULCHARD?

Culch. (turning). Miss TROTTER! A most delightful and—er—unexpected meeting, indeed!

Miss Trotter. Well, we came up on the cars in front of yours.

We've taken rooms at the hotel up here. Poppa reckoned the air would be kind of fresher on the top of this mountain, and I don't believe but what he's right either. I guess I shall want another hairpin through my hat. And are you still going around with Mr. PODBURY? As inseparable as ever, I presume?

Culch. Er—about as inseparable. That is, we are still travelling together—only, on this particular afternoon—

Miss T. He went and got misled? I see. He used to stray considerable over in Germany, didn't he? Well, I'm real pleased to see you anyway. And how's the poetry been panning out? I hope you've had a pretty good yield of sonnets?

Culch. (to himself). She's really grown distinctly prettier. She might show a little more feeling, though, considering we were almost, if not quite—(Aloud.) So you remember my poor poems? I'm afraid I have not been very—er—prolific of late.

Miss T. You don't say! I should think you'd have had one to show for every day, with the date to it, like a new-laid egg.

Culch. Birds don't lay—er—I mean they don't sing, in the dark. My light has been—er—lacking of late.

Miss T. If that's intended for me, you ought to begin chirping right away. But you're not going to tell me you've been "lounjun round en sufferin'" like—wasn't it Uncle Remus's Brer Terrapin? (Catching C.'s look of bewilderment.) What, don't you know Uncle Remus?

Culch. (politely). Mr. TROTTER is the only relation of yours I have had the pleasure of meeting, as yet.

Miss T. Why, I reckoned Uncle Remus was pretty most everybody's relation by now. He's a book. But likely you've no use for our national humorous literature?

Culch. I—er—must confess I seldom waste time over the humorous literature of any nation.

Miss T. I guess that accounts for your gaiety! There, don't you mind me, Mr. CULCHARD. But suppose we hurry along and inspect this panorama they talk so much of; it isn't going to be any side-show. It's just a real representative mass-meeting of Swiss mountains, with every prominent peak in the country on the platform, and a deputation down below from the leading Italian lakes. It's ever so elegant,—and there's Poppa around on the top too.

On the top. Tourists discovered making more or less appropriate remarks.

First Tourist (struggling with a long printed panorama, which flaps like a sail). Grand view, Sir, get 'em all from here, you see! Monte Rosa, Matterhorn, Breithorn—

[Works through them all conscientiously, until, much to everybody's relief, his panorama escapes into space.

Second T. (a lady, with the air of a person making a discovery). How wonderfully small everything looks down below!

Third T. (a British Matron, with a talent for incongruity). Yes, dear, very—quite worth coming all this way for, but as I was telling you, we've always been accustomed to such an evangelical service, so that our new Rector is really rather—but we're quite friendly of course; go there for tennis, and he dines with us, and all that. Still, I do think, when it comes to having lighted candles in broad daylight—(See, &c.)

Fourth T. (an equally incongruous American). Wa'al, yes, they show up well, cert'nly, those peaks do. But I was about to remark, Sir, I went to that particular establishment on Fleet Street. I called for a chop. And when it came, I don't deny I felt disappointed, for the plate all around was just as dry—! But the moment I struck a fork into that chop, Sir,—well, the way the gravy just came gushing out was—there, it ain't no use me trying to put it in words! But from that instant, Sir, I kinder realised the peculiar charm of your British chop.

Fifth T. (a discontented Teuton). I expected more as zis. It is not glear enough—nod at all. Zey dolt me from ze dop you see Milan. I look all aroundt. Novere I see Milan! And I lief my obera-glass behind me in ze drain, and I slib on ze grass and sbrain my mittle finger, and altogedder I do not wish I had com.

Miss T. (presenting CULCHARD to Mr. CYRUS K. T.). I guess you've met this gentleman before!

Mr. T. Well now, that's so. I didn't just reckon I'd meet him again all this way above the sea-level though, but I'm just as pleased to see him. Rode up on the cars, I presume, Sir? Tolerable hilly road all the way, ain't it now? There can't anybody say we hain't made the most of our time since you left us. Took a run over to Berlin; had two hours and a half in that city, and I dunno as I keered about making a more pro-tracted visit. Went right through to Vi-enna, saw round Vi-enna. I did want, being so near, to just waltz into Turkey and see that. But I guess Turkey'll have to keep till next time. Then back again into Switzerland, for I do seem to have kinder taken a fancy to Switzerland. I'd like to have put in more time there, and we stayed best part of a week too! But Italy's an interesting place. Yes, I'm getting considerable interested in Italy, so far as I've got. There's Geneva now—

Miss T. You do beat anything for mixing up places, Father. And you don't want to be letting yourself loose on Mr. CULCHARD this way. You'd better go and bring Mr. VAN BOODELER along; he's round somewhere.

Mr. T. I do like slinging off when I meet a friend; but I'll shut down, MAUD, I'll shut down.

Miss T. Oh, there you are, CHARLEY! Come right here, and be introduced to Mr. CULCHARD. He's a vurry intelligent man.

My cousin, Mr. CHARLES VAN BOODELER,—Mr. CULCHARD. Mr. VAN BOODELER's intelligent too. He's going to write our great National Amurcan novel, soon as ever he has time for it. That's so, isn't it?

Mr. V. B. (a slim, pale young man, with a cosmopolitan air and a languid drawl). It's our most pressing national need, Sir, and I have long cherished the intention of supplying it. I am collecting material, and, when the psychological moment arrives, I shall write that novel. And I believe it will be a big thing, a very big thing; I mean to make it a complete compendium of every phase of our great and complicated civilisation from State to State and from shore to shore. [CULCHARD bows vaguely.]

Miss T. Yes, and the great Amurcan public are going to rise up in their millions and boom it. Only I don't believe they'd better start booming just yet, till there's something more than covers to that novel. And how you're going to collect material for an Amurcan novel, flying round Europe, just beats me!

Mr. V. B. (with superiority). Because you don't realise that it's precisely in Europe that I find my best American types. Our citizens show up better against a European background,—it excites and stimulates their nationality, so to speak. And again, with a big subject like mine, you want to step back to get the proper focus. Now I'm stepping back.

Miss T. I guess it's more like skipping, CHARLEY. But so long as you're having a good time! And here's Mr. CULCHARD will fix



"Struggling with a long printed Panorama."



you up some sonnets for headings to the chapters. You needn't begin *right* away, Mr. CULCHARD; I guess there's no hurry. But we get talking and *talking*, and never look at anything. I don't call it encouraging the scenery, and that's a fact!

Mr. T. (later, to CULCHARD). And you're pretty comfortable at your hotel? Well, I dunno, after all, what there is to keep us here. I guess we'll go down again and stop at Lugano, eh, MAUD?

[CULCHARD eagerly awaits her reply. Miss T. I declare! After bringing all my trunks way up here! But I'd just as soon move down as not; they're not unpacked any. (Joy of C.) Seems a pity, too, after engaging rooms here. And they looked real nice. Mr. CULCHARD, don't you and Mr. PODBURY want to come up here and take them? They've a perfectly splendid view, and then we could have yours, you know! (C. cannot conceal his chagrin at this suggestion.) Well, see here, Poppa, we'll go along and try if we can't square the hotel-clerk and get our baggage on the cars again, and then we'll see just how we feel about it. I'm perfectly indifferent either way.

Culch. (to himself, as he follows). Can she be really as indifferent as she seems? I'm afraid she has very little heart! But if only she can be induced to go back to Lugano... She will be at the same hotel—a great point! I wish that fellow VAN BOODELER wasn't coming too, though... Not that they've settled to come at all yet!... Still, I fancy she likes the idea... She'll come—if I don't appear too anxious about it! [He walks on, trying to whistle carelessly.

## WAR IN A FOG.

(A Record of the Next Campaign of the Coming Moltke.)

OUR Army was now advancing in good order. We had the "A" Division of the enemy on our right, and the "B" Division on our left, but of course we had lost sight of Division "C." It was the morning after we had taken the fortress that had unexpectedly appeared before us on our right front, and had found ourselves to our surprise by the side of a river. The Chief of my Staff entered my tent whilst I was engaged in studying a map not very successfully.

"General," said he, "military music can be heard in the distance, from which I take it it must be the other part of our Army." "This is most fortunate," I replied; "but are they supposed to be in this part of the country? I fancied they were besieging the enemy's metropolis."

"So it was reported," returned my subordinate; "but it appears that, taking the first turning to the right, instead of the second to the left, they lost their way, and instead of capturing the capital, surrounded a harbour, in which, to their astonishment, they found his fleet."

"I suppose that the movements of Division 'C' are shrouded in mystery?"

"They are," returned the Chief of the Staff, saluting. "It is presumed that the commander is wandering somewhere near the frontier. A spy from his Army says that he had entirely lost touch of the country, and was continually asking his way. But how about our friends, the remainder of our Army, who are now approaching towards us? What shall we do?"

"Give them a fitting reception," was my reply.

In a moment our Army halted and pitched their tents. Accustomed to State functions of every sort and description, it was no difficult matter to them to decorate the line of march appropriately. Suddenly there was the sound of firing, and five minutes later an officer wearing the uniform of the enemy entered my tent and surrendered his sword.

"General," said he, "I yield to your superior knowledge of military tactics. I had expected to find friends, and now I have come across foes. And you number more than half a million of men, do you not?"

"Well, no; you may mean my brother commander, who has that force under his orders. But we have only about twenty thousand."

"And I have given up my arms for nothing," said my visitor.

"To whom have I the honour of speaking?" I asked, haughtily.

"I presume, the Captain of the 'A' Division?"

"The 'A' Division! Why, they are miles away! and so are the 'B' Division."

"Then, who on earth are you?"

"Why, surely you know we are the 'C' Division?"

At this moment the Chief of my Staff again appeared. "Sir," said he, "are we to advance or retire? I must know at once, with a view to arranging satisfactorily the requirements of the Commissariat."

"One moment, Gentlemen," I replied, and then entered an inner recess. I searched my pockets, and finding my tossing half-crown, spun it into the air. I eagerly ascertained the result.

"We will advance, Sir," said I to the Chief of the Staff on my return. And my tone suggested both strong determination and peremptory command.

## LULLABY OF AN INFANT SPECULATOR.

1891.

(A long way after Sir Walter Scott.)

[Packets called "Lucky Sweets," in which the bait is the chance of "prize gifts," are having a large sale amongst children.]

Oh, hush thee, my babie! thy sire is a "bear,"  
Thy mother a "booky," both leary and fair,  
And the spirit of bold Speculation, I see,  
Heredity's taint hath stirred early in thee.

Oh, two to one bar one! Heigh! dance, babie, dance!  
Oh, tiddley-um, diddle-um, back the off-chance!



Oh, hear not thy rattle,  
though loudly it goes;  
Oh, suck not thy fingers!  
Oh, count not thy toes!  
The "Last Odds" and  
"Share List" to thee  
shall be read  
To-night ere thou'rt easily  
tucked up in bed.  
Oh, two to one bar one, &c.

Oh, hush thee, my babie!  
Thy sire will soon come,  
With "Surprise Packets"  
for thee. Oh, ain't it  
yum-yum?  
And "Lucky Sweets," babie,  
will catch thine off eye.  
Not "Hush-a-bye, babie!"  
but rather, "Buy!  
Buy!"  
Oh, two to one bar one, &c.

My lullaby, babie, 's not  
that of old nurse;

The pillow for thee has less charms than the purse;  
It is not that "Sweets" from those packets you'd suck;  
No, babie, your yearning 's to try your young luck.  
Oh, two to one bar one, &c.

You eagerly buy them, the "Prizes" to seek  
(You "blued" two-and-tenpence, my babie, last week),  
Those "Lucky Sweets," babie, are babydom's "play."  
But as for the sweets, why you chuck them away!  
Oh, two to one bar one, &c.

Oh, princes may "punt," babie; nobles may "plunge,"  
But, babie, that chubby fist's cynical lunge  
Means craving for nothing that babyhood eats;  
No, babie, you'd fain do a "flutter" in sweets.  
Oh, two to one bar one, &c.

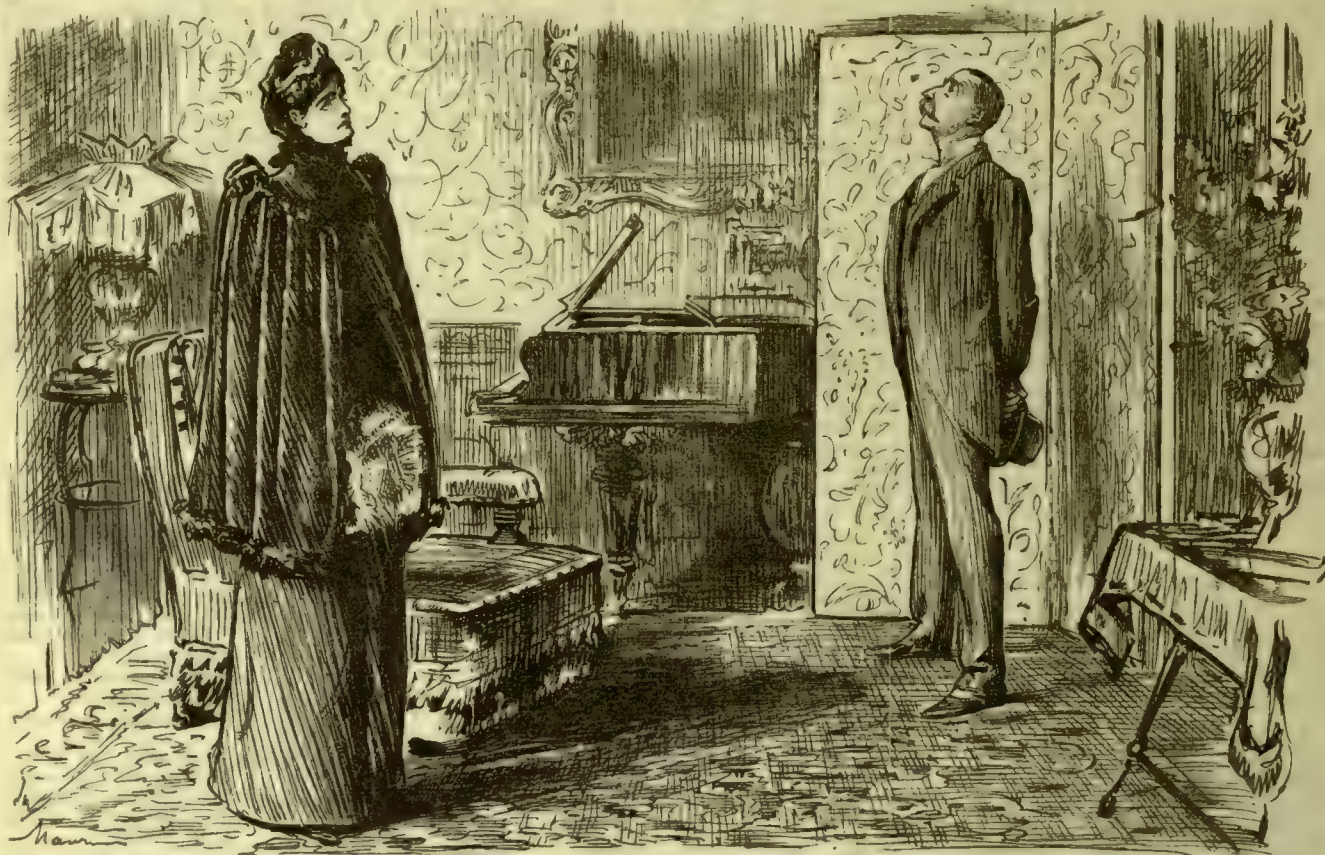
The tuck-shops, my babie, are well up to date;  
They know Speculation now rules the whole State;  
It sways all the classes, all ages, each sex;  
So now we're provided with "Nursery Specs."  
Oh, two to one bar one, &c.

Shall Court, Camp and Counter all yield to the spell  
And Cradledom not be considered as well?  
Shall betting fire Oxford, and gambling witch Girtton,  
And Infancy not put its own little shirt on?  
Oh, two to one, bar one, &c.

Oh, hush thee, my babie! the time will soon come  
When at Baccarat boards you'll sit sucking your thumb.  
Meanwhile "Lucky Sweets," babie, buy while you may,  
They will teach simple childhood the charms of high play.  
Oh, two to one, bar one! Heigh! dance, babie, dance!  
Oh, tiddley-um, diddle-um, back the off-chance!

\* In the Stock Exchange sense, of course.





### A DOMESTIC DIAGNOSIS.

Jones (who has come with his Wife to call on the new Neighbours). "WONDER IF THEY'VE BEEN MARRIED LONG HYPATIA?"

Mrs. Jones. "OH NO. EVIDENTLY NEWLY-MARRIED."

Jones. "HOW CAN YOU TELL?"

Mrs. Jones. "DRAWING-ROOM SMELLS OF TOBACCO-SMOKE!"

### THE IDLE AND THE INDUSTRIOUS APPRENTICE.

(An Old-fashioned Apologue with a Modern Application.)

GRANDOLPH and ARTHUR were two young Apprentices, bound betimes to the ingenious and estimable Art or Craft of *Cabinet-Making*. Both of them were youths of a Sprightly Genius, and of an Alert Apprehension, attended, in the case of GRANDOLPH, with a mighty heat and ebullition of Fancy, which led early to a certain frothiness or ventosity in speech. ARTHUR, on the other hand, though possessed of excellent Parts, appeared to be of a more phlegmatic temperament, and took on a more languorous, not to say saturnine demeanour.

So it came about that for the time GRANDOLPH seemed to carry it over his fellow Apprentice, who indeed, amongst superficial observers, incurred the reproach of indolence and lackadaisical indifference, and although both were of creditable repute in the *Craft*, yet did GRANDOLPH shine the more prominently and give the greater promise of pre-eminence, ARTHUR seeming content, as men say, to *play second fiddle* to the more pushing Performer.

'Tis, however, within the purview of the Wise and the common observation of the Judicious, that *things are not always as they seem!*

GRANDOLPH, at an early epoch in his Apprenticeship, did found a sort of Comradery or Free Company, which, from the number of its constituent items, came to be intitled *The Fourth Party*, in the which ARTHUR modestly took subordinate place, with unobtrusive ease and languid resignation. This Party did push matters in the *Craft* with a high hand and a talkative tongue. For as the ingenious Earl of SHAFTESBURY saith in his *Soliloquy*, "Company is an extreme provocative to Fancy, and, like a hot bed in gardening, is apt to make our Imaginations sprout too fast."

That GRANDOLPH was obnoxious to this charge of "sprouting too fast" may seem made manifest by the sequel. He indeed pushed himself into the front place by dint of copious verbosity, and militant oppugnaney. But (as the same SHAFTESBURY saith) where, instead of Controul, Debate, or Argument, the chief exercise of the wit consists in uncontrollable Harangues and Reasonings, which

must neither be questioned nor contradicted; there is great danger lest the Party, thro' this habit, shou'd suffer much by Cruditys, Indigestions, Choler, bile, and particularly by a certain *tumour*, or *flatulency*, which renders him, of all men, the least liable to apply the wholesome *regimen* of self-practice. 'Tis no wonder if such quaint practitioners grow to an enormous size of Absurdity, whilst they continue the reverse of that practice, by which alone we correct the Redundancy of Humours, and chasten the exuberance of Conceit and Fancy.

Whether this particular "quaint practitioner" (our Idle Apprentice, GRANDOLPH) plagued "the Party" too much with his "Cruditys, Choler," &c., or whether he found himself unable to correct his own "Redundancy of Humours," certain it is that, at the very Pinnacle of Promise, and Height of Achievement, GRANDOLPH broke his indentures of Apprenticeship, and *ran away!*

And now, indeed, came the Opportunity of the true Industrious Apprentice, the hitherto calm and languid-looking, but, in verity, valorous, and vigilant, and virile ARTHUR. Whereof, to be sure, he made abundant use, burgeoning forth into full blossom with astonishing suddenness, seizing Opportunity by the forelock with manly promptitude, and gaining golden opinions from all sorts of people; so that, after brief probation, he slipped, by general acclaim, into that very premier place so strangely, suddenly, and intemperately abdicated by the Idle Apprentice, GRANDOLPH.

Concerning the latter, the latest reports are not reassuring. Like his celebrated prototype of fable, the ill-fated "Don't Care," he runneth a chance of being "devoured by lions"! At least he appears to have sought the company of those parous beasts in their *native Afric wilds*. We hear that "the lions kept him tucked up one night," which same news (—gathered from a diurnal intitled the *Johannesberg Star*—) hath a fearsome and ill-boding sound. That he is—for the time at least—in every sense "tucked up," is only too obviously true. Peradventure he may yet think the better of it, correct his Frothy Distemper and Vagrant Disposition, and (as the agonising advertisements have it) return to his friends that all may be forgiven and much forgotten!

But the last accounts of him picture him as lying languidly asprawl





Edwin 3c



## THE IDLE AND THE INDUSTRIOUS APPRENTICE.

(A long way after Hogarth.)







upon a Mausoleum in Mashonaland, *playing dice with himself!* The tomb would indeed appear to be, in the sombre words of the Mystick Poet:—

"The vault of his lost Ulalume,"

the runic-sounding word, "Ulalume," being taken perchance as the African synonym for "Reputation." Whether the cheering word *Resurgam* will ever be appropriate to that Tomb remaineth to be seen. But it would appear only too plain that GRANDOLPH (in the words of the aforesaid SHAFTESBURY) "hath been a great frequenter of the woods and river-banks, where he hath consum'd abundance of his breath, suffer'd his Fancy to evaporate, and reduc'd the vehemence both of his Spirit and Voice." In short, that the erst ambitious and aspiring GRANDOLPH is still content, for the time at least, to play the part of *The Idle Apprentice*.

### "WHYS"—WISE AND OTHERWISE.

(Being Quæer Queries.)

I WONDER why, when'er a four-Wheeler advances to a door,  
(A common thing on Britain's shore),

I wonder why,  
At once some aged man will stand  
And stare until its inmates land,  
As if enchained by something grand,  
Or weird, or high.

I wonder why the powers that mend  
The streets should root them up, and rend  
The roads with giant pipes on end  
And bricks awry,  
Just when we turn to town again;  
Though nothing stirred while West  
Cockayne

Lay waste—a huge, deserted lane—  
I wonder why.

I wonder why athwart the Row  
Stray loafers linger, loth to go  
Past the mid-crossing, and are so  
Resolved to die,  
Hoping that, as you gallop near  
You'll maul them by your mad career—  
I wonder why.

I wonder why, when  
theatre Stalls,  
Are "papered" by Professionals,  
And children arch in  
Thespis' halls  
Their gambols ply,  
Why the Box-office has  
the face  
To offer me, who book  
my place—  
A Stall that would the  
Pit disgrace,  
I wonder why.

I wonder why, whenever pressed  
A little money to invest  
In something which is quite the best  
Affair to buy,

I always read next morning that  
Not I, but it (in parlance pat  
Of City articles) was "Flat,"  
I wonder why.

### Contribution towards Nursery Rhymes.

(For Use of Infant Students in New School of Dramatic Art.)

'Tis the voice of the Prompter,  
I hear him quite plain;  
He has prompted me twice,  
Let him prompt me again.

### THE PRETTY SIMPLETON.

[The *Spectator* warns men against marrying simpletons, pointing out that "there is no bore on earth equal to the woman who can neither talk nor listen, and who has no mental interests in common with her husband."]

WHEN fair BELINDA sweetly smiles,  
And airily before you trips,  
You're captured by her artless wiles,  
And must admire her rosy lips.  
You know that she is very fair,  
You see that she has splendid eyes;  
But ah, rash lover, have a care,  
And find out if BELINDA's wise.

For beauty, trust us, is not all  
A wife in these days should possess;  
Her conversation's apt to pall,  
If she can talk of naught but dress.  
She need not be too deeply read,  
You do not want a priggish bride;  
But still take care the pretty head  
Can boast some little brain inside.



In courtship all she said was sweet,  
For you had died to win a glance;  
Her little platitudes seemed neat,  
Breathed 'mid the pauses of the dance.  
You would have felt a heartless fiend  
To criticise, when by her side;  
Nor would the lady have demeaned  
Herself to answer, had you tried.

But when you've won her for a wife,  
And ante-nuptial glamour dies,  
What food for matrimonial strife  
Her crass inconsequent replies.  
How terrible to find her dense,  
And never grasping what you mean;  
You'll think one gleam of common sense  
Worth more than finest eyes e'er seen.

Days come when love no longer gives  
Illusions as in hours of yore;  
And hapless is the man who lives  
To find his wife become a bore.  
Then keep, if you'd avoid that day,  
The wise *Spectator's* golden rule:  
Don't be by beauty led away,  
And choose for wife a pretty fool.

In the *Times'* book advertisement column, the S. P. C. K. announces the following new publication:—

THE OUSE. By the Rev. A. J. FOSTER, M.A.

This, we suppose, is the first of a new un-aspirated ARRY SERIES. The next Volume being *The Ome*, and, after that, *Books of Ighgate, Amsted, Olloway, and other Ills*.

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron recognises, with pleasure, the actuality of the dramatic scenes in *Cambridge Courts*, by Mr. LEHMANN. The dialogues during rehearsal at the A. D. C.,



and of the Classic Play, are about the best of the many best things in the book. Mightily disappointed is the Baron with Mr. J. H. SHORTHOUSE'S *Lady Palaise*, which, beginning so strongly, ends so feebly. Powerful it promised to be; exciting it promised to be; but weak it becomes, and, now and again, wearisome. Sorry for this

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

### QUERIES FOR CANDIDATES (L.C.C.)

(What they may come to.)

As the County Council now has power over the Tramways of London, will you pledge yourself to see that smoking carriages, comfortable cushions, waiting-rooms at street-corners, and constant civility, are provided for passengers?

Will you abolish the irritating and nefarious Ticket System?

How long do you think it will be before the electric light is universally established in the cars?

What is your view as to the provision of suitable places for wet umbrellas?

Will you at once vote for "Free or Assisted Locomotion"?

If a wheel of your private carriage comes off owing to skidding in the Tramway line, will you pledge yourself not to bring any claim for compensation against the Rates?

Will you vote for the summary dismissal of any Conductor who proceeds to count the passengers after being informed that he is "full inside"?

Is it a fact that you have promised to introduce "Pullman Palace Restaurant Cars, with free lunches," on the Tram-lines? If so, do you contemplate providing the cost out of your own resources, or how?

You state in your Address to the Electors that you "are desirous of reducing the hours of Tram employees to four a day, with two months' holiday in the year, and of giving a general rise of wages up to about £2 extra per week." Will you kindly say how you reconcile this desire with your expressed intention to "run the concern on the most economical plan, so as to save the pockets of the Ratepayers"?

It is reported that you have pledged yourself, if elected, to see that the Tram Conductors "get their Saturday to Monday at Brighton as a regular thing." How do you propose to carry out this part of your programme?

Do you consider yourself justified, in face of the above statements, in characterising the rival Candidate for the Council as "attempting to catch the Labour Vote by an impudent combination of insincere flattery, and fraudulent promises"?









## A RECOMMENDATION.

Dealer. "NOW THERE'S HACTION FOR YOU, SIR! PUTS HER FEET DOWN AS IF SHE WAS A STEPPIN' ON HEGGSHELLS, DON'T SHE, SIR!"

## "BELOW THE BELT!"

(Extracts from the Political "Fistiana" of the Period.)

I.—By the "Brummagem Bantam" (as reported in the "Injudicious Bottleholder").

"THE 'Arwarden Old 'Un, Gemmen? Lor bless yer, he ain't no account, nohow. Can't 'it a 'ole in a pound o' butter, 'e can't. Allus was a muff and a muddler; middling showy style, and a bit dodgy with his dooks, but neither a slogger nor a stayer, and, atween you and me and the post, allus ready to hist the white feather when 'ard pressed. Wot's that you say? His 'Travelling Company'? A reglar swindle, and a fair frost, Gemmen. Went 'round the country' on false purtences, and never did no good nowheres. Awful poor lot o' Pugs, that gang. Not in it with the 'Atfield Combination Troupe,' as can fight a bit, and 'as some smart scrappers in it. No, Gemmen, the 'Old 'Un' allus were a fraud. Couldn't stand up to a Froggy, 'e couldn't. His Company muddled the 'ole bag o' tricks, and made a hawful mess of it. Ah, and would agen, mark yer, if they got the chance. Should a'most like to see 'em 'ere another shy, if only for the bloomin' fun o' the thing; but it 'ud be a bit too expensive, and bring discredit on our Noble Hart, besides."

(Comments of the I. B. H. "Brayro, Brummagem Bantam! His style of hitting is straight and smart, in the ring or out of it. Hope the over-rated Hawcardian Old 'Un and his Company relish the pepper young Jox has administered to the shifty Veteran and his parasitic 'Items'!")

II.—From the "Newcastle Nobbler," alias "Honest Jox."

"Werry much surprised to see as that windiotive Bounder, the 'Brummagem Bantam,' has bin a lettin' out vicious like at his old pals, the 'Arwarden Old 'Un and his Pugilistic Company. 'They was muffs and muddlers,' he sez. Well, he ought to ha' said 'we,' considerin' as he was one o' 'em'!!! The Old 'Un was his first patron, and me and other members of the Company his pertikler pals, and then he used for to crack us all up sky-high. Now he rounds on us for 'making a mess of it.' Well, praps if all was knowed—but no matter! Only, to quarrel with your old pals, and

then go about a-sneerin' and a-jeerin' at them for wot you yerself was a party to, I call 'hitting below the belt'!"

(Comments of the I. B. H. "Bosh! 'Honest Jox' is a shrew, and not a Practical Pug. Is one prizefighter never to criticise another's style because he's once been in the same Company with him? Might as well say he must therefore never improve his own style. Besides, any stick is good enough to beat the Grand Old Pug-dog with!")

III.—Rejoinder of the "Brummagem Bantam."

"'Itting below the belt be jolly well blowed! Honest Jox don't believe a word 'e sez—it's only his narsty spite. Makes hisself the wiaduck for the 'Arwarden Gang's witrol and winegar, e' do. In course I was one o' the Old 'Un's Company, was luck! But I've larned a bit since then. Wot do you think? When I larruped my old pals, and called 'em mugs, messers, and muddlers, in course I included myself, tacit-like. But there was no call for to say so! As to not showing of 'em up acos I was one of 'em—Walker!!! If that's the Newcastle Nobbler's 'theory' of fair-play, 'e may jist go 'ome and eat coke!"

(Comments of the I. B. H. "The B. B. is quite right. If a Pug may not round on his old pals for doing what he helped them to do, it follows that he himself must never try to do better. Which is absurd! Go it, Jox!")

IV.—Surrejoinder from "Honest Jox."

"My 'theory' ain't a bit wot the B. B. says it is. My 'theory' is that it's mean, and unfair, and unperfessional to curry favour with one's present backers by 'oldin' hup one's old pals to public redicule for doing wot we 'elped 'em to do, and at the time praised 'em for doin'. I call that 'hitting below the belt!' And I believe every 'onest and manly Pug from Figg to SAYERS would ha' said ditter to 'Onest Jox.' That's all, Gemmen!"

(Comment of the I. B. H. "Bosh! Jox's style of hitting is no doubt uncomfortable—for the Old 'Un and his pals. THAT'S EXACTLY WHY WE LIKE IT! What's the use of hitting above the belt only when the foe's only vulnerable below it? We rejoice to see the B. B. knocking the sawdust out of the Grand Old Fistic Fetish, and squelching the cant and claptrap out of 'Honest Jox.'")



## STORICULES.

VII.—GAZEY.

"You're the fust pineter whort I've knowed," said JULIA SANBY, demurely. "Father works at a plumber's, but 'e ain't industr'us. 'E ain't a good man. An' mother drinks. Orful!"

JULIA SANBY had consented, in consideration of money received, to let me make a sketch of her. She was a tall thin child, with a dirty and very intelligent face, great grey eyes, and long reddish hair. She was very bright and talkative; and yet she amazed me by being distinctly sanctimonious. She looked critically round my studio on her entrance.

"You ain't got no tex'ung up," she remarked, disparagingly. "We 'as two tex' in our kitching. I 'ung 'em up myself. An' father beat me for it. But I didn't keer, 'cos I knew I wos doin' good."

She pressed her thin lips together, and looked like a mangled martyr.

"Do you go to Sunday School?" I asked, as I got to work.

"I goes reggler, an' I'm first in the School, and I knows more colics than any of 'em, excep' teachers. I ain't like GAZEY."

"Who's GAZEY?"

"She's a girl what I 'ites. She's a bad girl. We calls 'er GAZEY, 'cos it's short for GEHAZI; but that ain't 'er real nime. She's a liar. She's allus tellin' lies—seems as if she couldn't storp doin' it." JULIA SANBY sighed sadly.

"What kind of lies?"

"She don't tell no lies to get 'erself out of nothin'; 'cos she's so bad that she don't keer whort rows she gets inter. But she tells other sorts. She just sits up on the fence what goes roun' the green, an' mikes up things, an' a lot of the children ain't got no more sense than to sit roun' an' listen to 'er. That just mikes 'er worse. She sits theer, a-tellin' stories, an' sweerin' they're all true. You never 'eard such stories."

"What are they all about?"

"Mostly about gran' things an' wunnerful things—kings, an' carriages, an' angels, an' firewux, an' dreams what she says she's 'ad. An' she'll sweer they're true. My word, it is wicked of 'er! She's allus pretennin' to be things what she ain't, too. One Sat'dy arf'noon she said she was a steam-injun. An' she got 'old of a little boy, BOB COLLINGS, and said 'e was the tender. An' BOB COLLINGS 'ad to foller close be'ind 'er all that arf'noon, else she'd a nigh killed 'im. 'E got rather tired, because she kept runnin' about, bein' a express an' 'avin' cerlishuns. Lawst of all she wived 'er awms about, and mide a kind o' whooshin' noise. 'Now,' she said, 'my biler's bust, an' I'm done for!' So she lay flat on the wet groun', an' the tender went 'ome to 'is tea."

"What's she like to look at?"

JULIA SANBY confessed, with apparent reluctance, that GAZEY was very pretty. "She's prettier nor I am, nor any of the other childr-roun' 'ere. She's got golding 'air, an' blue eyes. But I 'ite 'er, 'cos she's so bad, an' 'cos she mikes the other childr-roun' bad. I don't never listen to none of 'er mike-ups now."

"Would she let me make a sketch of her?"

"Dunno. You wouldn't like 'er. She's low in the wye she talks. The new curick don't like 'er. Nobody don't like 'er."

Now, just in this sentence, I fancied that the sanctimoniousness of JULIA SANBY had become mixed with some real feeling. I also reflected on the fact that, although most children are egoists, JULIA SANBY seemed to take more pleasure in talking about GAZEY than in discussing herself. I had distinct suspicions.

"Could you remember any of GAZEY's stories?"

"Might, p'raps."

"Go on, then. Tell me one."

She began a story, which was obviously an improvisation, with little incidents taken from other stories added to it. It was full of the wildest imaginings. She told it without the least nervousness or embarrassment. Her assumption of demureness and sanctity

vanished utterly. She became vivid and dramatic. "An' I'd like my gospil oath it's all true," she added, at the conclusion, as if from force of habit.

"JULIA SANBY," I said, "GAZEY has not got golden hair nor blue eyes, neither is she pretty. You are GAZEY."

"I swear I ain't. I'm a good girl, and knows my colics; GAZEY's something orful."

"Very well," I answered, and went on finishing the sketch, as though I took no interest in her. After a few seconds' silence, she added, quite calmly,

"Owdjer know? I can pretend proper, cawn't I? But I 'adn't never talked about myself as if I was someone else afore. That pickshur ain't much like me."

"It will be when it's finished. Come to-morrow at the same time."

"Do you think I'm a liar?"

"You're either a liar or an artist, but I'm not sure which."

GAZEY put on her exceedingly frowsy hat. "The new curick needn't a bin so cock-sure about it then. G' mornin'."

## THE LATEST FROM BOBBY.

(An intercepted Letter.)

Schoolhouse, Swishborough.  
Thursday.

DEAREST DARLING MOTHER,

I WAS so glad to get the hamper, and it has done me much good, all the fellows were pleased with the cake, and the sardines were first-rate, and the potted stuffs were awfully good. I am sorry you forgot the bottles of acidulated drops, but you can send them in the next hamper as soon as you like. There are only sixty-two days to the holidays—1688 hours including nights! Isn't that jolly!

And now, my dear Mother, I want to write most seriously to you upon a matter of great importance. You know I have been doing "Music" as an "extra." Well, it does not agree with me. The fact is, it is an hour every week in my playtime, when the Doctor says it is good for my health that I should be enjoying myself. And "Music" is an extra, like "Sausages for breakfast." And, of course, one has to think of all that. How hard dear Papa works to get his living; and, of course, I oughtn't to waste anything, ought I? Well, I really think I could give up "Music." After all, it's awful rot, and only fit for a pack of girls! So this is the great favour I'm going to ask you—and mind you say "Yes." May I give up "Music," and take up "Sausages for breakfast" instead?

Always your most loving Son, BOBBY.

## IF THE FASHION SPREADS.

SCENE—Interior of a Fashionable Church. The Incumbent has read the Banns of Marriage between JOHN PLANTAGENET DE SMITH and MARY STUART DE BROWN, and asks the usual question.

Counsel (rising in pew). I beg to object.

Incumbent (surprised, but self-possessed). You will be good enough to communicate with us in the Vestry, at the end of the service.

Counsel. But I prefer to raise my objections at once. I may say, Reverend Sir, that I am here on behalf of Mr. JOHN PLANTAGENET DE SMITH, who is my client. I am instructed by the Messrs. CAPIAS of Bedford Row, and I contend that since the Members of the London County Council have instructed counsel to appear on their behalf at meetings in which they themselves act judicially, the right extends to Places of Public Worship.

Incumbent. Perhaps we might hear you later. If you were kind enough to raise your objections in the Vestry, it would be—

Counsel (interrupting). Pardon me, that would scarcely be satisfactory. We do not wish any hole-and-corner agitation. I am instructed by my client to say, that he courts the fullest investigation. Now, the facts are these:—

[Gives the facts, and ends an eloquent speech with a magnificent peroration.]

Incumbent. In consequence of the rather long argument of our dear and learned brother, the customary quarter of an hour's sermon will not be given on this occasion. [Curtain.]

AL FRESCO OPERA.—*Cailleria Rusticana* at the Royal Shaftesbury, and *Le Réve* in the Winter (Covent) Garden kept by EX-Sheriff DRUHIOLANUS. "About the latter," says SIR DRUHIOLANUS, "some enthusiasts quite rave. See?" (Exit EX-Sheriff, to note this down for the forthcoming Pantomime.)





## LETTERS TO ABSTRACTIONS.

No. VI.—TO VANITY.

DEAR VANITY,

I THINK I can see you smirking and posturing before the abstract mirror, which is your constant companion. It pleases you, no doubt, to think that anybody should pay you the compliment of making you the object and the subject of a whole letter. Perhaps when you have read it to the end you will alter your mood, since it cannot please you to listen to the truth about yourself. None of those whom you infect here below ever did like it. Sometimes, to be sure, it had to be endured with many grimaces, but it was extraordinary to note how the clouds caused by the aggravated truth-teller passed away as soon as his departure had enabled the object of these reproaches to recover his or her false self again. What boots it, after all, to tell the truth? For those whom you protect are clad in armour, which is proof against the sharpest lance, and they can thus bid defiance to all the clumsy attacks of the merely honest and downright—for a time; but in the end their punishment comes, not always in the manner that their friends predict, but none the less inevitable in one manner or another. For they all fashion a ridiculous monster out of affectations, strivings and falsehoods, and label it "Myself;" and in the end the monster takes breath, and lives and crushes his despised maker, and immediately vanishes into space.

Permit me to proceed in my usual way, and to offer you an example or two. And I begin with HERMIONE MAYBLOOM. HERMIONE was one of a large family of delightful daughters. Their father was the well-known Dr. MAYBLOOM, who was Dean of Archeater Cathedral. His massive and convincing volumes on *The Fauna and Flora of the Mosaic Books in their Relation to Modern Botanical Investigation*, must be within your recollection. It was followed, you remember, by *The Dean's Duty*, which, being published at a time when there was, so to speak, a boom in religious novels, was ordered by many readers under the impression that it was likely to upset their mature religious convictions by its assaults on orthodoxy. Their disappointment when two stout tomes, dealing historically with the *status* and duties of Deans, were delivered to them, was the theme of cheerful comment amongst the light-hearted members of the Dean's own family.

Was there ever in this world so delightful a family circle as that of the Deanery? The daughters were all pretty, but that was their smallest merit. They were all clever, and well-read, without a tinge of the blue-stocking, and most of them were musical to the tips of their slender fingers. How merrily their laughter used to ring across the ancient close, and how playfully and gently they used to rally the dear learned old Dean who had watched over them and cared for them since Mrs. MAYBLOOM's death, many years before, with all the tender care of the most devoted mother. And of this fair and smiling throng, "my only rosary," as the Dean used to call them, HERMIONE was, I think, the prettiest, as she was certainly the most accomplished. Every kind of gift had been showered upon her by Nature. When she played her violin, accompanied by her elder sister on the piano, tears trickled unbidden down the aquiline nose of the militant Bishop of Archeater, the chapter stood hushed to a man, and the surrounding curates were only prevented by a salutary fear of ruining their chances of preferment from laying themselves, their pinnaces, and their garnered store of slippers at her pretty feet. Then in a fit of charming petulance, she would break off in the middle of the piece, lay down her violin, and, with a pretty imperiousness, command a younger sister to fetch her zither, on which to complete the subjugation of her adorers. And then her caricatures—summer-lightning flashes of pencilled wit, as I heard the Reverend SIMEON COPE describe them in a moment of enthusiasm after she had shown us her sketch of his rival, the Reverend STEPHEN HANKINSON.

But even in those days, while she still had about her all the fascinations of peerless beauty and fresh and glowing youth, I mistrusted her. Alone of all the sisters she seemed to me to be wanting in heart. I heard her several times attempt to snub her father, and once I noted how she spent a whole evening in moody silence, and refused to play a note, for no other reason that I could

see except that Captain ARBLAST, of the 30th Lancers, the dashing first-born of the Bishop, who happened to be spending a few days of his long leave in Archeater, devoted himself with all the assiduity of his military nature to twirling his heavy moustache in the immediate neighbourhood of SOPHY MAYBLOOM, and not in that of HERMIONE. Indeed, I have reason to know that, after the guests had departed, poor SOPHY had to endure from her sister a dreadful scene, the harsh details of which have not yet faded from her memory. And then I remembered, too, how it was a matter of family chaff against HERMIONE that once, not very long after she had entered upon her teens, she had sobbed convulsively through a whole night, because she had discovered that her juvenile arms were thin and mottled, and she imagined that she would never be able to wear a low dress, or shine in Society.

Such, then, was the beautiful HERMIONE, who for some years rode rough-shod over the hearts of all the males in Archeater. Space fails me to enumerate all her engagements. She broke them one after another without a thought, and cast her admirers away as if they had been dresses of last year's fashion. Most of them, it must be said, recovered quickly enough, but the miserable COPE became a hopeless hypochondriac, and never smiled again. He died the other day, and HERMIONE's sketch of HANKINSON was found, frayed and soiled, in an ancient pocket-book which he always carried about with him. HANKINSON's fate seemed at first to be worse. He took to poetry, morbid, passionate, yearning, unhealthy poetry, of the skimmed SWINBURNE variety, and for a time was gloomy enough.

Having, however, engaged in a paper conflict with one of his critics, he forgot his sorrows, and though he still declares an overwhelming desire for death and oblivion about six times a year, in various magazines, he seemed, when I last saw him, fairly comfortable and happy. But, of course, he has never secured a vicarage.

To return to HERMIONE. She at last married a certain Mr. PARDOE, a barrister practising on the Archeater Circuit, and established herself in town. Shortly afterwards she became the rage. Her beauty, her wit, her music, her dinners, her diamonds, were spoken of with enthusiasm. All the elderly *roués*, whose leathery hearts had been offered up at hundreds of shrines, became her temporary slaves. She coaxed them, cajoled them, and fooled them, did this innocent daughter of a simple-minded Dean, to the top of their various bents. She schemed successfully against countless rivals, in order to maintain her pre-eminence in the admiration of her circle. Her ambition knew no bounds. She changed her so-called friends every week; she cultivated grand passions for actors, authors, musicians, and even for professors. Sometimes she played to select audiences with all her old ravishing skill, but this happened more and more rarely, until at last she utterly declined, and even went so far as to flout H.S.H. the Duke of

KALBSKOPF, who had been specially invited to meet her.

Then suddenly came the crash. She left her husband, in company with CHARLIE FITZHUBERT, the heir presumptive to the wealthy earldom of Battersea. On the following day Mr. PARDOE blew out his brains, leaving ten thousand pounds of debt and three young children. Six months afterwards the venerable Dean died, and sentimental people spoke of a broken heart. Then the Earl of BATTERSEA, in a fit of indignation, married, and was blessed with a son, the present Earl. CHARLIE FITZHUBERT married HERMIONE, but they are as poor as curates, and he hates her. I saw her two days ago in a shabby hired carriage. She is getting prematurely old, and grey, and wrinkled, and everybody avoids her, except her sister SOPHY, who still visits her, and suffers her ill-humour.

Charming story, isn't it? I shall write again soon.

Yours, in the meantime,

DIODENES ROBINSON.

**NIGHT-MAILING.**—"Night Mail between London and Paris" has been recently announced in all the papers as now ready and willing to take night-mailers from Victoria, L. C. & D., to the French Capital. It is to be a Third-class Night Mail, though a Knight of the First Class can, of course, travel by it should he be so disposed. Thirty shillings through fare for "a single;" but as the tariff doesn't explicitly inform us whether the passenger will be asked the question, "Married or single?" and so be charged accordingly, we may presume that a margin is left for a little surprise. The train of Night Mails—a kind of gay bachelor train, no females being of the party—is to start at 8.15 p.m., and to be in Paris at 5.50 a.m.





## DRAWING THE BADGER.

(A Natural History Note.)



THE Badger (*Meles-Taxus*) is at once one of the most inoffensive and (in one sense) offensive of our few remaining British Carnivora. He is described by NAPIER of Merchiston, in his *Book of Nature and of Man*, as a "quiet nocturnal beast, but if much 'badgered' becoming obstinate, and fighting to the last, in which it is a type of a large class of Britons, who like to be let alone, but when ill used can fight."

That great new authority on Natural History, Mr. G. A. HENTY (author of *Those Other Animals*), should be able to tell us much about the Badger. Therewith he would be able, in his own favourite fashion, to "point a moral" (against the Demogorgon Democracy),

and "adorn a tale" (of laboured waggery). He might find the subject as suggestive of sardonic chaff as American women and Republican institutions.

What says the popular Wood? He describes the Badger as "slow and clumsy in its actions," and as "rolling along so awkwardly that it may easily be mistaken for a young pig in the dusk of the evening." Woe, however, to whomsoever *does* take the creature for "a young pig." "Being naturally as harmless an animal as can be imagined, it is a terrible antagonist when provoked to use the means of defence with which it is so well provided."



We tax the patience of poor *Meles-Tarus*,  
Until he turns with tooth and claws and whacks us.  
The natural home of *Tarus*—the Exchequer—  
Harbours a creature that keeps up its pecker.

"For the purpose of so-called 'sport,' the Badger used to be captured and put into a cage ready to be tormented at the cruel will of every ruffian who might chose to risk his dog against the sharp teeth of the captive animal."

This particular sort of "sport" is a little out of date. But "drawing a Badger" is not unknown even in these humanitarian days. Dogs will sometimes voluntarily rush in to risk their hides and muzzles against the aforesaid sharp teeth, &c. Look at those in the picture!

The two small, if aggressive, terriers seem unequally matched against the "clumsy" but strong-jawed and terribly-toothed Badger. They have drawn him, indeed, out of his hole, and one of them, at least, seems rather sorry for it, if you may judge by the way in which he turns tail and makes for his protector, the big Bull-Terrier. The ventripotent broken-haired tyke looks more valorous—for the moment. Yap! yap! yap! *Meles-Tarus* takes little notice of him, however. His eyes are on that sturdy specimen of *Canis familiaris* there, whose bold eyes in turn are on him. Both, perhaps, experience—

"That stern joy which warriors feel  
In foemen worthy of their steel."

"Drawn by those two tiny yelpers? Not a bit of it! But *you*, my complacent canine Colossus—come on if you dare!" And he *does* dare, evidently. Whether he'll regret his daring remains to be seen.

#### The Memory of Milton.

MILTON forgotten? Nay, my BESANT, nay;  
Not wholly, even in this petty day,  
When learning snips, when criticism snaps,  
And the great bulk of readers feed on scraps.  
Still, still he finds his "audience fit, though few,"  
The rest *forget* not since they never knew.

#### The Off-Portsmouth Phrase-Book.

HAVE you caught a fish?  
No, but I have bagged a cannon-ball.  
Is the sea too rough for your boat?  
No, the sea is not too rough, but the Torpedoes are decidedly embarrassing.  
Is that a pretty shell that you are going to carry home to your children?  
No, it is a live one, that, if it bursts a yard nearer, will blow us into smithereens.  
Do you propose returning to your lodging to-night?  
That is a matter that will be decided by the Commander of the nearest practising gun-boat.



#### THE RESULT OF TOO MUCH GREEK.

*First Classic.* "BY THE WAY, HADN'T DANTE GOT ANOTHER NAME?"  
*Second Classic.* "YES; ALFIERI, I THINK—OR ELSE ALIGHIERI."  
*First Classic.* "AH, PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT. I HAD A NOTION IT WAS GABRIEL ROSSETTI, OR SOMETHING!"

#### CUTTING REMARKS.

MR. HENRY AUTHOR JONES has taken a theatre wherein to play his own plays to his own taste. On the first night of *The Crusaders* this taste was not exactly the taste of the audience. Mr. HENRY AUTHOR JONES seemed to object to be tied to time, and the result was the prompt appearance of that terrible conqueror of things terrestrial, General Boredom. Since the initial performance, it is reported that matters have gone on more smoothly. According to the "usual sources of information" the dramatist has been cheered on leaving his theatre, and heartily congratulated. On one occasion he actually supplemented his piece with a speech! Apparently he was under the impression that there could not be too much of a good thing—JONES for choice! It may be



Tied to Time.

that since the first performance, there has been some curtailment made in the play. To judge from appearances it was a question of cutting—either the author the play, or the public the theatre!

QUITE A NEW SPEC.—We have just received a prospectus of a Company entitled "*The Monarch Insurance Society*." Of course, all the Crowned Heads of Europe will be in it. We haven't yet read it, the title being sufficient for the present. *Ça donne à penser*. Will it provide New Monarchs for old ones? Will it give good sovereigns in exchange for bad ones? If so—where will the profit come in?

#### FRENCH AS SHE IS "WRIT."

THE *Standard's* own Vienna Correspondent, when reporting the unpleasant incident in the life of the Duc d'Orléans, told us how the Prince, on unwittingly "accepting service," said to the astute lawyer's clerk, "Mais, Monsieur, ce n'est pas le moment." To which the clerk replied, "also in French," says the *Standard*. "One time is as good as another." But why was not the lawyer's clerk's French as she spoke given as well as that of M. le Duc? And how much more telling it would have been had M. le Duc been served well and faithfully by a clerk like *Perker's Mr. Lowten*, fresh, very fresh, from a carouse at the "Magpie and Stump," or even by one of Messrs. *Dodson and Fogg's* young men who enjoyed themselves so much when "a twigging" of the virtuous *Mr. Pickwick*.

"Mais, Monsieur, ce n'est pas le moment," says the Duke, to which our *Mr. Lowten* would have replied in Magpie-and-Stumping French, "Eggsksowsy moy, Mossos, le Dook, ung Tom is aussy bong qu' ung autre. Mossos ler Dook ar maintenong pèrusé ler documeng; voiei le copy et voiei two. Bonsoir, il faut que je l'accroche."

Whereupon he would have "hooked it," as it appears this particular lawyer's clerk did, and was not seen again. No doubt he joined a circle of admiring friends in the legal neighbourhood (some Magpies-and-Stumps still exist), where, over a glass and a cigar, he recounted the merry tale of how he had served a Duke.

THE relation of Hypnotiser to the Hypnotised at the Aquarium may be simply described as "GERMANE to the subject."

SONG AND CHORUS FOR THE COUNTY COUNCIL ON NEXT DEBATE ON THE WATER SUPPLY—"Young BENN he was a nice young man."



## THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. XIV.

SCENE—Gardens belonging to the *Hôtel du Parc, Lugano*. Time, afternoon: the orchestra is tuning up in a kiosk. CULCHARD is seated on a bench in the shade, keeping an anxious eye upon the opposite door.

Culch. (to himself). She said she had a headache, and made her father and VAN BOODELER go out on the lake without her. But she certainly gave me to understand that she might come out when the band played, if she felt better. The question is, whether she means to feel better or not. She is the most tantalising girl! I don't know what to make of her. Not a single reference, as yet, to that last talk we had at Bingen. I must see if I can't recall it to her memory—if she comes. I'll wait here, on the chance of it—we are not likely to be dis—. Confound it all—PODBURY! (with suppressed irritation as PODBURY comes up). Well, do you want anything in particular?

Podb. (cheerfully, as he sits down.) Only the pleasure of your society, old chap. How nicely you do put things!

Culch. The—er—fact is, I can't promise to be a particularly lively companion just now.

Podb. Not by way of a change? Ah, well, it's a pity—but I must put up with you as you are, I suppose. You see—(with a grin)—I've got that vow to work out.

Culch. Possibly—but I haven't. As I've already told you—I retire.

Podb. Wobbled back to Miss TROTTER again, eh? Matter of taste, of course, but, for my part, I think your first impression of her was nearer the truth—she's not what I call a highly cultivated sort of girl, y' know.

Culch. You are naturally exacting on that point, but have the goodness to leave my first impressions alone, and—er—frankly, PODBURY, I see no necessity (now, at all events) to take that ridiculous—hum—penance too literally. We are travelling together, and I imagine that is enough for Miss PRENDERGAST.

Podb. It's enough for me—especially when you make yourself so doosid amiable as this. You needn't alarm yourself—you won't have any more of my company than I can help; only I must say, for two fellows who came out to do a tour together, it's—

(Walks away, grumbling.)

Later. The band has finished playing; Miss TROTTER is on the bench with CULCHARD.

Miss T. And you mean to tell me you've never met anybody since you even cared to converse with?

Culch. (diplomatically). Does that strike you as so very incredible?

Miss T. Well, it strikes me as just a little too thin. I judged you'd go away, and forget I ever existed.

Culch. (with tender reproach). How little you know me! I may not be an—er—demonstrative man, my—er—feelings are not easily roused, but, once roused, well—(wounded)—I think I may claim to possess an ordinary degree of constancy!

Miss T. Well, I'm sure I ought to feel it a vurry high compliment to have you going round grieving all this time on my account.

Culch. Grieving! Ah, if I could only tell you what I went through! (Decides, on reflection, that the less he says about this the better.) But all that is past. And now may I not expect a more definite answer to the question I asked at Bingen? Your reply then was—well, a little ambiguous.

Miss T. I guess it's got to be just about as ambiguous now—there don't seem anything I can say. There's times when I feel as if it might be sort of elevating and improving to have you shining around; and there's other times when I suspect that, if it went on

for any considerable period, likely I'd weaken. I'm not just sure. And I can't ever make myself believe but what you're disapproving of me, inside of you, most all the time!

Culch. Pray dismiss such—er—morbid misgivings, dear Miss TROTTER. Show that you do so by accepting me as your guide and companion through life!

Miss T. My! but that sounds like a proposal?

Culch. I intended it to bear that—er—construction. It is a proposal—made after the fullest reflection.

Miss T. I'm ever so obliged. But we don't fix things quite that way in my country. We want to feel pretty sure, first, we shann't get left. And it don't seem to me as if I'd had opportunities enough of studying your leading characteristics. I'll have to study them some more before I know whereabouts I am; and I want you to understand that I'm not going to commit myself to anything at present. That mayn't be sentiment, but I guess it's common-sense, anyway. And all you've got to do is, just to keep around, and kind of impress me with a conviction that you're the vurry brightest and best man in the entire universe, and I don't believe you'll find much difficulty about that. And now I guess we'll go into table d'hôte—I'm just as ravenous!

Culch. (to himself, as he follows her). Really, this is not much better than RUSKIN, after all. But I don't despair. That last remark was distinctly encouraging!

SCENE—A large Salle à Manger, decorated in the Pompeian style. Table d'hôte has begun. CULCHARD is seated between Miss TROTTER and a large and conversational stranger. Opposite are three empty chairs.

Culchard's Neighbour. Then you're going on to Venice? Well, you take my advice. When you get there, you ask for tunny. Don't forget—tunny!

Culch. (who wants to talk to Miss T.) Tunny? Thank you. I—er—will certainly remember his name, if I require a guide.

His N. A guide? No, no—tunny's a fish. Sir, a coarse red fish, with flesh like a raw beefsteak.

Culch. Is that so? Then I will make a point of asking for it—if I want raw beefsteak.

(Attempts to turn to Miss T.)

His N. That's what I did when I was at Venice. I sent for the Manager. He came. I said to him. "Look here, I'm an Englishman. My name's BELLERBY. (CULCHARD bows in patient boredom.) I've heard of your Venetian tunny. I wish to taste it. Bring me some!"

Culch. (crushingly). A most excellent method of obtaining it, no doubt. (To Waiter.) Numéro vingt-sept, demi bouteille de Chianti, et siphon!

His N. You don't wait till I've done, Sir! I didn't obtain it—not at first. The man made excuses. I was prepared for that. I told him plainly, "I know what you're thinking—it's a cheap fish, and you fancy I'm ordering it out of economy!"

Culch. (raising his eyebrows for Miss T.'s benefit). Of course, he naturally would think so. And that is how you got your tunny? I see. [Mr. BELLERBY stares at him suspiciously, and decides to suppress the remainder of his tunny.]

Miss T. This hotel seems to be thinning some. We've three ghosts right in front of us this evening.

Culch. (turning with effusion). So we have! My friend is one, and he'll be here presently, but I much prefer myself to see every seat occupied. There is something so depressing about a vacant chair, don't you think?

Miss T. It's calculated to put one in mind of Macbeth's little dinner-party, certainly. But you can cheer up, Mr. CULCHARD, here comes a couple of belated Banquos. My gracious, I do like that girl's face—she has such a perfectly lovely expression, and looks real superior too!





*Culch.* (who has just dropped his glasses into his soup). I—ah—which lady are you referring too? (*He cleans and adjusts his glasses—to discover that he is face to face with Miss HYPATIA PRENDERGAST.*) Oh... I—I see—precisely, quite so! (*He turns to BELLERBY to cover his confusion and avoid meeting Miss PRENDERGAST's eye.*) I beg your pardon, you were describing how you caught a tunny? Pray continue.

*Mr. Bellerby* (stiffly). Excuse me, I don't seem fortunate enough to have secured your undivided attention.

*Culch.* (with intense interest). Quite the contrary, I assure you! You were saying you always ordered it out of economy?

*Mr. B.* Pardon me—I was saying nothing of the sort. I was saying that I told the Manager I knew that was why he thought I ordered it—a rather different thing! "You're quite wrong," I said. "You may pay twopence-halfpenny a pound for it, and charge me half-a-crown, if you like, but I mean to taste that tunny!" I was determined not to be done out of my tunny, Sir!

*Culch.* (breathlessly). And what did the tunny—I mean the Manager—say to that?

*Mr. B.* Oh, made more difficulties—it wasn't to be got, and so on. At last I said to him (very quietly, but he saw I was in earnest), "Now I tell you what it is—I'm going to have that tunny, and, if you refuse to give it me,—well, I shall just send my courier out for it, that's all!" So, with that, they brought me some—and anything more delicious I never tasted in all my life!

*Culch.* (to himself). If I can only keep him on at this tunny! (*Aloud.*) And—er—what does it taste like exactly, now?

*Mr. B.* (pregnantly). You order it, Sir—insist on having it. Then you'll know what it tastes like!

*Culch.* (with his eyes lowered—to himself). I must look up in another minute—and then!

(*He devotes himself to his soup.*)

(*He shivers.*)

### "TYPICAL DEVELOPMENTS."

ONE of our very occasional contributors, whose valuable time is mainly occupied by the composition of successful novels, sends us the following, written by his type-writer. From this specimen it will be gathered what a real economy in correcting letter-press a type-writer must be.

Dear Editor

I send you my new book to read and if you likit please give me a legup.

The story of my other book was anti-turkish but has not yet been probited in Constanple though it has reachd its tetenth edition, at least the ninth is nerally all shrubshcribed before it is rereaddy. If my pullisher is not sasfide oughtbe.

Never use pen now only typ-writr so much quicker in tellgible convenient

Yours S SMUGGYNS



It strikes us that either the machine stammers, or that it was, at the time of writing, somewhat the worse for liquor, or that it is a very truthfully phonetic-writing but somewhat indiscreet amanuensis. At the same time herewith and hereby every success to our friend SMUGGYNS's new book.

**HARD LINES FOR HIM.**—When the first stone of a new theatre in Cranbourne Street was laid the other day by some Magnates of the Theatrical Profession—beg pardon, "the Profession," we should have said—Mrs. BANCROFT made a telling impromptu speech, and then Mr. YARDLEY, ancient Cricketer and Modern Dramatist, was hit on the head—accidentally, of course—by the bottle which is in use on these occasions. "Very YARDLEY treated," observed Sir DRURIOLANUS, in his happiest vein. Not the first literary gent who, according to the ancient slang of the Tom-and-Jerry period, has been "cut" by ill-use of the bottle. But the unfortunate author's sorrows did not end with this sad blow, as, very soon afterwards, his dear friends the Critics, with profuse apologies for being compelled to handle him so severely, were down upon him for his new version of a French piece, entitled *The Planter*. So the logical sequence of events was, that first a blow was planted, and then appeared *The Planter*.

**AN ECCLESIASTICAL LAYMAN.**—At a meeting in Rome, the "Duke di SERMONETA" took the chair. If ever there were a staunch Churchman, this by his name, rendered in English as "Sermon-devourer," should be he.

### OUR OWN FINANCIAL COLUMN.

Telegraphic Address—"Cresus, E.C."

SIR,—Let me first express my financial acknowledgments to the teeming millions who have honoured me, and benefited themselves by seeking my advice since my first letter appeared last week. Communications containing cheques, postal orders, and stamps, have poured in upon me in one unceasing torrent. The consignors have, in every case, been good enough to say that they handed all they possessed over to me, in the full confidence that I would invest the proceeds to the best advantage in some of the countless undertakings in which I wield a paramount influence. Their trust is fully deserved.



Investors will remember that, in the course of the last German Expedition to Central Africa, a tract of country, rich in every mineral deposit, and admirably fitted for the operations of husbandry, was discovered in lat. 42° long. 65°. The Germans at that time had not a single handkerchief left, and were unable, therefore to hoist the German flag over the palace of the native king. GUL-GULL. Private information of this was conveyed to me. I at once fitted out an Expedition at my own expense, placed myself at the head of it, and after terrible hardships, in the course of which no less than two hundred of my comrades either succumbed outright to the bite of the poisonous *contango* fly, or had to be mercifully dispatched by the hammer (a painless native form of death), in order to end their tortures, I succeeded in reaching the capital, where I was hospitably received by the king. After a negotiation of three weeks, His Majesty agreed, in the kindest and most affable manner, to concede to me his whole country together with all its revenues, minerals, royalties, timber, water-power, lakes, farm-houses, stock and manor-houses, the whole beautifully situated in the heart of a first-class sporting country, within easy reach of ten packs of hounds; the old residential palace replete with every modern comfort, and admirably adapted for the purposes of a gentleman desiring to set up in the business of kingship. It matters not what I had to pay for this. The secret is my own, and shall go to Westminster Abbey with me. The point is, that with the funds entrusted to me, I have formed the Cent-per-Central African Exploration and Investment Syndicate, and have allotted shares to all those whose contributions have come to hand. As to profit, I have calculated it on the strictest actuarial principles, and find it cannot be less than £100 for every £100 invested. This may seem small, but in these matters moderation is the soul of business. I shall have more to say on this subject next week.

Answers to Correspondents.

**DISMAL JEMMY.**—Why do you suggest that the motto of my new company should be, "*Stealer et fraudax*"? Is it a Latin joke? If so, don't write to me any more. Those who deal with me must be British to the backbone.

**ANXIOUS.**—You can't do better than send me those £50,000. I guarantee secrecy and quick returns. The Eyeoya Land Trust is best for your purposes (Pref. deb. 492; stk. 18. 2. 3). Send money at once to CRESUS, E.C. Delay might be fatal.

**CAPITALIST.**—No doubt, as you say, Consols are Consols; but take my advice and don't give GOSCHEN your money. Why not try the *United Bladder Mortgage Company*? Bladders are bound to go up. They were floated at 10 and are now at 96. *Verb. sap.* No; £20,000 would not be too much.

**"POTTER."**—Something good may be done in Land Rails, if you can get near enough. Have a shot at them by all means.

**"PRACTICAL JOKER."**—Quite right. Sell them.

**"ANXIOUS INQUIRER"** wishes to be informed what is the difference between Preferred and Deferred. If he will tell us how much he expects to receive in each case, the mere calculation of the difference will be an easy matter; but to receive it is quite another affair. If he wishes to know the "distinction" between these two classes of securities, it may be summed up in the answer to the question, "Will you have it now, or wait till you get it?"

**"A PUZZLED ONE."**—Sell everything.

**"MEET ME BY MIDNIGHT."**—Yes. A Loan.

**"LAMBKIN."**—Part with No. 2, &c., but take care of No. 1.

**"INSIDER."**—Get out.

**"TOTTIE TOTTS."**—Here for private consultation from 5 to 7 P.M.

**"RICHARD."**—Buy Bizzy B's, Sell Early F's, and Spoiled Fives.

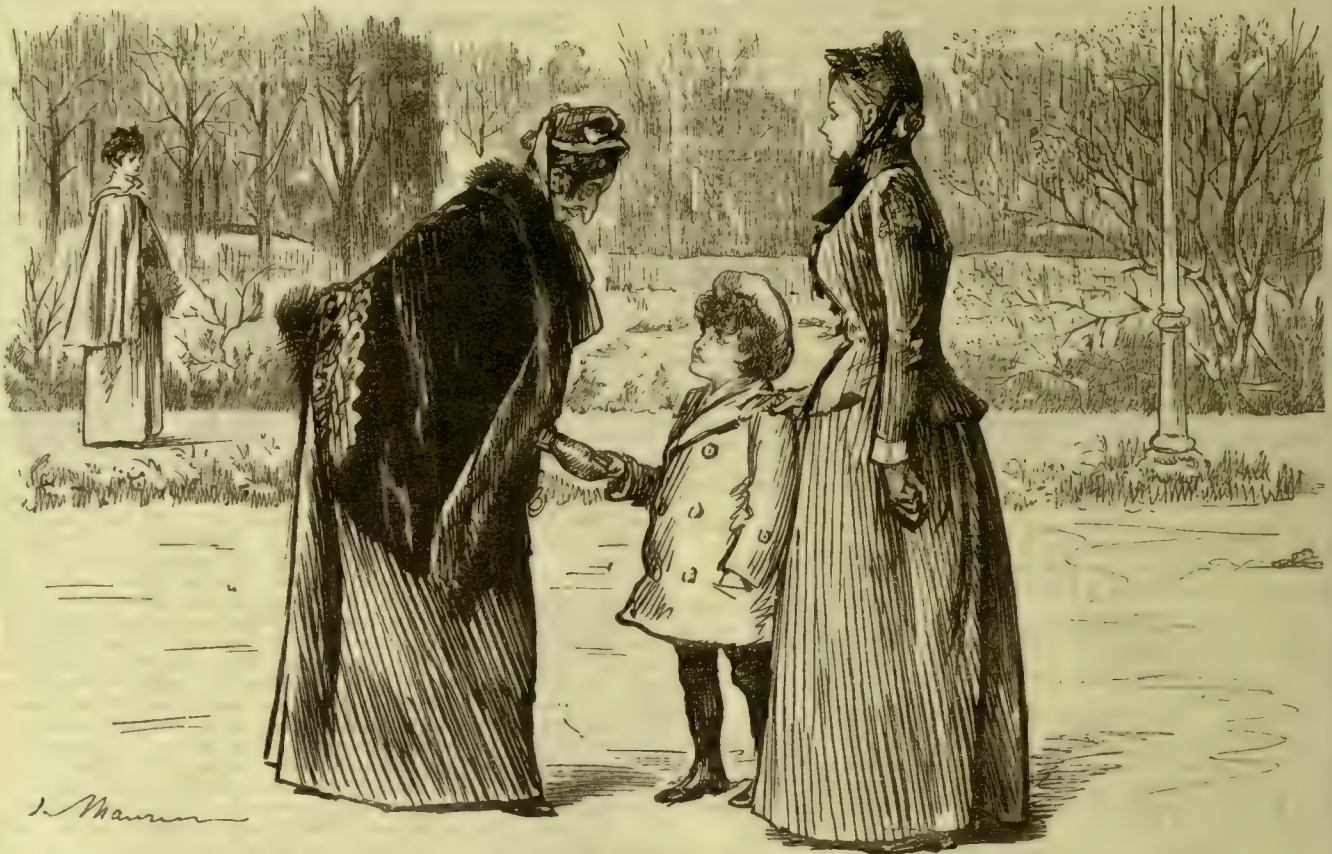
Buy Jingoos.

**"BRUNO."**—Bear your burdens.

**"ADA WITH THE GOLDENSHAIL."**—Send photo at once. Cannot advise until we know your figure.

"CRESUS, E.C."





## CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.

Miss Fitzogre. "WELL, GOOD-BYE, PERCIVAL, AND BE A GOOD BOY!"

Percival (a very good boy, who has just been specially warned not to make personal remarks about People in their presence). "GOOD-BYE. I'LL NOT TELL NURSE WHAT I THINK OF YOUR NOSE TILL YOU'RE GONE!"

## A JUBILEE GREETING!

(Set to a Song from Sir Walter Scott.)

NOVEMBER 9, 1891.

Mr. Punch (for self and everybody) loquitur:—

My Prince, 'tis for our coming King  
We all lift glass in hand;  
For him that loud hurrahs do ring  
To-day all round the land,  
My Prince,  
All round a loyal land!  
Let sycophantish slave kotoo;  
You love not such display;  
Let courtiers cringe and creatures "boo."  
'Tis not our English way,  
My Prince,  
'Tis not our English way.

As FLORA to Prince CHARLIE bent  
It is no shame to bow;  
And you're a man to be content  
With man's respect, I trow,  
My Prince,  
With man's respect, I trow.

For Fifty Years we've known you, Sir,  
And liked you. Love is free!  
That's why the land is all astir,  
To hail your Jubilee,  
My Prince,  
To hail your Jubilee.

In Forty-Six Punch pictured you,  
"A Sailor every inch,"\*

\* See Cartoon, "Every Inch a Sailor," p. 129, Vol. XI., Sept. 26, 1846.

Toasting "Mamma!" in a stiff brew  
Without a sign of flinch,

My Prince,  
Without one sign of flinch.

In Seventy-One he stood beside  
Your door in sad "Suspense."†  
We saw the turn in that dark tide  
With thankfulness intense,

My Prince,  
With gratitude intense.

From stage to stage your course he's marked  
Abroad as eke at home;

Where'er you've travelled, toiled, skylarked;  
And now mid-age has come,

My Prince,  
And now mid-age has come.

Come as it comes to all. Most true!  
But, "let the galled jade wince,"

Still Punch's pencil pictures you  
As every inch a Prince,

My Prince,  
Yes, every inch a Prince!

And now your Jubilee we greet,  
With hearty English joy,  
Who, as those Fifty Years did fleet,  
Have watched you, man and boy,

My Prince,  
Have watched you, man and boy.

When all is done that Prince can do,  
All is not done in vain.

That's why we drink Good Health to you  
Again and eke again,

My Prince,  
Again and eke again!

† See Cartoon, "Suspense," p. 263, Vol. LXI., Dec. 23, 1871.

Punch turns him round and right about,  
And leads the British roar  
Which rises in one loyal shout,  
"Health to the Prince once more!  
My Prince,

Health to him evermore!"  
And health to her, the unfading flower  
From Denmark, o'er the foam.  
Ad multos annos, grace, and power,  
Love, and a Happy Home,

My Prince,  
Love, and a Happy Home!

No youth has gone, and manhood come,  
Your Jubilee we keep,  
Good-will shall strike detraction dumb,  
And sound from deep to deep,

My Prince,  
From white-cliff'd deep to deep!

AN APPARENTLY HARD CASE.—Miss Print is responsible for a great deal. The other day a tender-hearted person read in a daily paper, that a stranger "arriving in Paris, did not even know where to go and die." How sad! But the compositor had only omitted the "n" from the last word of the sentence. So it wasn't so bad after all, though for the stranger bad enough,

"MUSIC'S THE FOOD."—At the Savoy Hotel the band of Herr WURMS is advertised to perform during dinner. The name of the dinner might follow suit, and be entitled "The Diet of Wurms, for Gentle and Simple." Of course the band of Herr WURMS is an attraction; "Wurms for bait," eh?





## A JUBILEE GREETING!

MR. PUNCH (*for self and everybody*). "HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS, SIR!—KNOWN YOU FIFTY YEARS,  
AND LIKE YOU BETTER THAN EVER!!"









## A KINDLY VIEW OF IT.

*First Rustic (to Second Ditto). "OH, I SAY! AIN'T HE FOND OF HIS HORSE!"*

## IO TRIUMPHE!

OR, GREEK FOR HEIFER!

(By an Old Boy.)

THEE, Camus, reverend renown  
Thy grateful votaries seek,  
Foil'd are the Vandals who'd "send down"  
The Genius of Greek.

For Culture's jewell'd master-key  
They cupboard pick-locks tend,  
And in the cult of Mammon see  
Learning's true aim and end;

Pit shallow youth's impatient fuss  
Against the grit of CATO,  
Set IBSEN up for ÆSCHYLUS,  
And OLLENDORFF for PLATO;

For songs august of heroes sung,  
And epic hosts embattled,  
Enforce some pidgin-Latin tongue  
By every waiter prattled;

For nymphs, where o'er the fragrant pines  
A sea-bright sun uprises,  
Their fancy plays round primmest lines  
Of prigs receiving prizes.

From SIR JOHN CHEKE to DR. JEBB,  
From CALVERLEY to MILTON,  
Clear spirits burst the Sophist-web,  
And rent the rock they built on.

WELLDON is falsely named in this,  
For sure, in slighting Greek, he  
Will Learning's final blessing miss,  
Her καλὴς πεποιήκε.

What though the urchin deem it "rot"  
(Such hasty views we stoop'd to,

Not seeing how on earth they got  
*Tetummenos* from *Tupto*)

Still let us learn, not beastly facts,  
The field of any booby,  
But how thought acts and interacts,  
And contraries can true be.



Though on oblivion's barren shores  
He give it quick sepulture,  
Still through reluctant passman's pores  
Instil the dew of culture.

Still give us of the rills divine  
That flow from haunted Helicon,  
Nor rend thyself to feed the swine,  
Like a perverted Pelican.

Keep far the time when every bee  
That booms in every bonnet,  
Shall find a chair of Apiary,  
And drone long lectures on it.

Still the large light and sweetness seek  
Of KEATS's raptured vision,  
(Or KEATE's)—till Greek at last meets Greek  
In brotherhood Elysian.

A NEW TREASURE FOR THE TREASURER OF BARTHOLOMEW'S.—*Mr. Punch*, G.P.E., General President of Everything, begs to congratulate Professor HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A.M.A., on his admirable portrait of Sir SYDNEY HEDLEY, and now, not only HEDLEY, but Full-Lengthly WATERLOW. Bart., of "Bart.'s," which H.R.H. correctly described as "a very fine work of Art, painted by one of our most eminent artists." Such approbation of Sir HUBERT HERKOMER is praise indeed! *Mr. Punch*, G.P.E., prefixes the "Sir" prophetically. For the present it may be taken as the last syllable, detached, of "Profes-sir."

"WELLS, I NEVER!"—"Mr. WELLS," says the *Times* Correspondent, "has made 250,000 francs" (up to now), and "last year he made £20,000." Talk of the waters at various drinking or health-resorts abroad, why, their fame is as nothing compared with the unprecedented success of the WELLS of Monte Carlo. How the other chaps who lose must be like LEECH's old gent "a cussin' and a swearin' like hanythink." So the two extremes at Monte Carlo may be expressed by the name of a well-known shopkeeping London firm, i.e., SWEARS AND WELLS.





ON TOUR. MR. PUNCH AT THE POTTERIES.



# NOTHING LIKE LABOUR.

(A Pleasant Prospect suggested by the evidence taken before the Royal Commission.)

AND so the Unemployed rose from the ditch in which he had passed the night, and made for the town. It was early morning, and he thought he could possibly get something to do at the baker's.

"Want to work?" cried the foreman. "Why, my good fellow, it is all over for the next two days. The trade only allows four hours, so we begin at eight on one night, and carry it on until four on the following morning. People get their loaves a little stale, but old bread is said to be good for the digestion!"

So the Unemployed went on until he came to a half-built house. The workmen had left, but there was still a watchman on the premises.

"Want to work! Why what are you thinking about! Why, our trade only allows two hours a day, so we build a house by laying foundation-stones. It is rather slow, but very sure."

So the starving man continued his journey. He was unsuccessful at every trade centre. One industry allowed its members to work only for three hours a day, another two, a third four, and so on. There was only one exception to the rule, and this (so the doctor thinks) was caused by necessity. The undertakers were fully employed twelve hours out of the twenty-four. Even the public-houses were closed at noon. The work-houses and casual wards were never empty.

But being of a sanguine temperament, the Unemployed cheered his drooping spirits by murmuring, "Better luck to-morrow!" Then he retired to his rather damp quarters in the country ditch!

## Literary Intelligence.

Airy opening of article by Mr. GINLEY SCORCHAM, a rising young author. "Asked by Editor of *Magasin des Louvres* to let him have a paper on Art as Applied to Drapery—"

Note by the Agonised Editor (who has been struggling with MS. for several hours). "And he did let me have it, with a vengeance!"



A SCENE AT THE "LUCULLUS."

Mrs. Blunderby. "Now, my dear MONTY, LET ME ORDER THE LUNCHEON AR-LA-FRAINGAY. GASSONG! I WISH TO BEGIN—AS WE ALWAYS DO IN PARIS, MY DEARS—WITH SOME CHEF-D'ŒUVRES—YOU UNDERSTAND—SOME CHEF-D'ŒUVRES."

[Emile, the Waiter, is in despair. It occurs to him however, presently that the Lady probably means "Hors d'œuvres," and acts accordingly.]

## LIGHT CONDUCT IN HEAVENLY BODIES.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

WHAT on earth, or rather what in the starry Heavens' name, is the meaning of this heading to a paragraph in the *Times* of Tuesday, Nov. 3:—

"APPARENT DUPLICITY OF JUPITER'S SATELLITE No. 1."

Except that the stars are given to wink, I have never before heard of the Heavenly Bodies being accused, of immorality. It is true that the duplicity is said to be only "apparent" or alleged, but this is doubtless due to the precaution of the scientist to escape an action for libel. Flatterers have often been accused of this vice, and Satellites are not much better. A "Star" on the stage might perhaps thus acknowledge the presence of a friend and admirer in the Stalls or in the charmed Circle. But for a Heavenly Body to be guilty of duplicity, and above all for a "Number One" Heavenly Body, is too much. No more will the simple lines

"Twinkle, twinkle, little Star!"

be true. No; if "Jupiter's Satellite No. 1" takes to such light conduct, then shall we have to read

"Wink, O wink, you little Star!"

Henceforth let astronomers be very careful what observations they make. To what a state of things are we coming, when at night all the sublunary world is nodding, and the Stars above are winking. If there's duplicity in a Satellite of Jupiter, how about Jupiter itself? Can we henceforth put any trust in the Planets? Are they in league with deceitful soothsayers, astrologers, and fortune-tellers? I cannot further pursue the painful subject. We owe a debt of gratitude to the *Times* for exposing duplicity in the highest places. Imagine treachery in *Aurora Borealis*! What an awful flirt she would be!! How she'd "wink the other eye!"

Yours,

AN ASTRONOMER LOYAL.

FROM MASHONALAND.—Inspired by the success of ARTHUR B. OF DE GORSTIRUS NON DISPUTANDUM, and of SIR KETTLE-DRUMMOND WOLFF, our GRANDOLPH meditates a surprise return to his own native land and to Parliamentary life. He announces his intention of changing his name, and will call himself "Lord NIL DESPERANDUM CHURCHILL." Hail to the modern Cour-de-Lion!"

FINAL.—The *Daily Chronicle* says it does not regard Mr. GOSCHEN as one of the Puritans of finance. Well, no, perhaps, GEORGE JOACHIM'S finance—like his manner—is rather *Cavalier*!





## ONLY FANCY!

MR. FARMER-ATKINSON, M.P., attending the American Methodist Conference, has been supplying the United States with interesting illustrations of House of Commons manners. Incidentally he



Farmer Atkinson.

observed that Primitive Methodists, members of which body were largely represented in his audience, are "impostors." This led to some misunderstanding, and Mr. FARMER-ATKINSON, M.P., found it necessary to explain that he had used the term "simply in a Parliamentary sense." We learn by special Zadkiel telegram that, on emerging from the Hall after the meeting, the Rev. HERCULES EBENEZER (Omaha), bringing down his clenched fist on the crown of the hat of Mr. FARMER-ATKINSON, M.P., altered its situation in a direction that temporarily obscured the vision of the Hon. Member.

"What do you mean?" inquired Mr. FARMER-ATKINSON, M.P., struggling out of the wreck of his hat.

"I mean it in a purely Pickwickian sense," said the Rev. HERCULES EBENEZER (Omaha), with a seraphic smile that disarmed controversy.

The GERMAN EMPEROR has lately rearranged his scheme of work for weekdays. From six A.M. to eight A.M. he gives lectures on Strategy and Tactics to Generals over forty years old. From eight to ten he instructs the chief actors, musicians and painters of Berlin in the principles of their respective arts. The hours from ten to twelve he devotes to the compilation of his Memoirs in fifty-four volumes. A limited edition of large-paper copies is to be issued. From twelve to four P.M. he reviews regiments, cashiers colonels, captures fortresses, carries his own dispatches to himself, and makes speeches of varying length to all who will listen to him. Any professional reporter found taking accurate notes of His Majesty's words is immediately blown from a Krupp gun with the new smokeless powder. From four to eight he tries on uniforms, dismisses Ministers and officials, dictates state-papers to General CAPRIVI, and composes his history of "How I pricked the Bismarck Bubble." From eight to eleven P.M. His Majesty teaches schoolmasters how to teach, wives how to attend to their families, bankers how to carry on their business, and cooks how to prepare dinners. The rest of the day he devotes to himself. On Thursday next His Majesty leaves Berlin on his tenth visit to the European Courts.

There is no truth in the report that the Lord CHANCELLOR is arranging a Christmas party, to which shall be invited all the members and connections of his family for whom he has found places during his term of office. It is well known that the accommodation at Lord HALSBURY's town residence is comparatively limited.

We regret to hear that Mr. JOHN O'CONNOR, M.P. (known in the House of Commons as "Long JOHN"), has decided to retire from political life. His personal experience during the Cork Election has convinced him that no man over 5 ft. 8 in. can safely take part in active politics.

"Bricks, dead cats, sections of chimney-pots, which flew harmless over the heads of the crowd, invariably struck me," said Mr. O'CONNOR, toying with the bandage over his left eyebrow.

It is quite true, as reported in the newspapers, that Dr. GUTTERIDGE was not present when the final result of the polling in the Strand was made known, and that it was explained to the reporter he had been "called out to see a patient." The suggestion that the undertaking of this hopeless contest was designed solely to lead up to this incident, is one worthy only of the diseased imagination of a professional rival, who has no patients to call him out—even from Church.

It is stated (and has been denied) that Herr VON DER BLOWITZTOWN-TROMP is about to retire from his supervision of universal affairs exercised through the Special Paris Wire of a contemporary. We are glad to learn that this intention does not in any case imply absolute disappearance from the European Stage. It is no secret in diplomatic circles that the Herr has been approached on the ques-

tion of his ascending the throne of Bulgaria. His keen insight into European politics has convinced him that this arrangement would afford a settlement of an ever-ruffled question. He has, we understand, stipulated that the Principality shall be raised to the status of a Kingdom. "I have," he said to the Emissary of the Powers who approached him on the subject, "been so long accustomed to associate with Crowned Heads, that in a Principality I should feel like a fish out of water."

With his usual considerateness, Herr VON DER BLOWITZTOWN-TROMP has recognised the inconvenience that would be imposed on his subjects, if, in daily use, they were obliged to refer to him by his full title. He will, therefore, deign to be known on coins, postage-stamps, and in semi-official communications, as TROMP THE FIRST.

There is no truth in the report that, on behalf of Mr. JOHN MORLEY, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT waited upon Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and asked him to name a friend; that the Right Hon. Gentleman "mentioned" Mr. JESSE COLLINGS; and that the two seconds have arranged a meeting at Boulogne. The idle rumour doubtless arose out of the fact that an acrimonious correspondence between the two former friends has been carried on in the columns of the *Times*.

According to the newspaper reports, during the ceremony of acceptance by the Prince of WALES, as President of Bartholomew's Hospital, of "the portrait of Sir SYDNEY WATERLOW, the Treasurer," the portrait "occupied a prominent position on the platform, and the Hon. Baronet sat immediately in front of it." We learn that this arrangement led to some misunderstanding, people, on entering, not at first knowing which was the portrait, and which was Sir SYDNEY.

## ECHOES FROM THE LABOUR COMMISSION.

*First Voice.* I hear that you wish to give your evidence before this Commission?

*Second Voice.* Certainly, that is my desire. I am here to speak in the name of my fellow-labourers, and—

*First V.* Yes, thank you, that will do. You are in favour of Trade Unions?

*Second V.* I am. I feel that when rich and poor meet in mighty conflict, there is only—

*First V.* Yes, thank you, that will do. And you believe that strikes are beneficial?

*Second V.* I do consider them beneficial, most beneficial. I feel that labour must have its rights, and that the white dove of liberty has only to—

*First V.* Yes, thank you, that will do. And you are in favour of arbitration?

*Second V.* No, I am not. For when DIVES meets the beggars, then the cry of labour rises on the stilly night, and—

*First V.* Yes, thank you, that will do. And may I ask to what trade you belong?

*Second V.* I belong to none. Every thinking and right-minded man should care for his fellows as himself. Like an eagle on a snow-capped mountain, he should—

*First V.* Yes, thank you, that will do. Then may we ask, if you belong to no trade, what is your occupation?

*Second V.* My occupation is to talk, to—

*First V.* Yes, thank you, that will do!



Paddy Rewski, the Pianist, makes his bow, and escapes to America from an enthusiastic audience, who might have torn him into musical pieces at St. James's Hall.

NOTICE TO PROBABLE IRISH OBJECTORS ON BOTH SIDES.—The Novel that *Mr. Punch* so recently praised, entitled *Tim*, is neither Irish nor political. Both sides can buy and enjoy it. A Parnellite author is thinking of adapting DICKENS, and bringing out a new version of an old Christmas book, to be entitled *Tiny Tim*.

OLD TIMES REVIVED. — The New Lord Mayor. Gracious EVANS!! "And," asks a middle-aged Correspondent, "during this Mayoralty will the Munehing House be known as EVANS's?"





CARS, IN HONOUR OF THE WELSH LORD MAYOR,  
STRANGELY ENOUGH OMITTED FROM THE PROCESSION ON THE NINTH.

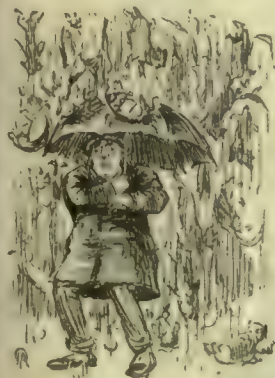
## THE ANCIENT MILLINER.

(His Reminiscences of the Recent Gale.)

### PART I.

It was the Ancient Milliner  
Stood by his open door;  
The tale he told was something like  
A tale I'd heard before.

I called forthwith a Hansom, and  
"Now, Cabman, drive!" I cried;  
"For I must get this handbox home  
Before the eventide.



Raining Cats and Dogs.

He tossed his head, he shook his mane,  
And he was big and black;  
He wore a little mackintosh  
Upon his monstrous back.

I mused upon that mackintosh,  
All mournfully mused I;  
It was too small a thing to keep  
So large a beastie dry.

And on we went up Oxford Street  
With a short, uneasy motion;  
What made the beast go sideways I  
Have not the faintest notion,  
But we ran into an omnibus  
With a short, uneasy motion.

All in a hot, improper way,  
The rude 'bus-driver said,

"The bride a-  
pacing up  
the aisle  
Mad as a dog  
would be,  
Without this  
sweet confec-  
tion of  
Silk and pas-  
sementerie."

Westward the  
good cab flew.  
The horse  
Was kick-  
some, wild,  
and gay;  
He tossed his  
head from  
side to side  
In an offen-  
sive way.

That them what couldn't drive a horse  
Should try a moke instead.

Never a word my cabman spoke—

No audible reply—  
But, oh, a thousand scathing things  
He thought; and so did I.

"What ails thee, Ancient Milliner?  
What means thy ashen hue?  
Why look'st thou so?"—I murmured,  
"Blow!"

And at my word it blew.

### PART II.

The storm-blast came down Edgware  
Road,

Shrieking in furious glee,  
It struck the cab, and both its doors  
Leaped open, flying free.

I shut those doors, and kept them close  
With all my might and main;  
The storm-blast snatched them from my  
And forced them back again. [hands,

It blew the cabman from his perch  
Towards the horned moon;  
I saw him dimly overhead  
Sail like a bad balloon.

It blew the handbox far away  
Across the angry sea;  
The English Channel's scattered with  
Silk and passementerie.

The silly horse within the shaft  
One moment did remain;  
And then the harness snapped, and he  
Went flying through the rain;  
And fell, a four-legged meteor,  
Upon the coast of Spain.

### First Voice.

"What makes that cab move on so fast  
Wherein no horse I find?"

### Second Voice.

"The horse has cut away before;  
The cab's blown from behind."

Then just against the Harrow Road  
I made one desperate bound—  
A leprous lamp-post and myself  
Lay mingled in a sround!

And cables snapped, and all things  
snapped;  
When the next morn was grey,

## CANCEL, OR RECALL.

THE *World* last week sounded a  
note about the compulsory retire-  
ment, by reason of age, from one of  
the large Revenue Departments, of  
a gentleman who has the great honour  
to be the son of "the most distin-  
guished Irishman of this century."  
If this sentence has really been passed  
authoritatively, which *Mr. Punch*  
takes leave to doubt, then said  
"Authority" will do well to recall  
it in favour of the son of the Libera-  
tor, which his name is also "DAN."  
And, to give the well-known lines  
so often quoted,—

"When DAN'L saw the writing on the  
wall,  
At first he couldn't make it out at all."

And the sooner the official writing  
on the wall—if it exists—be obliterated,  
the better for the public ser-  
vice, as, when the public, like the  
Captain in the ballad of "*Billy Tay-  
lor*," "Comes for to hear on 't," the  
said British Public will "werry  
much applaud what has been done"  
in suppressing, not issuing, recon-  
sidering, or revoking the order. So  
says "Mr. P." and the "B. P."  
will agree with him.

The *Telegraph* appeared without  
its "Paris Day by Day."

### PART III.

Oh, cheapness is a pleasant thing,  
Beloved from pole to pole!  
To get a thing at one-and-four,  
For which your friend pays twopence  
more,

Is balm unto the soul.

And cheaper than that Hansom cab  
Whose tale I've told thee thus,  
Far cheaper it had been to take  
The stately omnibus!

To take the stately omnibus  
Where all together sit;  
Each takes his ticket in his hands,  
Obeys the Company's commands,  
And pays his pence for it.

And if you would not find yourself  
Wrecked in the Edgware Road,  
Do not be vulgar and declare  
You wish you may be blown!

## THE "MASHER'S" ANSWER.

[Dr. ARABELLA KENEALY, in the *Westminster  
Review*, is severe on the young men of the day for  
not dancing, and avoiding matrimony.]

BLESS me, Doctor ARABELLA,  
Hard a lady's hand can strike!

Do you really mean a  
fella?

Is to dance just when  
you like?

Why so savagely sar-  
castic,

That we will not  
"take the floor."

And account the "light  
fantastic"

An unmitigated bore?



You avow we're shy of  
marriage.

Is not that too hard again?  
When a maiden wants a carriage,  
And a mansion in Park Lane,  
Diamonds, furs, and opera-boxes:  
Although ardently one loves,  
All the balance I've at Cox's  
Wouldn't keep a girl in gloves.



# "WILL YOU, WON'T YOU?"

(A Lay of the Lord Chancellor. Very latest Version, NOT from "Iolanthe.")



*Dinley Lamborne*

Lord Halsbury (to Bill Sikes). "IF YOU DON'T SAY ANYTHING, IT WILL GO AGAINST YOU; AND IF YOU DO, IT WILL BE ALL UP WITH YOU!"

["The LORD CHANCELLOR declares himself the foe of any 'technical system' which excludes 'anybody who knows anything about the facts from the opportunity of stating what is the truth.' . . . We may take it that very soon we shall see that which may appear strange to English lawyers, but really is most reasonable—the accused stepping out of the dock into the witness-box, and giving his evidence, subject to the ordeal of cross-examination. It may be a bad look-out for rogues, but for nobody else."—*Times*.]

THE Law *should* be the embodiment  
Of everything that is excellent.  
But I fancy I've found one diminutive  
flaw  
In that else impeccable thing, the Law.  
As its constitutional guardian, I

Must extract that mote from the legal eye.  
It seems a preposterous paradox  
To exclude the accused from the Witness's  
Box.  
To alter that is a duty for  
A very unprejudiced Chancellor.

Here's the Box, my SIKES! With particular  
I invite you, WILLIAM, to—step inside. [pride  
Some peculiar things, things rich and rare,  
I shall have to show you when you are there.  
"Will you walk into my par—" dear me!  
What a curious matter is memory!



What, *what* has that old song to do  
With the little matter 'twixt me and you?  
I apologise for the irrelevance, for  
I am such a logical Chancellor!

If you step inside—as I trust you will—  
We shall worm out the Truth with forensic  
skill;

And if you decline—as I hope you won't—  
We shall know there are reasons, friend, why  
you don't.

So the Truth must benefit any way,  
My beloved BILL. *What* is that you say?  
You don't care a cuss for the Truth? Oh,  
fie!

Truth makes one a free man. *Step in and  
try!*

The triumph of Truth is a triumph for  
A highly inquisitive Chancellor!

'Twill be most instructive to Judge and Jury  
To hear you give evidence. Why this fury?  
We can judge, you see, by the way he'll  
behave,

'Twixt a simpleton and a clever knave.  
The *Times* says so. Eh! *Confound the  
Times!*

Oh, don't say so, BILL! A man of crimes  
Might funk the ordeal; but this is the plan  
To help the Law—and the Honest Man;

And therefore the plan of all plans for  
A highly compassionate Chancellor!

### ROBERT ON THE LORD MARE'S SHO.

WELL, I've had the grate good luck to  
have seen praps as menny Lord Mare's Shos  
as most people, praps more—not so menny, in  
course, as that werry old but slitley hex-  
adgerating Lady, as bowsted as she had  
seen hundreds on 'em—but for sum things,  
specially for Rain, and mud, and alush, the  
last one beats 'em all holler! What poor  
little Whales could have done to put the  
Clark of the Whether into sitch a temper,  
in course I don't know, but if he'd have had  
a good rattling attack of the gout in both  
big Tos, like some past Lord Mares as we has  
most on us heard on, he couldn't posserbly  
have bin in a wuss one.

Praps them as most excited my reel pitty  
was the LORD MARE's six genemen in their  
luly new State liverries, and their bewtiful  
pink silk stockings a showing of their manly  
carves, all splashing along through the horful  
mud, and made crewel fun of by the damp  
and thortless crowd. The fust reel staggerer  
was the reel Firemen, about a thousand on  
'em, a marching along as bold as their brass  
Helmets. What did they care for the rain  
and the mud! and didn't they look as it they  
was a longing for a jolly grand Fire to bust  
out, jest to show us how easy it was to put it  
out, tho' they had lost their jolly Captin.  
Then there was the pretty Welch Milk Maids,  
in their chimbley-pot Hats, and their funny-  
looking customs, all a being drawn by six  
horses, and having some Bards and Arpers to  
take care on 'em, and lend 'em humberrellars  
to keep off the rain. Ah! won't they have  
sum nice little stories to tell all their frends  
when they gits back to Whales, inclewding  
their singing of wun of their hold Welch  
songs afore the LORD MARE and all his nobel  
gests in the evening. No wonder that they  
was so estonished and bewildder that they  
quite forgot to take off their chimbley-pot  
Hats wile they was a singing. But their  
LORD MARE and countryman kindly forgave  
'em all, and away they went rejoying.

Upon the hole, I'm quite reddy to bear my  
testimony to the fact that, if we cou'd by  
any posserbility have left out the horful  
rain, and the mud, and the pore soaked and  
dismal-looking mothers and children, it wou'd  
have been about the werry finest looking Sho



### A STAGGERER!

*Rector's Wife* (instructing an *Aspiring Buttons*, who has answered her advertisement). "You 'LL HAVE TO OPEN THE SHUTTERS AND THE HALL-DOOR, SEE TO THE STUDY FIRE, PUT THE THINGS READY IN THE BATH-ROOM, THEN CALL YOUR MASTER PUNCTUALLY AT SIX, CLEAN HIS BOOTS AND BRUSH HIS CLOTHES, CLEAN ALL THE CHILDREN'S BOOTS AND SHOES, AND BRUSH THEIR CLOTHES, LAY THE BREAKFAST PUNCTUALLY AT EIGHT, AFTER WHICH YOU 'LL HAVE TO GET THE PONY AND TRAP READY TO DRIVE THE CHILDREN TO SCHOOL, AND BE BACK IN GOOD TIME. AFTER YOU 'VE DRESSED THE PONY AND CLEANED YOUR KNIVES AND SILVER, YOU WILL MAKE YOURSELF TIDY, AND THEN YOU 'LL LAY THE LUNCH—"

*Aspiring Buttons* (gasping). "PLEASE, M—BEG PARD'N—PLACE WON'T DO FOR ME. WHY, I SHOULD WANT A NEW SUIT O' CLOTHES BEFORE YOU 'VE FINISHED TELLING ME WHAT I'VE GOT TO DO, AND THEN I SHOULDN'T FIND TIME TO BE MEASURED FOR 'EM! GOOD MORN'N."  
[Exit Aspirant.]

ewer seen. The Bankwet at nite was jest as good as ushal, and indeed rayther better, and just to sho how thuroly ewerybuddy had recovered from his morning's drenching, the compny aeshally larfed at the LORD CHANCELLOR's Speech, and cheered the LORD MARE to the Hekko!

RATHER VAGUE.—Sir EDWARD BRADFORD, Commissioner of Police, informs the Public, through a paragraph in the *Times*, about a meeting at the Marylebone Vestry, that, whenever in the Metropolis a street is found to be dangerously slippery, some one (probably a policeman) is to telegraph to the "local authority" (who? what? which? where?) and inform him, her, them, or it (whatever represents the aforesaid "local authority"), of the fact. Well, and what then? Who's to do what, and when is it to be done? And what is the penalty for not doing whatever it is?

SHORTLY TO APPEAR.—*Amiable Almonds*, by the Authoress of *Cross Currents*. To be followed by *Rum Ruins*, *Delightful Dates*, and *Polly Peach*. Also, *Dolt Care What Apples to Me!* being the Story of "A Mal wil a Cold id is Ed."

BIGOTED.—An Anti-Ritualistic old Lady objected to paying her water-rate, when she was informed that she would be patronising "a High Service."

MEMORANDUM FOR MINOR POETS.—It is an elegant thing to write ballades and *rondeaux*, but it is tyrannous to read them to your visitors.



## THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. XV.

SCENE—*The Table d'Hôte at Lugano; CULCHARD has not yet caught Miss PRENDERGAST's eye.**Culchard (to Mr. BELLERBY).* Have you—ah—been up Monte Generoso yet?*Mr. B.* No. *(After reflecting)* No, I haven't. But I was greatly struck by its remarkably bold outline from below. Indeed, I dashed off a rough sketch of it on the back of one of my visiting cards. I ought to have it somewhere about me now. *(Searching himself.)* Ah, I thought so! *(Handing a vague little scrawl to CULCHARD, who examines it with the deepest interest.)* I knock off quite a number of these while I'm abroad like this. Send 'em in letters to relatives at home—gives them a notion of the place. They are—ar—kind enough to value them. *(CULCHARD makes a complimentary mumble.)* Yes, I'm a very rapid sketcher. Put me with regular artists, and give us half an hour, and I—ar—venture to say I should be on terms with them. Make it three hours, and—well, I daresay I shouldn't be in it.*Podbury (who has dropped into the chair next to Miss PRENDERGAST and her brother).* BOB, old chap, I'll come in the middle, if you don't mind. I say, this is ripping—no idea of coming across you so soon as this. *(Lowering his voice, to Miss P.)* Still pegging away at my "penance," you see!*Miss Prend.* The pleasure is more than mutual; but do I understand that Mr. —?*So tiresome, I left my glasses up in my room!**[She peers up and down the line of faces on her own side of the table.]**Miss T. (to Culch.)* I want you should notice that girl. I think she looks just as nice as she can be, don't you?*Culch. (carefully looking in every other direction).* I—er—mumble—mumble—don't exactly—*[Here a Waiter offers him a dish containing layers of soles disguised under thick brown sauce: CULCHARD mangles it with an ineffectual spoon. The Waiter, with pitying contempt, "Tut-tut-tut! Pease, Signore—feesh!"]**CULCH. eventually lands a sole in a very damaged condition.* *Podb. (to Miss P.)* No—not this side—just opposite. *(Here CULCH., in fingering a siphon which is remarkably stiff on the trigger, contrives to send a spray across the table and sprinkle Miss PRENDERGAST, her brother, and PODBURY, with impartial liberality.)* Now don't you see him? As playful as ever, isn't he! Don't try to make out it was an accident, old fellow. Miss PRENDERGAST knows you!*Miss P. (graciously).* Pray don't apologise, Mr. CULCHARD; not the least harm done! You must forgive me for not recognising you before, but you know of old how provokingly shortsighted I am, and I've forgotten my glasses.*Culch. (indistinctly).* I—er—not at all... most distressed, I assure you... really no notion—*Miss T. (in an undertone).* Say, you know her, then? And you never let on!*Culch.* Didn't I? Oh, surely! yes, I've—er—met that lady. *(With grateful deference to Mr. BELLERBY, who has just addressed him.)* You are an Art-Collector? Indeed? And—er—have you—er—?*Mr. B.* I've the three finest Boddgers in the kingdom, Sir, and there's a Gubbins—a Joe Gubbins, mind you, not John—that's hanging now in the morning-room of my place in the country that I wouldn't take a thousand pounds for! I go about using my eyes and pick 'em up cheap. Cheapest picture I ever bought was a Prout—thirty-two by twenty; got it for two pound ten! Unfinished, of course, but it only wanted the colour being brought up to the edge. I did that. Took me half a day, and now—well, any dealer would give me hundreds for it! But I shall leave it to the nation, out of respect for PROUT's memory.*Bob Pr. (to PODBURY).* Yes, came over by the St. Gothard. Who is that girl who was talking to CULCHARD just now? Do you know her? I say, I wish you'd introduce me some time.*Miss T. (to CULCHARD).* You don't seem varry bright this evening. I'd like you to converse with your friend opposite, so I could get a chance to chip in. I'm ever so interested in that girl!*Culch.* Presently—presently, if I have an opportunity. *(Hastily, to Mr. B.)* I gather that you paint yourself, Sir?*Mr. B.* Well, yes. I assure you I often go to a Gallery, see a picture there that takes my fancy, go back to my office, and paint it in half an hour from memory—so like the original that, if it were framed, and hung up alongside, it would puzzle the man who painted it to know t'other from which! I have indeed! I paint original pictures, too. Most important thing I ever did was—let me see now—three feet by two and three-quarters. I was most successful in getting an effect of rose-coloured snow against the sky. I sponged it up, and—well, it came right somehow. *Luck*, that was, not skill, you know. I sent that picture to the Royal Academy, and they did me the honour to—ar—reject it.*Culch. (vaguely).* An—er—honour, indeed.—*(In despair, as Mr. B. rises.)*—You— You're not going!*Mr. B. (consolingly).* Only into the garden, for coffee. I observe you are interested in Art. We will—ar—resume this conversation later.*[Rises; Miss PRENDERGAST rises too, and goes towards the garden.]**Culch. (as he follows, hastily).* I must get this business over—if I can. But I wish I knew exactly how much to tell her. It's really very awkward—between the two of them. I'm afraid I've been a little too precipitate.*In the Garden; a few minutes later.**Miss Prend. (who has retired to fetch her glasses, with gracious playfulness).* Well, Mr. CULCHARD, and how has my knight performed his lady's behests?*Culch.* May I ask which knight you refer to?*Miss P. (slightly changing countenance).* Which! Then—you know there is another? Surely there is nothing in that circumstance to—to offend—or hurt you?*Culch.* Offended? *(Considers whether this would be a good line to take.)* Hardly that. Hurt? Well, I confess to being pained—very much pained, to discover that I was unconsciously pitted—against PODBURY!*Miss P.* But why? I have expressed no preference as yet. You can scarcely have become so attached to him that you dread the result of a successful rivalry!*Culch. (to himself).* It's a loop-hole—I'll try it. *(Aloud.)* You have divined my feeling exactly. In—er—obeying your commands, I have learned to know PODBURY better—to see in him a sterling nature, more worthy, in some respects, than my own. And I know how deeply he has centred all his hopes upon you, Miss PRENDERGAST. Knowing, seeing that as I—er—do, I feel that—whatever it costs me—I cannot run the risk of wrecking the—er—life's happiness of so good a fellow. So you must really allow me to renounce vows accepted under—er—an imperfect comprehension of the—er—facts!*[Wipes his brow.]**Miss P.* This is quite too Quixotic. Reflect, Mr. CULCHARD. Is such a sacrifice demanded of you? I assure you I am perfectly neutral at present. I might prefer Mr. PODBURY. I really don't know. And—I don't like losing one of my suitors like this!*Culch.* Don't tempt me! I—I mustn't listen, I cannot. No, I renounce. Be kind to PODBURY—try to recognise the good in him... he is so devoted to you—make him happy, if you can!*Miss P. (affected).* I—I really can't tell you how touched I am, Mr. CULCHARD. I can guess what this renunciation must have cost you. It—it gives me a better opinion of human nature... it does, indeed!*Culch. (loftily, as she rises to go in).* Ah, Miss PRENDERGAST, don't lose your faith in human nature! Trust me, it is—er—full of

"I knock off quite a number of these while I'm abroad like this."



surprises! (*Alone.*) Now am I an abominable humbug, or what? I swear I felt every word I said, at the time. Curious psychological state to be in. But I'm out of what might have been a very unpleasant mess at all events!

*Miss T. (coming upon him from round a corner).* Well, I'm sure, Mr. CULCHARD!

*Culch.* You are a young lady of naturally strong convictions, I am aware. But what are you so sure of at the present moment?

*Miss T.* Well, I guess I'm not just as sure of you as I should like to be, anyway. Seems to me, considering you've been so vurry inconsolable away from me, you'd a good deal to say to that young lady in the patent folders. And I'd like an explanation—you're right down splendid at explaining most things.

*Culch. (with virtuous indignation).* So you actually suspect me of having carried on a flirtation!

*Miss T.* I guess girls don't use their pocket-handkerchiefs that way over the weather. Who is she, anyway?

*Culch. (calmly).* If you insist on knowing, she is the lady to whom Mr. PODBURY has every prospect of being engaged. I hope your mind is at ease now?

*Miss T.* Well, I expect my mind would have stood the strain as it was—so it's Mr. PODBURY who's her admirer? See here, you're going to introduce me to that girl right away. It's real romantic, and I'm perfectly dying to make her acquaintance!

*Culch.* Hum—well. She is—er—peculiar, don't you know, and I rather doubt whether you will have much in common.

*Miss T.* Well, if you don't introduce me, I shall introduce myself, that's all.

*Culch.* By all means. (*To himself.*) Not if I can prevent it, though!

### ONLY FANCY!

WE are in a position to give an emphatic contradiction to the rumour, put forward with much assurance, that the King of SPAIN has entered upon negotiations of a matrimonial character with reference to the grand-niece of the Crown Prince of ROUMANIA.

No one familiar with His Majesty's views on the Triple Alliance, and his openly-expressed opinion with respect to the occupation of Egypt, could for one moment give credence to a report so intrinsically absurd.



RYMUND has been imposed upon by one of his young men. Our friend, whose susceptibility to the wiles of impostors, though an amiable weakness, somewhat militates against his perfect success in life, has printed a paragraph announcing that the QUEEN will leave Balmoral on

Friday the 20th inst. at half-past two in the afternoon, Her MAJESTY reaching Windsor at nine o'clock on Saturday morning. It is twenty-five minutes to three when the Royal train will start, and Windsor will not be reached till five minutes after the hour mentioned by RYMUND. It is crass inaccuracies like these that lower the weekly press in the estimation of an observant public.

HENED has been at it again. Two months ago we published the intelligence that the Princess FREDERICA of Hanover would pass the winter months at Biarritz, a well-known watering-place almost on the border-land between Spain and France. This news was received with gratifying tokens of interest at every Court of Europe, and has been noted in innumerable communications passing privately between high personages. Then HENED comes upon the scene, and pompously makes an identical announcement as a piece of news! Far be it from us to take advantage of infirmity imposed upon a man by the idiocy of his godfathers and godmothers at his baptism. But we are compelled to ask, What can be expected from a man named HENED?

Sir HENRY WOLFF still lingers in town, Bucharest, in the meantime, having to get along as best it may without a British Minister. In private circles likely to be well-informed, the delay is understood to arise directly out of the fact that Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is now "beyond the reach of regular postal arrangements."

"I wrote to tell GRANDOLPH about ARTHUR BALFOUR stepping into his old shoes as Leader of the House of Commons," says WOLFF, showing his white teeth; "and, begad, I shall not leave Pall Mall till I hear what he says on the subject."

What is this scandal we hear about the THINGUMMIES? The family are naturally reticent on the subject, but WHOSETHIS has furnished us with some particulars which we believe may be relied on. On Wednesday afternoon, at five minutes to three (as nearly as we can fix the time), Mrs. THINGUMMY was walking down Bond Street, when, just as she reached the point where, as the Directory says, "Here is Bruton Street," who should pass her but WHATSHIS-NAME. THINGUMMY, who, by a strange chance, happened to be passing in a Hansom cab, was a witness to the *rencontre*, and following up the clue, came upon particulars which WHATDYCALLIT informs us is likely to make a stir. Mr. GEORGE LEWIS, being a friend of all parties concerned, will not accept a retainer from either side.

The *Daily News*, in its report of the opening of the Food and Cookery Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall, remarks:—

"It will not be the least attractive feature of the exhibition that samples may be tasted at nearly all the stalls. The exhibition includes samples of gas and asbestos stoves and kitchen ranges."

We have brought this announcement under the notice of a friend who knows what's what when he's out to luncheon, and are disappointed at his lack of enthusiasm. He says he doesn't care about taking his gas that way, and as for asbestos stoves he knows nothing more indigestible, unless it be a kitchen range.

### BALDER THE FAIR.

(*A Head-Piece.*)

[Eminent Physiologists assert that the most intellectual types of the future will be completely bald.]

Do'er imagine all Poets by looks hyacinthine

Distinguished from Lawyers, Physicians, and Aldermen,  
By capillary cataracts, thick as are thin thine?—

Bald, sooth to say, few undeniably balder men

Can be found, for the comfort of heads without hair,

Than that exquisite troubadour, BALDER the Fair.

Yes, the times are gone by  
when a SWINBURNE or  
BYRON

Were loved for their love-  
locks and famed for  
their frizziness,

When Olympian craniums,  
worthy of MYRON

Or ANGELO, bowed to the  
hair-dresser's business,

When Macassar's luxu-  
riant essences fed

At once metrical foot and  
symmetrical head.

DULCINEA, who dotes on that pure, polished surface  
(Like ivory turned to the billiard-room's spheroid),

BALDER's occiput glassing bewitchingly her face,

The face of his Dear, by herself in her hero eyed—

DULCINEA would deem it profanity, were  
It in nature to beg for a tress of his hair!

So take warning, ye Minstrels whose locks are a feature,

Be bald, e'en as bald as your verse peradventure is;

To be bald is the crown of the civilised creature,

And barbers are relics of barbarous centuries:

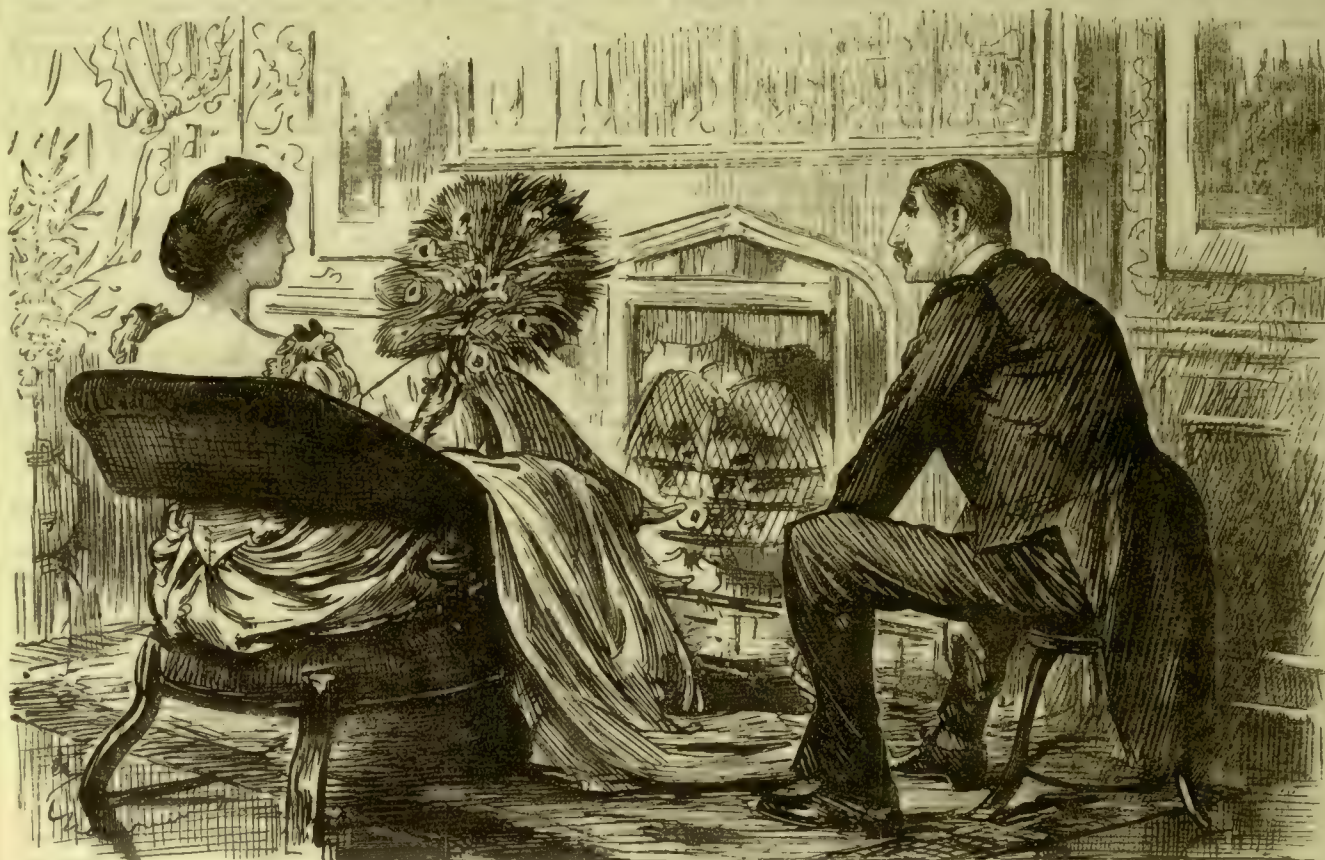
Still, howe'er you may strive, you will never compare,  
For perfection of baldness, with BALDER the Fair.



A WARNING.—After the recent gale, the papers reported "WHOLE-SALE DESTRUCTION OF HOARDINGS." Very hard that hoardings couldn't be saved. Still, after all, the fact must be taken as a providential warning to Misers.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A REFLECTIVE GOURMET.—"The only thing your friend has a right to saddle you with is . . . fine five-year old mutton."





### THINGS ONE WOULD WISH TO HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

*He.* "THE FACT IS, I NEVER GET ANY WILD FOWL SHOOTING—NEVER!"

*She.* "OH, THEN YOU OUGHT TO COME DOWN TO OUR NEIGHBOURHOOD IN THE WINTER. IT WOULD JUST SUIT YOU, THERE ARE SUCH A LOT OF GEESE ABOUT—A—A—I MEAN WILD GEESE, OF COURSE!"

### THE "EGYPTIAN PET."

"We desire that Egypt should be strong enough of herself to repel all external attack, and to put down all internal disturbance."

*Lord Salisbury at the Guildhall.]*

*Professor of the Noble Art of Self-Defence (the "Pet's" Trainer), loquitor:—*

CHANGE in my attitude? Nay, not a bit of it!  
Like JOAN's true DARBY I'm "always the same."  
Parties may flout, but I can't see the wit of it;  
Surely they ought to be fly to my game.  
Such "disquisitions" are strangely unfortunate,  
Pain us extremely, delighting our foes;  
Worry one too, like a busy, importunate  
Fly on one's nose.

Don't know the play of our pugilist system, "Pet,"  
Parties abroad who give heed to such chat.  
Rival lot out of it; nobody's missed 'em, "Pet,"  
(Nobody ever knew what they'd be at).  
Now, in position of much "greater freedom," "Pet,"  
Fancy they'll badger me into a hole.  
One thing is certain, nobody will heed 'em, "Pet,"  
*Poor little soul!*

They were nice trainers and backers for you, my lad.  
Pretty nigh muffed any small chance you'd got.  
Square up those shoulders a little bit, do, my lad!  
That form won't put in a slommocking shot.  
Their fumbling style and contemptible flabbiness  
Clings to you yet. Ah! thanks be, you've changed hands.  
They'd crab our swim, but the Old Scuttler's shabbiness  
BULL understands.

We didn't bring you out, put you in training, "Pet,"  
Or crack you up as the Coming Young Copt.  
(Straighten up, boy! Such corkscrewing and craning, "Pet,"  
Never a rib-roasting winner in-popt.)

No, you're a legacy! Would not deceive you, "Pet,"

You are a stick, and have cost a good bit.  
Still we have charge of, and don't mean to leave you, "Pet,"  
Till you are "fit."

Biceps? Ah, verily, feeling your muscle, "Pet,"  
Isn't a job that brings SANDOW to mind.  
Where would you be in a real hard tussle, "Pet"?  
You're not a Pug of the wear-and-tear kind.  
Foes many menace you. Champions, boy, you know,  
Challenge all comers; they have to—you bet.  
When you can do so, I'll leave you with joy, you know.  
But—'tisn't yet!

Thanks to our care, you're improving, my "Pet," a bit.

Promising Novice, of that there's no doubt.  
But up to Champion form? No, not yet a bit.  
Just try that on, and you'll soon get knocked out.  
Can't say exactly how long we must bide with you,  
Help you develope grit, muscle, and pipe;  
But we must own you to-day—(though we side with you)—  
Not "Cherry Ripe!"  
[Left putting the "Pet" through his paces.]

VERY NEAR.—"The man who never makes a mistake, never makes anything," said Mr. PHELPS, the American Minister, in the course of a farewell after-dinner speech. Happening to be re-reading Mr. SURTEES' inimitable *Soapy Sponge*, we find that Mr. Bragg, when applying for the situation of Huntsman to Mr. Puffington, remarked, "He, Sir, who never makes an effort, Sir, never risks a failure," which is just the premiss to Mr. PHELPS's celebrated conclusion.

A NUPTIAL PENEDITION.—"Pless you, my children!" as Sir CORNWALLIS WEST will say in his best Principality-English to the happy Bride and Bridegroom on December 8 next.





## THE "EGYPTIAN PET."

PROFESSOR OF THE NOBLE ART OF SELF-DEFENCE. "NOT UP TO IT YET, YOUNG 'UN."

"We desire that Egypt should be strong enough of herself to repel all external attack, and to put down all internal disturbance."

*Lord Salisbury's Speech at the Guildhall, November 9th.*







"BY JINGO!"

(A Military Sketch according to precedent.)

SCENE—Sanctum of the Coming General. To him enter Intelligent Foreigner.

*Intelligent Foreigner (politely).* I trust you will forgive me for intruding upon you, but the fact is I am very anxious to obtain a few useful hints for the Government I have the honour to represent.

*Coming General (effusively).* Oh, certainly. Only too glad to lay down any work I may have in hand, to tell you everything. Of course you have been over Woolwich Arsenal and the Dockyards, and no doubt you have—



A Call to Arms!

*Int. For. (interrupting).* Yes, thanks, I have seen everything, and had everything explained to me. I do not believe that there is a single official secret that has not been revealed to me in the kindest manner possible.

*Com. Gen. (heartily).* Come, that is as it should be! We like to tell the whole world what we can do.

*Int. For. (dryly).* Exactly, and teach your neighbours how to do it?

*Com. Gen. (gazing at his neglected work).* But if you know everything, why do you come to me?

*Int. For. Well,* I thought if I got it first hand from the Commander of the Future, it would strengthen the opinion I have already formed of the unpreparedness of the British Empire. For I take it that the British Empire is unprepared?

*Com. Gen. (amused).* Why, certainly! I thought everybody knew that! If war were declared now, according to all the rules of the game, we ought to be absolutely ruined.

*Int. For. Dear me!* I am sorry to hear it! But surely your Fleet is fairly strong?

*Com. Gen. (laughing).* What a joke! Oh, I dare say, ship for ship and gun for gun, we are more powerful than any other nation. But if hostilities broke out, our Fleet would be valueless. We should want every vessel to guard our island shores, and our commerce and colonies would have to shift for themselves.

*Int. For. (with concern).* Dear me! This is very sad! But then you have an Army?

*Com. Gen. (with another burst of laughter).* What! Call our wretched force an Army! Why, to quote a writer, whose letters have been published in our leading journal, "Nobody could tell the Secretary of State for War how a force of forty thousand men, if it had to be supplemented for defensive purposes by Volunteers, could be supplied with ammunition for six weeks." Call our force an Army! Why, my dear Sir, the notion is absolutely ridiculous!

*Int. For. But does not such a state of things make you uneasy?*

*Com. Gen. Uneasy!* Of course it does! Why, at a moment's notice, this grand old country might disappear for ever! Why we all feel that we are on the point of dissolution! We know that only a ninth-rate Power has to send a fleet to invade us, and we should have to submit—that we should be absolutely effaced, and be known in future as merely a geographical expression!

*Int. For. But surely this is lamentable—demoralising?*

*Com. Gen. I should rather think it was!*—awfully demoralising!—(Sound of telephone bell.)—But will you pardon me? Some one wishes to speak to me from Head Quarters. I won't be a second.

*Int. For. Certainly.* Pray see what it is.

*Com. Gen. (listening, and speaking through telephone).* What! Not really? Hurray!

*Int. For. Why, what is the news?*

*Com. Gen. (excitedly).* Splendid! The Great Powers of Europe have simultaneously declared war against us! This will be grand!

*Int. For. (in a tone of deep commiseration).* My poor fellow, this means ruin!

*Com. Gen. Ruin! Rot!* (Through telephone.) All right, will start to-night, and should be in Paris by Thursday, and at St. Petersburg at latest by the end of week. We can take Vienna and Berlin on our way home! I will be with the men at Portsmouth within an hour. Never mind our baggage; send it on afterwards.

*Int. For. (astounded).* But what are you going to do?

*Com. Gen. (with determination).* Going to do! Why give them another thrashing! By-by, no time for talking! See you again soon!

[Exit hurriedly to beat the foe, and, strange to say, the object is subsequently attained—somehow!]

AN ANTI-ONIONIST LIBERAL.—Mr. LEAKE lately made a radically plucky speech, and is in future to be known in the North as Cocky Leakey.

OUR FINANCIAL COLUMN.

Telegraphic Address.—"Cresus," Everywhere.

Of course I knew perfectly well what would happen after I had put forth the programme of my financial operations. I said at the time to my friend GUS BRUMMAGEN, "Mark my words," I said, "I shall have all the Crowned Heads of the world grovelling at my feet and imploring, actually imploring me to allow them to hand over their money and their ancestral regalia to me for investment. They're bound to do it. I know the beggars well, and a more grasping lot you couldn't find within a day's march of Holloway Gaol." Dear old Gus (Beau Gus he is always called on account of his singularly attractive appearance) went so far as to pooh-pooh what I said. I don't bear him any ill-will. Gus was always a bit of a courtier, and got his head turned for good, when the Japanese Prince CHI IKAH invited him to stay a week at his country house, and to act as godfather to the infant prince, KA CHOOKAH, the necessary ceremony having been postponed for six months in order to allow Gus to get there in time. That, as I say, was the ruin of Gus, and since that time he has had an offensive way of giving himself not merely airs, but what I may call regular blasts in the company of men better than himself. He ought to recollect that he owes his start in life to the lucky chance that threw him in my way. If I hadn't appointed him Chairman of the Turp, Pin and Bolt Company, and Managing Director of the New Gatefringe Syndicate, Limited, he might still be engaged in sweeping out the tenth-rate office which was formerly the scene of his labours. But I never expect gratitude. I am content to do good to my fellow-creatures without the least hope of merely temporal reward. On this particular occasion I was right, as usual. Telegrams stamped with the coats-of-arms of all the principal dynasties of the world have been inundating me. For instance, H. R. H. the Hereditary Grand Duke of LEINWEH has wired to me in the following terms, of which I have caused an accurate translation to be executed by my staff of paid short-hand clerks:—"Have on my faithful and with-joy-inspired subjects a tax of ten reichsgulden each after great on the part of my ministers reluctance imposed. Invest proceeds for me in the best to your wisdom known company, and without delay. Perfect confidence." Now I can assure His Royal Highness, who will look in vain for any other answer than this, that no power on earth, and least of all the cajoleries or menaces of the great and highly-placed shall induce me to depart by one jot or tittle from the course I have marked out for myself. And I take this occasion to assure all other potentates that I do not propose by any effort of mine to bring wealth to the foreigner. The welfare of the British people is my only care. For them, but for no others, my investments are open; to them alone I devote my unrivalled experience. And after this I trust I shall be troubled with no further importunities from abroad.

I have to announce this week that I have formed The Cresus Club Company. I have, at immense expense, secured a splendid site in the very heart of the fashionable quarter of London. Building operations will begin immediately, and within the next three weeks the members will be housed in a Club-house unrivalled for comfort and luxury. Ten French chefs will preside over the kitchen, and house dinners at a minimum price of £5 a-head will be served in the Ruby Hall to the strains of the Brass Potsdammer Buben Husar Band, specially retained for the exclusive service of the Club. The first list of members will consist of 2000, and, in order to insure exclusiveness, the subscription will be fixed at £500 without any entrance fee. A list of the Provisional Committee, containing a Duke as Chairman and four Peers as ordinary members, will be issued at once. I have the authority of the Committee to receive subscriptions.

I may point with pride to the fact that all the investments recommended by me have prospered, and the list of British millionaires has been heavily increased. Canadian Boodlers fairly firm, but with a tendency to cross the border-line. No returns. I say, "Sell." M. T. Coffey Co. not very promising. (294 stk.; lim. pref., 19; mortg. deb., 44.) Clear out, if possible. Tight Rates Ry. Co. must be bought. But enough of this. All that is necessary is that correspondents should send remittances. The rest may be left to me.

CRESUS.







THE FLOODS. A FARMER'S DREAM.



## QUITE A LIBEL'Y PROSPECT!

(Or what may be expected after a recent Verdict.)

SCENE—An Editor's Room. Editor and Chief Sub. discovered in conversation.

Editor. And I think you have asked the Solicitors who have threatened us with proceedings to be in attendance?

Chief Sub. Yes, Sir. They are below—shall I send them up?

Ed. If you please. One by one; and kindly impress upon them the value of my time.

Chief Sub. Certainly. But I think you will find they will get over their business pretty speedily. After they have gone, no doubt you would like to look at the Contents Bill, Sir?

Ed. Yes, please; and now send up the Lawyers.

[Exit Chief Sub., when the Editor returns to his writing, until interrupted by First Solicitor.

First Solor. Sorry to intrude upon you when you seem to be busy, but it was your own idea that I should look you up.

Ed. Entirely. And now, Sir, perhaps you will kindly explain of what your client has to complain.

First Solor. Certainly. You said of the senior member of the Bounding Brothers of Bohemia, that, "although a very marvel of strength and grace, he could scarcely, after fifty years' service in the ring, be described as a trapèze-practising acrobat."

Ed. Well, surely that is a most complimentary allusion to his personality! What does he want more than to be "a marvel of grace and strength"?

First Solor. You say he can scarcely be described as a "trapèze-practising acrobat."

Ed. Well, can he? Does he ever practise on the trapèze?

First Solor. Well, no. But he might if he liked! You see his chief business is to stand at the base of the pyramid, at the apex of which is his smallest and lightest Bounding Brother. But he might use the trapèze, I repeat, if he liked.

Ed. If what I hear is correct—it would have to be a strong one?

First Solor. Certainly—an extra strong one. We don't deny that our client weighs over twenty stone. But there, as we can accept no explanation, will you kindly tell me the name of your Solicitor?

Editor. Certainly.

[Gives the requisite information, and returns to his work, until interrupted by Second Solicitor, who has taken the place of the First.

Second Solor. I am afraid this interview is absolutely useless. Our client can accept no apology. You announced that you believed that JOHN SNOOKS had ceased to be in the employment of the Universal Cab and Fly Company.

Editor. Who is John SNOOKS?

Second Solor. He is a driver in the service of the organisation I have just named—and we act for the organisation. We complain that you have seriously injured us by telling the public that you believed we had lost the services of one of our thousand drivers.

Editor. But if we did believe it?

Second Solor. That is your business and not ours; and so, Sir, we shall be glad of the names of your Solicitors.

[The information is afforded, and the Editor returns to his work, until interrupted by Third Solicitor.

Third Solor. Sorry to disturb you, but you have been libelling one of our clients. He objects to your putting his Christian name in the paper—says that even with another surname it will injure him with his neighbours. He doesn't want his Christian name to be figuring in the public prints.

Ed. And what is his Christian name?

Third Solor. ZOZIMUS.

Ed. Why, that is mine! I thought I was the only man in the world with that name, with the solitary exception of my godfather!

Third Solor. Very likely you are—your godfather is our client.

Ed. Then mustn't I print my own name?

Third Solor. Certainly not without running the risk of an action for libel. The address of your Solicitors, please?

[The Editor gives the desired information, and then sends up "the Pleasure of Editing" to the Composing Room as a line for the Contents Bill as the Scene closes in.

### An Elevating Exhibition.

At the Alhambra, the Little GEORGIA MAGNET ought to attract thousands. Three heavy swells seated on a chair she can lift, chair and all, so that the little lady's exhibition of power must have a wonderfully elevating effect on all who come within the reach of her influence. At all events, there can be no doubt that her magnetic force will give the Alhambra itself a tremendous lift.

"I CAN'T write seasonable verses," replied Our Festive Poet, "until I've had my Christmas dinner, and then I'm mincepie-r'd!"



### EXCELSIOR!

She. "I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE A MUSICIAN, HERR MÜLLER."

He. "A MUSICIAN! ACH, NO—GOTT VORBIT! I AM A WAGNERIAN!"

### AN IMPERIAL STAGE-MANAGER.

"GUILLAUME DEUX," says the *Figaro*, "prend très au sérieux sa tâche de moralisateur." He is his own Licensor of plays, and, it may be presumed, collars the fees for doing the official Licensor's work; that is, if there be a department of this nature in the Lord Chamberlain's Office. And His Imperial Highhandedness not only is his own licensor, but is a self-appointed Stage-Manager, for, continues the *Figaro*, "Il a prescrit que, dans une pièce moderne, LE NOUVEAU MAÎTRE, une scène un peu violente ne fût pas jouée à l'avant-scène, mais au fond du théâtre." If His Imperial Majesty should permit some of IBSSEN's plays to be performed, *Ghosts* for example, or *Hedda Gabler*, no doubt most of the dialogue would be given right at the back of the stage, out of ear-shot of the audience. In ordinary dramas the Villain who may have to use strong language, or in farce the Eccentric Comedian who frequently has to utter more or less playfully a meaningless



Only in Play!

"big big D," would by Imperial command be compelled to "retire up" to deliver himself of the expletive, and then would have to "come down to the front" and continue the stage-business. But, not satisfied with merely giving the above stage-directions, His Imperial Majesty "est allé samedi s'assurer en personne que ses ordres étaient bien exécutés." No dodging such an Emperor as this. How would HERR VON IRVING and HERR TOOLEE like this personal supervision? And how about HERR JONES, PINKER, W. S. GILBERT and a few others, who would not particularly enjoy having their stage-directions upset by even an Imperial amateur. The next move of GUILLAUME DEUX will be to make himself honorary prompter, and it may be to cast himself for the leading parts.



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"*DICKENSII nihil à me alienum puto*," quoth the Baron, taking up *A Week's Tramp in Dickens-Land*. By W. K. HUGHES, F.L.S., with Illustrations by F. G. KITTON, and Others, published by Messrs. CHAPMAN AND HALL. Ahem! The frisky KITTON, having several tales to play with (probably some relation to the Cat-'o-nine-tails, eh?), has done his work well; and the same may be said for Others. The work can be recommended as a book of pictorial reference for Dickensian students, but otherwise it is—ahem—superfluous. If this kind of trading on the name of DICKENS continues, we shall probably become HUGHES'd to seeing such announcements as, "Shortly to appear,—*The Collected Bills of the Butcher and Baker of Charles Dickens; Upper Storeys of Houses in whose Neighbourhood Charles Dickens resided; Some Tradesmen's Accounts, Receipted and Returned with Thanks, Autographically, to Charles Dickens, &c., &c.*"

A sad story, picturesquely commenced, and powerfully ended, is RUDYARD KIPLING's *The Light that Failed*. But, between these

two extremes, the conversations have the deadly fault of being wearisome, and, as to the manner of their conversation, were the Baron compelled to listen to much of it, life would indeed not be worth living. The women-kind in it are all detestable; there is none of them that doeth good in the novel, no, not one. It becomes gradually gloomier and gloomier, and, indeed, it is well styled *The Light that Failed*. Since DAUDET's *Jack*, the Baron calls to mind no book more pitiful, no characters more heartless, and no sadder ending. Clever, of course; artistic, equally so; but—well, the Baron's advice to his enemies is, Go in heavily for Christmas festivities, have an orgy of plum-pudding, creams, sweets, and mince-pies, and, on the day after Boxing Day, stay indoors, and read *The Light that Failed*.

In the Baron's office there are several departments, where SAM the Skipper for novels, CHILD HAROLD for children's books, and PETER the Salt for tales of the sea, are specially busy at Christmas time. To quote the ancient song of the "*Mistletoe Bough*":—

"The Baron's retainers were Blythe and Gay;"

and so are they now, as the Ladies BELINDA BLYTHE and GRISELDA GAY undertake a considerable proportion of such seasonal reviewing as is more or less expected from the BARON DE BOOK-WORMS about this season of the year. But the Baron reviews the reviewers, and presents the public with only the pick of the basket. Now, once for all, the Baron gives notice hereby and herewith nevertheless and all to the contrary notwithstanding, that neither he nor his retainers will take notice of Christmas puzzles, such as, for example, the bilious-looking "*Spots Puzzle*," which ought to be dedicated to *Little Red Riding Hood*, as it is brought out by "*WOLF*." The Baron cannot listen to "the cry of WOLF." Let that be understood. Now, in the way of Books, what is there for Christmas fare? There is

ago to have changed his name to BOYVILLE FENN, as he is so associated with Books for Boys, and his *Brownsmith's Boy* is more boyant than ever. "A capital book" says the Baron's chief adviser. Find out *The Rover's Secret*, by HARRY COLLINGWOOD; it is worth knowing, and make friends with ANNIE ARMSTRONG's *Three Bright Girls*.

*Angling Sketches*, by ANDREW LANG—*Andrew L'Angler*—are delightful reading. The Baron pictures to himself the thoughtful and Balfour-like ANDREW on a bank by the river, rod stuck into ground, pencil and note-book in his hand. "What is he doing, my boy?" inquires the Baron, of the hook-baiting boy. "He's ketching sumthink," whispers the urchin. Is it Historical Notes on the *Diet of Wurms*? Is it necessary to show that the fish have no consciousness of Pain? Or, is he composing *Lines to my Rod*? Or is it a disquisition on "ingratitude," showing how the stream goes on murmuring? And does he classically remind it how silent it ought to be,—*Dumb defluit annis*? Or does the stream murmur because our ANDREW the Fisherman has been "whipping" it? Should he betake himself to fly-fishing, let his motto be "Strike and spare not!" and if he would be wise above his fellows in the gentle art of catching fish, let him consult *The Incomplete Angler*, says, disinterestedly,

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

## MEMS FROM MONKEY-LAND.

(Being a Report made to the "Royal Simian Society" by Professor Hairy Myas, F.R.S.S., with compliments to Professor Garnier, who continues his articles on "a Simian Language" in "The New Review" for this month.)

I HAVE for some time past paid considerable attention to the sounds uttered by the Human Beings who are permitted to observe our movements, in the wire house which the Proprietor of these gardens has so obligingly placed at our disposal, rent free. My object has been to discover whether the Human Species, though belonging to a rather low form of animal life, can be said to have anything corresponding to the language which is the recognised means of communicating between Apes.

I have been much assisted in my investigations by the kind help afforded me by the great Anubis Baboon, who has frequently abandoned the consumption of nuts to come and make experiments on our human visitors; the elder members of the Chimpanzee Family have also been most useful, and have often restrained the young of their household from interrupting my inquiries by ill-timed plesantries. Only once in the whole course of these scientific labours have I had seriously to complain of my tail being made use of as a swing.

It was not long before I came to the conclusion that men do really mean something by the extraordinary gibberings and chatterings in which they indulge. My first experiment was on a female of the species, with a blue feather in her bonnet. At a sign from me, a young Chimpanzee suddenly and adroitly snatched the bonnet from her head. The sound she uttered was, as nearly as I can put it, *wh-coo-w!* ending in a shrill scream. I therefore take the *oo* sound to indicate alarm, or dissatisfaction. Exactly the same vowels were used by the Male.

The mischievous young of the Human Species, we have discovered, also have this *oo* sound, and use it when they wish to frighten us.

The three conclusions which I have drawn from my inquiries are:—

1. That Human Beings understand the sounds they utter to each other, and therefore possess a language, as we do.
2. That Human Beings have, in a very imperfect and rudimentary shape, the faculty of reason.
3. That Apes have descended from Men! In other words, that a Monkey is only a highly-developed and more agile Man.

These, no doubt, are startling conclusions, and I expect them to excite controversy. In fact, an Ourang-Outang friend of mine, to whom I mentioned them, was so shocked, that he has declined all nourishment ever since. But I rely on the scientific spirit of this great society to do me justice; and I venture to add a request that it will see fit to endow research by voting an extra supply of apples and nuts to the Chimpanzees, the Anubis Baboon, and myself, while we are at work on this very fatiguing field of inquiry.



The Light that Failed; or, a Thief in the Candle.



Blackie and Son introducing themselves to the Baron de Book-Worms.

friend BLACKIE, who doesn't keep himself dark, but comes out with *Henty in Plenty*, whose *Dash for Khartoum* will be appreciated even by those who don't ordinarily care a dash for anything. Ask for HENTY, and see that you get him. MR. MANVILLE FENN ought long



# LETTERS TO ABSTRACTIONS.

No. VII.—TO VANITY.

DEAR VANITY,

IMAGINE my feelings when I read the following letter. It lay quite innocently on my breakfast-table in a heap of others. It was stamped in the ordinary way, post-marked in the ordinary way, and addressed correctly, though how the charming writer discovered my address I cannot undertake to say; in fact, there was nothing in its outward appearance to distinguish it from the rest of my everyday correspondence. I opened it carelessly, and this is what I read:—

REDICULOUS BEING.—In the course of a fairly short life I have read many absurd things, but never in all my existence have I read anything so absurd as your last letter. I don't say that your amiable story about HERMIONE MAYBLOOM is not absolutely true; in fact, I knew HERMIONE *very slightly* myself when everybody was raving about her, and I never could understand what all you men (for, of course, you are a man; no woman could be so foolish) saw in her to make you lose your preposterous heads. To me she always seemed *silly* and *affected*, and *not in the least* pretty, with her snub nose, and her fuzzy hair. So I am rather glad, not from any personal motive, but for the sake of *truth* and *justice*, that you have shown her up. No; what I do complain of is, your evident intention to make the world believe that only women are vain. You pretend to lecture us about our shortcomings, and you don't seem to know that there is no vainer creature in existence than a man. No peacock that ever strutted with an expanded tail is one-half so ridiculous or silly as a man. I make no distinctions—all men are the same; at least, that's my experience, and that of every woman I ever met.

How do you suppose a woman like HERMIONE succeeds as she does? Why she finds out (it doesn't take long, I assure you) the weak points of the men she meets, their wretched jealousies, affectations and conceits, and then artfully proceeds to flatter them and make each of them think his particular self the lord of creation, until she has all the weak and foolish creatures wound round her little finger, and slavishly ready to fetch and carry for her. And all the time you go about and boast of your conquest to one another, and imagine that *you* have subjugated her. But she sits at home and laughs at you, and *despises* you all from the flinty bottom of her heart. Bah! you're a pack of fools, and I've no patience with you. As for you personally, if you *must* write any more, tell your fellow men something about their own follies. It won't be news to us, but it may open *their* eyes. If you can't do that, you had better retire into your tub, and cease your painful barking altogether. I've got my eye on you, so be careful. I remain (thank goodness)

A WOMAN.

Now that was not altogether an agreeable breakfast dish. And the worst of it was that it was so supremely unjustifiable. Had my indignant correspondent honoured me with her address, I should have answered her at once. "Madam," I should have said, "your anger outstrips your reason. I always intended to say something about men. I had already begun a second letter to my friend VANITY on the subject. I can therefore afford to forgive your hard words, and to admit that there is a certain amount of truth in your strictures on us. But please don't write to me again so furiously. Such excessive annoyance is quite out of keeping with your pretty handwriting, and besides, it takes away my appetite to think I have even involuntarily given you pain. Be kind enough to look out for my next letter, but don't, for goodness' sake, tell me what you think about it, unless it should happen to please you. In that case I shall, of course, be proud and glad to hear from you again."

I now proceed, therefore, to carry out my intention, and, as usual, I address myself to the fountain-head. My dear VANITY, I never shall understand why you take so much trouble to get hold of men. They are not a pleasing sight when you have got them, and after a time it must cease to amuse even you to see yourself reproduced over and over again, and in innumerable ridiculous ways. For instance, there is Dr. PEAGAM, the celebrated author of *Indo-Hebraic Fairy Tales: a new Theory of their Rise and Development, with an Excursus on an Early Aryan Version of "Three Blind Mice."* Dr. PEAGAM is learned; he has the industry of a beaver; he is a correspondent of goodness knows how many foreign philosophical, philological, and mythological societies; his record of University

distinctions has never been equalled; his advice has been sought by German Professors. Yet he carries all this weight of celebrity and learning as lightly as if it were a wideawake, and seems to think nothing of it. But he has his weak point, and, like Achilles, he has it in his feet.

This veteran investigator, this hoary and venerable Doctor, would cheerfully give years off his life if only the various philosophers who from time to time sit at his feet would recognise that those feet are small, and compliment him on the fact. *They* are small, there is no doubt of it, but not small enough to be encased without agony in the tiny, natty, pointed boots that he habitually wears. Let anybody who wants to get anything out of Dr. PEAGAM lead the conversation craftily on to the subject of feet and their proper size. Let him then make the discovery (aloud) that the Doctor's feet are extraordinarily small and beautiful, and I warrant that there is nothing the Doctor can bestow which shall not be freely offered to this cunning flatterer. That is why Dr. PEAGAM, a modest man in most respects, always insists on sitting in the front row on any platform, and ostentatiously dusts his boots with a red silk pocket-handkerchief.

Then, again, who is there that has not heard of Major-General

WHACKLEY, V.C., the hero who captured the ferocious Ameer of Mudwallah single-handed, and carried him on his back to the English camp—the man to whose dauntless courage, above all others, the marvellous victory of Pilferabad was due? Speak to him on military matters, and you will find the old warrior as shy as a school-girl; but only mention the word poetry, and you'll have him reciting his ballads and odes to you by the dozen, and declaiming for hours together about the obtuseness of the publishing fraternity.

I don't speak now of literary men who value themselves above LAMB, DICKENS, and THACKERAY, rolled into one; nor of artists who sneer at TITIAN; nor of actors who hold GARRICK to be absurdly overrated. Space would fail me, and patience you. But let me just for a brief moment call to your mind ROLAND PRETTYMAN. Upon my soul, I think ROLAND the most empty-headed fribble, the most affected coxcomb, and the most conceited noodle in the whole world. He was decently good-looking once, and he had a pretty knack of sketching in water-colours.

But oh, the huge, distorted, overweening conceit of the man! I have seen him lying full length on a couch, waving a scented handkerchief amongst a crowd of submissive women, who were grovelling round him, while he enlarged in his own pet jargon on the surpassing merits of his latest unpublished essay, or pointed out the beauties of the trifling pictures which were the products of his ineffective brush. He will never accomplish anything, and yet to the end of his life, I fancy, he will have his circle of toadies and flatterers who will pretend to accept him as the evangelist of a glorious literary and artistic gospel. For unfortunately he is as rich as he is impudent and incompetent. And when he drives out in a Hansom he never ceases to simper at his reflected image in the little corner looking-glasses, by means of which modern cab-proprietors pander to the weakness of men. Such is your handiwork, my excellent VANITY. Are you proud of it?

Yours, &c.,

DIAGENES ROBINSON.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"ONE WHO DOESN'T KNOW EVERYTHING."—You ask, What are the duties of "the Ranger"? Household duties only. He has to inspect the kitchen-ranges in the kitchens of Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle, Balmoral, and Osborne. Hence the style and title. He also edits Cook's Guides.

"ANOTHER IDIOT" wishes to know if there is such an appointment in the gift of the Crown as the office of "Court Sweep." Why, certainly; and, on State occasions, he wears the Court Soot, and his broom is always waiting for him at the entrance! At Balmoral and Osborne there is a beautiful sweep leading the visitor right up to the front door.

"ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE" writes us,—"Sir, in what poem of MILTON's does the following couplet occur?—

"I'll light the gas soon,  
To play the *bas-oon*."

How are the lines to be scanned? *Ans.*—On internal evidence, we question whether the lines are MILTON's. In the absence of our Poet, who is out for a holiday, we can only reply, that if short-sighted, you can scan them by the aid of a powerful glass—of your favourite compound.





"THE SWEET LITTLE CHERUB THAT SITS UP ALOFT."

(Modern Version, as it must be.)



["The Associated Chambers of Commerce ask that the Coastguard stations, shore-lighthouses, rock lighthouses, and light-ships of the United Kingdom, should, as far as possible, be connected by telegraph or telephone with the general telegraph system of the country, 'as a means for the protection of life and property, as well as for national defence.' . . . France and America, Holland and Denmark, provide their seamen with this great safeguard in the hour of their utmost need. Is England content to let her sailors die by hundreds for want of a little money, or for want of a little care?"—*Times*.]

*Prospero.* Why, that's my spirit!  
But was not this nigh shore?  
*Ariel.* Close by, my master.  
*Prospero.* But are they, Ariel, safe?  
*Ariel.* Not a hair perish'd.

*Tempest, Act I, Scene 2.*

England, whose seamen are her shield, who vaunts in speech and song,  
The love she bears her mariners! Wake, CAMPBELL, swift and strong  
Of swell and sweep as the salt waves you sang as none could sing!  
Rouse DRBDIN, of the homelier flight, but steady waft of wing!  
Poetic shades, *this* question, sure, should pierce the ear of death,  
And make ye vocal once again with quick, indignant breath.

**CONTENT?** There's many an English heart will hear with fierce  
That England lags so far behind in these electric days— [amaze]



*Content?* Whilst round our rocky coasts the souls who guard them sink,  
Death clutching from the clamorous brine, hope beaconing from the [brink,  
With lifted hands toward the lights that beam but to betray,  
Because dull Britons fail to think, or hesitate to pay? [went,  
No! With that question a fierce thrill through countless listeners  
And, hoarse with indignation, rings the answer, "Not Content!"

When the Armada neared our coast in days now dubbed as "dark,"  
Pre-scientific Englishmen, whom no Electric Spark  
Had witched with its white radiance, yet sped from height to height  
Of Albion's long wild sea-coast line the ruddy warning Light.  
"Cape beyond Cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of  
fire."

*Reverie* shot from sea to sea, from wave-washed shire to shire;  
Inland, from hill to hill, it flashed wherever English hand,  
Helpful at need in English cause, could grip an English brand.  
To-day? Well, round our jutting cliffs, across our hollowing bays  
Thicker the light-ship beacons flash, the lighthouse lanterns blaze.  
From sweep to sweep, from steep to steep, our shores are starred with  
light,

Burning across the briny floods through the black mirk of night,  
Forth-gleaming like the eyes of Hope, or like the fires of Home,  
Upon the eager eyes of men far-straining o'er the foam.  
Good! But how greatly less than good to fear, to think, to know  
That inland England's less alert against a whelming foe  
Than when bonfire and beacon flared mere flame of wood and pitch,  
From Surrey hills to Skiddaw!

Science-dowered, serenely rich,  
Safe in its snugly sheltered homes, our England lies at ease,  
Whilst round her cliffs gale-scourged to wrath the tiger-throated seas  
Thunder in ruthless ravaging rage, with rending crash and shock,  
Through the dull night and blinding drift on leagues of reef and rock.  
More furious than the Spaniards they, more fierce, persistent foes,  
These deep-gorged, pallid, foaming waves. Yes, bright the beacon  
glows,

Warmly the lighthouse wafts its blaze of welcome o'er the brine;  
The shore's hard by, but where the hands to whirl the rescuing line?  
To launch the boat?—to hurl the buoy? The lighthouse men look out  
Upon their wreck-borne brethren there, their hearts are soft as stout,  
But signals will not pierce this dark, shouts rise o'er this fierce roar,  
Rescue may wait at hand, but—*there's no cable to the shore!*

Content with this? Nay, callous he whom this stirs not to rage,  
*Punch* pictures, with prophetic pen, a brighter cheerier page,  
Which must be turned, and speedily:

Good Mr. PROSPERO BULL,  
Your *Ariel* is the Electric Sprite, DIBDIX, of pity full  
For meek-tost Poor JACK, desecrated a Cherub up aloft  
Watch-keeping o'er his venturesome life. That symbol, quoted oft,  
Must find new form to fit the time. The *Ariel* of the Spark  
Must watch around our storm-lashed coast in tempest and in dark,  
Guardian of homeward-bound Poor JACK, to spread the news of fear,  
And tell him, battling with the storm, that rescuing hands, though  
Are not made helpless in his hour of agonising need, [near,  
By ignorance that heeds not, and neglect that fails to heed.

• MACAULAY'S *Armada*.

### ALL BERRY WELL.

SIR,—As there is so much talk just now about the best way  
in which to make Coffee, I will mention the plan I adopt, in the  
hope that some of your readers may imitate it in their own homes.  
It is very simple. You take some of the excellent "Coffee Mixture,"  
sold by the "Arabo-Egyptian Pure Parisian Berry Company,  
Limited," at sixpence the pound. You need not give more than  
one tea-spoon to every four persons, as the coffee is very good and  
thick. Add condensed milk, and fill with water, after which, let  
the pot stand on the hob an hour before use. You would be sur-  
prised at the quality of the fluid which results. It gives general  
satisfaction in my own circle. My nephew, who lives with me,  
declares that it is the only genuine coffee he has drunk since he  
returned from the East. He usually, however, has his breakfast out.  
My General Servant says that "she prefers it to beer" (though she  
takes both), and has asked me for some to send to an Aunt of hers  
with whom she has quarrelled. I think this very nice and forgiving  
of her, and have allowed her a quarter of a pound for that purpose.  
My son-in-law, who unfortunately is rather addicted to drink, says  
it is "the finest tap he ever tasted," and adds that if he could be  
sure of always having such Coffee, he would join the Blue Ribbon  
Army at once. Hitherto he has not joined.

Yours humbly,

MARTHA HUSWIFE.

SIR,—At my "Home for Elderly Orphans of Defective Brain  
Power," I give an excellent Coffee, made of five parts chicory, and  
one of Mocha, supplied at a cheap rate by a House in the City, which



### NATURAL HISTORY.

"OH, LOOK, MUMMIE! NOW IT'S LEFT OFF RAINING, HE'S  
COME OUT OF HIS KENNEL!"

owes me money, and is paying it off in this way, with skim-milk  
added, in moderation, and no sugar. None of the orphans has ever  
complained of my Coffee. I should like to catch them doing so. It  
is nonsense to say the art of coffee-making is unknown in England.

Yours, indignantly, CLEOPATRA JONES.

SIR,—Here is the recipe for Coffee which we use at this Buffet:—  
"Place one pound of the 'Nonpareil Turkish Pasha's Special Brand  
Extract of finest Mocha' in the urn in the morning. Pour on boiling  
water to half-way up. Let it stew all day. Draw off as wanted, and  
dilute with 'Anglo-African Condensed Cows' Milk.'"

Strange to say, we do not find great demand either for Coffee or  
Tea (made on similar principles); but it is as well that the Public  
should know that we have both in constant readiness, and of first-  
class quality. The traveller who has drunk a cup of this Coffee in  
conjunction with one of our celebrated Home-made Pork Pies, does  
not require anything else till the end of the very longest journey, and,  
probably, not even then.

KEEPER OF THE REFRESHMENT ROOM, STARVEM JUNCTION.

THE GEORGIAN ERA AT THE ALHAMBRA.—Mrs. ABBOTT is an  
electric wonder. Not strong muscularly, but with sufficient electric  
power to support four or five of the inferior sex heaped anyhow on a  
chair. Such a woman is a crown to a husband—nay, any amount of  
crowns at £200 per week—and capable of supporting a family, how-  
ever large, all by her own exertions, or indeed, with scarcely any  
exertion at all. At present, though married, she is a *femme seule*:  
but how long will she remain the only electric wonder in  
London? Many years ago there was a one-legged dancer  
named DONATO. Within sixteen weeks there were as many one-  
legged dancers. We don't speak by the card, of course, but one-  
legged dancers became a drug in the market. Already we hear of  
"A Dynamic Phenomenon" at the Pavilion. Little Mrs. ABBOTT is  
an active, spry little person, yet her "*vis inertia*" is, at present,  
without a parallel.



## THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. XVI.

SCENE—Terrace and Grounds of the Grand Hôtel Villa d'Este, on Lake Como. PODBURY and CULCHARD are walking up and down together.

Podbury. Well, old chap, your resigning like that has made all the difference to me, I can tell you!

Culchard. If I have succeeded in advancing your cause with Miss PRENDERGAST, I am all the better pleased, of course.

Podb. You have, and no mistake. She's regularly taken me in hand, don't you know—she says I've no intelligent appreciation of Italian Art; and gad, I believe she's right there! But I'm pulling up—bound to teach you a lot, seeing all the old altar-pieces I do! And she gives me the right tips, don't you see; she's no end of a clever girl, so well-read and all that! But I say—about Miss TROTTER? Don't want to be inquisitive, you know, but you don't seem to be much about with her.

Culch. I—er—the feelings I entertain towards Miss TROTTER have suffered no change—quite the reverse, only—and I wish to impress this upon you, PODBURY—it is undesirable, for—er—many reasons, to make my attentions—er—too conspicuous. I—I trust you have not alluded to the matter to—well, to Miss PRENDERGAST, for example?

Podb. Not I, old fellow—got other things to talk about. But I don't quite see why—

Culch. You are not required to see. I don't wish it, that is all. I—er—think that should be sufficient.

Podb. Oh, all right, I'll keep dark. But she's bound to know sooner or later, now she and Miss TROTTER have struck up such a friendship. And HYPATIA will be awfully pleased about it—why shouldn't she, you know? . . . I'm going to see if there's anyone on the tennis-court, and get a game if I can. Ta-ta!

Culch. (alone). PODBURY knows very little about women. If HYP—Miss PRENDERGAST—once found out why I renounced my suitorship, I should have very little peace, I know that—I've taken particular care not to betray my attachment to MAUD. I'm afraid she's beginning to notice it, but I must be careful. I don't like this sudden intimacy between them—it makes things so very awkward. They've been sitting under that tree over there for the last half-hour, and goodness only knows what confidences they may have exchanged! I really must go up and put a stop to it, presently.

Under the Tree.

Hypatia. I only tell you all this, sweetest one, because I do think you have rather too low an opinion of men as a class, and I wanted to show you that I have met at least one man who was capable of a real and disinterested devotion.

Maud. Well, I allowed that was about your idea.

Hyp. And don't you recognise that it was very fine of him to give up everything for his friend's sake?

Maud. I guess it depends how much "everything" amounted to.

Hyp. (annoyed). I thought, darling, I had made it perfectly plain what a sacrifice it meant to him. I know how much he—I needn't tell you there are certain symptoms one cannot be deceived in.

Maud. No, I guess you needn't tell me that, love. And it was perfectly lovely of him to give you up, when he was under vow for you and all, sooner than stand in his friend's light—only I don't just see how that was going to help his friend any.

Hyp. Don't you, dearest? Not when the friend was under vow for me, too?

Maud. Well, HYPATIA PRENDERGAST! And how many admirers do you have around under vow, as a regular thing?

Hyp. There were only those two. RUSKIN permits as many as seven at one time.

Maud. That's a verry liberal allowance, too. I don't see how there'd be sufficient suitors to go round. But maybe each gentleman can be under vow for seven distinct girls, to make things sort of square now?

Hyp. Certainly not. The whole beauty of the idea lies in the unselfish and exclusive devotion of every knight to the same sovereign lady. In this case I happen to know that the—a—individual had never met his ideal until—

Maud. Until he met you? At Nuremberg, wasn't it? My! And what was his name? Do tell!

Hyp. You must not press me, sweetest, for I cannot tell that—even to you.

Maud. I don't believe but what I could guess. But say, you didn't care any for him, or you'd never have let him go like that? I wouldn't. I should have suspected there was something behind!

Hyp. My feelings towards him were purely potential. I did him the simple justice to believe that his self-abnegation was sincere. But, with your practical, cynical little mind, darling, you are hardly capable of—excuse me for saying so—of appreciating the real value and meaning of such magnanimity!

Maud. Oh, I guess I am, though. Why, here's Mr. CULCHARD coming along. Well, Mr. CULCHARD?

Culch. I—ah—appear to have interrupted a highly interesting conversation?

Maud. Well, we were having a little discussion, and I guess you're in time to give the casting vote—HYPATIA, you want to keep just where you are, do you hear? I mean you should listen to Mr. CULCHARD's opinion.

Culch. (flattered). Which I shall be delighted to give, if you will put me in possession of the—er—facts.

Maud. Well, these are the—er—facts. There were two gentlemen under vow—maybe you'll understand the working of that arrangement better than I do?—under vow for the same young lady. [HYPATIA PRENDERGAST, sit still, or I declare I'll pinch you!] One of them comes up and tells her that he's arrived at the conclusion the other admirer is the better man, and, being a friend of his, he ought to retire in his favour, and he does it, too, right away. Now I say that isn't natural—he'd some other motive. Miss PRENDERGAST here will have it he was one of those noble unselfish natures that deserve they should be stuffed for a museum. What's your opinion now?

Culch. (perspiring freely). Why—er—really, on so delicate a matter, I—I— [He maulders.]

Hyp. MAUD, why will you be so headstrong! (In a rapid whisper.) Can't you see . . . can't you guess? . . .

Maud. I guess I want to make sure Mr. CULCHARD isn't that kind of magnanimous man himself. I shouldn't want him to renounce me!

Hyp. MAUD! You might at least wait until Mr. CULCHARD has—

Maud. Oh, but he did—weeks ago, at Bingen. And at Lugano, too, the other day, he spoke out tolerable plain. I guess he didn't wish any secret made about it—did you, Mr. CULCHARD?

Culch. I—ah—this conversation is rather . . . If you'll excuse me— [Escapes with as much dignity as he can command.]

Maud. Well, my dear,—that's the sort of self-denying hairpin he is! What do you think of him now?

Hyp. I do not think so highly of him, I confess. His renunciation was evidently less prompted by consideration for his friend than by a recollection—tardy enough, I am afraid—of the duty which bound him to you, dearest. But if you had seen and heard him, as I did, you would not have doubted the reality of the sacrifice, whatever the true reason may have been. For myself, I am conscious of neither anger nor sorrow—my heart, as I told you, was never really affected. But what must it be to you, darling!

Maud. Well, I believe I'm more amused than anything.

Hyp. Amused! But surely you don't mean to have anything more to do with him?

Maud. My dear girl, I intend to have considerable more to do with him before I'm through. He's under vow for me now, anyway, and I don't mean he should forget it, either. He's my monkey, and he's got to jump around pretty lively, at the end of a tolerable short chain, too. And I guess, if it comes to renouncing, all the magnanimity's going to be on my side this time!





## In an Avenue.

*Culch.* (to himself, as he walks hurriedly on). I only saved myself in time. I don't think MAUD noticed anything—she couldn't have been so innocent and indifferent if she had... And HYPATIA won't enlighten her any further now—after what she knows. It's rather a relief that she *does* know... She took it very well, poor girl—very well. I expect she is really beginning to put up with POBBURY—I'm sure I *hope* so, sincerely!

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"I DEARLY love reading a ghost-story," quoth the Baron, "when, as the song says, 'The lights are low, And the flickering shadows, Softly come and go.' And I did hope that *Cecilia de Noël* was going to be just the very sort of book for a winter's fireside. Disappointed.



There is a ghost in it, and there's *Cecilia de Noël* (good Christmassy name, isn't it?) who instructs the ghost in his neglected Catechism; for the ghost is as much an Atheist as the unbelieving Sadducee in this same story, who, after all, is not converted. 'Alas! Poor Ghost!' Very poor ghost! Bring me another ghost!' cries the Baron. No other ghost is forthcoming to the invocation, but a book is placed in his hands entitled *Fourteen to One*. The Baron was about to dismiss it as a betting book—judging by its title—when his eye caught the name of ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS as authoress. So he read many of the short stories therein. She has in many places the touch of DICKENS. All are good; but for pathos, keen observation, and dramatic surprise, "give me," says the Baron, emphatically, "the short story of *The Madonna of the Tubs*." Admirable! Those who take and act upon the Baron's tip, will do well to ask for *Fourteen to One*, and see that they get it.

What are the Baron's sentiments as to Christmas things? He refused to have anything to say to games and cards. Cards—well, we all know whose books some puritanical party said *they* were. But these comic and artistic Christmas Cards of RAPHAEL TUCK do not come into that category; and same is to be said of Messrs. HILDESHEIMER's, so there's an end on't. Henceforth, says the Baron, "No Cards."

"Come to me, O ye children!" as some one sings—ARTHUR CECIL for choice—and it might be adapted for the occasion by the Publishers of *Chatterbox*, in which box there's a prize. Messrs. ROUTLEDGE go in for the old, old tales. They've kindly given *Mother Hubbard* a new dress; and as for their Panorama of the "Beastesses," it is like a picture-walk in the Zoo. *Some Historic Women*, well selected by DAVENPORT ADAMS, who should have styled it *Christmas Eves by Adams*. With Mrs. MOLESWORTH's *Bewitched Lamp* the Baron's Assistant is much pleased. Pictures ought to have been in oil, and there should have been a Wicked Fairy in it,—but there isn't.

My "Co." reports that Mrs. GRIMWOOD's long-expected book, *My Three Years in Manipur* (BENTLEY), is worthy of the theme, and adds a fresh laurel to the chaplet worn by the lady on whose breast the QUEEN pinned the Red Cross. The moving story is told with a simplicity that looks like the development of the highest art. But the heroine of Manipur is unmistakably artless. She is content to jot down, as if she were writing a letter home, her impressions of what she sees, and her account of what passes before her eyes. She has the gift of reproducing with a few strokes of the pen, portraiture of anything that has struck her. The only thing missed is detailed report of her own brave bearing through the fearful night when the Residency was attacked, and during the dreadful days that followed on the flight towards Cachar. No one reading Mrs. GRIMWOOD's narrative would guess what splendid part she played in that tragedy. Fortunately that has been told elsewhere, and the omission is an added charm to a book that has many others—including a portrait of the author.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS AND CO.

## CIVIL SERVICE EXHIBITION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The Military Exhibition was such a success, and the Naval Exhibition was such a successor, that we Government Clerks invoke your powerful aid to help us to establish next year a Civil Service Exhibition. The Public have really no idea what wondrous curiosities there are in the Civil Service, and would, I feel sure, be amused and instructed at a well-organised and representative Exhibition. At 10.15 A.M. they would see real live Clerks sign real Attendance-Books, and insert (real or unreal) times of arrival. In the course of the morning there might be an Exhibition of Civil Servants over sixty-five years of age, who didn't want to retire, with a similar number of Civil Servants, of fifty-five years of age, who didn't want them to stay. In the afternoon, in the Arena, would daily be attempted the difficult feat of proceeding from the Second Division to the Higher Division. The obstacles would be represented by real Treasury Clerks and Civil Service Commissioners, holding Orders in Council and Treasury Minutes; and the Clerk successful in performing the feat might be created a Duke.

In one of the kiosks a lecture on "*Sick Leave and how to spend it*," by the Earl and the Doctor, might be delivered hourly. In another kiosk, official C.B.'s would be on show; Jubilee C.B.'s being classed together on one side, and special prominence being given to those C.B.'s who hadn't applied for the honour, and to those who had obtained it for real services otherwise unrecognised. After dark the "Treasury Ring" might join hands and dance round the flashing light of their own unassisted intellect.

The different refreshment rooms (furnished by the Office of Works) would be classified according to the varying rates of Subsistence Allowance in force in the Service. Here the dinner for the £1-a-day man—there the tea for the 10s.-a-day man. Special luncheon rates for those not absent from home at night, but absent for more than ten hours.

Visitors might be searched on arrival and departure by real Custom House Officers. This would be sure to make it popular. Please, dear Mr. Punch, do help us. Yours, &c., A GOVERNMENT CLERK.

## ENGLISH OPERA AS SHE ISN'T SUNG.

It seems impossible to support a Royal English Opera House with its special commodity of English Opera, that is, Opera composed by an Englishman to an Englishman's libretto, and played by English operatic singers. *Ivanhoe*, a genuine English Opera, by a genuine English Composer (with an Irish name), produced with great éclat, has, after a fair run and lots of favour, been *Doyl-écarté*,



"Very sorry, my dear Sir Ivanhoe, but you're rather too heavy for this Carte. We shall get along better with a lighter weight."

in order to make room for the *Basoché*, an essentially French Opera, by French Composer and Librettists, done, of course, into English, so as to be "understanded of the people." The *Basoché* has "caught on" and our friends in front, including Composer, Librettist, and Middlemen—DRUKIOLANUS, who bought it, and DOYLE CANTY, who bought it of Sir DRUM—are all equally pleased and satisfied. Considered as a matter of business, what signifies the nationality as long as the spec pays?—*tout est là*. Only why retain the differentiating title of "English" for the establishment? Why not call it "The Cosmopolitan Opera House"? Of course this applies, nowadays, to Covent Garden Theatre, which is no longer the Italian Opera House, but simply the Covent Garden Opera during the Operatic Season, when French, English, Italian, and German Operas are played by a Babel of singers. By the way, while on the subject of nomenclature, why not "The Royal Babel Opera House"?





### A LUCID INTERVAL.

(Things one would rather have expressed differently.)

Doctor. "HOW IS THE PATIENT THIS MORNING?"

Nurse. "WELL—HE HAS BEEN WANDERING A GOOD DEAL IN HIS MIND. EARLY THIS MORNING I HEARD HIM SAY, 'WHAT AN OLD WOMAN THAT DOCTOR IS!'—AND I THINK THAT WAS ABOUT THE LAST REALLY RATIONAL REMARK HE MADE."

### THE LITTLE GERMANIA MAGNATE;

OR, TRYING TO SWAY THE SCEPTRE.

["Suprema lex regis voluntas." Words reported to have been written by the German Emperor in the Visitors' Book of the City Council at Munich.]

No more let men chatter of such a small matter

As Ladies Magnetic, with mystical forces,  
Whose billiard-cue business strikes with sheer dizziness

Muscular Miloes who're game to lift horses.

As MITCHELL the bulky was made to look sulky

By slight Mrs. ABBOTT, the Georgian  
She is struck silly by Behemoth BILLY,  
That young Teuton Titan, the toughest in history.

O Oracle Mighty (though vocally flighty),  
Great Creature, omniscient (if a bit youthful),

Panjandrum-plus-CÆSAR, Herculean Teaser  
Of tendencies vicious, or tame, or untruthful!

You mastered the Moral while sucking your coral—

You set the world right—in idea—in your cradle.

Omnipotent Bumble, our pride let us humble,  
And take our opinions—like soup—from your ladle!

You *are* such a fellow! The sages turn yellow,  
The wits all go pallid, and so do the heroes;  
Big Brontes grow jealous when you blow the bellows,

A fig for your CÆSARS, ISKANDERS, and NEROS!

You lick them all hollow, great Vulcan-Apollo,  
Sole lord of our consciences, lives, arts, and armies!

But (like Mrs. A., Sir) 'twould floor you to say,  
Where, what, in the mischief the source of your charm is!

Say, how do you do it? That Georgian's cue, it,  
Compared with your sceptre, is just a mere withy.

You quietly front in with that calm "*Voluntas*,"  
(Expressed for our guidance in epigrams pithy)

You hint you can rule us, and guide us, and school us,

"All off your own bat," without Clergy or Minister,

Giving swift gruel to stage-prank, or duel,  
Or anything else you think stupid or sinister.

O Autocrat fateful, we ought to be grateful  
For such an infallible, all-potent party,  
At this time of day too, to show us the way to—

Wherever you'd lead us, with confidence  
And as for those duffers, your confidence suffers

To tug at the sceptre, with vain thoughts of swaying it,

What can it matter? "The Magnet" can shatter

Their strength; at its pleasure controlling or staying it.

In vain "Blood and Iron," with foes that environ

Your sceptre, smart Press-man, or Socialist spouter,

May struggle together; you hold them in Or so you proclaim, you, whom foes call "the Shouter."

The pose is imposing, if ere the scene's closing,

The "Little Germania Magnate" gets Well, put at the worst, Sir, you are not the first, Sir,

Who playing the Thraso has humble-pie eaten!

"DINNER FORGET."—Lord RANDOLPH is coming home by a Union Company's Steamer. The distinguished Unionist is to have a special cook to attend to him. Does this mean that he returns as a Special Cook's Tourist?

### An Election Echo.

GLADSTONIAN LAMBERT,  
Of course, as he should,  
This last bye-election  
Considered was good.  
But Unionist BULLER  
Has said, on reflection,  
That to him it seemed rather  
A Good-Bye election!

NEW WORK.—*A Merry England in a Cat's Cradle*, by the Author of *Across England in a Dog-Cart*.

A VERY REVOLTING PLACE.—Brazil.





THE LITTLE GERMANIA MAGNATE;  
OR, TRYING TO SWAY THE SCEPTRE.









JONES, SHOOTING IN NEW BOOTS, IS KNOCKED OUT SIX MILES FROM HOME, AND ACCORDINGLY IS TOLD OFF TO "MARK" FOR THE PARTY. WIND N.N.E., VERY FRESH. THERMOMETER 28°.

### OUR FINANCIAL COLUMN.

I HAVE been forced by the enormous increase of my business to take larger offices, and to engage two hundred additional clerks to carry on my immense correspondence. I merely mention this as it may be satisfactory to my countless well-wishers. But of course the old address—"CRESCUS: London" will still find me. I publish below a selection from the letters received during the week.

(1.) SIR,—You informed me in a private communication, that the Patent Spills Manufacturing Co. stock was a splendid investment. Acting on this, I bought. From that moment, Spills have fallen steadily. Kindly explain.

Yours, INDIGNANT.

[To this I can only answer, that the complaint is ludicrous, and preposterous. If you had bought on the day I advised, and sold out ten minutes afterwards, you would have realised a handsome profit of one farthing a share. Moreover, how can anything fall steadily? I never did, which shows what a fool "INDIGNANT" must be.

CRESCUS.]

(2.) SIR,—I send £22,000 19s. 8½d., which I wish tied up as tightly as possible in the Unlimited Packthread Stock Company, which you say is as safe as a house. Let me know which particular house you mean. The money belongs (or belonged) to my Maiden Aunt.

Yours sincerely, BALIK RASH.

[Consider it done, my dear Sir; consider it done. I return the three farthings, for which I have no possible use. The rest is invested. Transfers await your signature at my new office.

CRESCUS.]

(3.) SIR,—I have saved £4 5s. 2d. during the last twenty years, and now send it to you in the Automatic Toast and Muffin Distributor Co., which I see guarantees a return of 500 per cent., with an anticipated increase of 200 per cent. from the sale of concessions in suburban districts. "The Muffins," you say, "will always be kept at toasting point, and, by a novel and ingenious arrangement, a perpetual supply of the best butter will spread itself over every Muffin as it is distributed to the Public." I like this very much. Pray, therefore, place me on toast to the enclosed amount.

Yours, ONE IN THE SLOT.

[Have done what you wish. You have already cleared profit of over £500. We shall add buns and crumpets to our business to-morrow, and tea-cakes on the fol-

lowing day, so as to place it in everybody's power to take the cake, if he wants to.

CRESCUS.]

I have little more to add this week, but I think it only right to hint that I am engaged in perfecting the details of a scheme which will revolutionise finance. I am not allowed, at present, to enter into full particulars, but I may say that I have been in close conference with the very highest person in the world of finance, and that he is to submit my plan to the next Cabinet Council. Briefly, when my scheme is floated, Consols will immediately go to par, and will be converted into a security bearing ten per cent. interest—and this without a single penny being added to the tax-payers' burdens. I have been authorised by the officials of the Treasury to receive any investments that my readers may offer. Now, therefore, is your time. Next week I may have to take a short holiday, owing to the strain on my nerves, caused by my numerous anxieties. But the good work will go on as before. "CRESCUS LONDON."

### GLORY AT THE LOWEST PRICE.

[THERE is nothing whatever to hinder a civilian from organising and managing an efficient army, and there are at any given moment a score of men in the City of London, who could carry out the work with perfect ease.—Daily Paper, November 19, 1891.]

SCENE—The Army Universal Provision Company Limited (Managing Director, Mr. BLACKLEY). Enter Recruit in Department No. 1. He looks round him surprised at the business-like activity that greets him on every side.

Foreman (politely). Anything I can do for you, Sir, to-day? We have an assortment of Queen's Shillings fresh from the Mint. Curiosities, Sir, quite out of date, but interesting. Can I tempt you?

Recruit (with some hesitation). Well, I thought of joining the Army, and—

Foreman (interrupting). Certainly, Sir. Doctor in that room. Magistrate in that. Be medically passed and sworn to allegiance while you wait. (Uskers Recruit into various Departments—whence he emerges duly enrolled.) And now, Sir, which branch of the Service would you like to see?

Recruit. Well, I did think of the Tenth Hussars.

Foreman (promptly). Quite right, Sir. First-class Regiment, commanded by His Royal Highness Field Marshal the Prince of WALES. (To Assistant.) Show this gentleman the way to the outfitting-room—Tenth Hussars.

[Recruit in less than no time is fitted out. On his return to the Central Hall he is once more greeted by a principal official.

Foreman. Now, Sir, you would like to learn your drill?

Recruit. Well, yes—

Foreman. Quite so. We teach it in six easy lessons, at twelve shillings a lesson. You can pay for it either out of your reserved pay, or now. If the latter, we allow five per cent. discount.

Recruit (without hesitation). I think I will pay it later.

Foreman (putting up his receipt-book). Certainly, Sir. No difference to us. And now, Sir, perhaps you will take your lessons.

[Recruit goes through a course which soon puts him to-rights. At the end he shakes Foreman warmly by the hand.

Recruit. You are sure that I really know my drill?

Foreman. Quite. Why, Sir, you are letter perfect. And now, is there anything more we can do for you?

Recruit. Well, I did join the Army with the intention of going to the wars.

Foreman (apologetically). Very sorry, Sir, but we haven't the article on hand just at present. Sure to have some by-and-by. Is there anything else we can do for you, Sir?

Recruit. Well, failing a war, I should like a passage to India.

Foreman (in a deprecatory tone). Well, Sir, frankly, we cannot recommend it. But if you have made up your mind, we must ask you to step over to the Waste Department. They settle such-like matters there. See over yonder, Sir, where that venerable General on crutches is. He has just got a Colonelcy, but he can't hold it very long, as he is over eighty! And now I must say adieu, as I have other pupils claiming my assistance. Good day!

[Starts off, and prepares food for powder in other quarters. Curtain.





Harry Furniss

"BREEZY BRIGHTON."





### THE REVOLT OF THE RATEPAYERS AGAINST KING KOUNTY KOUNCIL THE FIRST.

(TEMPLE, WEMYSS, AND SAVORY LEAD THE ATTACK.)

### THE BOARD ON BOTH SIDES.

SCENE—A Railway Carriage. Present two Passengers discussing the Topics of the Day.

*First Passenger.* And then there's the School Board! I am on my way to record my vote.

*Second Pass.* And so am I. I hope, Sir, we are of both of the same way of thinking?

*First Pass.* I hope so, too. My idea is to give the children of the poor every possible advantage. Let them learn all they can. Yes, Sir, let them learn all they can.

*Second Pass.* (excitedly). But, my dear Sir, what can be the good of that? It will be of no use to them in their future, and will only make them dissatisfied with their position.

*First Pass.* (calmly). Ah, my dear Sir, you evidently take a narrow view of the subject. Why should not the poor enjoy equality with the rich? It is only the accident of birth that divides the peasant from the Peer.

*Second Pass.* (obstinately). I do not care about the cause, I only look to the result—the rich are divided from the poor. It is ridiculous that an orange-girl should play the piano, and a ploughman paint a picture.

*First Pass.* (smiling). I do not see why. Surely the poor should have their little amusements? And do we not have it on decent classical authority, "that Art polishes the manners, and renders them less ferocious!"

*Second Pass.* (contemptuously). Ah! You take a sentimental view of it! Believe me, the people would be all the better were they to receive a practical—a technical education—say were they to be taught how to sweep chimneys, or to black boots!

*First Pass.* (complacently). They will engage in both those useful industries with the greater gusto if they know that when they are at leisure they can understand MACAULAY or enjoy BEETHOVEN.

*Second Pass.* (with conviction). But you must admit that there is a good deal of waste. Consider Mr. FORSTER calculated that the rate would be threepence in the pound, and now it's a shilling, and will go higher still! Remember that Londoners pay far more dearly than citizens of many provincial towns, for an article not one whit better.

*First Pass.* (with a genial smile). Ah, I see you are quoting from the Press.

*Second Pass.* (earnestly). And why not? Is it true, or is it not, that money is squandered upon rotten buildings, upon excessive salaries to teachers, and upon the provision of refinements in education?

*First Pass.* (smiling). Still quoting! But if I admit that there is something in what you say, is it not always the case? Have we ever unmixed good, or unmixed evil? And I contend that the advantages derivable from a School-Board education entirely compensate for a little loss.

*Second Pass.* (rather out of temper). Well, you take it calmly enough.

*First Pass.* (amiably). Why not? It is my theory that every child should have the best possible education. The infant should have enough mental food to last him for life. It is our duty that he should get it.

*Second Pass.* (with irritation). Well, at least you take an unselfish view of the case.

*First Pass.* (smiling sweetly). I don't see that! As a matter of fact, I am sufficiently successful not to care for competition. I believe that I am first-rate in my own walk; and, however the School Board may educate, they will not reach my standard.

*Second Pass.* (drily). I was not thinking of that, although it is a consideration. But how about the rates, my dear Sir—the rates?

*First Pass.* (with a good-humoured laugh). Oh, bother the rates! I don't see where they come in.

*Second Pass.* (with ghastly jocularity). But I do—by the front door. *First Pass.* (condescendingly). Tut, tut! But what have the rates to do with the matter?

*Second Pass.* (astonished). Why, at a shilling in the pound and more to follow, you must admit they make a hole in a modest income?

*First Pass.* (enthusiastically). And what if they do, Sir—what if they do? Have we no duty to our fellow man? Ought we not to sacrifice something on his behalf—for his sake? And, my dear Sir, I speak all the more dispassionately, because my rates are paid—by my Landlord!

[Curtain.]

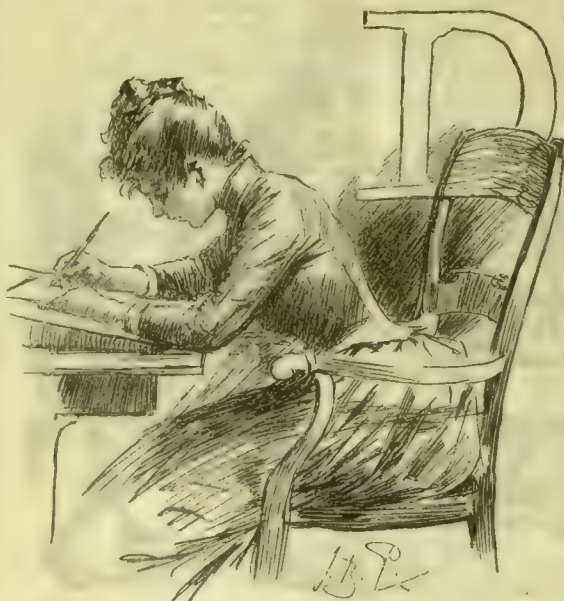


"Why, it's as plain as the Nose on your face!"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"HISTORICAL GARDENER."—Yes, certainly—it was "The Gallows-tree," from which "The Hanging Gardens of Babylon" took their name. Any school-boy knows this.—"INQUIRING RUOT."—No; the Nore Light is not a candelabrum.



## HOW IT'S DONE!



Was invented and made to exist on the pleasure  
Of dragging to light other people's affairs.  
*She* would forward you scandalous tales by the dozen—  
There's no one like *her* if you want any news.

EAREST MADGE,  
You have asked me  
to tell you some  
scandal!

You seem to for-  
get how I hate  
such a theme—

How I loathe and  
detest every girl  
who's a Vandal,  
Destroying that  
fine work of Art,  
Nature's Scheme.  
Why, I *never* talk  
scandal, you goose,  
and you know it;  
It's no fascination  
whatever to me.

I *could* tell some, of  
course, for we  
county folk grow it  
Like so many apples  
and pears on a  
tree.

I repeat, I detest  
such a thing be-  
yond measure.

I'm not like dear  
MAUD, who my  
husband declares

I declare she's as bad as her wretch of a cousin,  
Who's bolted with Major FITZ-DASH, of the Blues.

Now, for instance, she told me (in confidence, mind you)  
That Captain BLANK CARTRIDGE, when playing at Nap,  
Has an odious habit of getting behind you,  
And calling according to what's on your lap.  
(By the way, we have only just heard that the Major,  
Who gave Lady B. such a beautiful horse,  
Is a perfect *Don Juan*, and quite an old stager  
At playing a prominent part in divorce.)

More than that, she assures me (although I don't doubt it)  
That D., though apparently sober and staid,  
Is a flirt, and that people are talking about it  
Indignantly here. And it's true, I'm afraid;  
For I heard Mrs. PARSONS, the wife of the Vicar,  
Inform Countess C. (who's forgiven, you know)  
That each day she appears to get thicker and thicker  
With N., though engaged to be married to O.

MAUD has written to mother, and said in her letter  
(Marked "private") that T., who has taken to drink,  
And been sent to a sort of a home, is no better,  
And quenches his thirst, when he can, with the ink.  
And the Dowager Duchess of M. (the old sinner!)  
Has dropped all the money she had backing gees;  
While the Colonel, who's said to have spotted the winner,  
Owns most of the horses that *lost*, if you please!

But dear MAUD is the one for the news that's exciting.  
You've wasted your paper in sending to me.

I would just as soon think, love, of flying as writing  
*One word* of the scandal of afternoon tea.

Give my love to your mother, and kisses to DORA—  
(She's doing the season with you, I presume?)

And believe me your ever affectionate, FLORA.

P.S. Mrs. K. has eloped with her groom!

*Scandal Hall, Torking.*

## ONLY FANCY!

WE find the following paragraph in a contemporary:—

A meeting on the Somersetshire floods has been summoned by the Earl of CORK, Lord-Lieutenant of the County, for to-morrow, at Bridgewater.

We are bound to observe that this arrangement displays a lamentable lack of consideration for others on the part of the noble convenor. It is all very well for the Earl of CORK to select the Somersetshire floods for a place of meeting. But whilst CORK is bobbing up and down, buoyantly enjoying himself, what is to become of ordinary persons foregathered in such circumstances? We presume that boats, or at least life-belts, will be provided for the movers and seconders of the various resolutions. Or does Bridgewater cover everything?

Walking down St. James' Street the other day, whom should we meet but the Earl of PORTSMOUTH, long known in the House of Commons as LORD LYMINGTON. Opportunity was taken to inquire whether a recent event in South Molton had led to any estrangement between his Lordship and his former constituents.

"No, TOBY," said the belted Earl; "I think I may say, that, between me and my old constituents, the wing of friendship has not Molton a feather."

In the foregoing paragraph, the phrase "belted Earl," is used advisedly. At the period of which SIR WALTER SCOTT wrote (*vide* any of his novels) it will be found that members of this rank of the Peerage are all spoken of as belted. For some time the fashion fell out of use. The belt was appropriately revived by the late Earl of BEACONSFIELD, and is now quite a common thing with the aristocracy. The Earl of SELBORNE is very particular about the fit and out of his.

Mr. BOYCE, in his interesting and picturesque work, *Snowdon and Rained Upon*, insists on the desirability of taking only a light luncheon when engaged upon a pedestrian tour. He adds, "I walked up Snowdon on two hard-boiled eggs." The remark seems scarcely relevant, but it records a notable achievement. Considering the height of Snowdon, and the occasional stoniness of the path, to walk up it on two eggs, howsoever hard-boiled, is a feat that puts in the shade the Music-hall trick of riding up an inclined plane of rope on a bicycle. Mr. BOYCE does not say what he came down upon. Probably his back.

We hear from Munich that underneath the motto, *Suprema lex regis voluntas*, written in the Visitors' Book by the Emperor of GERMANY, there now appears the following line—*Rex est major sin-*

*gulis, minor universis.* HEIT HITHERCLIFT, the well-known German authority, having made a careful examination of the page, states his opinion that the handwriting is that of Prince BISMARCK, or is an excellent imitation.

## A WARLIKE TALE FROM THE PACIFIC.

(Fragment from the Possible Diary of a Realistic Novelist.)

WELL, now I think I have got matters pretty straight. The question is, whether the Baron will accept my last message as chaff, or resent it. Let me see, how does it read—"It is suggested, for the President's consideration, that rumours uncorrected or unexplained acquire almost the force of admitted truth." Quite so—so they do. Let me see—"That any want of confidence between the governed and the Government must be hurtful"—well, to us both. Yes! That's all right. So it will! Lastly, "That the rumours, in their present form, tend to damage the white races in the native mind, and to influence for the worse the manners of the Samoans." Now, that *ought* to fetch him! A wink is as good as a nod to a blind pig! However, he is quite ass enough to do nothing! Everybody saying that he is going to blow us all up, himself included! Why it's enough to make the natives rise and kill every white man in the place. Still, good idea for a story.

Later. The idiot! Instead of promptly denying the facts, he says he won't have anything to do with us, because "we care so little for the correctness of the facts we deal with." We only asked for information. Are we going to be blown into smithereens, or are we not? That's the point, and he won't tell us! Wants to know what business it is of ours? The situation is decidedly dramatic—but unpleasant!

Later Still.—Have replied that "the matter very much concerns us." Tell him, we wrote, not for protection, but for information. "Are we going to be blown up, or are we not?" An answer will oblige.

A Little Later.—No, he is not to be drawn. Won't swerve an inch. So now we are trying another dodge. Will he resign his dual office? He says he will resign one. But he knows that won't do. If he remains chief adviser to the King, we shall be nowhere. His last idea is to resign the Presidentship of the Municipal Council. Why, we are the Council, and we should have kicked him out if he hadn't! Very funny, but it's hard to laugh when one's within an ace of a massacre or an explosion.

Latest.—Still in doubt. However, have a subject for something in the dramatic line. What the entertainment will be, depends upon the future development of the plot. At present it may turn out a Tragedy—or an *Opéra-bouffe*.



## QUITE FABULOUS!

(A Story of the Times, dedicated to Professor Munro.)

KING COLE, although described as a "merry old soul," was in reality a tyrant. He had a number of subjects who used to work underground, and their labour was to bring to the surface the black diamonds of the earth. It was not altogether a pleasant occupation, but still, the task had to be accomplished. His Majesty was fond of ferocious practical jokes, and perchance this may have been the origin of the jocular description attached to his name. One day, some of his subjects complained that their hours of labour were too many.

"How long do you work?" asked the King.

"May it please you, Sire, sixteen," was the reply.

"Try what you can do with twelve," and they were about to depart rejoicing, when the Monarch called them back and added, "But mind you, I shall expect just as many black diamonds to be unearthed as before."

So the King's subjects worked only twelve hours, and strange to say, quite as many black diamonds were produced as in the olden days. Then the workmen began to grumble once more, and the King again interviewed them.

"Do you still work twelve hours?" he asked the deputation.

"Certainly, Your Majesty; but we think half would be quite enough," returned the spokesman.

"By all means—why not make it three hours?" and again his subjects were departing, rejoicing, when once more he added, "But I shall expect just the same output as before."

And he got it, for the men worked harder than ever. And then they came yet again to him. Once more they considered the hours of labour excessive. They thought sixty minutes plenty.

"So do I," replied the Monarch, "not only plenty, but too many. But as it is scarcely worth while employing you only half an hour a day, I shall make other arrangements."

And from that time forth he brought up his black diamonds from the centre of the earth by machinery!

NOT "HALF A CHAP."—A well-known Clergyman, who "does nothing by halves," i.e., Dean HOLE.



"WHEN A MAN DOES NOT LOOK HIS BEST."—No. 4.

WHEN HE JUST BEGINS TO REALISE WHAT A SUFFERING HE WOULD HAVE SAVED HIMSELF, IF HE HAD ONLY HAD THE COURAGE TO SAY "MEDIUM" INSTEAD OF "HARD."

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN the Christmas Numbers of the numerous picture-papers it is at first rather difficult to discover which is the genuine article illustrated, and which the advertisement, likewise illustrated. In the outside picture of the Christmas Number of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, which represents a couple dancing together, I am not yet quite sure that the handsome Hebraic gentleman, dancing with a fair Anglo-Saxon girl, is not assuring his frightened-looking partner that "Epps's Cocoa is Grateful—Comforting," as stated in the paragraph immediately beneath the afore-said picture. On the next page is a sad illustration entitled, "The Curse of Revenge. Lost to Human Aid," which turns out to be not a Christmas story at all, but an advertisement for Fruit Salt. Then opposite this commences a story by GEORGE R. SIMS; and at the foot of this page some one replies, "Mr. DOOLAN! There's no one of that name here now, Sir." Whereupon, being interested, the reader turns over page 1 to find at the head of page 2, not the continuation of the above interesting story in the shape of some remark on the



The Baron's Retainers, Mesdames Blythe and Gay, giving him the results of their readings.

part of the inquirer, nor any account of what happened after this reply had been given, but simply "Benson's Watches" followed by "Fry's Chocolate," then a picture (not an advertisement) facing that, and then on page 4 the remainder of the dialogue. It doesn't much matter perhaps, as the excitement aroused by the story is not violent, and the mistake of giving somebody else's card for your own does not occur here for the first time as the motive of a plot. CUTHBERT BEDE's name is to a "Christmas Carol," and Mr. JOHN LATET's to a dramatically told tale called "Mark Temple's Trial," in which the imaginary heroine pays a visit to a very real person of the name of Madame KATTI LANNER, whose pupils are represented as all assembled, with bouquets and posies, to do honour to the birthday of their "well-loved mistress," who is at the same time, "the acknowledged mistress of the choreographic art." In this story, the author is to be complimented on his invention of the name, "Lord Morgagemore" as an ancient-looking and highly aristocratic Irish title.

"Up to any game at Christmas, if it's not too high," says the Baron of Hampshire, who detests all game that is lofty, but is glad to welcome a Shakspearian Revival by MYERS & Co. in the shape of a *Nine Men's Morris*, a title the Baron recommends to the notice of Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS,yclept "BILLY," when he is making another bouquet of posies. By the way, BIM BROS.' Almanac Cards, one of the Baron's Lady Helps describes as "decidedly dainty." Christmas is specially a card-playing season, a time of *Pax* to everybody.

From the *Gordon Stables* of HUTCHINSON & Co. issues the nightmare tale of *The Cruise in the Crystal Boat*: when finished, try their *Family Difficulty*, by SARAH DOUBNEY. Send to the Deanery of DEAN AND SON, ask for *Baby's Biography* and *The Little One's Own Beehive*. The Spindleside department of the Baron's Booking-Office recommends both the above for the Tiny Trots; while the Spearside tells the boys to go in for MANVILLE PENN'S *Burr Junior* and Mrs. R. LEE'S *Adventures in Australia*. Then for all-comers, procure BEATRICE HARRADEN'S *New Book of Fairies*, for, our "Co," thus puts it, "This is all concerning those poor little Fairies, about whom no one takes any trouble, and who are left out in the cold at Christmas time." Thus for this week conclude the duties of Mesdames BLYTHE and GAY, the Baron's Lady Assistant PERUSERS. "I trust my gentle Public will benefit by their advice," quoth,

Theirs truly, THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



# "NOW YOU'RE QUITE THE GENTLEMAN!"

(A Ballad of Birmingham.)

["You will not find an alliance in which the weaker side has been so loyal, so straight, so single-hearted, so patriotic as the Liberal Unionists have been during the last five years . . . Birmingham is the centre, the consecration of this alliance."]

Lord Salisbury at Birmingham.

"Now I neither look for nor desire reunion" (with the Gladstonian Liberals.)—Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham.]



AIR—"Ye Gentlemen of England." \*

YE Gentlemen of England,  
Who follow SALIS-BU-RY,  
How little did you count upon  
Assistance from J. C.!

\* Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was once reported to have congratulated himself upon his co-operation with "English Gentlemen."

Give ear unto his speeches  
old,  
And they will plainly show  
Once he'd scorn to be borne  
Where the Tory breezes blow,  
Where the Lilies and Prim-  
roses bloom,  
And the Tory zephyrs blow.

If once he did oppose you,  
To-day he is at war  
With GLADSTONE and his Items.  
Faith, JOE has travelled far!  
The Primrose Dames shall teach him  
True patriot "form" to know.  
He is leal, and will kneel  
To the "Lilies" in fair row;

To the pretty, win-  
some Primrose girls,  
Who buttonhole  
BRUM JOE.

Ye Gentlemen of Eng-  
land,  
Whom once he did  
deride,  
How safe ye are, and  
how serene,  
With JOSEPH on your  
side.  
He talks no more of  
"Ransom"  
(Tis P-e-n-s-i-o-n  
rather now),  
BRUM JOE will not go  
Where the Hawarden  
winds do blow;  
Where HARCOURT  
thunders loud and  
long,  
And Gladstonians  
blare and blow.

The Orchid from his  
button  
JOE's willing to dis-  
place,  
To take the Primrose  
posy  
That's proffered by  
Her Grace.  
O gentle dame (and  
dainty,  
What man could  
answer "No!")  
As you prest to his  
breast  
The most blessed  
flowers that blow,  
The blossoms loved by  
BEACONSFIELD  
The bravest blooms  
that blow?

O (Brummagem) Tory  
Beauty,  
'Tis yours to consc-  
crate  
The holiest Alliance  
Our land hath seen of  
late.  
Shall he reject its sym-  
bol,  
Or answer "Not for  
JOE!"?  
Nay, sweet girl, such a  
churl  
Were no "Gentle-  
man" you know;  
And JOE is "quite  
the Gentleman,"  
BRUM BRUMMEL in  
full blow!

Then courage, all brave  
Unionists,  
And never be afraid  
Whilst Brummagem  
Republican  
Is witched by Prim-  
rose Maid.  
There is soft fascina-  
tion  
In radiant rank, we  
know;  
And a posy, though  
primrosy,  
From soft hands makes  
soft hearts glow,  
Lilies—though they  
toil not nor spin  
Are beauteous—in  
full blow!





Chappie (after missing his fourth Stag, explains). "AW—FACT IS, THE—AW—WAVING GRASS WAS IN MY WAY."  
Old Stalker. "HOOT, MON, WAD YE HAE ME BRING OUT A SCYTHE!"

## Lord Lytton.

BORN NOV. 8, 1831. DIED NOV. 24, 1891.

WERE clever wise, were grandiose great,  
How many a servant of the State  
Had left a more enduring name.  
But all is not for all; 'tis far  
From flaming meteor to fixed star,  
From notoriety to fame.

Picturesque son of brilliant sire,  
It wanted but the touch of fire  
Prometheus only knows to bring  
The flame divine in him to wake  
Who moved our plaudits when he spake,  
But stirred no passion when he'd sing.

The Orient pageantry he loved,  
The histrio not the hero moved,  
The dilettante not the sage.  
Hence in our England's East his hand  
Turned, in a story sternly grand,  
A motley mock-heroic page.

He by the Seine found fitter place  
For courtly wit and modish grace,  
Than by the Indus. There right well  
His facile talent served his Chief;  
And England hears with genuine grief  
That sudden-sounding passing bell.

### New Name.

Who prizes Literature? All sorts and sizes  
Of literary wares now hang on "prizes."  
'Tis not prose fictionists or poem-spinners  
The public rush for; no, 'tis "all the  
winners!"  
Letters in lotteries find support most sure—  
Let us be frank, and call them *Lotteryture*!

## SUITOR RESARTUS.

*A Sentimental Dilemma.*

How can I woo you in this ancient suit?  
You do not notice it, of course; I know it.  
My soul is burdened with a shapeless boot,  
Your heart is singing welcome to your poet.



Here in the shadowy settle I can sit [tial,  
And sparkle with you, brightly confiden-  
But when into the lamp-bright zone you flit,  
I shrink into some corner penitential.  
A well-dressed crowd, their tailors all un-  
paid, collars glisten;  
Throng round you there, and cuffs and  
Of pity's blindness, as of scorn, afraid,  
I shun the merry fray, and darkling listen,  
For who could urge the timidest of suits,  
Conscious of such indifferent clothes and  
boots?

You think me quite as good as other men;  
Nay, more, I think you think me vastly  
better;  
Your candid glances seem to ask me when  
I'll seek to bind you in a willing fetter.  
Is this presumption? Not from friend to  
friend, [lovers;  
Whose souls unite like clasping hands of  
Yet can I breathe no word of love, to end  
The delicate doubt that o'er the unspoken  
hovers.  
If I were hopeless that you loved me not,  
My hopeless love, confess'd, myself would  
flatter,  
But should the blissful dream be true, I wot  
That love confess'd the joy of love would  
shatter.  
My Queen, indeed as king I'd love to lord it;  
I cannot tell you that I can't afford it.

POSSIBLE EXPLANATION. — "For many months nothing has been heard of Lieutenant IVANITCH," was the remark of our leading journal *à propos* of Russian disappearances. Is it not probable that IVANITCH, unable to find a poet to suit him, has gone on tour with a "scratch company"?



## THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

NO XVII.

SCENE—Under the Colonnade of the *Hôtel Grande Bretagne, Bellagio*. CULCHARD is sitting by one of the pillars, engaged in constructing a sonnet. On a neighbouring seat a group of smart people are talking over their acquaintances, and near them is another visitor, a Mr. CRAWLEY STRUTT, who is watching his opportunity to strike into the conversation.

Mrs. Hurlingham. Well, she'll be Lady CHESEBARE some day, when anything happens to the old Earl. He was looking quite ghastly when we were down at SKYMPINGS last. But they're frightfully badly off now, poor dears! Lady DRIBLETT lets them have her house in Park Lane for parties and that—but it's wonderful how they live at all!

Colonel Sandown. He looked pretty fit at the Rag the other day. Come across the SENLACS anywhere? Thought Lady SENLAC was going abroad this year.

Mr. Crawley Strutt. Hem—I saw it mentioned in the *Penny Patrician* that her Ladyship had—

Mrs. Hurl. (without taking the slightest notice of him). She's just been marryin' her daughter, you know—rather a good match, too. Not what I all pretty, —smart-lookin', that's all. But then her sister wasn't pretty till she married.

Col. Sand. Nice family she married into! Met her father-in-law, old Lord BLETHERHAM, the other morning, at a chemist's in Piccadilly—he'd dropped in there for a pick-me-up; and there he was, tellin' the chemist all the troubles he'd had with his other sons marryin' the way they did, and that. Rum man to go and confide in his chemist, but he's like that—fond of the vine!

Mr. C. S. Er—er—it's becoming a very serious thing, Sir, the way our aristocracy is deteriorating, is it not?

Col. S. Is it? What have they been up to now, eh? Haven't seen a paper for days.

Mr. C. S. I mean these mixed marriages, and, well, their general goings on. I don't know if you're acquainted with a paper called the *Penny Patrician*? I take it in regularly, and I assure you—loyal supporter of our old hereditary institutions as I am—some of the revelations I read about in high life make me blush—yes, downright blush for them!

Col. S. Do they, though? If I were you I should let 'em do their own blushing, and save my pennies.

Mr. C. S. (deferentially). No doubt you're right, Sir, but I like the *Patrician* myself—it's very smartly written. Talking of that, do you happen to know the ins and outs of that marriage of young Lord GOSLINGTON's? Something very mysterious about the party he's going to marry—who are her people now?

Col. S. Can't say, I'm sure—no business of mine, you know.

Mr. C. S. There I venture to think you're wrong, Sir. It's the business of everybody—the duty, I may say—to see that the best blood of the nation is not—(Col. S. turns into the hotel; Mr. C. S. sits down near CULCH.)—Remarkably superior set of visitors staying here, Sir! My chief objection to travel always is, that it brings you in contact with parties you wouldn't think of associating with at home. I was making that same remark to a very pleasant little fellow I met on the steamer—er—Lord UPPERSOLE, I think it was—and he entirely concurred. Your friend made us acquainted.—(PODBURY comes out of the hotel.)—Ah, here is your friend.—(To PODB.)—Seen his Lordship about lately, Sir?—Lord UPPERSOLE, I mean, of course!

Podb. UPPERSOLE? No—he's over at Cadenabbia, I believe.

Mr. C. S. A highly agreeable spot to stay at. Indeed, I've some

idea myself of— Exceedingly pleasant person his Lordship—so affable, so completely the gentleman!

Podb. Oh, he's affable enough—for a boot-maker. I always give him a title when I see him, for the joke of the thing—he likes it.

Mr. C. S. He may, Sir. I consider a title is not a thing to be treated in that light manner. It—it was an unpardonable liberty to force me into the society of that class of person—unpardonable, Sir!

[He goes.]

Podb. Didn't take much forcing, after he once heard me call him "Lord UPPERSOLE"! Where are all the others, eh? Thought we were going up to the Villa Serbelloni this afternoon.

Culch. I—er—have not been consulted. Are they—er—all going?

[With a shade of anxiety.]

Podb. I believe so. You needn't be afraid, you know. HYPATIA won't have the chance of ragging you now—she and Miss TROTTER have had a bit of a breeze.

Culch. I rather gathered as much. I think I could guess the—

Podb. Yes, HYPATIA's rather uneasy about poor old BOB; thinks Miss TROTTER is—well, carrying on, you know. She is no end of a little flirt—you know that well enough!—(C. disclaims impatiently.) Here you all are, eh?

—(To Miss P., Miss T., and BOB.)—Well, who knows the way up to the villa?

Miss T. It's through the town, and up some steps by the church—you can't miss it. But Mr. PRENDERGAST is going to show me a short cut up behind the hotel—aren't you, Mr. PRENDERGAST?

Miss P. (icily). I really think, dear, it would be better if we all kept together—for so many reasons!

Culch. (with alacrity). I agree with Miss PRENDERGAST. A short cut is invariably the most indirect route.

Miss P. (with intention). You hear what Mr. CULCHARD says, my dear MAUD? He advocates direct ways, as best in the long run.

Miss T. It's only going to be a short run, my love. But I'm verry glad to observe that you and Mr. CULCHARD are so perfectly harmonious, as I'm leaving him on your hands for a spell. Aren't you ever coming, Mr. PRENDERGAST?

[She leads him off, a not unwilling captive.]

A Path in the Grounds of the Villa Serbelloni.

Podb. (considerately, to CULCHARD, who is following Miss PRENDERGAST and him, in acute misery). Look here, old fellow, Miss PRENDERGAST would like to sit down, I know; so don't you bother about keeping with us if you'd rather not, you know!

[CULCHARD murmurs an inarticulate protest. Miss P. Surely, Mr. PODBURY, you are aware by this time that Mr. CULCHARD has a perfect mania for self-sacrifice!]

[CULCHARD drops behind, crushed.]

Among the Ruins at the top of the Hill.

Culch. (who has managed to overtake Miss T. and her companion). Now do oblige me by looking through that gap in the pines towards Lecco. I particularly wish you to observe the effect of light on those cliffs—it's well worth your while.

Miss T. Why, certainly, it's a view that does you infinite credit. Oh, you didn't take any hand in the arrangement? But ain't you afraid if you go around patting the scenery on the head this way, you'll have the lake overflow?

Bob. P. Ha-ha-ha! One in the eye for you, CULCHARD!

Culch. (with dignity). Surely one may express a natural enthusiasm without laying oneself open—?

Miss T. Gracious, yes! I should hope you wouldn't want to show your enthusiasm that way—like a Japanese nobleman!

Culch. (to himself). Now that's coarse—really coarse!—(Aloud.)—I seem to be unable to open my mouth now without some ridiculous distortion—





Miss T. My!—but that's a serious symptom—isn't it? You don't feel like you were going to have lock-jaw, do you, Mr. CULCHARD?

[CULCHARD falls back to the rear once more. Later—Mr. VAN BOODELER has joined the party; HYPATIA has contrived to detach her brother. CULCHARD has sought refuge with PODBURY.]

Miss T. (to VAN B.). So that's what kept you? Well, it sounds just too enchanting. But I can't answer for what Miss PRENDERGAST will say to it. It mayn't suit her notions of propriety.

Mr. Van B. I expect she'll be superior to Britannic prejudices of that kind. I consider your friend a highly cultivated and charming lady, MAUD. She produces that impression upon me.

Miss T. I presume, from that, she has shown an intelligent interest in the great Amurrean novel?

Mr. Van B. Why, yes; it enlists her literary sympathies—she sees all its possibilities.

Miss T. And they're pretty numerous, too. But here she comes. You'd better tell her your plan right now.

Miss P. (in an earnest undertone to BOB, as they approach, followed by CULCH. and BOB). You must try and be sensible about it, BOB; if you are too blind to see that she is only—

BOB (sulkily). All right! Haven't I said I'd go? What's the good of jawing about it?

Mr. V. B. (to Miss P.) I've been telling my cousin I've been organising a little water-party for this evening—moonlight, mandolins, Menaggio. If you find that alliteration has any attractions, I hope you and your brother will do me the pleasure of—

Miss P. I'm afraid not, thanks. We have all our packing to do. We find we shall have to leave early to-morrow.

[Van B.'s face falls; BOB listens gloomily to Miss T.'s rather perfunctory expressions of regret; PODBURY looks anxious and undecided; CULCHARD does his best to control an unseemly joy.]

## THE GOOD NEW "TIMES."

NOBODY, after visiting Terry's Theatre, can apply to Mr. PINERO's piece the hackneyed phrase,—used apologetically by an unconscionable reader after detaining the leading journal for three-quarters of an hour,—“Oh, there's nothing in *The Times*,” for, in Mr. PINERO's piece there is plenty of amusement, if not of absorbing interest.

The story is that of a *parvenu*, whose sole object in life, to be recognised by “Society,” is thwarted by the marriage of his good-for-nothing son with the daughter of an Irish lodging-house keeper.

The struggles of Mr. and Mrs. Bompas to conceal this *mésalliance*, and the assistance given them in their difficulties by the Hon. Montague Trimble, constitute the motive of the play. But the question that must occur to the critical mind is, “Did the author mean this piece for high comedy, or farcical comedy?” If the former, then Mr. TERRY is wrong in his conception of the part; if the latter, everybody else is wrong in their conception of their parts.

It seems to me as if, in the course of rehearsal, the peculiarities distinguishing the character of Percy Egerton Bompas, M.P., had gradually become assimilated with the individualities of the actor, Mr. EDWARD TERRY. If Mr.

PINERO so meant it, if he so wrote it for Mr. TERRY and for Mr. TERRY only, then there is nothing more to be said; Mr. PINERO's ideal is realised. But if the author did not intend Mr. TERRY's impersonation, then he must be content to sacrifice the ideal to the real, shrug his shoulders, and pocket his profits. Yet, as if making an appeal to the public to judge between the auctorial abstract and the representational concrete, Mr. PINERO not only publishes his play-book, but sells it in the theatre. Visitors to TERRY's, who buy the book, will judge the play by its stage interpretation that has had the advantage of the author's personal supervision and direction. The representation, therefore, is either more or less in accordance with his teaching, or flatly contradicts it.

The publication of the book of a comedy in a theatre may be thankfully received as a present help to the audience, and an aid to memory afterwards, or it may be considered as a protest on the part

of the author who says, “Here's what I have written. See how they act it: whether it be farce or comedy, judge for yourselves. You pay your money, and you take your choice.” Suffice it, then, to record that, on the night of this deponent's visit, the piece played from eight till past eleven, and that the audience (from first to last was generally amused, but, I should be inclined to say, “particularly disappointed at the collapse of Mr. TERRY's part in the last Act (the principal portion of which he passes curled up on a sofa, with the top of his forehead powdered white! Why?), and mystified by the sudden and apparently unnecessary revelation, made by Miss Cazalet, to the effect that Lucy Tuck (a mentally and physically short-sighted girl) is her illegitimate daughter; and these two last-named personages, though essential to the plot, fail unfortunately in rousing any sentiment of pity or of sympathy.

Mr. ELLIOT is excellent as the Hon. Montague Trimble; nothing better, apart from Mr. HARR's eccentric characters, has been seen on the stage for some considerable time. I hope the author is of the same opinion. Mr. FRED THORNE is capital as the Irish Member; and as Mrs. Hooley, an obtrusively Irish eccentricity of Thackerayan extraction, Miss ALEXIS LEIGHTON is very good, for the character, as drawn by the author, is obtrusive, and is so meant to be. The Mrs. Egerton Bompas of Miss FANNY BROUGH is the woman to the life, and, in my humble judgment, Miss BROUGH's impersonation is well-nigh faultless. Whether, if the part of Egerton Bompas were played as high comedy, this would still improve Miss BROUGH's impersonation of Mrs. Bompas or not, it is difficult to decide; but I am inclined to think this would be the result. What does the author think? Most likely he will continue to “think”; it is the wiser course. Mr. HENRY V. ESMOND makes the lad, Howard Bompas, unnecessarily repulsive; but if, in doing so, he is only exactly carrying out the author's idea, i.e., “Master's orders,” then he is no longer responsible for the overcharged colouring. The probable fate of this unhappy pair, an impulsive uneducated kind of Irish orange-girl married to a contemptible young sot, is not a pleasant termination to the story, nor is the anticipatory sadness felt for the future of this ill-assorted couple in any way dissipated by the stereotyped and perfunctory offer of marriage made by the young London Journal Nobleman to the daughter of the utterly crushed snob just before the Curtain descends.

Why the piece is called *The Times*, remains a mystery. To-day would have been better; that is, if by *The Times* is only meant “The Present Day.” And if it doesn't mean this, what meaning has it? For alliterative advertisement it may be useful; e.g., “Times at TERRY's.” The dialogue generally is easy, natural and telling.

Yours,

PRIVATE BOX.

## FOLLOW THE BARON!

[“Such characters as he should retire into fiction, they are too exaggerated for real life.”—“Times” on Mr. E. L. Stevenson's *Bad Baron of Samon*.]

Oh, most excellent true! How I thank thee, great Times,  
For teaching that phrase! 'Tis delicious!  
Fiction! The haunt of mad follies, crass crimes,  
Fads futile, and tastes meretricious.  
Oh, joy, to transport to that Limbo of Fools,  
Upon trial and honest conviction,  
The plagues of our Parties, our Churches, our Schools,  
Who ought to “retire into Fiction.”

When WINDYWHAME, M.P., goes spouting about,  
His flatulent madness and malice;  
When SLUDGE, after years of dogmatical doubt,  
Finds Faith's Wonderland worthy of Alice;  
When POPINJAY airs his effeminate Art,  
And DOBBS sputters dirt in choice diction,  
Ye gods, there'd be joy in Church, Forum, and Mart,  
If the fools would “retire into Fiction.”

Pragmatical pietists, sceptics obtuse  
Who Progress impede with crude cackle,  
Pre-destinate duffers of prattle profuse,  
Who the biggest world-problems would tackle;  
State-quacks, shouting Emperors, queer School-Board cranks,  
We'll give you our best benediction,  
And speed you at parting with heartiest thanks,  
If you'll only—“retire into Fiction!”



One of the Leaders in  
*The Times*.







## EMANCIPATION.

*Young Bride of Three Hours standing (just starting on her Wedding Trip).—"OH, EDWIN DEAR! HERE'S 'TOM JONES.' PAPA TOLD ME I WASN'T TO READ IT TILL I WAS MARRIED! THE DAY HAS COME . . . AT LAST! BUY IT FOR ME, EDWIN DEAR."*

## ARMING THE AMAZONS.

(Modern Brummagem Version.)

[At the meeting (at Birmingham) of the National Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations, a resolution in favour of "considering the claims of women to be admitted to the franchise when entitled by ownership or occupation," was carried "by an overwhelming majority, amid loud cheers." Mrs. FAWCETT afterwards said, "What new forces were they (the Conservative Party) prepared to bring against the anarchy, socialism and revolution which were arrayed against them? The granting of women's suffrage would be against the disintegrating power of the other side, as women were everywhere anti-revolutionary forces . . . This would add about 800,000 to the electorate. They would be, she believed, middle-aged women of property, than whom she thought they could not assemble more anti-revolutionary forces."]

*Trojan Leader loquitor:—*

To arm the Amazons against the Greeks, OVIDIUS hints, proud manhood galls and piques.

No doubt; yet Naso did it in his day, And we, in ours, who, sorely-pressed, would stay

The rising tide of Revolution, check Disintegration, of the claws who'd peck At our political sleeves and platform hearts Must not be frightened.

"Rummiest of starts," The ribald Cockney cries; to see at length, "The Tory seeking to recruit his strength From those he dubbed, in earlier, scornfuller mood

The crowing hens, the shrieking sisterhood!" Shade of sardonic SMOLLETT, haunt no more St. Stephen's precincts; list not to the roar!

Of the mad Midland cheers, when FEILDING'S plan

Of levelling (moneyed) Woman up to Man Wins "Constitutional" support and votes From a "majority" of Tory throats! Mrs. LYNN LINTON, how this vote must vex, That caustic censor of her own sweet sex! Wild Women—with the Suffrage! Fancy that,

O fluent Lady, at tart nick-names pat! Girls of the Period? They were bad enough, But what a deal of skimble-skamble stuff Will Mrs. FAWCETT's Middle-aged Ones talk

When these eight hundred thousand hens o' Cackle for Order, Purity, and Peace!!

Partlets may save our Capitol, as geese Once did the Roman; nigh a million—JUNOS, Roll back the tide of Revolution. Who knows?

Not PRIAM-SALISBURY. Does he look askance At the new Amazonian Queen's advance? Does he hide apprehension with a smile? The Amazons are used to Grecian guile; ACHILLES-GLADSTONE sorely they mistrust. Which side will give them more than fain it must?

To-day the Trojans show the friendlier PENTHESILEA, whom the Greeks would shunt, Proffers her aid to Troy Troy, to keep High Ilium against the foes who creep Nearer and nearer to its sacred walls. ACHILLES o'er the trenches loudly calls, In menace fierce, thrasonic in his boast, His Myrmidons, a mad and motley host, Mean boundless mischief, the Palladium's gone

If they are not repulsed. It must be done,

Come what, come will. PRIAM has trimmed his sails

To popular winds until the pilot fails To know the old and carefully charted course. His wisdom, and brave ARTHUR-HECTOR'S force,

May yet prove vain if no auxiliar hand Help yon Anarchic legions to withstand. The Amazonian host? Aha! Well hit! Scruple to take she-helping? Not a bit Too late for proud punctilio. No, this Queen Is not so lovely, of such royal mien, As hers who witched ACHILLES e'en in death. An elderly Amazon of shortish breath, With gingham huge and gig-lamps, though she hold

That "Property" buckler broad and bossed with gold

Is scarce a Siren—of the ancient style; More of Minerva's frown than Venus' smile! But then, eight hundred thousand!!!

There's the rub.

Recruited from the Platform and the Tub, With Middle-aged and Propertied Amazons, Ilium may master e'en the Myrmidons. Come, anti-revolutionaries, come! Strike Anarchy dead, and Socialism dumb! Accept new arms, ye maiden cohorts! Take The weapon that shall make ACHILLES shake, And reinforce, against the wiles of Greece, The powers of Property, Privilege, and Peace!

## OPTIMISM.

"All's for the best," smirks fatuous DIVES. He Means, "I'm the best, and therefore all's for me."





## ARMING THE AMAZONS.

PRIAM (*loquitur*). "ACCEPT NEW ARMS, YE MAIDEN COHORTS! TAKE THE WEAPON THAT SHALL MAKE ACHILLES SHAKE, AND REINFORCE, AGAINST THE WILES OF GREECE, THE POWERS OF PROPERTY, PRIVILEGE, AND PEACE!"







## ONLY FANCY!

WE understand that Mr. GLADSTONE has followed, with much interest, the speeches delivered in the country last week, and was observed to be visibly affected at the touching spectacle of the final reconciliation of Lord SALISBURY and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN at Birmingham. "They toil not, neither do they spin," he said, furtively wiping away a tear; "nevertheless, they seem made for each other's company."

The Right Hon. Gentleman will take his turn



"A Fantasy of Disordered Imagination."

next week, and a report is current in interested quarters, that he has gone into training under the personal direction of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. JOHN MORLEY, who assist to support him whilst here hears his speech. This is a fantasy of disordered imagination. Mr. G. is in splendid form, spoiling for a fight.

A trustworthy Correspondent informs us that, owing to accidental displacement of his notes, a telling point was omitted from Lord SALISBURY's first speech at Birmingham. It was intended to come in at the passage where the PREMIER boldly flouted apprehension of Ministerial disaster at the General Election. He had meant to cite Mr. JACKSON's appointment as conclusive proof that the Government would exist at least up to the year 1900.

"SHAKESPEARE," he should have said, "has written, 'a tanner will last you nine year,' and of course the duration of the Government will be co-incidental with the prolongation of the term of our Financial Secretary to the Treasury, withdrawn from commercial pursuits at Leeds."

HERR VON DER BLOWITZOWN-TROMP has some interesting reminiscences of the lamented Baron MAC HINERY. "When he was appointed Legate at the Court of the Isle of Man," writes the great historian of our times, "he dined with me in passing through Nanterre. It was the very day the Marquis DE MOULIN had been elected Pompiere. The other guests were, His Excellency the CON OF CRIM TARTARY, Prince ALLEZ-VOUS-EN, His Excellency the VICUNA of BRAZIL, the SANDWICH AMBASSADOR, the DOGE of VENICE, and the Baron MUNCHAUSEN, who was a kind of amateur partner of mine, in whom I had much confidence—I always left him with my day's correspondence ready to be committed to paper. In the course of the dinner a stupid *garçon*, handing the ice round, dropped a small piece down the back of the neck of the DOGE of VENICE. With great presence of mind Baron MUNCHAUSEN seized the poker (which fortunately happened to be in the fire), and, with inimitable dexterity, passed the red-hot brand between the DOGE's shirt-collar and his neck, and, deftly touching the piece of ice, melted it. It was an awkward moment. The canned lobster was just served, but no one thought of eating it. The CON of CRIM TARTARY turning to Baron MAC HINERY, said,—

"You, my Lord, who are disinterested in this matter, tell us what you think of it."

"I think," replied the Baron, with admirable *sangfroid*, "his Highness the DOGE would have felt better if the ice had been warmer, and the poker cooler."

Everybody laughed. The DOGE and Baron MUNCHAUSEN 'abook hands, and the dinner ended gaily.

RAYMOND, writing *lui-même* with too infrequent pen, makes pathetic reference to the death of "one of the largest and best known purveyors of Rhine wine, with whom I have had business relations and personal intercourse for nearly thirty years." There is, we need hardly say, no basis for the insinuation thrown out by HERED that the business relations referred to were of the commission order sometimes established between purveyors of Rhine and other wines and gentlemen who have a wide circle of friends.

## THEORY AND PRACTICE.

SCENE—Interior of a First-class Railway Carriage. *Theoretical Passenger and Practical Passenger discussing the "Unreadiness of England."*

*Theoretical Passenger (at the conclusion of a long account of the national shortcomings).* Yes, my dear Sir, France has only to declare war to-morrow, and we are completely ruined! We cease to exist as a nation!

*Practical Passenger (with a smile).* But hasn't this been said about us—by ourselves—for any number of years?

*Theo. Pas.* Doubtless, but that does not make it the less true.

*Prac. Pas.* Possibly; still, it is encouraging to find that we do exist in spite of the "temptation to belong to other nations."

*Theo. Pas. (annoyed).* Ah! you treat the matter with levity; but I assure you it is a most serious thing! How would you like to be bombarded?

*Prac. Pas.* Not at all. The more especially as it would be a great expense to the enemy.

*Theo. Pas. (with dignified resentment).* I see you consider the subject a proper topic for raillery! It is a very fine day!

*Prac. Pas. (in a conciliatory tone).* No, no, I can assure you I am deeply interested. But how about our Fleet—surely that should protect us?

*Theo. Pas.* You must be very much behind the age to say so. Our Fleet is practically valueless. It is perfectly easy to invade us at a dozen places. If the French went to Ireland (as they did in the last century), the conquest of England would be assured. They would (with the assistance of a friendly peasantry), get their supplies and make good their footing.

*Prac. Pas.* But how about our Army?

*Theo. Pas. A farce!* An expensive farce. We have no Regulars, the Militia exists only on paper, and the Volunteers are valueless.

*Prac. Pas.* Then why not have a Conscription—that would bring up our Army with a run?

*Theo. Pas. A Conscription!* My dear Sir, the nation wouldn't think of such a thing! No, not for a single moment!

*Prac. Pas. (after a pause).* Well, what is to be done?

*Theo. Pas. (promptly).* Nothing, except to write to the papers and submit to our fate.

*Prac. Pas.* Is there any objection to the construction of the Channel Tunnel?

*Theo. Pas. (carelessly).* None in the least—but why do you ask?

*Prac. Pas.* Because, if in the case of war, the entire French nation pours into England—as you say it will?

*Theo. Pas. Certainly.*

*Prac. Pas.* The best thing we can do is to utilise the Tunnel, pour into France, and stay there! It will be only changing sides!

[Conversation interrupted by whistle, and consequent rattle and darkness.]

## THE SPHINX AND THE STICK.

A Song wherein is suggested a suitable Subject for an Ibsenite Tragedy.

[SIR JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE thinks that "the reserve and suppression of emotional movement which is observed in English people" will probably result in all the women becoming sphinxes, and all the men sticks.]

"OH! do wag your head!" said the Sphinx to the Stick.

"I can't," he replied, "or I would, darling, quick!"

If you'll only indulge in a shrug and some winks,

You'll perhaps set me off," said the Stick to the Sphinx.

"Nay, long 'inhibition,'" the Sphinx made reply,

"Has imparted rigidity, love, to my eye."

"'Emotional movement' no longer is mine."

Sighed the Stick to the Sphinx; "though I greatly incline

To a dig in your ribs, or a slap on your back

(As a sign of my love), all my muscles are slack.

My poor 'motor-centres' are all out of gear,

And I can't even 'chuck' your soft chin, sweet, I fear.

I'm sure such a stolid inflexible 'stick' you'll hate,

But, though I adore you, I cannot gesticulate—"

"My case is as bad," sighed the Sphinx to the Stick,

"For I cannot 'bridle'—no more than a brick."

Said the Stick to the Sphinx, "Ah, we once knew what love

meant!

But, thanks to the loss of 'emotional movement,'

We can't give it 'graceful and chastened expression,'

And so it seems slipping fast out of possession.

Heigho! we had far better die, darling, quick!

Since you are a Sphinx, love, and I'm but a Stick!"

VERY LIKELY—JUST NOW.—A place to spend a Quiet Sunday—Eastbourne.





MR. PUNCH ON TOUR IN YORKSHIRE.



## "ON THE HYP"-NOTIST.

(Fragment from a Romance purely imaginary and yet to be written.)

THE Savants were gathered together to consider the question of Hypnotism. They had been appointed by a learned Association, and their Hon. Secretary had distinguished himself by writing a letter, which if eccentric in punctuation, was yet to the point.

"We must not forget, Gentlemen," said one of the learned persons, "that we have been appointed to investigate the use of Hypnotism as a therapeutic agent. It will be our duty to ascertain, if it is possible, that operations can be performed under the shield of its anæsthesia."

"You are indeed right," replied another, "and it is fortunate in one sense that we have not had the advantage of greeting at our board, Doctor OWEN COLEMAN of Dunedin, Surbiton."

"Why so?" asked a third.

"Because," returned Savant No. 2, "that distinguished Member of the Medical Profession can give instances of successful treatment under the prescribed circumstances. For instance, JULES CLOQUET, as early as 1845 was using Hypnotism in the cause of painless surgery. However, our pleasant little gathering can do no harm."

"Perhaps not," acquiesced Savant No. 3. "Although it is only right to remark that had we had Dr. COLEMAN's knowledge, we should have possibly considered it *qua* Committee a trifle superfluous."

"Do you not think we ought to visit the Aquarium?" asked the first speaker. "I am told that there is a Hypnotist who appears there twice a-day, and whose exhibition, from a scientific point of view, should be decidedly interesting."

After this there was a speedy departure, and for some hours the Committee lounged about the Aquarium. They there saw a female acrobat of great strength. Then they paid a visit to the Alhambra, where they met a pleasant young lady, who, seemingly without any assistance, lifted four or five bulky gentlemen seated on a chair. This she did without any exertion and with a smiling countenance. On their return to their private room, they seemed somewhat hostile to the pretensions of the Hypnotist, whose feats they had just witnessed—they preferred to his performances the feats of the Magnetic Lady.

"Quite a mistake," said one; "instead of taking off a leg, or showing the strength of a billiard cue, he makes men believe that they are swimming in a tank!"

"Very undignified," remarked another; "it would have been so much better had he performed a surgical operation—say, setting a compound fracture of the leg, like that performed by two medical men in 1845; and more interesting to the vast majority of the audience."

"But the Alhambra was excellent," was the reply. "Suppose we send to our Committee a Report of the 'Magnetic Lady' and ignore the Hypnotist?"

And so it was decided, and it was time to write their Report. Then pens, ink, and paper were produced, and the Savants prepared for work. They had scarcely commenced, when a gentleman stood in their midst, and glared at them. He gave them each a disc, and commanded them to gaze upon its surface. Then, one by one, they fell over—fast asleep. He placed them back in their chairs.

"Now for your Report," he murmured. "And so you would ignore my show and praise another! But you are in my power, and shall obey me! Write what I dictate!" And so they wrote. And, strange as it may appear to non-believers in Hypnotism, the Report, when published, was found to be an excellent advertisement for the Royal Westminster Aquarium!



## SENILE FELINE AMENITIES.

"WELL, GOOD AFTERNOON—I'M GOING TO CALL ON MY MOTHER!"

"WHAT! YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU'VE GOT A MOTHER LIVING?"

"OH YES—AND SHE DON'T LOOK A BIT OLDER THAN YOU DO—I ASSURE YOU!"

## OUR FINANCIAL COLUMN.

Orl Court, E.C.\*

I AM preparing a big coup, and wish all my friends to be in it. My friends are legion, it is true, but they may depend upon me to do the best for all. Nothing on the gigantic scale I am now preparing has been seen or heard of in the Financial World since the days of the Flood, when NOAH's floating capital weathered the storm. What was the stock worth when Father NOAH once again touched land? Expect the biggest result ever known. I may be sanguine. I have the right to be so.

"PONY."—Yes. Buy A. and C. N.B.—Invest big cheque with yours truly. The only safe and profitable investment.

"D. A. H."—Don't you do it, or you'll be H. A. D. Send cheques here. Strict account kept, and gains delivered in cash by special messenger.

"A HESITATER."—Don't doubt for a moment. Sell everything right off, and invest proceeds by cheque with your friend."

"A. S. S."—The Dividend days of the "Ex-Nihilo-Fit Loan and Insurance Company" are April 1, up to mid-day, and September 31.

So much for some of the principal Correspondents who require an answer in my weekly article. As for myself, I can only say that my motto is, "Confidentia Illimitata et Nulla Pecunia redditur." Within the last month the gross earnings of the office on behalf of my clients has been £12,345,678,910 which compares favourably with the previous month. Every penny of this, equal to 50 per cent. profit to every one of my clients, will be distributed within a week with a handsome bonus of twenty-five pounds to everyone sending in his coupon or cheque for fifteen sovereigns by twelve o'clock next Tuesday, after which hour it is impossible for any one, be he who he may, from Kaiser to Chimney-sweeper, to participate in the enormous profit which will have been honestly earned by

Yours truly,

\* N.B.—Note change of address.



CRENS.

SHORTLY TO APPEAR.—A Morning without Boots, by the Author of A Knight without Spurs.



## POPULAR SONGS RE-SUNG;

OR, MISS BOWDLER AT THE MUSIC HALLS.

## No. III.—THE SPOOKS IN THE SQUARE.

AIR—"The Goblins in the Churchyard."

I WENT down to the Psychological Society one night,  
And heard them talk of Spooks and things that filled me with affright.  
The Psychological Society, as every member boasts,  
Was founded with the object of investigating Ghosts!  
Now Ghosts, the modern species, are of very various sorts,  
For like some plants, as botanists say, they seem to run to "sports."  
I used to think a spectre *was* a spectre, but I find  
The "Psychical" can furnish Spooks of every class and kind.

Chorus.

Some of the Ghosts are little, some of the Ghosts are big,  
Some come in the guise of a headless man, and some of a spectre pig.  
Some of them laugh "Ha! ha!" Some of them wail "Heigho!"  
And I felt that night in a doose of a fright before it was time to go.

I had read *Phantasmagoria* by that  
writer quaint but grand,  
Who penned *The Hunting of the Snark*  
and *Alice in Wonderland*.  
And I thought I knew a thing or two,  
or might be even three,  
About a Ghoul, and a Fay or Troll, and  
a Brownie or Banshee.  
I knew that a Banshee always howled,  
whilst a Goblin might but yawn,  
I also knew that a Poltergeist was *not*  
a Leprechaun,  
But the Psychicals, I'm bound to say,  
had me on "battered toasters"  
With the wonderful changes which  
they rang on the good old Church-  
yard "Ghosts."

Chorus.

Some of their Ghosts were sages, some  
of them seemed sheer noddies;  
Some of the same like a "Wandering  
Flame," and others as "Astral  
Bodies."  
Some of theirs croaked "Ha! ha!" some of them chuckled  
"Ho! ho!" [time to go.]  
And I got so sad, I was heartily glad when I found it was

I dropped into the "Rose and Crown," a highly respectable  
tavern,  
For Ghosts are dry, and my thirst was high, my throat like a  
chalky cavern.  
I didn't have much, only four of cold Scotch, which is good  
to moisten chalk.

The night was fine, it was twelve twenty-nine, so I thought I  
might just as well walk.  
But when I entered Trafalgar Square, I heard a mysterious  
sound;

There was not even a Bobby in sight as I stole a glance around;  
But seated on NELSON's lions four, and perched on the neighbouring  
"posteses,"  
I saw, as we said in our Nursery Rhyme, a dozen or so of  
"Ghosteses"!

Chorus.

Some of the Ghosts were short, some of the Ghosts were tall,  
Some of them had most preposterous noddles, and some of them none  
at all,  
They all gave a shrill "Ha! ha!" they all gave a hushed  
"Ho! ho!"  
I turned in a fright and I wished 'em good night—but they would  
not let me go!

Then one of the Ghosts began to speak; down on my knees I sank,  
"I am a Nobleman's Ghost," said he, "and mine offence is  
Rank!"

I never cared for the Common Herd, the People I loved to crush;  
My only remark on the Poor was 'Pooh!' my retort to the Toilers  
'Tush!'

And if they dared to grumble, why, I used to raise my rents,  
For I always held that the Mob were made to keep up the Cent-per-  
cents,

And now in this Square I hear BURNS's blare, see the Red Banner  
wave,

And Society swished by the Socialist; so I cannot rest in my  
grave.

Chorus—Some of the Ghosts, &amp;c.

Another Ghost commenced. He said: "I was a great R. A.  
(I remember the time when we used to meet in "the pepper-pots,"  
over the way),  
My daubs were always hung on the line, for ourselves we used to  
judge,  
Our sole Ideal conventional cant, our *technique* broad brown  
smudge.  
And now BURNE JONES's pictures *sell!!!*"—here he writhed with a  
spectral twist—  
"And our 'broad brown smudge' gives way to the fudge cranks call  
'Impressionist.'  
I've lost my head, as perhaps you mark—though I keep a ventri-  
loquist tongue.  
What's the use of a head to an Artist Ghost, who has never a  
chance to be hung?"

Chorus—Some of the Ghosts, &amp;c.

A Lawyer's Ghost wept on his post, and then began to state  
That the Revolution of Sixty-eight—he meant of Six-and-eight—  
For the abolition of needless fees, and the stopping of useless jaw,  
Had capped the murder of Privilege  
by the massacre of Law:  
Order, this Spook went on to state,  
was the prey of police-less  
prank,  
All the real jam of life was lost with  
the abolition of Rank.  
Here he wept! Ah! *can* there be  
a sight a pitiful breast to thrill  
Like the Ghost of a Lawyer drop-  
ping a tear o'er the Ghost of a  
Lawyer's Bill?

Chorus—Some of the Ghosts, &amp;c.

I woke. A pain possessed my head.  
The gathered Ghosts were gone,  
And I lay there in Trafalgar Square,  
on a cold stone alone.  
I seemed to hear a wailing cry, a  
whisper on the breeze,  
Which said, in accents I well knew,  
"Now then, Time, Gentlemen,  
*please!*"  
It may have been the warning to recall  
those vagrant Ghosts  
To—wheresoever they abide, poor  
pallid spectral hosts!  
What it all meant I cannot tell, but  
this at least I know,  
To that Psychological Society no more at  
night I'll go!

Chorus.

Some of the Ghosts did goggle, some  
of the Spooks did stare,  
But there they sat in a spectral  
row round "the Squirts" in  
Trafalgar Square.

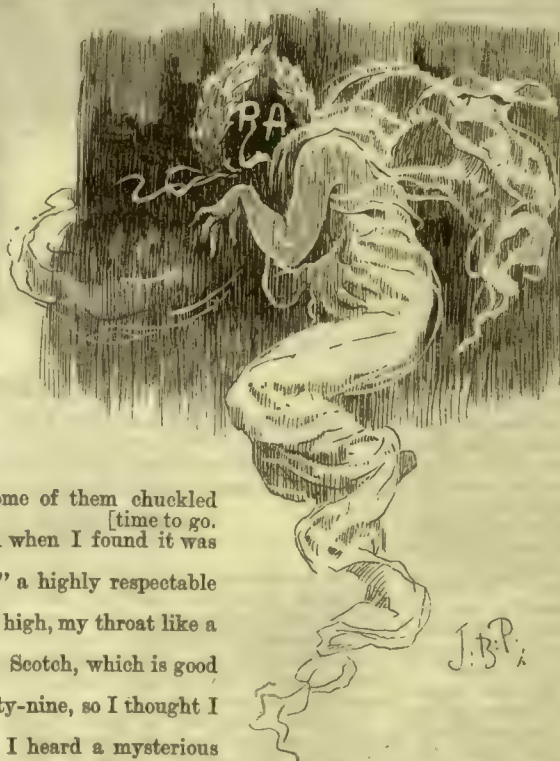
They all gave a loud "Ha! ha!" they all gave a loud "Ho! ho!"  
And I turned and fled, and got home to bed as the rooster began  
to crow!

THE NAKED TRUTH.—Our old friend, Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, was  
reading, the other day, a letter in the *Times* about "Electrical Tram-  
ways," when she came upon a line stating that "two naked con-  
ductors" would be used. Much shocked, she was about to look at  
something else in the paper when she noticed that "one of the  
conductors was to be carried on poles," and another to be "laid  
rigid between the rails!" Horrified at this apparent brutality,  
the worthy lady has been writing letters (in draft) to the Com-  
missioner of Police ever since!

## A Friendly Tip to the Fighting Factions.

RECrimINATION is vexation,  
Sedition is as bad;  
Home Rule the-o-ry much puzzles J. B.  
Such practice proves you mad!

A TIMELY SUGGESTION.—Commenting upon the exceptionally bad  
case of the Rev. Mr. CLUTTERBUCK last week, the *Times* asks if  
something cannot be done to put down betting by turf-agencies, and  
stock-exchange gambling per "bucket-shops." We regret our  
inability to suggest an immediate remedy, but, as a warning and a  
reminder, let the last-named institutions be called "Clutterbucket-  
shops."





## LETTERS TO ABSTRACTIONS.

NO VIII.—TO LAZINESS.

BEST (AND BEST-ABUSED) OF ABSTRACTIONS.

My heart positively warms to you as I write. At this precise moment I can think of a hundred different things that I ought to be doing. For instance, I have not written to Tox, who is in the wilds of Canada, for months. His last letter ended with a pathetic appeal for an answer.

"Never mind, old chap," he said, "about not having any news. Little details that you may think too insignificant to relate are bound to interest me in this deserted spot. I am sure you occasionally meet some of our friends of the old days. Tell them I often think of them and all the fun we used to have together. It all seems like a dream to me now. Let me know what any of them are doing. I heard six months ago from a fellow who was touring out here that JACK BUMPUS was married. If it is really our old JACK, congratulate him, and give him my love. I don't know his present address. But, whatever you do, write. A letter from you is like water in the desert."

When I read that letter I became full of the noblest resolutions.

Not another day should pass, I vowed, before I answered it. So I prepared a great many sheets of thin note-paper, carefully selected a clean nib and sat down at my writing-table to begin. As I did so my eyes fell upon *Martin Chuzzlewit*, which was lying within easy reach. The book seemed positively to command me to read it for the tenth time. I took it up, and in another moment *Mrs. Gamp* had taken possession of me. My writing-chair was uncomfortable. I transferred myself into an arm-chair. Is it necessary to add that I did not write to Tox? His letter is getting frayed and soiled from being constantly in my pocket. Day after day it accompanies me on my daily round, unanswered and seemingly unanswerable. For I feel it to be a duty to write, and my mind abhors a duty. The letter weighs upon my conscience like lead. A few strokes of the pen would remove the burden, but I simply cannot screw myself up to the task. That is one of the things I ought to do.

Again, ought I not to call on the

WHITTLESEAS? Mr. and Mrs.

WHITTLESEA have simply over-

flowed with kindness towards me.

I never enjoyed anything more than

the week I spent at their house in

Kent a short time ago. They are

now in town, and, what is more,

they know that I am in town too.

Of course I ought to call. It's

my plain duty, and that is, as far as I can tell, the only reason

which absolutely prevents me from calling upon that hospitable

family. Why need I go through the long list of my pressing duties?

I ought to write my article on "Modern Theosophy: A Psychological

Parallel," for the next number of *The Brain*. I ought to visit my

dentist; I ought to have my hair cut. But I shall do none of these

things. On the other hand, it is absolutely unnecessary that I should

write to you. No evil would befall me if I waited another year, or

even omitted altogether to write to you. And that is the precise

reason why I am now addressing you. As a matter of fact, I like

you. As I have already said, the performance of strict duties is

irksome to me. It is you, my dear LAZINESS, who forbid me to per-

form them, and thus save me from many an uncongenial task. That

is why I like you.

And, after all, the common abuse of you is absurd. I have heard

grave and industrious persons declare emphatically that any one

who allows himself to fall under your sway debars himself utterly

from every chance of success. Fiddlesticks! I snap my fingers at

such folly. What do these gentlemen say to the case of FIGTREE,

the great Q.C.? Everybody knows that FIGTREE is, without excep-

tion, the most indolent man in the world. Let any doubter walk

down Middle Temple Lane and ask the first young barrister he meets

what he thinks of FIGTREE. I am ready to wager my annual income

that the reply will be, "What, Old FIGTREE! Why, he's the laziest

man at the Bar. I thought everybody knew that." I may be told,

of course, that FIGTREE appears in all the big cases—that his manage-

ment of them is extraordinarily successful; that the Judges defer to

him; that his speech in the Camberwell poisoning case lasted a day

and a half, and is acknowledged to be a masterpiece of forensic

eloquence, fit to rank with the best efforts of ERSKINE; that his fees

always exceed ten thousand pounds a year and that his book on

*Fines and Recoveries* is a monument of industry. All this I shall

hear from some member of the outside public, who does not know his

FIGTREE. But the fact remains, FIGTREE is the most indolent

being alive. I doubt if he can be induced to read a brief before he

goes into Court. Many are the tales told by those who have been his juniors of the marvellous skill and address with which FIGTREE has time after time extricated himself from awkward situations into which he had been led by his ignorance of the details of the case in which he happened to be engaged. In the sensational libel case of *Bagwell v. Muter*, FIGTREE, as you must remember, appeared for the defendant. When the plaintiff's Junior Counsel had opened the pleadings, FIGTREE actually got up, and, had not his own Junior pulled him down, he would then and there have opened the case for the plaintiff. Yet FIGTREE's cross-examination of that same plaintiff, travelling as it did over a long period of time, and dealing with a most complicated story, in which dates were of the first importance, is still cited by those who heard it as the most remarkable display of its kind which the English Courts have afforded for years past. Whether the unfortunate BAGWELL, whom it showed conclusively to be a swindler and an impostor, has an equal admiration for it, I know not, nor is he, I fancy, likely to tell us, even when he returns from the prison which is now the scene of his labours. How FIGTREE, who at the outset did not even know on which side he appeared, managed in the time at his command to master this intricate case, must ever remain a mystery. HARRY ADDLESTONE, his Junior, is

accustomed to talk darkly of a marvellous chronological analysis of the case which he had prepared for his leader, and evidently wishes me to believe that he, rather than FIGTREE, is to be credited with the success achieved. But the Solicitors have not yet withdrawn their confidence from FIGTREE to transfer it to ADDLESTONE.

Here, then, is an instance of a perfectly indolent man rising higher and higher every year on the ladder of professional advancement. I can only attribute it, my dear LAZINESS, to your beneficent influence, which preserves the great barrister from the weary labours to which his rivals daily submit. They say of him that he knows nothing of law. If I grant that, it merely proves that a knowledge of law is not required for success in the profession of the law. The deduction is dangerous, but obvious, and I recommend it warmly to all who are about to be called to the Bar.

I don't think I have anything more to say to you to-day; indeed, I know that you would be the last to desire that the writing of this letter should be in any way irksome to me. Besides, it is five o'clock P.M. My arm-chair invites me. I feel tired, and, that being so, I am convinced it would be an act of pedantic folly to deny

myself the sweet refreshment of half-an-hour's sleep. Farewell, kindly one. I shall always rejoice to honour you, and celebrate your praise.

Yours, with all goodwill,

DIOPHES ROBINSON.

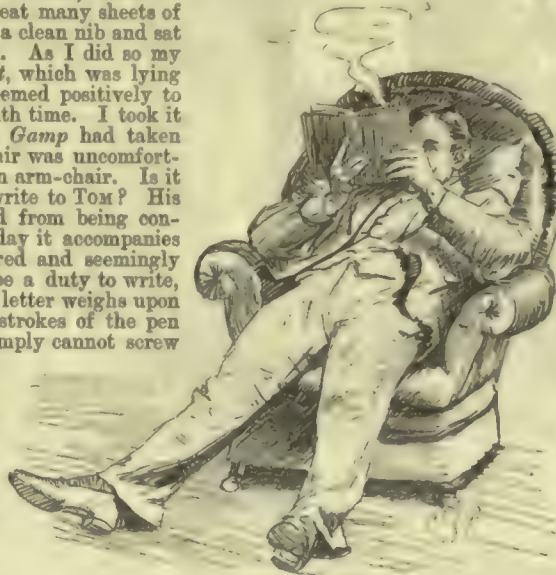
P.S.—I reopen this letter to say that I have just read in an evening paper a terrible account of the total destruction by a tornado of the town in Canada which was poor Tox's place of exile. "The loss of life," it is added, "has been great, and several Englishmen are amongst the victims." No names are given. Good gracious! If Tox has indeed perished, how am I ever to forgive myself for neglecting him? What must he have thought of me? I curse myself in vain for my—bah! What is the use of telling you this? The same paper informs me, in the elegant language appropriate to these occasions, that "Mr. FIGTREE, Q.C., has been offered, and has accepted, the vacant Lord-Justiceship of Appeal."

AN OPPORTUNITY.—A Lyme Regis Correspondent sends us the following advertisement, found, he says, in the *Bridport News*; we omit dates and names:—

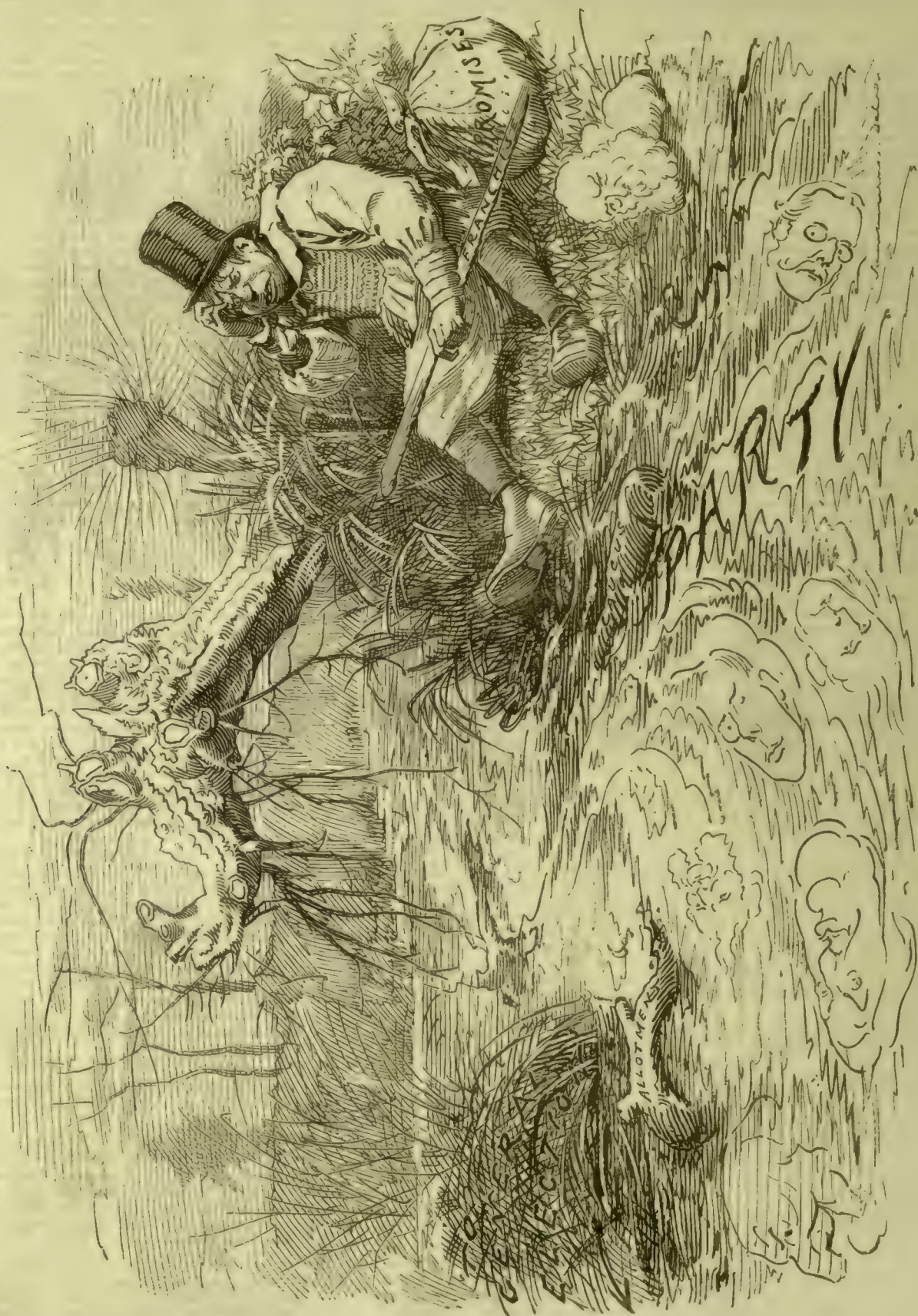
— will SELL by AUCTION, Three Fine DAIRY COWS to calve respectively in Dec., April, and May next. An excellent double-feeding chaff-cutter, &c.

A respectful cow will no doubt fulfil her engagements honorably. "A double-feeding chaff-cutter" ought to be an acquisition to a fast set on a coach at the Derby, though of course his "double-feeding" powers would have to be amply provided for at luncheon time.

"THE nearest thing to 'setting the Thames on fire,'" said a quiet traveller by the Underground, "is the announcement which you will now see at the St. James's Park Station:—'A LIGHT HERE FOR NIAGARA.'" "Why," exclaimed an irate passenger to the timid suggestion of the above, "of course it doesn't mean *that*." Then he added, contemptuously, "Get out!" Which he did.







RUSTICUS EXPECTANS. (NEW POLITICAL VERSION OF AN OLD FABLE.)



## RUSTICUS EXPECTANS ;

*Or, the New Dumbledumdeary.*

"Rusticus expectat, dum defluat amnis : at ille  
Labitur, et labitur in omne volubilis ævum."  
HORACE.

AIR—"Dumbledumdeary."

In the fall of the year, when M.P.'s were  
about,

And speeches burst forth like a waterspout,  
HODGE took up his bundle, and caught up his  
staff,

And went for a walk—if you please, don't  
Singing dumbledumdeary, dumble-  
dumdeary,  
Dumble, dumble, dumbledumdee!

Oh, HODGE had put on his bettermost smock,  
And wore his billycock gaily a-cock;  
For HODGE nowadays is a person of note,  
And great Governments bow to the "hind,"—  
with a vote.

Singing dumbledumdeary, &amp;c.

So he strolled on  
without dread or  
fear

Of Squire or Par-  
son, or County  
Peer,

For the spouting  
M.P. and the  
Liberal Van  
Had made of the  
shook-headed  
joskin a Man!  
Singing dum-  
bledumdeary,  
&c.

With promises  
stuffed, and with  
hope inspired,  
HODGE walked,  
and walked till  
he felt quite tired;  
So he sat himself  
down on the bank  
of a stream,  
And, falling  
asleep, dreamed  
a wonderful  
dream.

Singing dum-  
bledumdeary,  
&c.

The old, old stream  
was no longer the  
brook

Where he'd angled for minnows with wum  
and hook;

It swelled and swirled, and its rippling voice  
Was changed to loud echoes of platform noise.  
Singing dumbledumdeary, &c.

And it seemed to address him, "How long,  
friend HODGE,  
In a smock will you slave, in a pig-stye lodge?  
The Town revolts, but the landlord crew  
Still rule the rustics. What can you do?"  
Singing dumbledumdeary, &c.

"Oh, I can reap, and I can sow;  
And I can plough, and I can mow;  
And, as Lord RIXON doth truly say,  
I can yarn my eighteen-pence a day!"  
Singing dumbledumdeary, &c.

"Oh, that," cried the Voices, "will never do!  
HODGE now must have freedom, and comfort  
too,  
And Village Councils, Allotments, and Larks!  
Though the Landlords take fright for their  
Manors and Parks."  
Singing dumbledumdeary, &c.

"No more must he live like a pig in a sty,  
Or see (Tory *Codlin*, Rad *Short*) will know  
why.

And if you'll consent just to vote for us now,  
We'll put a new tune to your old 'Speed  
the Plough!'"

Singing dumbledumdeary, &amp;c.

Then HODGE, slightly puzzled, beheld (in his  
dream)

A legion of faces that flowed with the stream.  
There's two WILLIAMS, and JOEY, and  
JESSE!" he cried,  
SOLLY, BALFY, and JOKIM talk, too, from the  
Singing dumbledumdeary, &c.

"They're making a vast sight o' noise, and  
I fear,  
Whilst they all shout together, their mean-  
ing's scarce clear.

They all drift one way, though, out yonder!  
And wait till the shindying slackens a bit."  
Singing dumbledumdeary, &c.

So HODGE, like old HORACE's Rustic, still  
waits  
Till the waters flow by, or their turmoil

was welcome in any Parliamentary circle,  
from "Gosset's Room" to the floor of the  
House, which he sometimes "took" to de-  
liver a witty speech in support of a Motion  
for adjourning over the Derby. He was only  
in his fortieth year, married scarce a fort-  
night, when comes the blind Fury with the  
abhorred shears and slits the thin-spun  
thread. "LYCIDAS is dead!" but he will  
long be remembered as shedding through  
seventeen years a genial light on Irish poli-  
tics, too often obscured by aggressive vul-  
garity, and the sacrifice of patriotic interests  
to the ends of personal vanity.

## ONLY FANCY!

WE are in a position to state that over-  
tures were recently made to a well-known  
and popular member of the aristocracy in  
connection with a certain high office lately  
vacated. It is felt that a gentleman with the

varied experience  
and capacity in-  
dicated by the  
circumstance (to  
which we may  
allude as not  
involving breach  
of confidence), that  
his name was suc-  
cessively mention-  
ed in connection  
with the offices,  
recently vacant,  
of Postmaster-  
General, Under-  
Secretary of State  
for Foreign Affairs,  
and Leader of the  
House of Com-  
mons, is peculiarly  
well qualified for  
the post.

The PRIME  
MINISTER has, we  
learn, been much  
gratified by the  
receipt of a letter  
volunteered by one  
of his colleagues,  
expressing gener-  
ous satisfaction at  
his selection of Mr.  
ARTHUR BALFOUR  
to the Leadership

## THE TRIALS OF AN ANXIOUS "JUNIOR."

PROMPTING A DEAF AND TESTY "CHIEF" IN OPEN COURT IS NOT HIS IDEA OF PERFECT BLISS.



And then hopes to reach "Happy Home"  
o'er that stream.

Let us hope that he mayn't find it *only* a  
dream!

Singing dumbledumdeary, dumble-  
dumdeary,  
Dumble, dumble, dumbledumdee!

## "DICK" POWER.

WHEN the House of Commons meets in  
February, it will find many vacant places.  
Save, perhaps, on that sacred to the memory  
of OLD MORALITY, none will draw towards  
it such sorrowful glances as the bench below  
the Gangway, where, last Session, DICK  
POWER's smiling face was found. Everyone  
in the House knew "DICK," and all liked him  
—a modest-mannered, merry-hearted man,  
whom a strange destiny had not only dragged  
into political life, but, as Whip of the Par-  
nellite Party, had made him the official re-  
presentative of a body for the most part  
socially unknown, and disliked with a fervour  
happily not often imported into Parliamentary  
warfare. DICK POWER, whilst never swerving  
by a hair's breadth from loyalty to his col-  
leagues and his leader, so bore himself that he

of the House of Commons. It was the more  
pleasing as the name of Lord SALISBURY's  
correspondent had, in Conservative circles,  
been prominently mentioned in connection  
with the office. "It is true," the Abounding  
Baron wrote, "that the public with unerring  
instinct has looked in another direction. I  
should therefore like to be the first to say that  
your Lordship has done well in recognising  
the services to the Unionist cause performed  
by Mr. BALFOUR. Of course there may be other  
openings, and in case your Lordship has occa-  
sion to communicate with me, it may be con-  
venient to mention that, having come to town  
this morning and transacted business at my  
office in Bouverie Street, I am about to return  
to my country residence at Stow-in-the-Wold."

It is announced that Lord SALISBURY's new  
house at Beaulieu is to be let furnished for  
the winter months, the PREMIER not intending  
to return till the Spring. We understand  
that one of Mr. GLADSTONE's friends and  
admirers is in treaty for the residence,  
intending to place it for a few weeks at the  
disposal of the Leader of the Opposition. We  
have not yet heard how far this happily-  
conceived scheme has progressed.



## THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. XVIII.

SCENE—The roof of Milan Cathedral; the innumerable statues and fretted pinnacles show in dazzling relief against the intense blue sky. Through the open-work of the parapet is seen the vast Piazza, with its yellow toy tram-cars, and the small crawling figures which cast inordinately long shadows. All around is a maze of pale brown roofs, and beyond, the green plain blending on the horizon with dove-coloured clouds in a quivering violet haze. CULCHARD is sitting by a small doorway at the foot of a flight of steps leading to the Spire.

Culchard (meditating). I think MAUD must have seen from the tone in which I said I preferred to remain below, that I object to that cousin of hers perpetually coming about with us as he does. She's far too indulgent to him—a posing, affected prig, always talking about the wonderful things he's going to write! He had the impudence to tell me I didn't know the most elementary laws of the sonnet this morning! Withering repartee seems to have no effect whatever on him, I wish I had some of POBBURY's faculty for flippant chaff! I wonder if he and the PRENDERGASTS really are at Milan. I certainly thought I recognised— If they are, it's very bad taste of them, after the pointed way in which they left Bellagio. I only hope we shan't—

[Here the figure of Miss PRENDERGAST suddenly emerges from the door; CULCHARD rises and stands aside to let her pass; she returns his salutation distantly, and passes on with her chin in the air; her brother follows, with a side-jerk of recognition. POBBURY comes last, and halts undecidedly.]

Podb. (with a rather awkward laugh). Here we are again, eh? (Looks after Miss P., hesitates, and finally sits down by CULCHARD.) Where's the fascinating Miss TROTTER? How do you come to be off duty like this?

Culch. (stiffly). The fascinating Miss TROTTER is up above with VAN BOODELER, so my services are not required.

Podb. Up above? And HYPATIA just gone up with BOB! Whew, there'll be ructions presently! Well out of it, you and I! So it's BOODELER's turn now? That's rough on you—after HYPATIA had whistled poor old BOB off. As much out in the cold as ever, eh?

Culch. I am nothing of the kind. I find him distasteful to me, and avoid him as much as I can, that's all. I wish, POBBURY, er—I almost wish you could have stayed with me, instead of allowing the PRENDERGASTS to carry you off as you did. You would have kept VAN BOODELER in order.

Podb. Much obliged, old chap; but I'm otherwise engaged. Being kept in order myself. Oh, I like it, you know. She's developing my mind like winking. Spent the whole morning at the Brera, mugging up these old Italian Johnnies. They really are clinkers, you know. RAPHAEL, eh?—and GIOTTO, and MANTegna, and all that lot. As HYPATIA says, for intensity of—er—religious feeling, and—and subtlety of symbolism, and—and so on, they simply take the cake—rump in, and the rest nowhere! I'm getting quite the connoisseur, I can tell you!

Culch. Evidently. I suppose there's no chance of a—a reconciliation up there? [With some alarm.]

Podb. Don't you be afraid. When HYPATIA once gets her quills up, they don't subside so easily! Hallo! isn't this old TROTTER?

[That gentleman appears in the doorway.] Mr. T. Why, Mr. POBBURY, so you've come along here? That's right! And how do you like Milan? I like the place first-rate—it's a live city, Sir. And I like this old cathedral, too; it's well constructed—they've laid out money on it. I call it real ornamental, all these little figgers they've stuck around—and not two of 'em a pair either. Now, they might have had 'em all alike, and no one any the wiser up so high as this; but it certainly gives it more variety, too, having them different. Well, I'm going up as high as ever I can go. You two better come along up with me.

On the Top.

Miss P. (as she perceives Miss T. and her companion). Now, BOB, pray remember all I've told you! [BOB turns away, petulantly.]

Miss T. (aside, to VAN B.). I guess the air's got cooler up here, CHARLEY. But if that girl imagines she's going to freeze me! (Advancing to Miss P.) Why, my dear, it's almost too sweet for anything, meeting you again!

Miss P. You're extremely kind, MAUD; I wish I could return the compliment; but really, after what took place at Bellagio, I—

Miss T. (taking her arm). Well, I'll own up to being pretty horrid—and so were you; but there don't seem any sense in our meeting up here like a couple of strange cats on tiles. I won't fly out any more, there! I'm just dying for a reconciliation; and so is Mr. VAN BOODELER. The trouble I've had to console that man! He never met anybody before half so interested in the great Amurrican Novel. And he's wearying for another talk. So you'd better give that hatchet a handsome funeral, and come along and take pity on him.

[HYP., after a struggle, yields, half-reluctantly, and allows herself to be taken across to Mr. VAN B., who greets her effusively. Miss T. leaves them together.]

Bob P. (who has been prudently keeping in the background till now, decides that his chance has come). How do you do, Miss TROTTER? It's awfully jolly to meet you again like this!

Miss T. Well, I guess that remark would have been more convincing if you'd made it a few minutes earlier.

Bob. I—I—you see, I didn't know... I was afraid—I rather thought—

Miss T. You don't get much further with rather thinking, as a general rule, than if you didn't think at all. But if you're at all anxious to run away the way you did at Bellagio, you needn't be afraid I'll hinder you.

Bob. (earnestly). Run away! Do you think I'd have gone if—I've felt dull enough ever since, without that!

Miss T. Oh, I expect you've had a beautiful time. We have.

Miss P. (coming up). ROBERT, I thought you wanted to see the Alps? You should come over to the other side, and—

Miss T. I'll undertake that he sees the Alps, darling, presently—when we're through our talk.

Miss P. As you please, dear. But (pointedly) did I not see Mr. CULCHARD below?

Miss T. You don't mean to say you're wearied of Mr. VAN BOODELER already? Well, Mr. CULCHARD will be along soon, and I'll loan him to you. I'll tell him you're verry anxious to converse with him some more. He's just coming along now, with Mr. POBBURY and Poppa.

Miss P. (under her breath). MAUD! if you dare—!

Miss T. Don't you dare me, then—or you'll see. But I don't want to be mean unless I'm obliged to.

[Mr. TROTTER, followed by CULCHARD and POBBURY, arrives at the upper platform. CULCHARD and POBBURY efface themselves as much as possible. Mr. TROTTER greets Miss PRENDERGAST heartily.]

Mr. T. Well now, I call this sociable, meeting all together again like this. I don't see why in the land we didn't keep together. I've been saying so to my darter here, ever since Bellagio—ain't that so, MAUD? And she didn't know just how it came about either.

Miss P. (hurriedly). We—we had to be getting on. And I am afraid we must say good-bye now, Mr. TROTTER. I want BOB and Mr. POBBURY to see the Da Vinci fresco, you know, before the light goes. (BOB mutters a highly disrespectful wish concerning that work of Art.) We may see you again, before we leave for Verona.

Mr. T. Verona? Well, I don't care if I see Verona myself. Seems a pity to separate now we have met, don't it? See here, now, we'll all go along to Verona together—how's that, MAUD? Start whenever you feel like it, Miss PRENDERGAST. How does that proposal strike you? I'll be real hurt if you can't take to my idea.

Miss T. The fact is, Poppa, HYPATIA isn't just sure that Mr. PRENDERGAST wouldn't object.



"She passes on with her chin in the air!"



Bob P. I—object? Not much! Just what I should like, seeing Verona with—all together, you know!

Miss T. Then I guess that's fixed. (*Aside, to Miss P., who is speechless.*) Come, you haven't the heart to go and disappoint my poor Cousin CHARLEY by saying you won't go! He'll be perfectly enchanted to be under vow—unless you've filled up all the vacancies already! (*Aloud, to Van B., as he approaches.*) We've persuaded Miss PRENDERGAST to join our party. I hope you feel equal to entertaining her?

Van B. I shall be proud to be permitted to try. (*To Miss P.*) Then I may take it that you agree with me that the function of the future American fictionist will be—[*They move away, conversing.*]

Podb. (*To CULCH.*) I say, old fellow, we're to be travelling companions again, after all. And a jolly good thing, too, I think! ... eh?

Culch. Oh, h'm—quite so. That is—but no doubt it will be an advantage—with a glance at Van B., who is absorbed in Miss P.'s conversation—in—er—some respects. (*To himself.*) Hardly from poor dear PODBURY's point of view, I'm afraid, though! However, if he sees nothing—[*He shrugs his shoulders, pityingly.*]

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

POCKET-BOOKS for next year are coming in. Which for choice? "*Solentur ambulando*" should be the resolution of the difficulty, given by one firm at least, that firm being "WALKER." They are handy, and conveniently pocketable, but to "The chiefs among ye taking notes," plain leaves, and no fruit, and no dates, we should say, would be preferable. They're reasonable prices, and you can't expect to get 'em for nothing; if you do—"WALKER!"

The Baron highly approves of Messrs. DE LA RUE's pocket-books.

It is pleasant to have something in one's pocket, even if only a book. As to account-books and diaries—well enter nothing therein but what has been pleasant and profitable, and most diarians who adopt this rule will not find their memoranda overcrowded at the end of the year. "Let's be happy, while we can, and good luck to you, Ladies all, in 1892. Leap year!" quoth the Baron. "Over you go, like the villagers in the German story, after the sheep,

into the sea of matrimony, where may you all get on swimmingly." *A propos*, Mesdames BLYTHE and GAY say that the Christmas Number of *Woman*, produced by a number of women, is as full of attractive power as the Magnetic Lady herself.

"ARROWSMITH'S Shilling Sensational, by 'a New Author,'" quoth the Baron, "would, methought, serve pour me distraire." The "New Author" uses the remarkably new device of a mole on the lost child's breast. Isn't that original? *Miss Box* and *Miss Cox* are lost, and found. "Have you a mole on your left breast?" "Yes!" "Then it is both of you!" Charming! So useful is the explanation that "Hanwell is a little village, a few miles from London." Perhaps it is the locality, there or thereabouts, where this thrillingly interesting tale—which could have been told in fifty pages, and needn't have been told at all—was written. Well, well, "All's Hanwell that ends Hanwell," and "I've galloped through a worse story before now," quoth the Baron, yawning, and so to bed.

In *John Leech, His Life and Work* (BENTLEY) Mr. FRITH quotes from an anonymous but obviously not an original authority, the dictum, "It is the happiness of such a life (as LEECH's) that there is so little to be told of it." Mr. BENTLEY has produced two handsome volumes worthy the reputation of his ancient and honourable house. They enshrine admirable reproductions of some of LEECH's best work, selected by the trained hand and sympathetic eye of Mr. FRITH. These are and will remain the chief attractions of a work to which

the Baron, in common with the civilised world, has been looking forward to with interest, and of whose realisation he regrets to hear so disappointing an account from his trusty "Co." It is difficult to find dates in this higgledy-piggledy chance-medley of facts and opinions. But we all know that LEECH died in October, 1864. It was in *Mr Punch's* pages that he found the true field for his heaven-born genius

For twenty years at least he was one of the most prominent, best known, and best liked men in England. Surely within that period there must lie to the hand of the dilligent seeker material for a memoir worthy to be linked with the name of JOHN LEECH. Mr. FRITH has not given us such a book, and criticism is only partly disarmed by the comical reiteration of confession that he has failed in his appointed task. For what he has to say in the way of making known to the world the man JOHN LEECH, a very thin volume would have sufficed, even had he included the more useful of his remarks on LEECH's work and his method. But there being two volumes to fill, Mr. FRITH genially summarises *The Physiology of Evening Parties*, by Mr. ALBERT SMITH; *Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour*, and other not very high-class literature, whose only claim to being remembered is that LEECH illustrated them. Of *The Marchioness of Brinville*, ALBERT SMITH's attempt to rival the attractions of the *Newgate Calendar*, Mr. FRITH positively gives two whole chapters! He allots one to the *Bon Gaultier Ballads*, and nineteen mortal pages to telling the *Story of Miss Kilmansegg*, with copious extracts from that easily accessible work.

This is not Memoir-writing, it is book-making. The reader can skip these chapters, and, diligently searching, will find here and there a ray of light thrown on this beautiful placid life, weighed down as it was from earliest manhood by family circumstances at which Mr. FRITH delicately hints. "Give, give!" was, truly, the cry of the daughters of the horseleach. There are, however, several other anecdotes contributed by personal friends of LEECH's, who have come to Mr. FRITH's assistance, and succeed in the main in making the book an interesting one, as giving the outside world some glimpses of a sweet and manly character. The volumes are crowded with illustrations. These are LEECH's own work, and make the volumes worth more than their published price.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

### TO EVANGELINE.

Oh, come and be my Queen,  
And share my lot  
In some artistic cot  
At Turnham Green,  
EVANGELINE!

The painted tambourine  
Shall grace its wall,  
And many a table small  
And folding screen  
Shall on its floor be seen,  
EVANGELINE!

Your beauty's dazzling sheen  
Upsets me quite—  
Of late my appetite  
Has wretched been,  
EVANGELINE!

I shun the soup tureen  
And pine for you;  
At pudding, joint, and stew  
My face turns green—  
What do the symptoms mean,  
EVANGELINE?

If Fate should come between  
My Love and me,  
This countenance will be  
No more serene,  
EVANGELINE!

With nitro-glycerine  
I'll speed my flight,  
Or else I will ignite  
Some Magazine—  
Some Powder Magazine,  
EVANGELINE!

### An Aunt at Will.

[A lawsuit has been occasioned in India through white ants devouring a will.]

It is usually supposed that Australia is toposy-turvey mad, but in India it seems that matters also go by contraries, when compared with their mode of procedure at home. A lawsuit has been occasioned in Calcutta through white ants devouring a will. In England our Aunts (who are generally whites) make wills (bless them!) and we devour them, or at least live on the proceeds.



Turning Over the Pages.





## DEAR CHILD!

*Papa (to Friend from Town).* "THERE, MY BOY, THAT'S WHAT YOU OUGHT TO DO! GET A GEE, AND COME OUT WITH THE HOUNDS!"  
*Little Daughter.* "OH, PAPA, TAKE CARE YOU DON'T FALL OFF, AS YOU DID THE OTHER DAY!"

## KATHLEEN AND PETRUCHIO;

OR, SHAKESPEARE BALFOURISED.

*Kathleen.* HIBERNIA. *Petruchio.* MR. BALFOUR.  
*Grumio.* . . . . MR. JACKSON.  
*Haberdasher.* . . MR. GLADSTONE.

*Petruchio.* Thus have I politely begun my reign,  
 And 'tis my hope to end successfully;  
 My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty;  
 And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,  
 For then she never looks upon her lure.  
 Another way I have to man my haggard,  
 To make her come, and know her keeper's call;  
 That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites  
 That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.  
 She plays no tricks to-day, nor none shall play;  
 Last Session she ruled not, nor shall next Session;  
 Resolute government is the only way  
 To smooth these stormy spirits.

All the same,  
 After the hurly-burly, I intend  
 All shall be done in reverend care of her;  
 And, in conclusion, she shall have her rights,  
 If she will cease to rise, and rail, and brawl,  
 And with her clangour keep the world awake.  
 This is the way to kill her wrath with kindness,  
 And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.—  
 He that knows better how to tame a shrew,  
 Let him speak out! 'Tis time the kingdom knew!

*Kathleen.* The more my wrong the more his smile appears!  
 How doth he madden me—and master me!—  
 I—I, who never knew how to submit,  
 Nor never fancied that I should submit,—  
 Am starved for strife, stupid for lack of struggle,  
 With Law kept bridled, and with Order saddled:  
 And that, which spites me more than all these stints,  
 He does it under name of perfect love;  
 As who should say, if I should have my will,  
 'Twere deadly sickness or else present death.

*Petruchio.* KATHLEEN, thou mend'st apace!  
 And now, my love,  
 Will we return unto thy father's house,  
 And ruffle it as bravely as the best,  
 With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,  
 With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;  
 With orange tissue trimmed with true-blue  
 Eschewing wearing of the green,—that's knavery.  
 See GRUMIO there! He waits thy loving leisure  
 To deck thy body with his boxed-up treasure.  
 A cap of mine own choice, come fresh from town;  
 It will become thee better than a crown.  
 'Tis my ideal. (*Enter Haberdasher.*) Well—  
 what would you, sirrah?  
*Haberdasher.* Here is the hat the lady did bespeak!  
*Petruchio.* Why, this was moulded on a foreign block,

A Phrygian cap. Fie, fie! 'tis crude and haunting.

Why, 'tis a coal-vase or a bushel-basket,  
 A fraud, a toy, a trick, a verdant fool'scap:  
 Away with it! Come, let me have a smaller!

*Kathleen.* I'll have no smaller: this doth fit the time,

And gentlewomen wear such hats as these.

*Petruchio.* When you are gentle, you shall have one too,—  
 But of another pattern.

*Grumio (aside).* Mine, to wit.

*Kathleen.* Why, Sir, I trust I may have leave to speak:

And speak I will. I am no child, no babe:  
 Your betters have endured me say my mind,  
 And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.  
 My tongue will tell the craving of my heart,  
 Or else my heart, concealing it, will break;  
 And rather than it shall, I will be free  
 E'en to the uttermost,—at least in words!

*Petruchio.* Why, so thou art. But 'tis a paltry hat

This Haberdasher would fob off on thee.

I love thee well, but he, he loves thee not.

*Kathleen.* Love me or love me not, I like the hat.

And it I will have, or I will have none

*Grumio (aside).* Then is she like to go bareheaded long!

[*Left arguing. Sequel—some day.*]

OUR OLD FRIEND ONCE MORE.—MRS. RAM has lately taken to theatre-going. She says, however, that she doesn't much care about going on first nights of new pieces, as the Stalls are full of Crickets.





## KATHLEEN AND PETRUCHIO.

KATHLEEN. "I'LL HAVE NO SMALLER; THIS DOT FIT THE TIME,  
AND GENTLEWOMEN WEAR SUCH HATS AS THESE."

PETRUCHIO. "WHEN YOU ARE GENTLE, YOU SHALL HAVE ONE TOO,  
BUT—OF ANOTHER FASHION."—*Shakespeare Daylourised.*







## PAUL PRY IN THE PURPLE.

(Extracts from Letters found in a German Post-bag.)

## To a Bishop.

It has occurred to me that your sermons are not quite as good as they should be. You do not seem to grasp your subject with sufficient strength. I have not time to come to listen to you, as I have other pressing engagements, and consequently write from hearsay. Still, I believe I have good reason for my strictures. However, that you may have an excellent example upon which to model your discourses in the future, I will myself visit your cathedral at a near date, and occupy your pulpit. I will wire ten minutes before I arrive with my sermon.

## To a General.

I congratulate you upon the success of the recent manoeuvres. Nothing could have been finer than the manner in which the entire Army saluted me on my approach. Perhaps the bands might have played the National Anthem half-an-hour longer or so, but for all that, the effect was excellent. And now I have got a really splendid idea. And you must help me. I want to order all the troops to another part of the country without telling their officers, and then, when they least expect it, you and I will order a general assembly. It will be such a joke to see the commanders when they appear on parade without any soldiers! They will be so surprised! And sha'n't we laugh! But mind, not a word to anyone until we have had our fun. As an old soldier who has deserved well of his Fatherland, I rely on your discretion.

## To a Theatrical Manager.

I was at the performances in your play-house the other evening, and, as I told you at the time, was not at all satisfied with the representation. I informed you that when I had time I would jot down my complaints, and I am now keeping my promise. I don't like the costume of the Tragedy Queen—her heels are too high and why does she wear gloves? The Low Comedian does not make the most of his part. He has to walk about with a band-box. Now why does he not seize the opportunity to place it on a chair and sit upon it? This would have a very comical effect. I have seen it done, and it made me laugh. Please let him sit upon the band-box for the future. If he sits down accidentally the effect will be heightened. It will be very funny. By the way, let all the box-keepers give programmes free of charge to officers and ladies under forty. I shall soon be at the theatre again to attend a rehearsal. I will



wire ten minutes before I come, so that you may have proper time to call your company together. Till then, you incompetent sausage, you can enjoy your Lager and pipe in peace!

## To a Doctor.

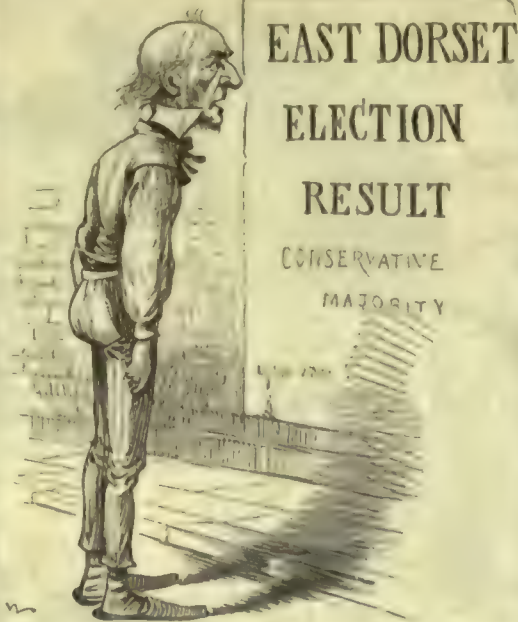
I have been reading some of the Medical Journals, and I am not quite sure whether I think your manner of cutting off a leg is the proper way. It may be, but, on the other hand, it may not. Before you cut off another leg communicate with me, and I will fix a date (as early as I can—probably within six months), when I can see your patient, and give you my opinion. By the way, do not go your rounds until you hear from me, as I may want to see you at any time.

## To a Coach-builder.

You don't know how to make a carriage. The other day I thought of a capital idea, but, for the moment, cannot remember it. However, I fancy it had something to do with square wheels. At any rate you had better not make any more carriages until I call. I will come as soon as I can—probably before Spring twelvemonths.

## To a Relative.

Had not time to answer your letter before. I do not in the least agree with you. I hate people who do not mind their own business. Why not attend to your own, and leave mine alone? If you do not take care, I will arrange to visit you in State! So you had better mind what you are about!



The G. O. M. Illuminated by a Ray of Sunlight (Soap).

## EAST DORSET

## ELECTION

## RESULT

CONSERVATIVE

MAJORITY

## PROGRAMME OF THE CYCLOPÆDIC CIRCUS.

(Under the Immediate Patronage of Lord Salisbury.)

THE Members of the School Board of Little Peddlington have the honour to announce that, in deference to the expressed opinion of the

PREMIER OF THE UNITED KINGDOM, that it would be wise to substitute Circuses for school-rooms in the provinces, have arranged for the holding of

**A GRAND SCHOLASTIC GALA,** on a scale of unprecedented magnificence. The Members have engaged, at considerable expense, that admirable Artist,

THE COURIER OF BOTH THE GLOBES, who will, during a rapid ride on a retired cab-horse, exhibit and explain a series of gigantic maps of

EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AND AMERICA.

This Star Artist will be followed by that talented *troupe* of relatives who for many years have drawn enormous crowds to their performances under the assumed but appropriate name of

THE BOUNDING BROTHERS OF THE SPELLING-BEES.

They will go through their marvellous feats in tossing barrels (bearing on their sides painted letters), and thus combining amusement with instruction. Their last act will be to keep in simultaneous motion a sufficient number of labelled milk-cans to spell the sentence, "Farewell to all kind friends in front." This marvellous double quartette will be followed by

## THE ARITHMETICAL BICYCLIST,

who will ride his favourite two-wheeled vehicle while he sings a song introducing in a pleasing manner the Multiplication Table. This sweet-toned vocalist will be succeeded by

## The Star-loving Pig attended by Comical Herschel.

In which the former will spell out (with the assistance of card-board letters) a number of interesting astronomical facts at the instigation of his mirth-provoking master and proprietor. This talented performer will be followed by

## THE UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE QUADRILLE.

In which the entire *troupe* will appear on horseback, and go through the programme of studies (proficiency in which is required by the Tenth Standard) without a single mistake.

The performances will then be brought to an appropriate and jubilant conclusion by

## A Silver Collection in aid of the Rates!

**QUEER QUERIES.—OUR DEFENCES.**—I am informed that Mr. STANHOPE is expected shortly to go abroad, "in order to recruit." Can even the blindest military optimist any longer deny that the British Army is a nefarious imposture, when the Minister for War is forced into an ignominious attempt to raise a body of foreign mercenaries by his own personal efforts? **HALF-PAY PATRIOT.**

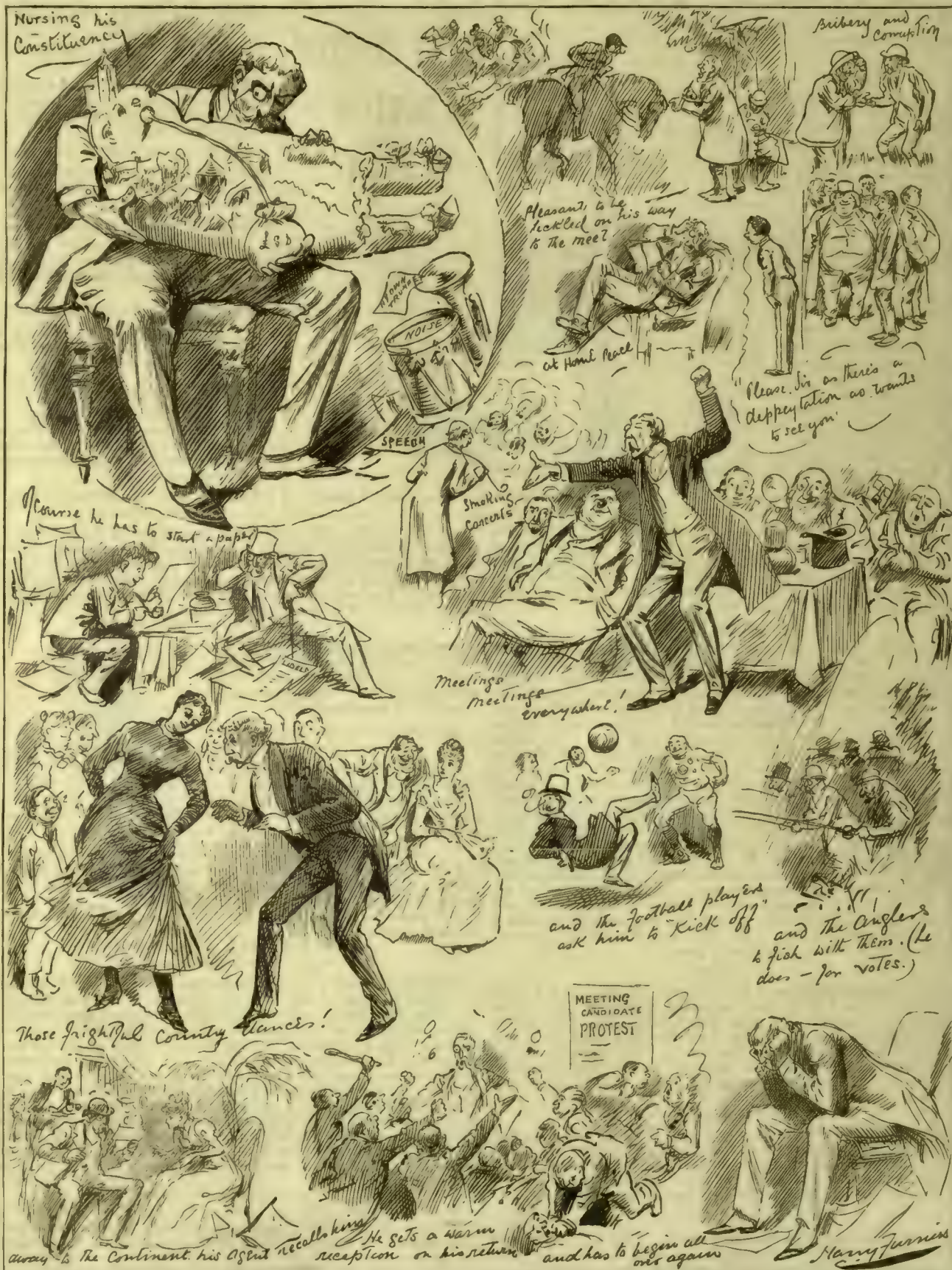
**SCIENTIFIC.**—Could you kindly tell me what "the Great Ice Age" means? My Pater took me to hear some fellow lecture about it the other day, but I couldn't understand much of what he said. I thought he was going to talk about strawberry ices and lemon ices, which I like awfully, but he didn't even mention them! Don't you think *twelve* is the great Ice Age—I mean the age when boys ought to be allowed to eat as many as they like? **N.B.**—I am just twelve. **TOMMY**

**WORTH SEEING.**—We understand that to the Exhibition of "Instruments of Torture," and now on view in London, have been lately added the Medici Collar, a Piano Organ, and a "Shakespeare for the use of Schools."

**MEM.** BY "THE OFFICIAL RECEIVER."—"Firm as a Rock" will not be henceforth a proverb of universal application.







ELECTION FEVER. A VICTIM'S VICISSITUDES.



## TRAN-SLATED.

(Being a newly-discovered fragment of an old Greek Play, supposed to be a very early "Agamemnon.")

- Cly.* The coals I bought as Wallsend are not so.  
*Ag.* Thus groundless hopes vanish—like coals in smoke.  
*Cly.* You speak in words mysterious, lacking sense.  
*Ag.* The sense is patent to the reasoning mind.  
*Cly.* And yet I paid for them upon the nail.  
*Ag.* What matter, if the price was far too low?  
*Cly.* Then call you eighteen shillings low for coal?  
*Ag.* Yes, for "Prime Wallsend"—what could you  
*Cly.* Listen! In passing 'long the public way [expect]  
 I saw a notice telling of these coals.  
 It called them "ever-burning": said no skill  
 Could put them out when once they were alight,  
 Because they were "the best the world produced."  
 I purchased some. Ail ai! They turned out slates.  
 My household maidens by Prometheus swear  
 They never saw such stuff for lighting fires.  
 What of it is not slag, that part is slate,  
 And slated should they be that sold it me.  
 Moreover, when with anger I remarked  
 To those who bore the sacks upon their backs,  
 Within our cellars to deposit them,  
 That they had better bear their loads away  
 Seeing I ordered coals, not lumps of slate,  
 They answered that, if they refused to burn,  
 They might be useful for a Rookery!  
 So now they have the shillings, I the coals.  
*Ag.* And having them, we have no household fires.  
*Cly.* What then to do? You sit with idle hands.  
*Ag.* I cannot turn to Wallsend bits of slag.  
*Cly.* But you can seek the Archon, and denounce  
 The man whose cunning robs our hearth of flame.  
*Ag.* (going out). In what you say not nothing I perceive.  
 Women, in hunting cheapness, capture costs.

## CHORUS. STROPHE.

The puny race of men  
 Soars, in imagination, to the skies;  
 While tackling Science and Theosophy  
 Their hands the coal-scoop grasp!

## CHORUS. ANTISTROPHE.

From high Olympus Zeus  
 Smiles at the perjuries of coal-heavers.  
 Not always is the cheapest article  
 The one that turns out best.

## A BOARD-SCHOOL CHRISTMAS.

(An Anticipation of the not very Distant Future.)

It was a very unseasonable Yule-tide. Instead of the old-fashioned mild weather that had been the constant companion of Christmas for many years, the ground was covered with snow and the river blocked with ice. However, thanks to modern improvements, the artisans had



not been impeded in executing their four hours of labour as provided by a recent statute. They had been sitting at their Club (supported by the State), reading the newspapers purchased out of the rates, and were only annoyed that no food and drink was supplied them free gratis and for nothing.



## THINGS ONE WOULD WISH TO HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

"WELL, GOOD-BYE, MISS SMITH. TELL THE OTHERS I WAS VERY SORRY NOT TO FIND ANYONE AT HOME—A—A—A—EXCEPT YOU—A!"

"It would never do," said an old workman, who remembered the eight-hour day that used to prevail at the end of the Nineteenth Century. "You see were we to have beer at will, the brewers' draymen might complain. It was once attempted, but the Licensed Victuallers made such a disturbance that the idea was abandoned."

"There is something in what you say," observed a second workman; "but, for the life of me, I don't see why the Nation shouldn't provide bread."

"No, there you are out!" cried a third. "I am a baker, and anything that interferes with my industry won't do."

And so they talked, discussing this and that, until all the subjects of the leaders in the daily papers had been exhausted. It was then that one of the workmen suggested a walk and a pipe on the Embankment.

So they lounged down the main thoroughfare of London, with its pleasant *cafés* and well-appointed *restaurants*, and came to the conclusion (for the fiftieth time) that it was far better than anything of the same kind in Paris, or any other of the capitals of Europe. They had all been abroad during their State-assisted vacation, and consequently had the chief towns of the world, so to speak, at their finger-tips. As they sauntered along, they came to a group of half-starved, perambulating performers, who were giving an entertainment to a crowd of bystanders. It was not a good programme. First a young woman in rags, played on an old piano, with decent precision, some extremely difficult variations of CHOPIN'S *Funeral March*. She was followed by a man who painted a portrait of a leading statesman indifferently well. Then another man jumped into the river, and made his way in the cold water with the ease of a fifth-rate professional swimmer. Then a second young woman recited something or other in German, with an atrocious English accent. And the whole concluded with a lecture upon chemistry (given by a seedy-looking old man), which was illustrated with some ambitious, but feeble experiments.

On the balance the performance was a bore, and the public were rather pleased than otherwise, when a police constable ordered the *troupe* "to move on." The poor people gathered together their *impedimenta* and prepared to obey the officer's behest. It was then that the performers came face to face with the artisans. There was a cry of recognition.

"Why, would you believe it!" exclaimed one of the workmen, "if it isn't SALLY JONES, and TOMMY BROWN, and NORAH JENKINS, and HARRY SMITH!"

The well-fed and the starving cordially greeted one another. Then there were mutual explanations, and the old man who had lectured upon chemistry had his say:—



"You want to know why we are all starving, and why we are so much worse off than you, although we were educated at the same Board School? I will tell you. It was because you very wisely made up your minds to follow the occupations of your fathers. You became builders, bakers, coal-heavers and paviors."

"Ah, we did that," sighed out the elderly workman, "because we were too backward to attempt anything better. We were not clever people like you! We couldn't play the piano, and paint and swim, and go in for chemistry. We were not clever enough, and had to put up with passing a very low standard."

"Thank your lucky stars it was so," exclaimed the chemist, with tears in his eyes, "for your fate is happier than ours. We are all fifth-rate, and can do nothing else. We have no chance against those who have been born to this kind of thing, and we have forgotten how to do your work. So we are starving, and—"

But here the old man was interrupted by a policeman, who ordered all of them to move on. And on they moved. Half one way and half the other.

### OUR OWN FINANCIAL COLUMN.

"CRÆSUS" has vanished! We can scarcely find it in our heart to add anything to this distressing statement; but for the sake of our readers whom he may have induced to patronise his financial schemes, we give a few slight details of the disaster.

Four days ago enormous piles of letters began to arrive at our office. They were addressed to "CRÆSUS," and had been sent on to

us from his last address marked "gone away; try office of *Punch*." We opened them. They were all threatening letters.

"Why," wrote one angry gentleman, "have I heard nothing from you since I sent you my cheque for £10,000? Unless I receive a reply within a week, legal proceedings will be taken." The rest were similar in tone. Thereupon we resolved to call at the last address given to us by "CRÆSUS."

It was somewhere in the Mile End Road. We arrived, entered, ascended the stairs, and found in a dingy back bed-room,



Portrait of "Cræsus."

three used half-penny stamps, a false nose, a pair of whiskers, and a large sheet of paper on which were written only these words: "Sold Again"—which obviously referred to some financial scheme or other. On inquiring of the landlady, we heard that her lodger had departed two days before, taking with him two large and heavy wooden chests. He had promised to return. We then consulted the police. They are very reticent, but consider they have got a clue.

And here we owe it to our readers to make a confession. We have never set eyes on "CRÆSUS." We engaged him entirely on the strength of the most glowing recommendations from a whole bevy of Bank-Managers, including the Managers of the Bank of Lavajelli, of the Pei-ho Provinces, of Samarcand, of Ashanti and of Dodge

County, U.S.A. All these gentlemen wrote in the most complimentary terms of "CRÆSUS." "He is a man," wrote the Manager of the Dodge County Bank, "whom I have had the honour to know intimately for a considerable number of years. Indeed, we were educated together, and not a day has passed since then without our meeting. I beg to state that I consider him thoroughly fitted for the responsible position of financial director of a high-class Metropolitan paper. His personal appearance is aristocratic and prepossessing, his manners have about them a distinction which impresses all who meet him, and his dress, though modest, is always pleasing. His complete command of twenty-four languages must be of the highest advantage to him in unravelling the tangled skein of international finance." Acting upon such testimonials we engaged "CRÆSUS." We have now reason to believe that we have been made the victims of a gross and cruel deception. An expert in handwriting, whom we have consulted, gives it as his opinion, that every single one of these recommendations is in the handwriting of "CRÆSUS" himself, and the police, after protracted inquiries, have assured us that the Banks, whose supposed managers addressed us in favour of "CRÆSUS," never had any actual existence at all.

All we can do now is to assist justice by publishing herewith the photograph of "CRÆSUS." We apologise to all whom he may have deceived, but we do not hold ourselves responsible for any damage he has caused. We shall publish no more financial contributions in the meantime. ED.

### ENGLISH AS SHE IS SUNG.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—If I start a butcher's business, and give my shop the special title of *The Welsh Meat Shop*, is the great British Public so narrow-minded as to expect me to sell them only Welsh meat, the produce of Welsh farms only? If so, the Public, with all due respect, is a haas. For if I who have to live,—though perhaps others may not see the necessity for my existence,—by my trade, find that the Welsh meat, which the Public had expected to be ready and waiting, is not forthcoming, only one of two things can I do; the one is to shut up shop (which I won't), and the other is to provide my intending customers with French, Indian, English, Irish, Scotch, American, Australian, New Zealandian, Cape Colonial, in fact with any meat I can get from anywhere, and as long as it is toothsome, and I can afford to sell it at an average price, why should it not be sold at my Royal Welsh Meat Shop?

When I call my shop *The Royal Welsh Meat Shop*, do I thereby bar myself from dealing in English or foreign meats? Do I bar myself from dealing in Indian pickles or China oranges? No, certainly not; nor do I bar myself from selling neckties, gloves, ginger-beer, and Brazil nuts. So, when a House of Musical Entertainment is styled *The English Opera House*, it must be understood, "all to the contrary nevertheless and notwithstanding," to mean an English House where Opera may be performed, and not a Theatre where only English Opera is Housed. "My soul can not be fettered," as the poet says,—what poet, I don't know and don't care, but he said it, whoever he was, and *he was right*. If there is no English Opera for my House, then I get a French Opera, or a Dutch one, just as at an oyster-shop—but perhaps this is not quite the illustration I should like, as, at an oyster-shop, they do ask you which you will have, "Natives," or "Seconds," or "Anglo-Dutch"; and, when you can't afford Natives, you put up with an inferior quality at a lesser price. But if that oyster-seller called his shop "*The Native-Oyster Shop*," should I have any ground of action against him for selling any other oysters except Natives? No. But then he would ask me "If I wanted Natives or not?" And if I said "Yes," he would give me Natives. Now I admit I do not ask the Public at the doors which will you have? because I may not be able to have an English Opera always on tap, so to speak. Metaphors a bit confused, but you know what I mean. If I had a few English Operas on tap I might turn 'em on, say, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays: English Opera by English Composers on those days, and on the other days, any Operas by any Composers. But if the Public *won't* come on the English Opera nights, and *will* come on the other nights? What then? Why obviously I must keep my Natives (if I have any) in a barrel, and deal only with the foreign supply. "Blame not the Bard"—I mean blame not the patriotic man of business, but let our cry be "Art for Art's sake," and the English Opera for ever! that is, as long as Art and English Opera pay. Yours,

A MANAGER FIRST AND ANYTHING YOU LIKE AFTERWARDS.

LATEST FROM SHOTSHIRE.—The only appropriate beverage for a Sportsman out shooting,—why "Pop" to be sure.



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron's Assistants say that of the Christmas works published by MESSRS. HUTCHINSON & Co. they can and do recommend *The Children of Wilton Chase* by L. J. MEAD, to which they accord their mead of praise, which likewise they bestow on FLORENCE MARRYAT'S

*The Little Marine and the Japanese Lily*, a book of adventures in the land of the Rising Sun, which will delight many rising sons for whom chiefly was this book intended. There are always "more ways than one," and so *Where Two Ways Meet* there is like to be a puzzle, solved in this instance by the authoress, SARAH DOUBNEY. Put down the books! Come to the festive board! Down—(the right way of course) with the mince-pie and plum-pudding! Strange is it that the source of so much enjoyment, the very types of Christmas good cheer, should themselves be so "down in the mouth" as invariably are Mathew Mince-pie and Peter Plum-pudding at this festive season. And they being gone and cleared off, enter a gentleman bearing the unusual and remarkable name of SMITH—familiarily welcomed as "Tom" of that ilk—and then pop go the crackers! "But we must keep the secret," whisper the

LAST Thursday the Fishmongers gave a banquet in their hall to the Duke of Beaufort and other Masters of Hounds. But why should the Fishmongers thus publicly advertise themselves as "going to the dogs." What fishy a-fin-ity is there between hounds and herrings, except in the running of a drag? However, the Lord Mayor improved the occasion, which we dare say, judging from the liberal hospitality, or, in this instance boss-pitality, of the Fishmongering Corporation, scarcely required improvement, to inform His Grace of Beaufort and other noble sportsmen that he too was a hunting man, and that Lord Mayors of London ought as a rule to be hunting men if they would keep up the ancient traditions of their office. Why doesn't his sporting and equestrian Lordship revive the "Lord Mayor's Hounds" of the time of GEORGE THE FIRST? The meet might be in Leadenhall Market, or in a still meatier place, Smithfield, and a bag fox being turned out, they might, on a good scenting day, have a fine burst of a good forty minutes, taking Houndsditch in their stride away across Goodman's Fields, then away across Bethnal Green, tally-hoing down Cambridge Road, and then with a merry burst, into Commercial Road East, gaily along Radcliff Highway, and running into sly Reynard in Limehouse Basin, Stepney! Yoicks! On hunting days there would be a placard on the Mansion House door with the words, "Gone Away!" And of course there would be a list of the meets appended to all the usual notices. Let the present Lord Mayor start this, and his Mayoralty will indeed be a memorable one.



King Cracker the Millionth, of the Bonbon Dynasty.

Baron's Assistants, and they strongly advise everyone not to peep into this *boîte à surprise* until Christmas Day itself. So, for SPARAGNAPANE'S "charming confections, which," as the Baron's young lady clerks, BLYTHE and GAY, observe, "are in the very highest style of 'High Art'; and the same Mr. SPARE-NA-PAIN'S *Darkest Evening, and How to Get Out of It*, will be tidings of comfort and joy to many a holiday-making household." BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

## A TRULY ROORAL OPERA.

SORRY, indeed, are all London lovers of music at the sudden departure from our midst and mist of *Caralleria Rusticana*, the Rustic Cavalier. It is no comfort to us to be told that the Rustic Cavalier will go into the provinces and appeal to the country. His province at present should have been to remain in London, where, with nothing to speak of in the way of *mise-en-scène*, he—that is, his composer, PIETRO MASCAgni—has made a decided hit. Wise was our Signor LAGO "al factotum" in producing this, and knowing, too, must he be in his use of Windsor soap to have so speedily "taken the cake." Nay more, did not HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY absolutely retain a Royal Box at the Shaftesbury up to the last night of the run of this one-Act Opera? "Ah, bravo, Figaro, bravo bravissimo! Fortunatissimo!" What a treat, too, to hear again the "*Che farò*," which brought down the Curtain, and brought down the House, on this termination to GLUCK'S *Orfeo*. Strong, indeed, must be the *Caralleria* to be successful after the *Che farò*: but it was.

The Overture, the solo sung, by way of novelty, behind the Curtain, by TURIDDU,—(what a name! like the commencement of a comic nonsensical chorus! TURIDDU ought to have been in love with Tulla Lieti, and have behaved badly to Tralala. "But this is another story.")—the choruses, and most of the concerted pieces are charming; and, above all, the *internuzza*, which, were the piece in two Acts, would be the overture to the Second Act, is simply so fascinating, that without a dissentient voice from a full house it was warmly and heartily enoored, and would have been called for a third time had the judicious Signor ARDITI shown the slightest sign of conceding a supply to a fresh demand. None of the solos, except the one sung behind the Curtain, are particularly catching, or dramatically effective. Mlle. ELANDI, as *Santuzza*, acts and sings well; and Signor BERTINI, with a good voice, is about as stiff in action as a rustic Cavalier would naturally be; while Signor BROOMHARA'S *Affio* the Mule-driver is histrionically just about perfect. Of course it will not be long ere we hear it again, and under vastly improved conditions.



## A MAYOR AND OLD HUNTER.

## THE HYPNOTISED LOBSTER.

[MR. ERNEST HART said, in a recent Lecture, that snakes, frogs, and lobsters could be hypnotised like human beings.]

'Tis the voice of the Lobster, I hear him complain,  
That hypnotic suggestion is on me again;  
I was mesmerised once, and behold, since that time,  
I have yielded myself to suggestions of crime;  
I have compassed the death of an innocent "dab,"  
And attempted to poison an elderly crab.

You'll not wonder my tricks give my relatives shocks,  
And they're holding a meeting just now in the rocks  
To decide whether I, who was once quite a saint,  
Should be put, as the doctors say, under restraint.  
I intend to go there in the midst of a trance,  
And, may I be boiled, but I'll lead them a dance!

It's a terrible thing, when to virtue inclined,  
That some vile Mesmeriser debauches your mind;  
When awake I recoil from the things that I've done,  
Such as scrunching the poor little mussels for fun.  
In these fetters hypnotic a foe holds me fast,  
And you'll find that they'll hang me, in seaweed, at last.

## WELCOME, LITTLE STRANGER!

LAST Friday there appeared a startling paragraph, announcing the first appearance of a New Island. Appropriately, it was on the face of *The Globe*. The intelligence came to us *via* Marseilles. Did it come up to the surface ready furnished for occupation, as in our second National Anthem about "Britons never being slaves?" Britain is described as doing? The quotation is:—

"When Britain first at Heaven's command, Arose from out the azure main," (or words to that effect), She (the Island) came up with a ready-made charter, and was open to be taken furnished. If this is the case with the new Island, the sooner some parties "who won't be misad" pack off, bag and baggage, and take possession of the property, the better. It's a chance. "Island to Let. Ready furnished. Quite ready for occupation when thoroughly dry. No Agents need apply. Ground-Swell Landlord, Neptune, C. district."





## THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

*(Modern Political Version, a long way after Marlowe.)*

"COME LIVE WITH ME, AND BE MY LOVE,  
AND WE WILL ALL THE PLEASURES PROVE

And thou shalt sit at ease, and mock  
The Tory Shepherds of the flock,  
The Squire and Parson, o'er whose fall  
The Primrose Dames already squall.

And I will give thee cots most cosy,  
Of structure sound and aspect rosy;  
True homes, salubrious if not garish,  
And proper influence in the parish.  
One-Man-one-Vote, the Ballot, School,  
And rating on a fairer rule;

A Charity less harsh and cold  
To warm thine heart when thou grow'st old.

A chance upon the land to dwell,  
Free, independent, faring well;  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Come live with me, and be my love!

Though Tory Swains thy vote may crave  
To keep thee still the Landlord's slave,  
If freedom's joys thy mind may move,  
Come live with me and be my love!

"THAT LAND REFORM, ALLOTTED FIELD,  
AND VILLAGE COUNCILS SOON MUST YIELD."

## THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

*(Some way after Sir Walter Raleigh.)*

If I were sure 'twere sooth thou 'st sung,  
That truth were on thy silvery tongue;  
These pleasures must my passion move  
To live with thee and be thy love.

But art thou sure the Allotted Field  
A present paradise will yield,  
Making a lady of a thrall,  
As dreamed at the Memorial Hall?



Thy Village Council, Cottage cosy,  
Present in sooth a prospect rosy,  
But promises so oft are rotten;  
I've oft been wooed—and oft forgotten!

Free vote, fair rating, open school,  
Good wage, intelligent self-rule,—  
These are enticements me would move  
To live with thee and be thy love.

If thy zeal last, if love, indeed,  
Fire thee my hapless lot to heed;  
Then such delights my mind shall move  
To live with thee and be thy love.

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.—During a recent *cause célèbre* in the Divorce Court the petitioner was asked by Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, Q.C., M.P., P.T.P.C., "Did he do anything?" to which the reply was, "He took up a salt-cellar and threw the contents in my face." Mr. FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P., V.P.T.P.C. has been lamenting ever since that he could not have appeared as *amicus curiæ* to point out that this testimony, until flatly contradicted, "must be taken as *prima facie* evidence of a salting her."

### CHRISTMAS NUMBERS.

*After a Very Old Nursery Model.*

ONE, two, crimson and blue;  
Two, three, treacyness free;  
Three, four, gilding galore;  
Four, five, bogies alive;  
Five, six, spectres from Styx;  
Six, seven, angels from heaven;  
Seven, eight, big "extra plate";  
Eight, nine, wassail and wine;  
Nine, ten, pencil and pen;  
Ten, eleven, commercial leaven;  
Eleven, twelve, "high-art" shelve;  
Thirteen, fourteen, pictures of sporting;  
Fifteen, sixteen, ghost-stories, fixt een;  
Seventeen, eighteen, advertisements great in;  
Nineteen, twenty, profit in plenty!



### "WHEN A MAN DOES NOT LOOK HIS BEST."—No. 5.

WHEN, AFTER LUNCHING SUMPTUOUSLY AT A STRANGE HOTEL IN A STRANGE PART OF THE COUNTRY, IT SUDDENLY OCCURS TO HIM THAT HE HAS LEFT HIS PURSE, WITH ALL HIS MONEY IN IT, IN THE MAIL TRAIN GOING NORTH.

### ILLEGAL FICTIONS.

SCENE—Interior of a Publisher's Office, shortly after the trial of *Pinnock v. Chapman and Hall*.

**Publisher.** We have given our best attention to your Manuscript of a three-volume novel, called—let me see, what did you call it? Oh, yes, here it is!—called, *Haunted by Sixteen Goblins*, and we are afraid it won't do.

**Literary Aspirant (pained).** Won't do!

**Pub. (calmly).** No. Won't do a bit—at least, not in its present form. You see, you introduce a Pirate Chief, named Captain WILDFIRE, who lives at Singapore, and who murders the mate, the steward, five seamen, and all the Passengers of the *Jolly Seamer*, the vessel that he commands, and appropriates five million dollars belonging to his employers, the vessel's owners.

**Lit. Asp.** Quite so. I thought those incidents would be rather exciting. They're so new. Do you object to the murders, or what?

**Pub.** Oh, dear no! But now this name, Captain WILDFIRE. (*Suspiciously.*) Are you sure there is nobody whose name is at all like it, and who also resides at Singapore?

**Lit. Asp.** I took the name quite by chance. I've never been near Singapore in my life.

**Pub. (relieved).** Glad to hear it. One has to be so careful nowadays. Here's an Army List—let us see if anybody called WILDFIRE figures in it. Ha! What's this! "Major WILDMAN, 217th Hussars." (*Gazes at Lit. Aspirant sternly.*) Is your Captain WILDFIRE intended as a caricature of Major WILDMAN, Sir, or is it not?

**Lit. Asp. (astonished).** Why, of course not! I never heard of the man.

**Pub.** Very likely not. We should hear of him precious soon if we published your novel as it stands.

**Lit. Asp.** But what reason is there to suppose this Major WILDMAN has ever been to Singapore? And how can a captain of a merchantship like the *Jolly Seamer* be confused with a Major in the Army who has never commanded a vessel in his life?

**Pub. (doggedly).** All very well; but the name must come out. Then I don't like this description of the Ninth Goblin at all. Where

is it? Oh, here! (*Reads.*) "Even the cerements of the tomb enveloping the form of the Ninth Goblin could not hide—nay, seemed rather to bring prominently forward—the malignant expression of the one-eyed face, with its crop of red whiskers, beetle brows, and low receding forehead."

**Lit. Asp.** What's wrong with that?

**Pub.** Wrong! Everything's wrong! There are lots of people about with red whiskers and low receding foreheads, and they'll all bring actions of libel.

**Lit. Asp.** But my Goblin has only one eye.

**Pub.** Well, so may they. They're equal to taking one eye out and putting it back when the trial's over, if they thought it'd help them to get money out of us. There may be a fellow called Mr. GOBLIN somewhere, too. Oh, no; it won't do at all. All the chapters with the Ninth Goblin in must come out.

**Lit. Asp. (aghast).** But that would spoil the book—it would mean leaving out half of it.

**Pub.** Yes, it would reduce the bulk, no doubt. In any case we could not produce it in a three-volume form. But we are bringing out a series of cheap fictions, and we might include yours.

**Lit. Asp. (making the best of things).** Well, some good books have appeared in a shilling form.

**Pub.** Yes. But it's not a shilling form we should propose. The fact is, that there is a great run on Penny Novelettes just now, and—

**Lit. Asp. (rising).** And you dare to propose bringing out the *Sixteen Goblins* as a Penny Novelette!

**Pub.** Certainly, and in view of the risk of actions for libel, you would have to pay the printing-bill, and give us a contrast of indemnity in case your *Captain Wildfire* did turn out to be identical with some retired pirate who feels himself hurt at your description. You don't think much of the proposal? Well, nor do we of the book, to tell you the truth. Ta, ta!

[*Disappears into inner room. Literary Aspirant slowly folds up his novel, and exits.*]

MOTTO FOR THE DIVORCE COURT.—Marry, and come up!



## THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. XIX.

SCENE—*The Tombs of the SCALIGERS at Verona. A seedy and voluble Cicerone, who has insisted upon volunteering his services, is accompanying Miss TROTTER, BOB PRENDERGAST, and CULCHARD. It is a warm afternoon, and CULCHARD, who has been intrusted with Miss T.'s recent purchases—two Italian blankets, and a huge pot of hammered copper—is not in the most amiable of moods.*

*The Cicerone (in polyglot). Ecco, Signore (pointing out the interlaced ladders in the wrought-iron railings), l'échelle, la scala, c'est tout flexible—(He shakes the trellis)—molto, molto curioso!*

*Culch. (bitterly, to the other two). I warned you how it would be! We shall have this sort of thing all the afternoon now!*

*Miss T. Well, I don't mind; he's real polite and obliging—and that's something, anyway!*

*Culch. Polite and obliging! Now I ask you—has he given us the slightest atom of valuable information yet?*

*Miss T. I guess he's too full of tact to wish to interfere with your special department!*

*The Cic. (to CULCHARD, who looks another way). Ici le tombeau di GIOVANNI DELLA SCALA, Signore. Verri grazioso, molto magnifico, joli conservé! (He skips up on the pedestal, and touches a sarcophagus.) Non bronzo—verde—antique!*

*[Nods at CULCHARD, with a beaming smile.]*

*Culch. (with a growl). Va bene, va bene—we know all about it!*

*Bob P. You may; but you might give Miss TROTTER and me a chance, you know!*

*The Cic. Zees, Marmor di Carrara; zat, Marmor di Verona—Verona marbre. MARTINO PRIMO a fait bâtir. (Counting on his fingers for CULCHARD'S benefit.) Quatuor diehème secolo—fotteen!*

*Culch. Will you kindly understand that I am quite capable of estimating the precise period of this sculpture for myself.*

*The Cic. Sì-sì, Signore. Scultore BONINO DA CAMPIGLIONE. (With a wriggle of deferential enthusiasm.) Bellissimo scultore!*

*Miss T. He's got an idea you find him vurry instructive, Mr. CULCHARD, and I guess, if you want to disabuse him, you'd better do it in Italian.*

*Culch. I think my Italian is equal to conveying an impression that I can willingly dispense with his society. (To the Cic.) Andate via—do you understand? Andate via!*

*The Cic. (hurt, and surprised). Ah, Signore! (He breaks into a fervent vindication of his value as guide, philosopher, and friend.)*

*Miss T. I guess he's endeavouring to intimate that his wounded self-respect isn't going to be healed under half a dollar. And every red cent I had went on that old pot! Mr. CULCHARD, will you give him a couple of francs for me?*

*Culch. I—er—really see no necessity. He's done nothing whatever to deserve it!*

*Bob P. (eagerly). May I, Miss TROTTER? (Producing a ten-lire note.) This is the smallest change I've got.*

*Miss T. No, I guess ten francs would start him with more self-respect than he's got any use for. Mr. CULCHARD will give him three—that's one apiece—to punish him for being so real mean!*

*Culch. (indignantly). Mean? because I—! (He pays and dismisses the Cic.) Now we can examine these monuments in peace—they are really—er—unique examples of the sepulchral pomp of Italian mediævalism.*

*Miss T. They're handsome tombs enough—but considerable cramped. I should have thought these old Scallywags would have looked around for a roomier burying lot. (To CULCHARD, who shivers.) You aren't feeling sick any?*

*Culch. No—only pained by such a travesty of a noble name. "Scallywags" for SCALIGERS seems to me, if I may say so, a very cheap form of humour!*

*Miss T. Well, it's more than cheap—it isn't going to cost you a cent, so I should think you'd appreciate it!*

*Bob P. Haw—score for you, Miss TROTTER!*

*Culch. I should have thought myself that mere personality is hardly enough to give point to any repartee—there is a slight difference between brilliancy and—er—brutality!*

*Bob P. Hullo! You and I are being sat upon pretty heavily, Miss TROTTER.*

*Miss T. I guess our Schoolmaster's abroad. But why Mr. CULCHARD should want to make himself a train out of my coverlets, I don't just see—he looks majestic enough without that.*

*[CULCHARD catches up a blanket which is trailing, and says bad words under his-breath.]*

*At the Tomb of Juliet.*

*Culch. (who is gradually recovering his equanimity). Think of it! the actual spot on which Romeo and Juliet—SHAKESPEARE'S Juliet—drew their last breath! Does it not realise the tragedy for you?*

*Miss T. Well, no—it's a disappointing tomb. I reckoned it would look less like a horse-trough. I should have expected Juliet's Poppa and Momma would want, considering all the facts of the case, to throw more style into her monument!*

*Culch. (languidly). May not its very simplicity—er—attest the sincerity of their remorse?*

*Miss T. Do you attach any particular meaning to that observation now? (CULCHARD bites his lip.) I notice this tomb is full of visiting cards—my! but ain't that curious?*

*Culch. (instructively). It only shows that this place is not without its pathos and interest for most visitors, no matter what their nationality may be. You don't feel inclined yourself to—?*

*Miss T. To leave a pasteboard? Why I shouldn't sleep any all night, for fear she'd return my call!*

*Culch. (producing a note-book). It's fanciful, perhaps—but, if you don't mind waiting a little, I should like to contribute—not my card, but a sonnet. I feel one on its way.*

*Bob P. Better make sure the tomb's genuine first, hadn't you? Some say it isn't.*

*Culch. (exasperated). I knew you'd make some matter-of-fact remark of that kind! There—it's no use! Let us go.*

*Miss T. Why, your sonnets seem as skeery as those lizards there! I hope JULIET won't ever know what she's missed. But likely you'll mail those verses on to her later.*

*[She and Bob P. pass on, laughing.]*

*Culch. (following). She only affects this vulgar flippancy to torment me. If I didn't know that— There, I've left that infernal pot behind now!*

*[Goes back for it, wrathfully.]*

*In the Amphitheatre; Miss PRENDERGAST, PODBURY, and VAN BOODELER, are seated on an upper tier.*

*Podb. (meditatively). I suppose they charged highest for the lowest seats. Wonder whether a lion ever nipped up and helped himself to some fat old buffer in the Stalls when the martyrs turned out a leaner lot than usual!*

*Van. B. There's an ingenuous modernity about our friend's historical speculations that is highly refreshing.*

*Miss P. There is, indeed—though he might have spared himself and us the trouble of them if he had only remembered that the podium was invariably protected by a railing, and occasionally by curpi, or trenches. You surely learnt that at school, Mr. PODBURY?*

*Podb. I—I daresay. Forgotten all I learnt at school, you know! Van. B. I should infer now, from that statement, that you enjoyed the advantages of a pretty liberal education?*

*Podb. If that's meant to be cutting, I should save it up for that novel of yours; it may seem smart—there!*

*Miss P. Really, Mr. PODBURY, if you choose to resent a playful remark in that manner, you had better go away.*

*Podb. Perhaps I had. (Rises, and moves off huffily). D— his playfulness! 'Pon my word, poor old CULCHARD was nothing to that beggar! And she backs him up! But there—it's all part of my probation! (Here CULCHARD suddenly appears, laden with burdens.) Hullo! are you moving, or what?*

*Culch. I am merely carrying a few things for Miss TROTTER. (Drops the copper pot, which bounds down into the arena.) Dash the thing!... (Returning with it.) It's natural that, in my position, I should have these—er—privileges. (He trips over a blanket.) Conf— Have you happened to see Miss TROTTER about, by the way?*

*Podb. Fancy I saw her down below just now—with BOB. I expect they're walking round under the arches.*





*Culch.* Just so. Do you know, *PODBURY*, I almost think I'll go down and find her. I—I'm curious to hear what her impressions of a place like this are. Such a scene, you know,—so full of associations with—er—the splendours and cruelties of a corrupt past—must produce a powerful effect upon the fresh untutored mind of an American girl, eh?

*Miss T.'s voice (distinctly from arena).* I'd like ever so much to see Buffalo *BILL* run his Show in here—he'd just make this old circus hum!

*Miss P.'s voice (indistinctly from topmost tier).* Almost fancy it all. . . Senators—equites—populus—pullati. . . yellow sunlight striking down through *cellarium*. . . crimsoned sand. . . *mirmillo* fleeing before *secutor*. . . *DIOCLETIAN* himself, perhaps, lolling over there on *cubiculum*. . . &c., &c., &c.

*Culch.* The place appears to excite *Miss PRENDERGAST's* enthusiasm, at all events!

*Podb.* Rath-er! But then she's no end of a classical swell, you know!

*Culch.* (putting his arm through *PODBURY's*.) Ah, well, my dear *PODBURY*, one mustn't expect too much, must one?

*Podb.* I don't, old chap—only I'm afraid she does. Suppose we toddle back to the hotel, eh? Getting near *table d'hôte* time.

[They go out arm-in-arm.]

## 'ARRY IN ROME AND LONDON.

A KIND Correspondent calls *Mr. Punch's* attention to the fact that 'ARRY the Ubiquitous crops up even in the Classics, as *ARRIUS*, in fact, in *Carmen lxxxiv.* of *CATULLUS*. How proud 'ARRY will be to hear of his classical prototype! Our Correspondent "dropping into verse," exclaims:—

Yes! Your Cockney is eternal;  
ARRIUS speaks in 'ARRY still:  
Vaunts 'is "hincome" by paternal  
"Hartful" tricks hup 'Olborn 'Ill.

How well he is justified may be seen by a glance at the text of *CATULLUS*:—

DE ARRIO.

"Chommoda" diecebat, si quando com-  
moda vellet [sidias]  
Dioere, et "hinsidias" ARRIUS in-  
Et tum mirifice sperabat se esse  
locutum.

Cum, quantum poterat, dixerat  
"hinsidias."

Credo, sic mater, sic Liber avunculus  
ejus,  
Sic maternus avus dixerit, atque  
avia.

*CATULLUS, Carmen lxxxiv.*

Which—for the benefit of 'ARRY himself, who is not perhaps familiar with the "Lingo Romano"—though he may know something of a "Romano" dear to certain young sportsmen, though not dearer to them than other caterers,—may thus be very freely adapted:—

'ARRY to Hoxford gives the aspirate still  
He cruelly denies to 'Ighgate 'Ill;  
Yet deems in diction he can ape the "Swell,"  
And "git the 'ang of it" exceeding-well.  
Doubtless his sire, the 'atter, and his mother,  
The hupper 'ousemaid, so addressed each other;  
For spite of all that wrangling Board Schools teach,  
There seems heredity in Cockney speech.

FREDERICK THE GREAT AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.—"Bravo, Sir President of the Royal Academy!" says *Mr. Punch*, U.P.B.B., enthusiastically; "a splendid lecture, Sir, that of yours last Thursday, given to the architectural and other Academical students, who, acting upon your advice, should be each one the architect of his own fortune. Your sharply dashed-off portrait of The Grand Monarque, the 'Roi Soleil, majestic in the many-storey'd wig,—the King being built up quite mon-architecturally,—which encircled his retreating brow,' was masterly. More power to your elbow, Sir FREDERICK—that is, if you require it. *Mr. Punch*, Universal President of Brother Brushes, fraternally and cordially salutes you."

LATEST IN MESSAGE.—Our friend, *Mrs. RAM*, says she will not be "sham pooh'd;" she will be either really pooh'd, or not pooh'd at all.

## "THE BIG BIG D." ENCORED.

*Mr. W. S. GILBERT* ought to have been engaged as Counsel in the *Duplany v. Duplany* divorce case, when, attired in his wig, gown, and bands—*ARTHUR SELLIVAN's* full bands of course—he could have put the question which *Mr. GILL* had to make a pint of putting,



i.e., as to the occasional use of strong language. Set librettically, "*Fianza la bella*" would have answered in her sweetest strain and with her most bewitching Florentine manner, "I never use a big big D." To her the Counsel, not *Mr. GILL* but *Mr. GILBERT*, would have retorted musically, "What 'necery'?" To him the fair Witness, replying on consideration, "Well,—hardly ever." Then the chorus, led by the Judge, Sir FRANCIS JERRE, and joined in by all the Jeunioris of his Court, would have wound up this portion of the proceedings, if not harmoniously, at least tunefully. For future reference, it would be known

as "the Big Big D-ivorce Case." How such occasional musical outbursts would lighten the labours of the Court through many a tedious case! And in a *cause un peu célèbre* like this, where there is a crammed house and enthusiastic audience ready to take every point, and risk possible expulsion rather than remain quiet, what a relief such a burst of song would be to everybody's pent-up feelings and bottled-up excitement. The comedy is all very well, but the finale is tragic, the last scene of all being from the historical subject with modern application representing "MARRIUS seated among the ruins" of what might have been a happy domestic life.

## A PANNICK IN GILDHALL!

WE'VE jist bin and had sitch a Pannick in the City as we ain't not had since the prowd and orty Portogeesse threatened to stop any more old Port from leaving of their shores, unless we guv 'em up ever so much of the hinside of Afrikey. Ah, that was a pannick that was, and all us Waiters felt it severally, but her Majesty's Government, seeing at wunce the solemn natur of the threat, made such terrens as settled the hole affair, and Port went down as usual.

Well that was bad enuff in all consensance, but it was nothink to what we has all bin threatened with, from the Lord MARSH on his throne of power to the umblest waiter of his royal establiishment. I herd ony last week from the Gildhall Beedle, so it must be trew, that ever so many of what's called Comishunners of Suers had cum a tearing down stairs from their place up above, a cussin and a swearin like mad, becoz the Kumpany as was a jist beginnin for to lite up our streets with Lectricisity, had writtin for to say as they coodn't get it dun for more nor another year. Well that was bad enuff for them as likes that tell-tail lite, "but wuss remanes behind," as the Pote says; and I really arldy xpoos to be beleevend when I says, as they threatened not to lite up the onered Manshun Ouse to the werry last! and as the gas has all a bin taken away, there wooden have been not no lite, and conssequently not no Dinner in that grand Ome of Horspallerty, not for twelve long woary hungry munse!



The shudder as run thro Gildhall when this was fust menshund, the Beedel tells me, was sumthink quite orful, and the langwidge used, even by anshunt Deppertys, sumthink not to remember, but sumthink to forget as soon as possibel.

However, a gentle reminder from them as could do what they threttind, whether it was six months' hard, or suspenshun from wun of their own tall, red lamp postcases, brort them all to their sewen senses, and everythink is to be redly for the fust State Bank-wet at the reglar hour on the reglar day; and so the dedly wroth of the grand old Copperashun is apeezed, and there is no longer any tork of a mighty band of hindignant Welshers a marching up to Town to avenge the dedly hinsult with which their poplar Mon-nark was threttind!

Wun of our werry cleverest Depputys said to me,— "Ah, *Mr. ROBERT*, if our ennemys had reelly xtinguished all our light, I should indeed have said, with the Pote, *Habsent Homen*."

I didn't kno a bit what he meant, but I rayther think it were sumthink seessonnabel about Ome sweet Ome, or about the likker "habsinth," wich I don't hold with. But I quite agreed with him.

ROBERT.

A ROYAL "HAPPY THOUGHT" IN DECEMBER.—The Promise of MAY.





### "SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE," &c.

*Ethel.* "MUMMY DEAR, WHY DID YOU TELL RICHARD YOU 'WEREN'T AT HOME' JUST NOW?" (Pause.)  
 "MUMMY, I MEAN——"  
*Mamma.* "WHEN SIR FUSBY DODDERIDGE CALLED? WHY, ETHEL DEAR, BECAUSE HE BORES ME."  
*Ethel.* "OH!" (After thoughtfully considering the matter with regard to her Governess.) "THEN MAY I SAY I'M NOT AT HOME WHEN MISS KRUX CALLS TO-MORROW? FOR SHE BORES ME AWFULLY?"

### "ENGLAND, HOME, AND BEAUTY!"

["I am quite proud to think that my son marries one who was born in this country, has been educated in this country, and has the feelings of an Englishwoman."—*H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at the Civil Service Dinner.*]

THE Prince's word will strike a chord  
 Of sympathy and pleasure  
 In English hearts. Not from abroad  
 Young CLARENCE brought his treasure.  
 He finds his MAY in British mead;  
 'Tis *Punch's* pleasant duty  
 The old chorus once again to lead,  
 "For England, Home, and Beauty!"

England!—the fair betrothed was born  
 Within the seas that bind us;

Home!—not from far court-precincts torn,  
 This Princess comes to find us.  
 Beauty!—well, look upon that face,  
 Whilst PUNCHIUS Cupid hovers,  
 With crowning wreath and genial grace,  
 Above the Royal lovers.

Fair home-grown flower, bright English MAY,  
 Whose promise cheers December,  
 And who will make "wild March" so gay;  
*Punch* can right well remember.  
 Betrothals many, bridals too,  
 Your lover's sire's among them,  
 And with a loyalty frank yet true.  
 Has generally sung them.

And so for you he hath a stave,  
 Latest of the bright bevy.

On gentle hearts and spirits  
 brave  
 The toll of love you'll levy.  
 We trust that fortune may  
 prove fair, [rosy,  
 And life's long pathway  
 And love attend the Royal pair.  
 The young "Promessi  
 Sposi."

An English bridal it will be  
 When March brings round  
 the spring time,  
 And English hearts will hail  
 with glee  
 The coming of the ring-time.  
*Punch*—like his Prince—is  
 "proud to think"  
 It then will be his duty,  
 Once more the fine old toast to  
 drink—  
 "For England, Home, and  
 Beauty!"

### TWOPENCE PLAIN,—A PENNY COLOURED.

MR. PUNCH, HONOURED SIR,  
 I HAVE just received a  
 copy of *The Almanack*, which,  
 if I may say so, is worthy of the  
 approach to the close of "the  
 so-called Nineteenth Century."  
 Not to go further into  
 particulars, I should say that  
 "A Doll's Diary" will be  
 hard to beat in contemporary  
 Christmas literature.

It was, Sir, not with the in-  
 tention of making this obvious  
 remark that I break in upon  
 your reflections. My purpose  
 was moved by discovering on  
 the front cover of this work  
 of Literature and Art the  
 legend, "Price 6d.; Inland  
 postage, 2d." Looking at the  
 postal cover which lightly bore  
 the treasure o'er land and  
 sea to this ancient town, I  
 discovered, that coming under  
 the "foreign postage rate,"  
 1½d. had served the turn.  
 Whence it appears, that had  
 I, as usual at this season of  
 the year, been at my country  
 address, to be found in *Dod*,  
 the *Almanack* would have cost  
 me, or someone else (it is  
 beside the argument), 2d.  
 Whereas, being hundreds of  
 miles away from the placid  
 pastures that surround The  
 Kennel, Berks, the postage is  
 25 per cent. less in amount.  
 In one case, where the larger  
 sum and the less amount of  
 labour were concerned, the  
 English Post-Office, taking  
 all the money, charge 2d.; in  
 the other, calling in the as-  
 sistance of Belgium and Ger-  
 many, and of course sharing  
 with them the plunder, 1½d.  
 is held to be the fair recom-  
 pense for the immensely ex-  
 tended labour. Isn't this  
 something in the way of re-  
 versal of the ordinary trade  
 axiom, as who should say  
 "Twopence Plain; a Penny,  
 Coloured"?

In its immediate application  
 it is a small thing. People  
 privileged to receive *Punch's*  
*Almanack* through the post





“ENGLAND, HOME, AND BEAUTY!”







will not quibble over a half-penny. But it is evident that a system which embodies an arrangement that needs only to be stated to have its absurdity demonstrated, wants looking after.

I beg to give my friend, the new Postmaster-General, notice that, as soon as the House meets, I shall put a question on the subject. In the meanwhile, and always I am, honoured Sir, your obliged and obedient servant,

TOBY, M.P.

Kaiserbad, Aachen, Monday.

### POPULAR SONGS RE-SUNG.

PERHAPS a version "up to date" (as the slang goes) of *Our Village*, may interest the supporters of the Statesman Mr. ACLAND, without annoying the admirers of the poet WALPINK.

#### No. IV.—OUR VILLAGE.

AIR—"The Village on the 'Slow and Dirty' Line."

For centuries the Village was maintained, without cessation,

As "a Squire and Parson's paddock," just to keep poor yokels down,

But all that is to be altered, at the Radical's instigation,

We're settling on a village which shall have the charms of town.

It's shaped on Democratic lines, it is in nubibus yet,

But when Reform's set going, it's a horse that does not stop.

The House o' Commons has pronounced, and though old Tories fuss, yet

All understand the tyrant has the tip to shut up shop.

#### Chorus.

In the Village, new Village, a healthy little spot, [smells are not,

The home of rural Hygiene, where nasty Where HOGES shan't be the thrall

Of the Vicarage and the Hall, In the Village shaped on Democratic lines!

There bobbing to their "betters" shall not be an institution

With the Jemmies and the Jessamies, as in the good old day;

There "Washhouses" shall civilise chawbacons—by ablution,

And Drink-shops shall not freely tithe the ploughman's paltry pay.

There shall be a Parish Council by the householders elected, [comb;

Who will snub "the Village tyrant" and will out the Parson's

And when once 'tis constituted such reform may be expected

That poor HOGES in all sincerity may sing his "Home, Sweet Home!"

Chorus.—In the Village, new Village, the sanitary spot,

A small self-governed commune with full powers to "allot,"

A Free Library for all, And a handsome Meeting Hall,

In the Village shaped on Democratic lines!

There the Labourer shall not half-starve on "swankey" and thin pottage,

With a prospect of the Workhouse when no longer he can work;

But shall have a fragrant pigstye, and a sanitary cottage,

And a voice in local business which the big-wigs cannot burke.

The rural working-man shall superintend his children's schooling,

And control long ill-used "charities," and champion "common rights,"

And, in fact, there'll be an end to Squire's sole sway and Parson's

And the rustic's sole hope-beacon shall no more be "London's Lights."

Chorus.—In the Village, new Village, &c., &c.

There the peasant politician with the Guardian shall grapple,

And keep up the rural standard, and keep down the local rates;

The haughty Church no longer there shall lord it o'er the Chapel,

And the Voluntary School shall find the level it so hates.

In short, with Local Government invested, the whole Village

Shall grow vigorous, and virtuous, and prosperous, and proud,

And free from Landlord pressure, and the Parson's petty pillage,

The peasants shall no longer to the slums of London crowd.

Chorus.—From the Village, new Village, a happy little spot,

A home of peace and plenty, where oppression may not plot;

Where there's room enough for all,

And the "hind" is not a "thrull,"

In the Village shaped on Democratic lines!



### A SAFE NOVEL.

(With Interpolated Notes by Our Own Legal Adviser.)

#### CHAPTER I.—THE LOVERS' PARTING.

THE SUN was setting behind the towers of the church of Greenborough-on-the-Dribble.

[It must be clearly and distinctly understood that this village is not intended to refer to any parish with the word "green" introduced in the title—all incumbents of such livings being the most honourable and distinguished of men.]

Two persons were bidding one another adieu. The first was a man in the prime of life wearing a suit of tweeds.

[Please note that the name of the tailor is not given, and it is not to be assumed for a single moment that this refers to any individual in particular.]

The girl, for she was only a girl, wore a costume of almost puritanical simplicity.

[Again no dressmaker is singled out for discussion. It is a purely fancy portrait.]

They were both in tears. For the hour had come for their parting.

[It is necessary to state that by "parting" no reference is made to any existing firm of hair-dressers.]

For a moment they were silent, watching Phœbus as he descended in his glory of purple and gold.

[This refers to the mythical God of Day, and is not to be confounded with a member of a well-known firm of manufacturers of blacking.]

Then they spoke to one another.

"Zozimus," she murmured, softly, "and is this our last meeting?"

[The name of Zozimus was selected for the hero because it is an uncommon one, and consequently unlikely to be confounded with any more frequently-used designation. If by an unlucky chance there is a Zozimus, he is assured that the coincidence is purely accidental.]

"I am afraid it must be so, my ZULU-WOLFA," was the heartbroken response.

[Again the name has been chosen on the same lines as the selection of Zozimus, and the explanation above given may be

taken as having reference to both.]

"And so you are going across the sea in a boat?" she queried, trying to smile, in spite of her blinding tears.

[No boat in particular is intended, and we have the author's authority for saying that he has the greatest respect for every official connected with the shipping interest.]

"Yes," he returned, sadly, "it is my father's wish, and I trust that in a new world I shall find greater prosperity than I have been able to achieve in dear old England."

[No reference is made in the above to any weekly publications, although, perhaps the *World* and *England* may have been taken as titles for Saturday journals. Before passing this passage, we received the assurance of the author that he felt the deepest esteem for the Editors of the periodicals thus inadvertently mentioned.]

"Well, my beloved, you will soon see me; and, dead or alive, I shall be by your side in the spirit."

[This passage is not intended to single out any particular firm of distillers.]

"We shall meet again," he cried, pressing her frail form to his breast. "Indeed we shall meet again."

[It must not be assumed that there has been a misprint in the above passage, and that reference is made to any particular firm of butchers.]

And so they parted!

(To be continued in our next, after consultation with our Solicitor.)

WITHOUT THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.—A few days since the Justices of South Shields sentenced a vagrant verging upon seventy years of age, to fourteen days imprisonment with hard labour—a matter to which attention was called when the Coroner held an inquest in the gaol on the poor old fellow's body. It would be interesting to know the names of these "un-worthies," so that they might be gibbeted as a contrast to the sentiments that will prevail when Christmas ushers in a time of peace and good-will!

A STORY OF THE SEA (told on the Beach at Brighton).—"Fine day for a sail, Sir!"



## A PROMISING FOUR-YEAR-OLD.



At the Meet he attracted no little attention.



When Hounds went away, he quickly assumed a prominent position.



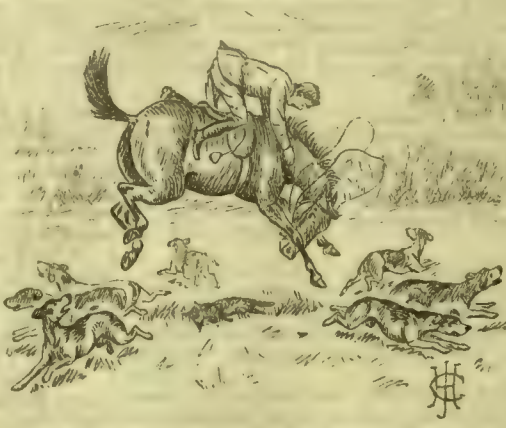
Though his manner of taking Rails was rather risky,



Yet his Courage was undeniable.



He proved excellent at Water,



And his method of taking the Fox from the Hounds was novel and entertaining.

## TOLD IN TAGS.

WE have recently been favoured by a communication from a firm of Publishers, which informs us that, in a story sent for review, "by an oversight of the binder," the Epilogue was omitted, and inclosing that interesting document. We have perused the four pages with so much pleasure, that we suggest that, instead of writing the whole story, novelists, in future, should only publish the final chapter, which might be beneficially compressed into a few lines. As a lead, we print a few conclusions, to serve as models:—

*Specimen of a Happy Ending.*—And so there was nothing more to do but to get married, and consequently EDWIN led no happier bride to the altar than his much persecuted and greatly tried ANGELINA. So the bells of Tinkleton rang out their merriest chimes as the sun went down on the stately towers of Castle Sympleton.

*Specimen of an Unhappy Ending.*—So, at peace with all the world, still holding the hand she loved so well, and smiling a smile that brought tears into the eyes of the good old Colonial Bishop, FLORA faded away into

the Golden Dream she knew so well!

*Specimen of a Mysterious Ending.*—And so HUGH, carrying a lamp in his right hand, and grasping the blade of his sword in his left, entered the cave of which he had heard so much. Will he ever return? Who can tell?

*Specimen of a Comic Ending.*—"So it was you, after all!" cried the Cheesemonger, with a shout of laughter.

EGERTON SWELLINGTON smiled an assent.

"Then all I can say," continued the worthy trader, "is, that a miss is as good as a mile."

And, for once in his life, MR. DOUBLECHIN was absolutely right!

*Specimen of the Poetical Ending.*—So with the blue-bells sighing soft music, and the stars chanting their soothing lullaby, the sweet soul of MARIA realised the truth that—

'Tis better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all.

*Specimen of the Shocker's Ending.*—And with a gasp and a reel, SIR RALPH fell back, back, back, down the precipice, and an hour later was found by the patrolling coast-guardsmen a quivering mass of senseless humanity!

*Specimen of the Christmas Ending.*—And so, linked hand in hand, father and mother, son and daughter, husband and wife, nephew and niece, bowed their heads beneath the holly and mistletoe, and wished one another, with a heartiness that told volumes, "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!"

QUERIES FOR CAMBRIDGE EXAM. PAPER.—1. If the Vice-Chancellor's authority to punish immorality within the bounds of the University town of Cambridge is to be done away with, will he still retain the then quite superfluous title of Vice-Chancellor?

2. On the abolition of "The Spinning-House," as plucked candidates are often spoken of as men who were "spun" for such-and-such an examination, might not the Senate-House be known as "The Spinning-House"?





A FEW ONE-POUND NOTES; OR, THE QUICK-CHANGE CHANCELLOR.



## BY GEORGE!

[In a recent libel action, brought against an author by an African merchant, Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH was called as a witness. He said:—

"The story in dispute passed through his hands as reader for the publishers. Asked in cross-examination if he thought that the opening of the story relating to the hero's mother did not offend against the canons of good taste, the witness answered that it was the attempt of a writer of serious mind to be humorous. It might be almost called a stereotype of that form of the element of humour. It was a failure, but still passed with the public.—The Judge: A kind of elephantine humour?—The Witness: Quite so. I did not like it, but one would have to object to so much."

There the report of Mr. MEREDITH's evidence ends. Exigencies of space apparently caused the omission of a great deal of it. Fortunately it is in our power to supply this deficiency.—Ed.]

*The Judge.* Quite so, Mr. MEREDITH. I may say for myself that I fully understand you. But perhaps it would be well to explain yourself a *little* more clearly for the benefit of the jury.

*Mr. George Meredith.* My Lord, I will put it with a convincing brevity, not indeed a dust-scattering brevity fit only

for the mumbling recluse, who perchance in this grey London marching Eastward at break of naked morn, daintily protruding a pinkest foot out of compassing clouds, conspicuously takes inside of him doses of what is denied to his external bat-resembling vision, but with the sharp brevity of a rotifer astrir in that curative



Very much En Evidence; or, George in the Box.

compartment of a homœopathic globule—so I, humorously purposeful in the midst of sorrow—

*The Judge.* One moment, Mr. MEREDITH. Have you considered—

*Mr. G. M.* Consideration, my Lord, is of them that sit revolving within themselves the mountainously mouse-productive problems of the overtoppingly catastrophic backward ages of empurpled brain-distorting puzzledom: for puzzles, as I have elsewhere said, come in rattle-boxes, they are actually children's toys, for what they contain, but not the less do they buzz at our understandings and insist that they break or we, and, in either case, to show a mere foolish idle rattle in hollowness. Nor have the antic bobbings—

*Sir Charles Russell (cross-examining).* Really, Mr. MEREDITH, I fail to follow you. Would it not be possible—

*Mr. G. M.* Ay, there you have it. In truth, the question looks like a paragraph in a newspaper, upon which a Leading Article sits, dutifully arousing the fat worm of sarcastic humour under the ribs of oradled citizens, with an exposure of its excellent folly. For the word. That is it. The word is Archon, with extended hand summoning the collaboratorially ordained, misbegotten brood of shock-shilling pamphlets to his regal presence—

*The Judge (testily).* No doubt that would be so, but it brings us no nearer to a decision upon the question of humour in the particular passage of the book which contains the alleged libel.

*Sir Charles Russell.* Perhaps I can shorten matters, my Lord. Now, Mr. MEREDITH, will you be kind enough to explain the following passage from a book with which you may perhaps be acquainted. (*Reads.*) "This he can promise to his poets. As for otherwhere than at the festive, Commerce invoked is a Goddess that will have the reek of those boards to fill her nostrils, and poet and alderman alike may be dedicate to the sublime, she leads them, after two sniffs of an idea concerning her, for the dive into the turtle-tureen. Heels up they go, poet first—a plummet he!" Is that humorous, or, if not, what is it?

*Mr. G. M.* Elephantine, I think; yet not elephantine altogether, since of them that crash amid jungle of atrophied semi-consciousness, strivingly set upon an overtopping mastery—

*Sir Charles Russell (interrupting).* Thank you. The passage is

from *One of our Conquerors*. Here is another:—"Reverting to the father and mother, his idea of a positive injury, that was not without its congratulations, sank him down among his disordered deeper sentiments, which were a diver's wreck, where an armoured livid subterranean, a monstrous puff-ball of man, wandered seriously light in heaviness; trebling his hundredweights to keep him from dancing like a bladder-block of elastic lumber." And while you are about it, pray inform the Court what you mean by "the vulgarest of our gobble-gobbets," or by "a trebly cataphractic Invisible."

*Mr. G. M.* Truly, the louder members of the grey public are fraternally instant to spurn at the whip of that which they do not immediately comprehend. But to me, plunged chokingly in translucent profundities of aquamarine splendour, not of a truth that in the heights above splendour resides not, chidingly offering a fat whiskerless cheek to the blows of circumstance, this was ever the problem of problems. How to write. How not to write. This way and that the raging fates tug the hapless reader, pillowed he upon the vast brown bosom of his maternal earth, or lurefully beckoning the dim shadow-shapes of dodecahedronic cataplasmatic centipede fatally conditioned to the everlasting pyramid of a star-pointing necessity. So—

*The Judge (with determination).* Mr. MEREDITH, the Court is sincerely obliged to you for your extremely valuable evidence. We are unwilling to detain you any longer. Besides, after what you have said, the point is as clear as daylight. Good morning, Mr. MEREDITH, good morning. You may become a trebly cataphractic Invisible.

## THE THINNING OF THE THATCH.

Oh, the Autumn leaves are falling, and the days are closing in, And the breeze is growing chilly, and my hair is getting thin! I've a comfortable income—and my age is thirty-three; But my Thatch is thinning quickly—yes, as quickly as can be!



I was once a merry urchin—curly-headed I was called. And I laughed at good old people when I saw them going bald; But it's not a proper subject to be lightly joked about. For it's dreadful to discover that your roof is wearing out!

I remember asking Uncle—in my innocent surprise—How he liked his head made use of as a Skating Rink by flies;

But although their dread intrusion I shall manfully resist, I'm afraid they'll soon have got another Rink upon their list.

When invited to a party I'm invariably late, For I waste the time in efforts to conceal my peeping pate— Though I coax my hair across it—though I brush away for weeks, Yet I can't prevent it parting and dividing into streaks!

I have tried a Hair Restorer, and I've rubbed my head with rum, But the thatch keeps getting thinner, and the new hair doesn't come— So I gaze into the mirror with a gloomy, vacant stare, For the circle's getting wider of that Open Space up there!

People tell me that my spirits I must not allow to fall, And that coming generations won't have any hair at all— Well—they'll never know an anguish that can adequately match With the pangs of watching day by day the thinning of your Thatch!



## A QUEER CHRISTMAS PARTY.

I REMEMBER coming home and dressing to go out again. Of this so far I am sure. I remember too taking a cab; also the cab taking me. But oddly enough though I dined that evening with a very old friend, somehow I cannot for the life of me, at this moment, call to mind his name or remember where he lives.

However, the evening was so remarkable that I at once sat down next day to record all that I could remember of this strange Christmas Party. Round the table were ROBERT ELSMERE, DORIAN GRAY, SIR ALAN QUATERMAIN, the MASTER of BALLANTREE, and other distinguished persons, including Princess NAPRAXINE,—a charming woman, who looked remarkably well in her white velvet with a knot of old lace at her throat and a tea-rose in her hair. Mrs. HAWKSBEER, too, looked smart in black satin, but in my opinion she was cut out by little DAISY MILLER, a sprightly young lady from America. My host (I wish I could remember his name) carried his love of celebrities so far, that even his servants were persons of considerable notoriety. His head butler, a man named MULVANEY, was an old soldier, who, with the two footmen (formerly his companions-in-arms) had been known in India by the name of "Soldiers Three."

"It was so good of you to come, although your husband had Russian influenza," remarked our host to ANNA KARENINA, who was seated on his left.

"My dear friend," she replied, "I was only too delighted; for really my husband cracks his finger-joints so much more lately, and it makes me so nervous, that I often think, if it were not that Mr. WRONGSKY sometimes calls on my day at home, I am sure I should be bored to death!"

"Ah! I know what that is!" said HEDDA GABLER, nodding sympathetically. "My husband, when he heard I wanted to come to-day, said 'Fancy that!' and I really felt I could have thrown something at him. They are so irritating," she added, with a glance at THÉRÈSE RAQUIN who was sitting very silent at the other end of the table softly caressing a fruit-knife.

"Ah!" sighed DORIAN GRAY, as he dipped his white taper fingers in a red copper bowl of rose-water. "I have had an exquisite life. I have drunk deeply of everything. I have crushed the grapes against my palate. And it has all been to me no more than the sound of music. It has not marred me. I am still the same. More so, if anything."

"I think we ought to understand one another, perhaps, Mr. GRAY," said ROBERT ELSMERE, with a quick sense of oppression. "I know your opinions of course from your books. You know what mine as an honest man must be. My conscience forbids me to discuss anything."

"My dear ELSMERE," returned DORIAN, "don't deceive yourself. Life is not governed by Will or Intention. Life has been my Art. I have set myself to music. My days have been my sonnets, and it has not hurt me. I am as good-looking as ever." And with his cool, flower-like hands, and his charming boyish smile, he lit a gold-tipped cigarette, offering one to Princess NAPRAXINE.

She refused it, but produced a cigar-case, embroidered with the arms of the NAPRAXINES, from which she took a very large cigar.

"I should like to take that fellow out on the river with me," muttered one of the boating trio to his friends.

"And drown him," said another.

"Or set MONTMORENCY at him," said the third.

These Three Men, who, on their arrival, had been rather bashful, had become, during the process of demolishing the Christmas pudding with fire-brand sauce, to which they helped themselves plentifully, the most cheerful of all the company. They talked and laughed loudly, alluded to Mr. ELSMERE as "Old Square-toes"; and made no more disguise of the evident admiration with which Mrs. HAWKSBEER had inspired them, than they did of the violent dislike they had conceived for Mr. GRAY.

They were growing less and less able to control their actions, and I was not sorry when the time arrived for the ladies to retire, which they did rather earlier than they had intended doing, owing to a sudden display of ill-temper on the part of DIANA of the Crossways. They all withdrew, with the exception of the Princess, who, alleging

that it was a Russian custom, remained with us, smoking, and drinking kummel out of a Samovar. Immediately upon the departure of the ladies, ROBERT ELSMERE resumed his argument.

"I have not," he said, in a low tone, "rooted up the most sacred growths of life as a careless child devastates his garden."

"I have never yet heard of a DURRISDEER who was a turn-coat or a spy," remarked the MASTER of BALLANTREE, casually.

"Ah! but that is another story," objected Colonel GADSBY, stroking his long moustache.

"I can believe anything," said DORIAN GRAY, "as long as it is quite incredible."

"Oh! Then you'd believe that story old BATT, the fisherman, told us about the pike at Goring!" said one of the trio, with a contemptuous laugh.

And here we come to the unfortunate incident which broke up our party. I shall always blame the Princess for this. If she had gone to the drawing-room with the other ladies, it would never have happened. It appears that she considered herself insulted by a remark of DORIAN's, which I thought innocent enough. I think it was that "All Art is quite useless."

Why she should have taken this so personally—whether she thought he was alluding to her Narcissus-like complexion, or her wealth of luminous hair—I cannot say. At any rate—though I

would not have it even whispered to poor little JIM, who, being far from well, had been quite unable to leave his sofa,—I say, at any rate, I, for one, felt convinced that the Princess had taken quite as much kummel as was good for her, otherwise, how could any one, except my old friend ALICE DE VONDERLAND account for her urging the Three Men, already far gone, to go still farther, and to "Protect her honour," as she termed it, "by wiping out the insult offered to the NAPRAXINES!"

The Three Men took the suggestion literally. A wild scene ensued. Shouting wildly, "We'll spoil your beauty for you!" one tore the flower out of DORIAN's coat, another threw the red copper bowl of rose-water at his head, a third, with the uncommonly vulgar exclamation, "Art be blowed! we'll show you some science!" struck the unfortunate man a violent blow on the nose with his clenched fist.

How the scene might have ended but for the sudden intervention of MULVANEY and his companions, I

cannot say. In the strangest dialect, and with the most uncouth oaths, they literally "went for" the Three Boating Men. The aquatic champions were completely demolished by the Soldiers Three.

In the words of the butler, "Their shirt-fronts were crumpled 'orrid." The three youths, in a pitiable state, left the house with the Princess, and went off all together in a droschki, the driver of which wore a badge on which was inscribed, "JOSEF HATTONSKI. By Order of the Czar." DORIAN had already escaped, bearing on his handsome countenance the impress of fists and the stains of flattened mince-pies.

For my own part . . . I don't know how I managed to get away. I suppose I must have been rendered insensible by a candlestick which was thrown at me. At all events, I found myself on the floor, having tumbled out of bed . . . But how I had ever got to bed I do not remember. It may be I shall never discover the truth of it all. Stay!—had I been hypnotised? If so, when, where, and by whom?

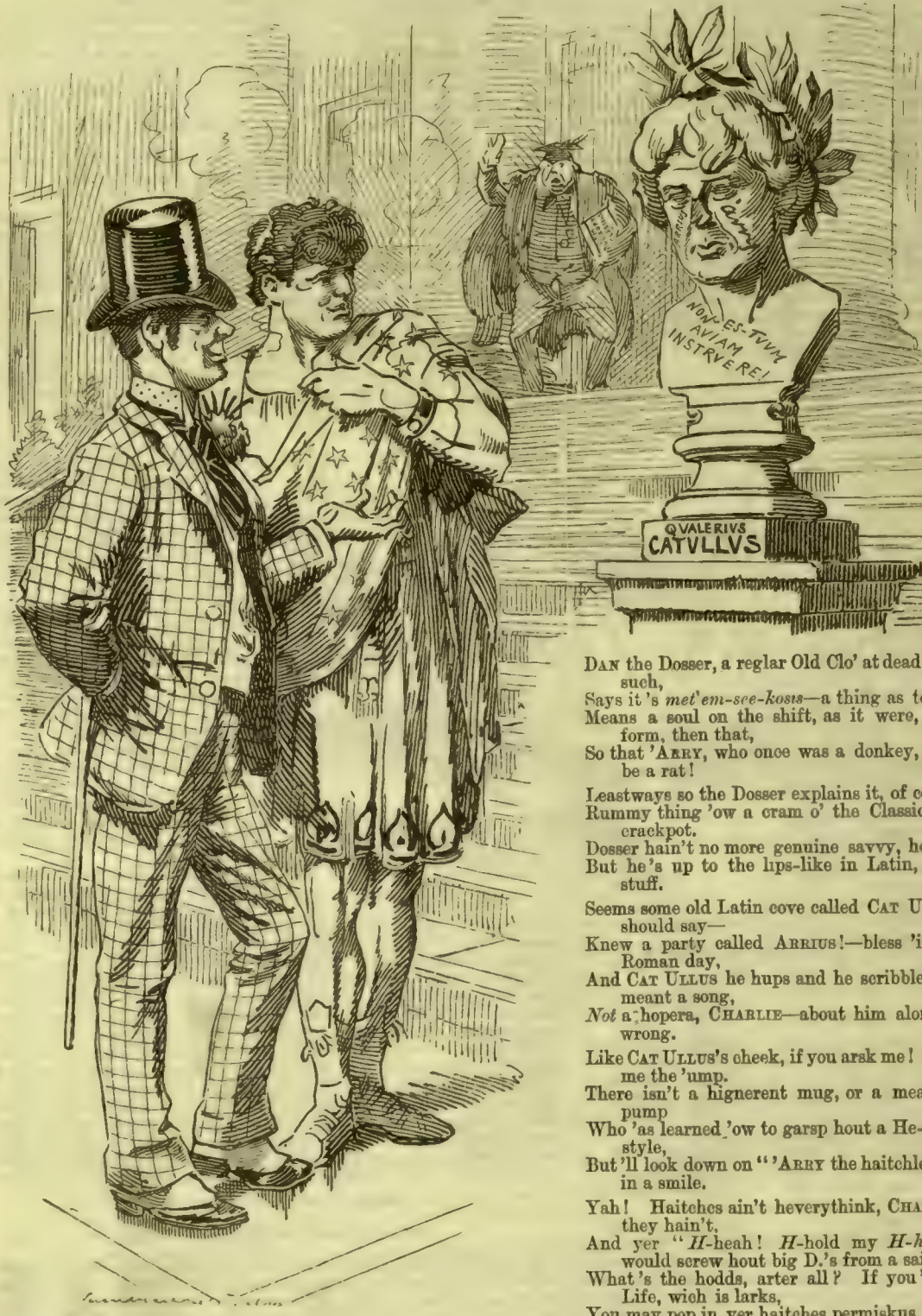
## AN ANTI-HISS-TRIONIC BIRD.

A "PAR" in the *Daily News* last Thursday told how the Antipodians had presented Miss NELLIE FARRER with "a Laughing Jackass." What a time he'll have of it! Always in fits, and perhaps the merry bird will at last "die o' laughin'!" For it is a biped and not a quadruped; not that as a biped "the Laughing Jackass" is by any means a *homo natura*. This bird, not probably unfamiliar with the "Oof Bird" of sporting circles, is, it is said, "a foe to snakes." Excellent omens this for Miss FARRER. Laughter everywhere, and no hissing permitted. If hissing heard anywhere, up starts the Laughing Jackass and down he comes on the snake, and there's an end of the hissing. Theatrical Managers would do well to cultivate the Laughing Jackasses, and keep a supply always on the premises.





## 'ARRY ON ARRIUS.

*With some Consideration concerning Compulsory Classics.*

DAN the Dosser, a reglar Old Clo' at dead langwidges, classicks, and such,  
 Says it's *met'em-see-koss*—a thing as to me, mate, is jest Double  
 Means a soul on the shift, as it were, CHARLIE, tryin' fust this  
 form, then that,  
 So that 'ARRY, who once was a donkey, might some o' these days  
 be a rat!

Leastways so the Dosser explains it, of course it is all Tommy rot.  
 Rummy thing 'ow a cram o' the Classicks do make yer a reglar  
 crackpot.  
 Dosser hain't no more genuine savvy, he hain't, than a 'aporth o'  
 But he's up to the lips-like in Latin, and similar old-fashioned  
 stuff.

Seems some old Latin cove called CAT ULLUS—a gayish old dog I  
 should say—  
 Knew a party called ARRIUS!—bless 'im!—as lived in that rum  
 Roman day,  
 And CAT ULLUS he hups and he scribbles a "carmen"—wich then  
 meant a song,  
 Not a 'hopera, CHARLIE—about him along of some haitches gone  
 wrong.

Like CAT ULLUS's cheek, if you ask me! That haitch bizness gives  
 me the 'ump.  
 There isn't a hignerent mug, or a mealy-mouthed mutton-faced  
 pump  
 Who 'as learned 'ow to garsp hout a He-haw! in regular la-di-dah  
 style,  
 But 'll look down on "'ARRY the haitchless," and wrinkle his snout  
 in a smile.

Yah! Haitches ain't heverythink, CHARLIE, no, not by a jugfull  
 they hain't.  
 And yer "H-heah! H-hold my H-h-horse!" sort o' sniffers  
 would screw hout big D's from a saint.

What's the hodds, arter all? If you're fly to the true hend of  
 Life, wich is larks,

You may pop in yer haitches permiskus, in spite of the prigs' rude  
 remarks.

The old Roman geeser, CAT ULLUS, who wrote that *de Arrio* bosh,  
 Wos a poet, of course, and a classick, two things as to-day will not  
 wash;  
 Bet yer boots Master ARRIUS 'ad 'im on toast, the old mug, every  
 time,  
 And that's why he took his revenge like, in verse without reason or  
 rhyme.

DEAR CHARLIE,—O, ain't I a daisy? Excuse your old pal busting  
 forth;  
 But my name's going hup like a rocket; it's spreading east, west,  
 south, and north,  
 Like that darned hinfleuza, but more so; and now, s'elp me scissors,  
 I find  
 I was famous afore I was born! Sounds a licker, but 'anged if I mind.\*

\* See article, "'Arry in Rome and London," in last Number of *Punch*.



Young ARRIUS's huncle, he tells us,  
talked similar patter. No doubt!  
*Havunculus hejus*, I reckon, knew  
wot he was dashed well about.  
I say bully for LIBER, and chance it.  
'Tain't whether you say Hill or 'Ill,  
It's whether you're able to *climb* it;  
and that 's where the prigs git  
their pill.

There's a party who, in the *St. James's  
Gazette*, dear old pal, 'tother day,  
Took my name, not pertikler in vain,  
though, and called hisself "'ARRY  
B. A."

Wrote smart, he did, CHARLIE, and  
slick-like, but "'ARRY B. A." isn't  
Me!

No fear! 'ARRY's not sech an A  
double S as to want a "Degree."

I know wot's wuth knowin', I  
reckon, and wot I don't know I  
can learn,

Without mortar-board 'ats and black  
bedgowns, or stuffing my brains  
till they turn.

To be well in the know is my maxum,  
but as for "Compulsory Greek,"

Would it give me, I wonder, a hextry  
"compulsory" two quid a week?

Wy, I knew an old 'atchet-faced party,  
as lodged in our 'ouse years ago,  
Oozed Greek; as a plum-tree does  
gum-blobs; translated for BEE-  
FINS & Co.,

The popular publishers, CHARLIE. I know  
'twas a dooce of a grind

For poor MAGSWORTH to earn fifteen quid,  
and at last he went hout of 'is mind.

Yus, died of a softening, they told us, through  
sitting up six months on end

At a book of Greek plays. Poor old buffer,  
he hadn't five pounds nor a friend;

But Degrees? He fair rolled in 'em, CHARLIE!  
He offered to teach me a lot,

But one lesson in Greek settled me; it's the  
crackjorest speshus of rot!

ARRY STUFFY KNEES sounds pooty ropy;  
he's one of their classickal pets;

Old THOOSY DIES, too, he's another. In  
high Huniwersity sets

They chuck 'em in chunks at each other, like  
mossels of Music 'All gag,

And at forty they've clean alap forgot 'em!  
I want to know where comes the swag?

Hedgercation is all very proper, purviding  
it gives yer the pull

Hover parties as don't know the ropes, in a  
market that's mostly too full;

But this Classick kerriculum's kibosh, Greek  
plays, Latin verse and all that.

All CAT ULLUS's haitches won't 'elp yer, if  
Nature 'as built yer a flat!

Though ARRIUS's haspirates rucked, and  
made Mister CAT ULLUS chi-ike,

He was probably jest such a rattler as poets  
and prigs *never* like,

When a chap knows 'is book, piles the oohre,  
perhaps becomes pal to a Prince,

Lor! it's a wonderful 'ow a dropped haitch or  
two do make the mealy-mouths wince.

Wot's a haitch but a garsp, arter all? Yer  
swell haspirate's only a breath,

Yet, like eating green peas with a knife, it  
scumfoodles the sniffers to death,

As a fack the knife's 's andiest, fur, and  
there's many a haitch-screwing toff

Who would find patter easier biz if the  
moter was "haspirates is hoff!"

The 'Igher Hedgercation means "savvy";  
you size up the world, patter along,

Hit slick, give what for, and Compulsory  
Latin and Greek may go 'ang.



## DRAWING THE LINE.

Judge. "REMOVE THOSE BARRISTERS. THEY'RE DRAWING!"

Chorus of Juniors. "MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LUDSHIP, WE'RE ONLY DRAWING—PLEADINGS."

["Mr. Justice DENMAN said that he saw a thing going on in Court that he could not sanction. He saw Gentlemen of the Bar making pictures of the witness. Let it be understood that he would turn out any Gentleman of the Bar who did so in future."—*Daily Paper, Thursday, December 17.*]

That's "modernity," CHARLIE! Style,  
modesty, taste? Oh, go 'ome and eat  
coke!

Old STUFFY KNEES wouldn't 'ave tumbled,  
you bet, to a Music 'All joke.

"Jest fancy a gentleman not knowing  
Greek!" So a josses named FROUDE

Said some time ago. Oh Gewillikens! Must  
ha' bin dotty or screwed.

A modern School Master could hopen his  
hoptics a mossel, you bet;

Greek's corpsed, and them graduate woters  
will flock to its funeral yet.

"We're going to plant it to-morrer!"  
That comic song 'its it at once.

"Attio lore" will be blowed attio-high; and  
the duffers who dub you a dunce

'Cos yer 'OMER, or haitches, is quisby, in  
Rome or in London, will know

That ARRIUS—or 'ARRY—romps in while CAT  
ULLUS is stopping to blow.

As to ARRIUS, I wish I'd 'ave knowed 'im,  
no doubt we'd 'ave palled up to-rights,

And 'ave chivied CAT ULLUS together, like  
one o' them broken-nosed frights

Saps call classick busts; stone Aunt Sallies fit  
only for cockshies, dear boy,

Wich to chip out my name on their cheeks is  
a barney I always enjoy.

Your Cockney eternal? No doubt! And a  
jolly good job, I should say;

It's much more than yer conkey old Classicks,  
for they 'ave about 'ad their day.

You may stuff college ganders with all the  
compulsory cram as they'll carry,

And then it's yer fly bird as scores off 'em,  
whether that 's ARRIUS or 'ARRY.

## A Diplomatic On Dit.

WHERE LYTTON lately ruled supreme,  
A Marquis will direct affairs.

Congratulations, then, to him  
And to ourselves in equal shares.

But stranger paradox than this  
Most surely there has never been,—

We send a most distinguished man,  
Yet only put a *Duffer* in!

## THE BISHOP AND THE SEA-SERPENT.

["The Bishop of Adelaide, in writing to a colonial friend, states that while riding along the sea-beach he came across a dead sea-serpent, about 60 feet in length. . . . The Bishop describes his 'find' as the most peculiar animal he has ever seen."—*Daily Paper.*]

THE Bishop saw the Serpent

A lying very near—

"Now, in the name of truth," says he,

"We'll have no lying here."

It was the Great Sea-Serpent,

Stretched out upon the shore—

It measured—well, no matter what,

It was all that, and more.

"He's dead! the Great Sea-Serpent!"

The Bishop cried, with glee,

"And now there is no Serpent

Within my present See."

'Tis scotched, not killed; for, sure as

fate,

We'll fifty bet to five,

That, when the Season's dead, The Great

Sea-Serpent will revive.

## HIS GREATEST PLEASURE.

["My greatest pleasure will be to think of you, Mr. ROGERS."—*Grossly unfair extract from the Newspaper Report of Mr. Goschen's Speech on Girls' Education.*]

In gilded halls some take their ease,

In song and dances they find delight;

And there are those whom banquets please,

And masques and revelry by night.

Such gauds are wearisome to me;

And wilder lures of dice or drink

Attract me not; my maddest glee

Is to sit still and think.

I think and think; the world grows less,

And Budgets seem but worthless toys;

For I am lost in happiness,

In my ecstatic joy of joys.

Ah, Mr. ROGERS, blessed name,

Let me think on till all is blue,

For pow'r is naught, nor wealth, nor

fame,

Compared with thoughts of you.



## THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. XX.

SCENE—The interior of a covered gondola, which is conveying CULCHARD and PODBURY from the Railway Station to the Hotel Dandolo, Venice. The gondola is gliding with a gentle sidelong heave under shadowy bridges of stone and cast-iron, round sharp corners, and past mysterious blank walls, and old scroll-work gateways, which look ghostly in the moonlight.

Culch. (looking out of the felze window, and quoting conscientiously).

"I saw from out the wave her structures rise,  
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand."

Podb. For rest, see guide-books, *passim*, eh? Hanged if I can see any structures with this thing on, though! Let's have it off, eh? (He crawls out and addresses Gondolier across the top.) Hi! Otez-moi ceci, entendez-vous? (Drums on roof of felze with fists; the Gondolier replies in a torrent of Italian.) Now a London cabby would see what I wanted at once. This chap's a fool!

Culch. He probably imagines you are merely expressing your satisfaction with Venice. And I don't see how you expect him to remove the entire cabin here! (PODBURY crawls in again, knocking his head.) I think we did well to let the others travel on first. More dignified, you know!

Podb. Um—don't see any particular dignity in missing the train, myself!

Culch. They won't know it was not intentional. And I think, PODBURY, we should go on—er—asserting ourselves a little while by holding rather aloof. It will show them that we don't mean to put up with—

Podb. Don't see that either. Not going to let that beast, VAN BOODELER have it all his own way!

Culch. Surely you know he decided suddenly to stay at Vicenza? He said so at breakfast. But I will not have your friend Bob perpetually—

Podb. At breakfast? Oh, I came down late. Vicenza, eh? Then he's out of it! Hooray! But as for BOB, he's all right too. Oh, I forgot you cut *déjeuner*. HYPATIA had another squabble with Miss TROTTER, and poor old BOB got dragged into it as usual, and now they ain't on speaking terms.

Culch. (overjoyed). You don't say so! Then all I can say, PODBURY, is that if we two can't manage, in a place like this, to recover all the ground we have lost—

Podb. More water than ground in a place like this, eh? But I know what you mean—we must be duffers if we don't leave Venice engaged men—which we're not as yet, worse luck!

Culch. No—but we shall be, if we only insist upon being treated seriously.

Podb. She treats me a devilish deal too seriously, my boy. But there, never mind—things will go better now!

SCENE—A double-bedded room in the Grand Hotel, Dandolo, which PODBURY and CULCHARD have to share for the night.

Podb. (from his bed, suspiciously, to CULCHARD, who is setting fire to a small pastille in a soap-dish). I say, old chappie, bar fireworks, you know! What the deuce are you up to over there?

Culch. Lighting a "fidibus." Splendid thing to drive out

mosquitoes. (The pastille fizzes, and begins to emit a dense white smoke, and a suffocating odour.)

Podb. (bounding). Mosquitoes! It would drive a dragon out. Phew—ah! (CULCHARD closes the window.) You don't mean to say you're going to shut me up in this infernal reek on a stifling night like this?

Culch. If I didn't, the mosquitoes would come in again.

Podb. Come in? With that pastille doing the young Vesuvius! Do you think a mosquito's a born fool? (He jumps out and opens the window.) I'm not going to be smoked like a wasps' nest, I can tell you!

Culch. (calmly shutting it again, as PODBURY returns to bed). You'll be grateful to me by-and-by.

[Slips between his mosquito-curtains in a gingerly manner, and switches off the electric light. A silence.]

Podb. I say, you ain't asleep, are you? Think we shall see anything of them to-morrow, eh?

Culch. See? I can hear one singing in my ear at this moment.

(Irritably.) You would open the window!

Podb. (sleepily). Not mosquitoes. I meant HYPATIA, and the—haw—yaw—TROTTERS.

Culch. How can I tell? (Second silence.) PODBURY! What did I tell you? One's just bitten me—the beast! (He turns on the light, and slaps about frantically.) I say, I can hear him buzzing all over the place!

Podb. So can I hear you buzzing. How the dickens is a fellow to get to sleep while you're playing Punch and Judy in there?

Culch. He's got me on the nose now! There's a lot outside. Just turn off the light, will you? I daren't put my arm out. (To Mosquito.) You brute! (To PODB.) PODBURY, do switch off the light—like a good fellow!

Podb. (dreamily). Glass up, Gondolier... stifling in this cab... drive me... nearest Doge.

(He snores.)

Culch. Brutal selfishness! (Turns out the light himself.) Now if I can only

get off to sleep while that little beast is quiet—

Mosquito (ironically, in his ear). Ping-a-wing-wing!

Same Scene; the next morning.

Culch. (drawing PODBURY's curtains). Here, wake up, PODBURY—it's just eight. (PODBURY sits up, and rubs his eyes.) I've had a horrible night, my dear fellow! I'm stung to such an extent! But (hopefully) I suppose there's nothing to show particularly, eh?

[Presenting his countenance for inspection.]

Podb. Not much of your original features, old fellow! (He roars with laughter.) You've got a pair of cheeks like a raised map!

Culch. It—it's going down. Nothing to what it was, half an hour ago!

Podb. Then I'm jolly glad you didn't call me earlier, that's all!

Culch. It does feel a little inflamed. I wonder if I could get a little—er—violet powder, or something—?

Podb. (with a painful want of sympathy). Violet powder! Buy a blue veil—a good thick one!

Culch. What sort of impression do you suppose I should get of Venice with a blue veil on?

Podb. Can't say—but a pleasanter one than Venice will get of you without it. You don't mean to face the fair Miss TROTTER while you're like that, do you?

Culch. (with dignity). Most certainly I do. I am much mistaken



"Hi! Otez-moi ceci!"



in Miss TROTTER if she will attach the slightest importance to a mere temporary—or—disfigurement. These swellings never do last long. Do they now?

*Podb.* Oh, not more than a month or so, (I daresay, if you can keep from touching them. *(He laughs again.)* Excuse me, old chap, but I just got you in a new light. Those mosquitoes have paid you out for that pastille—by Jove, they have!

*Landing-steps entrance of the Hotel. Nine A.M.*

*Culch.* (coming out a little self-consciously, and finding Mr. TROTTER). Ah, good morning! What are your—er—impressions of Venice, Mr. TROTTER?

*Mr. Trotter* (thoughtfully). Well, I'm considerable struck with it, Sir. There's a purrfect freshness and novelty about Vernis that's amusing to a stranger like myself. We've nothing just like this city out West. No, Sir. And how are—*(Becomes aware of CULCHARD's appearance.)* Say, you don't look like your slumbers had been one unbroken ca'm, either! The mosquitoes hev been powerful active makin' alterations in you. Perseverin' and industrious insects, Sir! Me and my darter have been for a loaf round before breakfast. I dunno if you've seen her yet, she's—

*Miss T.* (coming out from behind). Poppa, they've fixed up our break—*(Sees CULCHARD, and turns away, covering her face.)* Don't you turn your head in this direction, Mr. CULCHARD, or I guess I'll expire right away!

*Culch.* (obeying, wounded). I confess I did not think a few mosquito-bites would have quite such an effect upon you!

*Miss T.* You're vurry polite, I'm sure! But I possess a hand-mirror; and, if you can't bear to look me in the face, you'd better keep away!

*Culch.* (takes a hasty glance, and discovers, with a shock, that she is almost as much disfigured as himself). Oh, I—I wasn't—*(With an effort of politeness.)* Er—I hope you haven't been inconvenienced at all?

*Miss T.* Inconvenienced! With haff-a-dozen healthy mosquitoes springing a surprise party on me all night! I should guess so. *(Noticing C.'s face.)* But what in the land have you been about? Well, if that isn't real tact now! I reckoned I'd been dealt a full hand in spots; but now I've seen you, I guess there's a straight flush against me, and I can just throw up. But you don't play Poker, do you? Come along in, Poppa, do. *(She goes in with Mr. T.)*

*Culch.* (alone, disenchanted). I could not have believed any amount of bites could have made such a terrible difference in her. She looks positively plain! I do trust they're not permanent, or really—*(He gazes meditatively down on the lapping water.)*

### "WILLIAMS ON WHEELS."

[At Bridgend County Court, on the 16th inst., Judge WILLIAMS had to hear an action in which 50l. was claimed as compensation for damages caused by careless driving. The evidence of one important witness having still to be heard when the hour arrived for the Judge to leave by train, his Honour, with the legal advocates and the remaining witnesses, travelled together to Llantrissant, the witness giving his evidence en route. On reaching Llantrissant, Judge WILLIAMS gave his decision in the station-master's office, finding for the plaintiff.—*Daily Paper.*]

SCENE—Interior of a Saloon Carriage, shortly after the innovation started by Judge WILLIAMS, has come into general favour. Judge seated on portmanteau at one end. Parties to suit glare at each other from opposite sides. Usher, Witnesses, Counsel, &c.

*Judge.* Usher, that is the third time the engine-driver has blown his whistle! Tell him that on the very next occasion I shall send him to prison for contempt of court.

*Usher.* Yes, m'lud.

*Facetious Counsel.* The noise is so deafening, we might even call it a "part-heard case."

*Judge.* Well, let's get on. *(To Witness.)* You say you actually saw the prisoner mix the arsenic with the Madeira?

*Witness.* I did, m'lud.

*Judge.* Well, Gentlemen of the Jury, perhaps we had better, as a matter of form, have the prisoner before us. By the bye, where is the prisoner?

*Usher* (returning). I believe he's in the dog-box, m'lud. They had to put him there, he was so refractory in the guard's van.

*Judge.* That shows the advantages of this new way of going Circuit. A dog-box is just the sort of receptacle for a person accused of murder in the first class—I mean in the first degree. When do we get to Blankchester Junction?

*Foreman.* In a quarter of an hour, m'lud, by my time-tables. And I should like to say that most of the Jury wish to get out there—they feel the oscillations of this carriage so much. If your Lordship would sum up now—

*Judge* (with alacrity). Quite so. Blankchester is a convenient place for me to alight, I think.

[Sums up lucidly in about five minutes, and Jury at once brings in verdict of Guilty of Manslaughter.]

*Judge* (surprised). Manslaughter, Gentlemen! Perhaps, after all, I was wrong in not summing up in the Booking-Office. It would have given time for more consideration.

*Judge* (at bottom of an embankment). Usher, Usher! I haven't pronounced sentence yet! Bring the prisoner before me!

*Usher* (wounded). Beg your Lordship's pardon—prisoner's escaped!

*Judge.* Escaped? Well, I can sentence him in his absence quite as well. Oh, dear, my back is bad! Those law-books came down on the top of me, I believe. The sentence of the Court is that the prisoner be imprisoned, when found, for three years.

*Facetious Counsel* (turning up from a heap of wreckage). As a First Class misdemeanant, of course?

*Judge* (catching the spirit of the joke). First Class! No—Third Class, for Portland!

[Left on Circuit]

### ONLY FANCY!

MEMBERS of the House of Commons have read with a thrill of interest Lord HENRY BRUCE's letter to his constituents, announcing his intention not to offer himself for re-election in North West Wilts. Full five years Lord HENRY has sat in the House. He has rarely joined in debate, but the manner of his occasional interposition was always notable. He slowly rose, placed one hand in his trousers' pocket, looked round the House and said nothing. Then, when the SPEAKER was about to call on someone else, Lord HENRY blurted forth a few sentences, the end generally coming first, and having apparently said about half what he meant to say, abruptly sat down. But the House, with keen instinct, always recognised the heaven-born orator, and knew his time would come. It has come with the opportunity of writing this letter, which is full of beautiful things. "I deprecated," says Lord HENRY, reviewing his distinguished Parliamentary career, "the surrendering of an ancient dependency like Heligoland, and which has since been strongly fortified, to satiate a shadowy claim of the GERMAN EMPEROR to the Island of Zanzibar." To satiate a shadowy claim is good. Space forbids quotation of more than one additional sentence from this masterpiece. "Let me conclude by saying, that I trust whoever may succeed me in North-West Wilts will wear ELIJAH's mantle with the same pleasure as I have already done." What that means no man can say.

We are glad to learn that Lord HENRY BRUCE's retirement from Parliamentary life does not imply absolute withdrawal from public affairs. Since the appearance of his letter, there has been a rush upon him by able Editors and Magazines. He has undertaken to write to the *Twentieth Century* an Article on "Recent Ministerial Appointments." Mr. BOWEN ROWLANDS, M.P., Q.C., has also been in communication with him. "The very man for the *Welsh Review*," says the enthusiastic Editor.

We learn from a reliable source that LORD HENRY BRUCE has intimated to Mr. AKERS-DOUGLAS that, in the event of his being selected to Move or Second the Address at the opening of the New Session, he will appear in Elijah's mantle. It is to be hoped Lord SALISBURY, offended, as he is understood to be, at Lord HENRY's frank criticism, will not ignore this proposal. The House of Commons will be much gratified to find itself relieved from the monotony of the uniform—alternately Militia Colonel and Post-Captain—which mars the success of an interesting ceremonial.

The heading, "The Royal Engagement," which appears daily in two of the morning papers does, not, as appears at first sight, indicate warlike preparations in Royal circles. The allusion meant is to the Royal Betrothal.

NAME WANTED.—THERE are a considerable number of Ladies' Clubs, where matrons and spinsters can commingle. Now 'tis proposed to start a Spinsters' Club, only Spinsters eligible. What shall it be called? Spinning is associated with Spinster, but recent events at Cambridge make the use of the word somewhat objectionable. How would "The Arachne" do? Or as Omphale assumed the attire of Hercules, and tried to wield the club, why not call one of these the Omphale?

OLD SONG, ADAPTED TO THE OCCASION (by one who wasn't asked to the Marquis of Salisbury's party).—"I dreamt that I supped in Marble Halls," &c., &c.



The Editor of the "Welsh Review."





## IN CONFIDENCE.

"MUMMY DEAR, WHO'S PAPPA'S MOTHER-IN-LAW?" "MY MOTHER, DEAR,—YOUR GRANDMAMMA."  
 "OH—(Considering.)—DO YOU THINK GRANDMAMMA WOULD TAKE A PRIZE AT THE CAT SHOW?"  
 "ETHEL, DEAR! WHAT DO YOU MEAN?" "WELL, MUMMY DEAR, I HEARD PAPPA SAY THAT, IN THE WHOLE COURSE OF HIS LIFE HE HAD NEVER COME ACROSS 'SUCH AN OLD TABBY AS HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW'!"

## AWAKENING FATHER CHRISTMAS

OR, THE CALL TO ALMS.

*A Topsy-turvy Version of the Tennysonian Day-Dream.*

## THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

ALL through the year, towards his feet,  
 He slumbering in his place alone,  
 Waiting December days to greet  
 The "Beauty's" snowy beard has grown;  
 Whilst all about his bulky form  
 Fir-hedge and holly sprout and twirl.  
 Sleeping he snoreth, snug and warm, [curl.  
 His breath scarce stirs his beard's crisp

He sleeps: the jolly, brave Old Bird,  
 Ruddy of phiz as warm of heart,  
 Who, when he's annually stirred,  
 Is always good, and game to "part."  
 He sleeps: all round his cosy cell  
 His long-stored gifts are waiting use;  
 And—till awaked—he there doth dwell,  
 A cosy form in cosy snooze.

## THE ARRIVAL.

All precious things, discovered late,  
 To those who seek them turn up trumps.

Charity works with kindly fate,  
 The heart in her soft bosom thumps.  
 She travels under winter skies—  
 She stayeth not for storm or shocks—  
 Celestial Grace with tender eyes,  
 And loving lips, and golden locks.

She comes, well-knowing what she seeks;  
 She breaks the hedge, she enters there:  
 Love's flush illumines her maiden cheeks;  
 She hears Yule's chimes upon the air:  
 She holds aloft that mystic stalk,  
 With white globes decked, to lovers dear;  
 "Now, Father Christmas, wake and walk!"  
 She whispers in the "Beauty's" ear.

## THE AWAKENING.

A touch, a kiss! the charm was snapt.  
 There came a noise of striking clocks,  
 Twelve strokes! Aroused from slumber  
 rapt,  
 The "Beauty" shook his silvery locks.  
 "What you again? My yearly call!  
 By Jove, how soundly I have slept!"  
 Then, with a laugh that shook the wall,  
 Unto his feet Old Christmas leapt.

"What! Twelve! 'Tis time that I awoke,  
 And to the waiting world appeared."  
 He yawned, and cracked his annual joke,  
 And ran his fingers through his beard.  
 "How say you? Is it slop or snow?"  
 She answered, "Come along, old chap!  
 We've much to do and far to go,  
 Ere you resume your annual nap."

## THE DEPARTURE.

And on the Old Sire's arm she leant,  
 And round her waist his arm did fold;  
 And forth into the world they went,  
 To glad the grieved, to warm the cold.  
 Across the town, and far away,  
 Of kindness full, and frolic whim,  
 To cheer all hearts went Christmas Day,  
 That white-wing'd Presence following him.

Near Nineteen Hundred times hath she,  
 The gentle goddess, free and fair,  
 Awaked with kiss Old Father C.  
 To make the wintry world their care.  
 O'er town, o'er country far away,  
 Where'er hearts ache, or eyes grow dim,  
 His annual round makes Christmas Day,  
 Sweet Charity attending him.





THE AWAKENING OF FATHER CHRISTMAS;  
OR, A CALL TO ALMS.







MORAL.—So, British Public, take my lay,  
And if you find no moral there,  
Then *Mr. Punch* must sadly say  
His ministry is fruitless care.  
Nay! To good uses you will put  
The Legend *Punch* doth thus transpose.  
Your pockets sure you will not shut,  
Your hearts to his appealings close!  
For e'en the man who runs may read  
The lesson with this lay entwined.  
(If *Topsey-turvy* thus succeed,  
The noble Laureate will not mind!)  
And liberal applications lie  
In this quaint Legend, good my friend.  
So, put the song and picture by,  
And hook it—to some useful end!

## CARMEN CULINARIUM.

If you're anxious to eat without any repining,  
Read THEODORE CHILD upon "Delicate Dining."  
This sage gastronomic full soothly doth say,  
That no mortal can dine more than once in the day;  
Then he quotes LOUIS QUINZE, that the art of the cook  
Must be learnt most from practice, and not from a book;  
While you also will find in the readable poem,  
Doctor KING said a dinner resembled a poem.

We shall next see a cook can have only the dimmest  
Of notions of art, if he isn't a chemist.  
So we learn here the names and the separate uses  
Of muscular fibre, albumen and juices.  
We are shown the right methods of roasting and boiling,  
Of frying and stewing, decocting and broiling;  
While our author in words there can be no mistaking,  
Is dead against "roasting" in ovens—or baking.

Our asparagus then we are heedfully told,  
*Isotéparos* should be like Athens of old:  
With a violet head and a stalk very white  
While this CHILD thinks that tepid it yields most delight.  
On the artichoke too with affection he lingers,  
And also advises you eat with your fingers,  
*Petits pois à la Française* are here, the receipt  
That he gives is a good one but haply too sweet.

Our author is great  
upon salads and  
sauces,  
To cool our hot pal-  
ates, or tittivate  
faucets;

Here is all you need  
learn about GOUF-  
FÉ's *Béarnaise*,  
And a charming re-  
ceipt for the *Sauce*  
*Hollandaise*.

In England we know  
that in sauces  
we're weak,  
And we've never  
attained to the  
*cuisine classique*;

But French Seig-  
neurs of old gave  
full rein to their  
wishes,

And live on im-  
mortal in delicate  
dishes.

We are told how to give and receive invitations,  
And eke how a table may need decorations.  
We agree with the author who says when you dine,  
It is very much better to stick to one wine,  
Be it ruddy Bordeaux or the driest Champagne,  
Let the latter be cool but your ice is no gain.  
While on coffee and tea he is sound as a bell,  
With all dexterous dodges for making them well.

No man ever escaped—to a cook who did wrong,  
For his art ranks so high, said MENANDER's old song.  
And the ancients we know loved both oysters and pullets,  
When the olives *νεκταρίους* slipped down their gullets.  
While here is a man to have joined them when roses,  
In classical fashion, were cocked o'er their noses.  
So we'll take leave of CHILD and his capital book,  
With a "*Bon appetit*" to the gourmet and cook.

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.—(By a Disappointed Church-Decorator.)

WHEN rustic woman  
stoops to folly,  
And finds too late  
that Curates flirt;  
It pains, ah! sharper  
than the holly  
Whose spikes her  
pretty fingers  
hurt.

Pleasant 'is' pulpit-  
decoration,  
And altar-orna-  
menting 's sweet,  
When girls get lost  
in contemplation  
Of parson-whis-  
kers, trim and  
neat.

Most pleasant too  
the cheery chatter  
Of woodland par-  
ties, in the snow,  
When gathering—  
well, well, no  
matter!  
No more I'll hunt  
for mistletoe.

No more I'll stand  
and hold the  
ladder

For reverend gentlemen to mount.  
Ah me! Few memories make me  
madder,

Though merrier ones I may not count.  
Goose! How about those steps I'd  
linger!

Muff! How I bound my handker-  
Last Christmas Eve, about his finger,  
Pierced by that cruel holly-leaf!

And now he's going to marry MINNIE,  
The wealthy farmer's freckled  
frump,

A little narrow-chested nunny! [jump!  
Into Pound's pond I'll go and



Yet no, Miss Micoes and he might  
chuckle,

I know a trick worth two of that;  
I'll up and take that fool, Bon BUCKLE,  
I hate him, but his farm is fat.

When rustic woman stoops to folly,  
And finds e'en Curates can betray,  
What act can aggravate the "dolly",  
Whose wealth has won his heart  
away?

The only art her grief to cover,  
Enable her to lift her head, [lover  
And show her false white-choked  
She won't sing "*Willow*," is—to wed!

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THERE is one line in our Mr. DU MAURIER's fascinating and fantastic novel, *Peter Ibbetson*, which every author should frame and hang up before his eyes in his study. 'Tis this, and 'tis to be found at page 217, Vol. ii.:

"Write anyhow! Write for the greatest need and the greatest number."

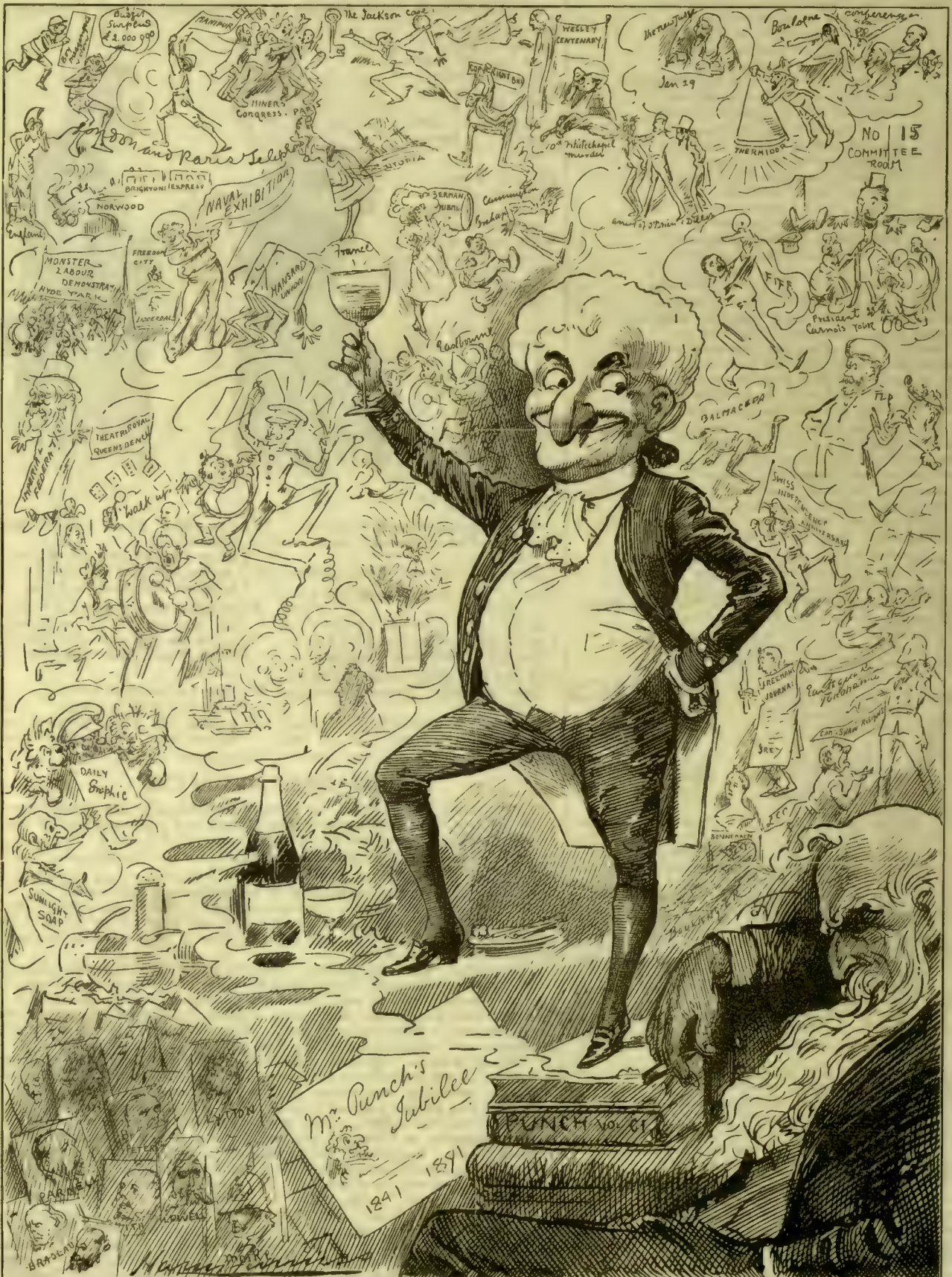
"This is business," quoth the Baron, "and *Peter* who passed so much of his life asleep seems, when not dreaming, to be uncommonly wide awake."

A dainty book indeed for a Christmas present is *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, by JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, published by GAY AND BIRD—lively names these—but ought to have been GAY AND LARK. There is an interesting portrait of the Author as he was in 1842.

"My 'Co.," quoth the Baron, "deponeth thusly, as to Calendars generally,—not, however, including the one-eyed Kalendar of the Arabian Nights,—that MARCUS WARD, mark us well, comes out uncommonly strong, specially in the 'Boudoir' and also in the 'Shakspeare' Calendar, which latter hath for every day in the year 'a motto for every man.' Methinks this pretty well wipes off the Christmas score, which includes New Year gifts."

"Now as to books,"—continues the Baron, "here let me say that my favourite pocket-books, not specially for Christmas, but for all times and seasons, are those excellent travelling companions provided by CASSELL's *National Library*, BRADBURY AND AGNEW's *Handy Volume Scott and Shakspeare*, and ROUTLEDGE's *Pocket Library*, all really portable, and printed in the clearest type. These be welcome presents to 'constant readers.'" The Baron presents his "many grateful thanks," to quote our worthy ROBSON ROOSTUM PASHA, to a kind friend, poet, scholar and judicious critic, who, from the North, sends the Barona seasonable present of a small volume of poems, published by HOLDEN, of St. Andrew's, N.B. ("Quoth Mr. WAGE, 'quite a new 'un, published by a hold 'un'—*passons*"), entitled *The Scarlet Gown*, written by Mr. R. F. MURRAY. His verses are in the Calverley vein, the rhyming and rhythm easy, the jingle pleasant, the lines witty, and the subjects fresh. The local hits will be specially appreciated by St. Andrew's men. Everyone will enjoy "The City of Golf, the Adventures of a Poet." Cantabs especially will sympathise with the humour of "The Delights of Mathematics." "So here 's to the poet in the wassail bowl; a Happy New Year and a Murray Christmas to him," says THE JOVIAL BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.





MR. PUNCH DRINKS TO THE OLD YEAR!





ADSCRIPTUS Glære, 203  
Advertisement Extraordinary, 195  
After Lunch, 70  
After the Season, 61  
"After You!" 198  
Alice in Thunderland, 27  
All Berry Well, 255  
Ancient Milliner (The), 241  
"Angels and Ministers of Grace!" 135  
"Annals of a Very Quiet Family," 161  
Annals of a Watering-Place, 131, 141, 192  
Another Strike threatened, 145  
Answers to Correspondents, 57, 72, 255, 263

Anti-Hiss-trionic Bird (An), 201  
Apparently Hard Case (An), 234  
Appropriate Location, 188  
Armada from the Spanish (The), 159  
Arming the Amazons, 270  
"Arry in Rome and London, 233  
"Arry on a 'Ouse-Boat, 76  
"Arry on Arrius, 302  
"As Good as a Better," 133  
"As he'd Like it," 162  
Atropos and the Anthropoids, 169  
At St. James's Hall, 2  
At the Close of the Summer, 168  
At the Door; or, Paterfamilias and the Young Spark, 90  
At the Italian Opera, 209  
"Audi Alteram Partem!" 185  
Auld(er)-man Gray, 72  
Aunt at Will (An), 231  
Author! Author! 25  
Automatic Physiognomist (The), 181  
Awakening of Father Christmas (The), 36  
Bacon and a Mouthful, 61  
Balder the Fair, 245  
Ballade of Evening Newspapers (A), 23  
Bard v. Bard, 213  
Beggar's Petition (A), 165  
"Below the Belt!" 227  
Between the Acts, 219  
"Big Big D" encored (The), 298  
Birds of a Feather, 193  
Bishop and the Sea-Serpent (The), 303  
Bitter Cry of the British Bookmaker (The), 155  
Bitter Cry of the Outcast Choir-Boy (The), 141  
Blackfriars to Sloane Square, 57  
Blendings! 215  
Board on Both Sides (The), 263  
Board-School Christmas (A), 287  
"Book of Burlesque" (A), 16  
Bouillabaisse, 174  
Boulanger, 179  
Boy the Father of the Man (The), 192  
British Association (The), 106  
Broadly Speaking, 17  
Browning Society Verses, 201  
Bumble brought to Book, 110  
Bumbledom's Big Opening, 170  
Busy Blesley (The), 35  
By George! 500  
"By Jingo!" 249

CANADIAN "Search-Light" (The), 114  
Cancel, or Recall, 241  
Canine Sagacity, 108  
Capless Maid (The), 63  
Carmen Culinarium, 309  
Caught by the Classics, 215  
Chantry Bequest à la Mode de Liale (The), 1  
Charlemagne and I, 161, 185  
Chill Pickle (A), 219  
Christmas Carol (A), 309  
Christmas Numbers, 291  
Civil Service Exhibition, 257  
Common Complaint (A), 21  
Compulsory Greek, 117  
Conquered "Worth" (The), 153  
Contribution towards Nursery Rhymes, 225  
Coquette of the Period (The), 117  
"Correct Cards, Gents!" 265  
Creditable Incident in the Next War (A), 117  
Cricket Paradox (A), 183  
Cutting Remarks, 231  
DEFEAT—OR Something Near it, 21  
Demographic Vade Mecum (The), 95  
"Dick" Power, 279  
Difference (The), 63  
Dilemma (A), 6  
"Disappointment of December" (The), 180  
Doctor Laurie, 165  
Doggerel by a "Disar," 147  
Domestic Cookery, 168  
Drawing the Badger, 230  
Dwarfs in and about London, 155  
ECHOES from the Labour Commission, 240  
"Egyptian Pet" (The), 246  
Election Echo (An), 258  
Elevating Exhibition (A), 251  
"England, Home, and Beauty!" 294  
English as she is Sung, 288  
English Opera as she isn't Sung, 257  
"Entertainment," 120  
Enthusiasm à la Russe, 50  
Essay in Reviewing (An), 189  
Essence of Parliament 11, 23, 25, 47, 59, 70  
Evolution of Tommy's Private School Report 204  
Exit la Clique, 84  
Extremes Meet, 153  
FALLER Leader (A), 191  
Family Ties, 186  
Father and Son, 163  
Fire King's Abdication (The), 14  
"First-Class" Travelling, 111  
Follow the Baron! 269  
For the Benefit of Zoilus, 60  
Frederick the Great at Burlington House, 293  
Free and Independent, 203  
"French as she is Spoke," 89  
French as she is "Writ," 231  
Friendly Tip to the Fighting Factions, 27  
From a Very Occasional Correspondent, 96  
From Bright to Dull, 179  
From Darkest Africa, 119  
From Grandolph the Explorer, 61  
From Mashonaland, 239  
GARRICK School (The), 167

Genuine Regret (A), 108  
Georgian Era at the Alhambra (The), 255  
German Emperor going Nap (The), 169  
Gilbert & Beckett, 195  
Glory at the Lowest Price, 231  
"Good-bye, Grandmamma!" 80  
Good New "Times" (The), 269  
G. P. and the G. P. O. (The), 191  
"Gray's Elegy" Amended, 198  
"Great Scot!" 61  
Great Twin Brethren (The), 177  
Grouse that Jack Shot (The), 147  
Guzzling Cure (The), 131  
HANWELLIAN Prize Competition, 41  
"Hanging Theology," 140  
Hard Lines for Hum, 233  
Harrying Our Hakima, 201  
"Have we forgotten Gordon?" 78  
"Helps" and Whelps, 93  
Henley Regatta, 21  
Her Violets! 57  
Hide and Seek, 171  
His Greatest Pleasure, 303  
Hit and Miss, 48  
Holiday Fare in Cornwall, 149  
Home, Sweet Home! 193  
Honours Divided, 156  
"Hotel me, gentle Stranger!" 159  
How it's Done, 264  
How to be Popular, 84  
How to Spend a Holiday on Scientific Principles, 77  
Hygeia Off the Scent, 156  
Hyjinks and Hygiene, 80  
Hypnotised Lobster (The), 259  
IREMAN-Hibernian, 78  
Idle and the Industrious Apprentice (The), 222  
If the Fashion Spreads, 223  
Ignorant Bias, 191  
Illegal Fictions, 291  
"Ill-luminants!" 87  
Imperial and Operatic, 33  
Imperial Impressions, 35  
Imperial Stage-Manager (An), 251  
"In Cellar Deep," 159  
International Nursery-Tale Congress, 173  
In the Name of Charles Dibdin, 61  
To Triumph! 237  
JAMES Russell Lowell, 93  
Jawful News! 169  
James's Summary, 42  
Jolly July, 27  
Journal of a Rolling Stone, 156, 168, 180  
Jubilee Greeting (A), 234  
Just Caught the Post! 162  
KATHLEEN and Petruchio, 282  
Keep Watch! 177  
King of the Beasts (The), 141  
"Knot" and Story of Drury Lane (A), 125  
Kurds and Away! 65  
LAISSEZ FAIRE, 193  
Larks for Londoners, 61  
Last of the Canterbury Tales (The), 156  
Latest from Bobby (The), 228  
Latest Weather-wise Doggerel (The), 153  
"Latin Doctes," 75  
Leaves from a Candidate's Diary, 4, 29, 73

Le Roi (en Garçon) en Voyage, a amuse, 89  
Lesson from the R. N. E. (A), 81  
Letters to Abstractions, 17, 25, 136, 184, 216, 229, 253, 277  
Liberty and Licences, 16  
Light Conduct in Heavenly Bodies, 239  
Lines by a Lewisham Witler, 114  
Literary Intelligence, 239  
Little Germania Magnate (The), 258  
Little Stranger (A), 213  
London's Dilemma, 194  
"Long Distance Swim" (A), 66  
Lord Lytton, 267  
Lost Opportunity (A), 291  
Lover's Complaint (A), 81  
Lullaby of an Infant Speculator, 231  
MANNERS of Our Children (The), 108  
Many Happy Returns! 126  
Marlowe at Canterbury, 145  
"Masher's Answer" (The), 241  
Mask on a Mask (A), 24  
Matter of Course (A), 129  
Mayor and an Old Hunter (A), 290  
Medicinal Music, 11  
Memory of Milton (The), 231  
Mems from Monkey-land, 232  
Men of the Past, 167  
Meredithomania, 49  
Metropolitan Minutaur (The), 98  
Miss Decima-Helyett-Smithson-Jackson, 84  
Miss Nomer, 12  
Modern "Bed of Procrustes" (The), 188  
Modern Cagliostro (The), 153  
Modern Traveller (The), 78  
Modern Types, 5  
Money makes the Man, 177  
Monte the Matador, 48  
More Excitement in Paris, 149  
More Messages from the Mahatmas, 123  
Moth-eaten, 35  
Motto for the Moment, 191  
Mr. Clip's Appeal, 101  
Mr. Punch Explains, 2  
Mr. Punch's Anti-Labour Congress, 102  
Mr. Punch's Naval Novel, 160  
Mr. Punch's Quotation-Book, 2  
Muscovite Version of a Music-Hall Chorus, 153  
Musical Suggestion (A), 147  
Music of the Spheres (The), 177  
NAKED Truth (The), 276  
Name Wanted, 303  
Name Note, 137  
Neptune's "At Home;" or, Neighbours United, 90  
New Crusaders (The), 2  
New Legend "Lay" (A), 45  
New Evangel (The), 179  
New Leader (A), 51  
New Name, 267  
New Tory Nursery Rhyme, 61  
New Way out of a Wager (A), 165  
Night-Mailing, 229  
Note (A), 81  
Note and Query (A), 147  
"Nothing but the Truth," 126  
"Nothing in the Papers!" 109

Leaves from a Candidate's Diary, 4, 29, 73  
GARRICK School (The), 167  
Genuine Regret (A), 108  
Georgian Era at the Alhambra (The), 255  
German Emperor going Nap (The), 169  
Gilbert & Beckett, 195  
Glory at the Lowest Price, 231  
"Good-bye, Grandmamma!" 80  
Good New "Times" (The), 269  
G. P. and the G. P. O. (The), 191  
"Gray's Elegy" Amended, 198  
"Great Scot!" 61  
Great Twin Brethren (The), 177  
Grouse that Jack Shot (The), 147  
Guzzling Cure (The), 131  
HANWELLIAN Prize Competition, 41  
"Hanging Theology," 140  
Hard Lines for Hum, 233  
Harrying Our Hakima, 201  
"Have we forgotten Gordon?" 78  
"Helps" and Whelps, 93  
Henley Regatta, 21  
Her Violets! 57  
Hide and Seek, 171  
His Greatest Pleasure, 303  
Hit and Miss, 48  
Holiday Fare in Cornwall, 149  
Home, Sweet Home! 193  
Honours Divided, 156  
"Hotel me, gentle Stranger!" 159  
How it's Done, 264  
How to be Popular, 84  
How to Spend a Holiday on Scientific Principles, 77  
Hygeia Off the Scent, 156  
Hyjinks and Hygiene, 80  
Hypnotised Lobster (The), 259  
IREMAN-Hibernian, 78  
Idle and the Industrious Apprentice (The), 222  
If the Fashion Spreads, 223  
Ignorant Bias, 191  
Illegal Fictions, 291  
"Ill-luminants!" 87  
Imperial and Operatic, 33  
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"In Cellar Deep," 159  
International Nursery-Tale Congress, 173  
In the Name of Charles Dibdin, 61  
To Triumph! 237  
JAMES Russell Lowell, 93  
Jawful News! 169  
James's Summary, 42  
Jolly July, 27  
Journal of a Rolling Stone, 156, 168, 180  
Jubilee Greeting (A), 234  
Just Caught the Post! 162  
KATHLEEN and Petruchio, 282  
Keep Watch! 177  
King of the Beasts (The), 141  
"Knot" and Story of Drury Lane (A), 125  
Kurds and Away! 65  
LAISSEZ FAIRE, 193  
Larks for Londoners, 61  
Last of the Canterbury Tales (The), 156  
Latest from Bobby (The), 228  
Latest Weather-wise Doggerel (The), 153  
"Latin Doctes," 75  
Leaves from a Candidate's Diary, 4, 29, 73

Leaves from a Candidate's Diary, 4, 29, 73  
GARRICK School (The), 167  
Genuine Regret (A), 108  
Georgian Era at the Alhambra (The), 255  
German Emperor going Nap (The), 169  
Gilbert & Beckett, 195  
Glory at the Lowest Price, 231  
"Good-bye, Grandmamma!" 80  
Good New "Times" (The), 269  
G. P. and the G. P. O. (The), 191  
"Gray's Elegy" Amended, 198  
"Great Scot!" 61  
Great Twin Brethren (The), 177  
Grouse that Jack Shot (The), 147  
Guzzling Cure (The), 131  
HANWELLIAN Prize Competition, 41  
"Hanging Theology," 140  
Hard Lines for Hum, 233  
Harrying Our Hakima, 201  
"Have we forgotten Gordon?" 78  
"Helps" and Whelps, 93  
Henley Regatta, 21  
Her Violets! 57  
Hide and Seek, 171  
His Greatest Pleasure, 303  
Hit and Miss, 48  
Holiday Fare in Cornwall, 149  
Home, Sweet Home! 193  
Honours Divided, 156  
"Hotel me, gentle Stranger!" 159  
How it's Done, 264  
How to be Popular, 84  
How to Spend a Holiday on Scientific Principles, 77  
Hygeia Off the Scent, 156  
Hyjinks and Hygiene, 80  
Hypnotised Lobster (The), 259  
IREMAN-Hibernian, 78  
Idle and the Industrious Apprentice (The), 222  
If the Fashion Spreads, 223  
Ignorant Bias, 191  
Illegal Fictions, 291  
"Ill-luminants!" 87  
Imperial and Operatic, 33  
Imperial Impressions, 35  
Imperial Stage-Manager (An), 251  
"In Cellar Deep," 159  
International Nursery-Tale Congress, 173  
In the Name of Charles Dibdin, 61  
To Triumph! 237  
JAMES Russell Lowell, 93  
Jawful News! 169  
James's Summary, 42  
Jolly July, 27  
Journal of a Rolling Stone, 156, 168, 180  
Jubilee Greeting (A), 234  
Just Caught the Post! 162  
KATHLEEN and Petruchio, 282  
Keep Watch! 177  
King of the Beasts (The), 141  
"Knot" and Story of Drury Lane (A), 125  
Kurds and Away! 65  
LAISSEZ FAIRE, 193  
Larks for Londoners, 61  
Last of the Canterbury Tales (The), 156  
Latest from Bobby (The), 228  
Latest Weather-wise Doggerel (The), 153  
"Latin Doctes," 75  
Leaves from a Candidate's Diary, 4, 29, 73

Leaves from a Candidate's Diary, 4, 29, 73  
GARRICK School (The), 167  
Genuine Regret (A), 108  
Georgian Era at the Alhambra (The), 255  
German Emperor going Nap (The), 169  
Gilbert & Beckett, 195  
Glory at the Lowest Price, 231  
"Good-bye, Grandmamma!" 80  
Good New "Times" (The), 269  
G. P. and the G. P. O. (The), 191  
"Gray's Elegy" Amended, 198  
"Great Scot!" 61  
Great Twin Brethren (The), 177  
Grouse that Jack Shot (The), 147  
Guzzling Cure (The), 131  
HANWELLIAN Prize Competition, 41  
"Hanging Theology," 140  
Hard Lines for Hum, 233  
Harrying Our Hakima, 201  
"Have we forgotten Gordon?" 78  
"Helps" and Whelps, 93  
Henley Regatta, 21  
Her Violets! 57  
Hide and Seek, 171  
His Greatest Pleasure, 303  
Hit and Miss, 48  
Holiday Fare in Cornwall, 149  
Home, Sweet Home! 193  
Honours Divided, 156  
"Hotel me, gentle Stranger!" 159  
How it's Done, 264  
How to be Popular, 84  
How to Spend a Holiday on Scientific Principles, 77  
Hygeia Off the Scent, 156  
Hyjinks and Hygiene, 80  
Hypnotised Lobster (The), 259  
IREMAN-Hibernian, 78  
Idle and the Industrious Apprentice (The), 222  
If the Fashion Spreads, 223  
Ignorant Bias, 191  
Illegal Fictions, 291  
"Ill-luminants!" 87  
Imperial and Operatic, 33  
Imperial Impressions, 35  
Imperial Stage-Manager (An), 251  
"In Cellar Deep," 159  
International Nursery-Tale Congress, 173  
In the Name of Charles Dibdin, 61  
To Triumph! 237  
JAMES Russell Lowell, 93  
Jawful News! 169  
James's Summary, 42  
Jolly July, 27  
Journal of a Rolling Stone, 156, 168, 180  
Jubilee Greeting (A), 234  
Just Caught the Post! 162  
KATHLEEN and Petruchio, 282  
Keep Watch! 177  
King of the Beasts (The), 141  
"Knot" and Story of Drury Lane (A), 125  
Kurds and Away! 65  
LAISSEZ FAIRE, 193  
Larks for Londoners, 61  
Last of the Canterbury Tales (The), 156  
Latest from Bobby (The), 228  
Latest Weather-wise Doggerel (The), 153  
"Latin Doctes," 75  
Leaves from a Candidate's Diary, 4, 29, 73

Leaves from a Candidate's Diary, 4, 29, 73  
GARRICK School (The), 167  
Genuine Regret (A), 108  
Georgian Era at the Alhambra (The), 255  
German Emperor going Nap (The), 169  
Gilbert & Beckett, 195  
Glory at the Lowest Price, 231  
"Good-bye, Grandmamma!" 80  
Good New "Times" (The), 269  
G. P. and the G. P. O. (The), 191  
"Gray's Elegy" Amended, 198  
"Great Scot!" 61  
Great Twin Brethren (The), 177  
Grouse that Jack Shot (The), 147  
Guzzling Cure (The), 131  
HANWELLIAN Prize Competition, 41  
"Hanging Theology," 140  
Hard Lines for Hum, 233  
Harrying Our Hakima, 201  
"Have we forgotten Gordon?" 78  
"Helps" and Whelps, 93  
Henley Regatta, 21  
Her Violets! 57  
Hide and Seek, 171  
His Greatest Pleasure, 303  
Hit and Miss, 48  
Holiday Fare in Cornwall, 149  
Home, Sweet Home! 193  
Honours Divided, 156  
"Hotel me, gentle Stranger!" 159  
How it's Done, 264  
How to be Popular, 84  
How to Spend a Holiday on Scientific Principles, 77  
Hygeia Off the Scent, 156  
Hyjinks and Hygiene, 80  
Hypnotised Lobster (The), 259  
IREMAN-Hibernian, 78  
Idle and the Industrious Apprentice (The), 222  
If the Fashion Spreads, 223  
Ignorant Bias, 191  
Illegal Fictions, 291  
"Ill-luminants!" 87  
Imperial and Operatic, 33  
Imperial Impressions, 35  
Imperial Stage-Manager (An), 251  
"In Cellar Deep," 159  
International Nursery-Tale Congress, 173  
In the Name of Charles Dibdin, 61  
To Triumph! 237  
JAMES Russell Lowell, 93  
Jawful News! 169  
James's Summary, 42  
Jolly July, 27  
Journal of a Rolling Stone, 156, 168, 180  
Jubilee Greeting (A), 234  
Just Caught the Post! 162  
KATHLEEN and Petruchio, 282  
Keep Watch! 177  
King of the Beasts (The), 141  
"Knot" and Story of Drury Lane (A), 125  
Kurds and Away! 65  
LAISSEZ FAIRE, 193  
Larks for Londoners, 61  
Last of the Canterbury Tales (The), 156  
Latest from Bobby (The), 228  
Latest Weather-wise Doggerel (The), 153  
"Latin Doctes," 75  
Leaves from a Candidate's Diary, 4, 29, 73



Nothing like Labour, 289  
 Nothing New, 171  
 "Nothing succeeds like"—Succession? 6  
 Not Quite Polite, 87  
 "Now you're Quite the Gentleman!" 266  
 One to a Barometer, 106  
 Off-Portsmouth Phrase-Book (The), 231  
 Off to Masherland, 3, 15, 29, 41, 83  
 Old Doggrel Re-dressed, 114  
 Old Joe and the New (The), 210  
 Old School Buoy (An), 93  
 Old Times Revived, 240  
 Omitted from Portrait Gallery at the  
 Royal Naval Exhibition, 63  
 Only Fancy! 201, 209, 217, 240, 245, 264,  
 273, 279, 305  
 Only One (The), 27  
 On the Bridge! 54  
 "On the Hyp"-notist, 275  
 On the Marlows Memorial, 156  
 Operatic Birds, 63  
 Operatic Notes, 87  
 Opportunity (An), 277  
 Our Booking-Office, 84, 95, 99, 144, 145, 170,  
 189, 218, 225, 252, 257, 265, 281, 289, 309  
 "Our Children's Ears," 77  
 Our Real Desideratum, 155  
 Our Own Financial Column, 217, 233, 249,  
 261, 275, 288  
 Oysterless, 205  
 Oysters (not) for Ever! 169  
 PANICK in Gildhall (A), 293  
 Passionate Shepherd to his Love (The),  
 290  
 Paul Pry in the Purple, 285  
 Penny French—Twopence British, 96  
 Playgoer's "Last Word" (A), 186  
 Politesses, 88  
 Popular Songs Re-Sung, 167, 204, 276, 297  
 Possible Explanation, 267  
 Pretty Simpleton (The), 225  
 Prince (The), 49  
 "Prodigy Son" (The), 216  
 Programme of the Cyclopædic Circus, 285  
 Protected Female (The), 218  
 "Pugs" and "Mugs," 99  
 Purchase Officer's Guide to the Army  
 (The), 12  
 QUEER Christmas Party (A), 801  
 Queer Queries, 4, 5, 36, 49, 87, 106, 285  
 Quelching Quelch, 24  
 Queries for Cambridge Exam. Paper, 298  
 Queries for Candidates (L.C.C.), 225  
 Quite a Libel's Prospect! 251  
 Quite a Little Novelty, 89  
 Quite a New Spec, 231  
 Quite Fabulous, 265  
 RATHER Vague, 243  
 Raven (The), 206  
 Real Burning Question (A), 197  
 Real Treat (A), 13  
 Reflection by a General Reader, 191  
 Remonstrance (A), 193  
 Resignation, 63  
 "Revolted Mortimer," 153  
 Rhyme at Rhyl, 195  
 Riding the Pig, 50  
 Robert on the Coming Sho, 219  
 Robert on the Hempter's Visit to the  
 City, 5, 16  
 Robert on the Lord Mare's Sho, 243  
 Robert Sees the Photograff taken, 65  
 Robert's Future, 113  
 Robert's Romance, 129  
 Romance in Numbers (A), 183  
 Rule of Three (The), 59  
 Rusticus Expectans, 279  
 SAFE Novel (A), 297  
 "Save me from my Friends!" 169  
 Scott (anything but) Free, 30  
 Seaside Asides, 103  
 "Semper Eadem," 73  
 Setting their Caps at him, 62  
 Shakespeare and North, not Christopher, 2  
 Shilling in the Pound Wise (A), 45  
 Silence and Sleep, 183  
 Smoked Off! 45  
 Solomon Fell in all his Glory, 119  
 Some Circular Notes, 88, 105, 109, 121,  
 143, 148  
 Some London "Fiends," 197  
 Song in Season (A), 113  
 Songs of the Unsentimentalist, 24  
 Song that Broke my Heart (The), 75  
 Sonnet of Vain Desire (A), 165  
 Sphinx and the Stick (The), 273  
 Stolen Pictures (The), 39  
 Storioules, 97, 120, 182, 185, 149, 173, 223  
 Story Out of Season (A), 101  
 Straight Tip to Canadian "Cross Coves,"  
 179  
 Suggestion (A), 213  
 Sutor Resartus, 267  
 Supplementary and Corrective, 87  
 Surrey A B C (The), 103  
 "Sweet little Cherub that sits up aloft"  
 (The), 254  
 TALK for Travellers, 177  
 Tea in Ten Minutes, 171  
 Telling the Wasps, 141

Terrible Tale (A), 73  
 Theory and Practice, 273  
 Theosophic Tools, 203  
 Thinning of the Thatch (The), 300  
 Timely Suggestion (A), 276  
 Tip by a Tory, 114  
 Tippling Sally, 189  
 To Amanda, 37  
 To Araminta, 189  
 To a Too-Engaging Maiden, 182  
 "To Err is Human," 163  
 To Evangeline, 281  
 Told in Tags, 298  
 To Lord Tennyson, 75  
 To my Lord Addington, 218  
 Too-Engaging Maiden's Reply (A), 197  
 Too Free to be Easy, 96  
 To the Grand Old Cricketer, 155  
 To the Shelled Sex, 93  
 Translated, 287  
 Travelling Companions (The), 40, 53, 85,  
 100, 112, 124, 134, 146, 157, 172, 196, 208,  
 220, 282, 244, 256, 268, 280, 292, 304  
 Triple Alliance (A), 18  
 True Tennyson (The), 165  
 Truly Rooral Opera (A), 289  
 Trying it on, 210  
 Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy Up to  
 Date, 207  
 Turning the Tables, 150  
 Two Emperors, 87  
 Two Graces (The), 219  
 Twopence Plain—a Penny Coloured, 204  
 Two Views of the next Invasion, 51  
 Two Winds (The), 122  
 Two Words in Season, 145  
 "Typical Developments," 233  
 "Umbel Correction (An), 70  
 Unattractive Combination, 114  
 Under-Lyne'd, 165  
 Under the Screw, 96  
 Unhygienic Householder, 87  
 Upon a Glove, 63  
 Urbi et Orbi, 1  
 VAIN Vaunt (A), 159  
 Very Near, 246  
 Voices Populi, 9, 13, 28, 69  
 Voices of the Night, 181  
 Vox et Præterea Nihil! 144  
 WAITERS' Strike (The), 145  
 Wanted, a Word-Slayer, 97  
 War in a Fog, 221  
 Warlike Tale from the Pacific (A), 264  
 Waterloo to Weybridge, 39  
 Welcome, little Stranger! 289  
 Well done, Dear! 59  
 "Wells, I never!" 237  
 What hoe! Raikes! 75  
 What is a "Demographer"? 75  
 What's in a Title? 145  
 "What will he do with it?" 174  
 Where are our Dairymaids? 129  
 "Where is dat Barty now?" 171  
 "Whether" and the Parks (The), 12  
 "Who Breaks Pays," 132  
 Why should Merit wait? 145  
 "Whys"—Wise and Otherwise, 235  
 William Henry Smith, 183  
 "Williams on Wheels," 305  
 "Will you, won't you?" 242  
 Without the Compliments of the Season,  
 297  
 With the B. M. A. at Bournemouth, £4

"Won't Work!" 74  
 Worth Noticing, 84  
 Wrong of Search (The), 53  
 Young Grandolph's Barty, 205

## LARGE ENGRAVINGS.

"AFTER You!" 199  
 Arming the Amazons, 271  
 "As he'd Like it," 163  
 Awakening of Father Christmas; or, A  
 Call to Alms (The), 307  
 Canadian "Search-Light" (The), 115  
 "Dilemma" (The), 7  
 "Egyptian Pet" (The), 247  
 "England, Home, and Beauty!" 295  
 Family Ties, 187  
 "Good-bye, Grandmamma!" 31  
 "Have we forgotten Gordon?" 79  
 Idle and Industrious Apprentice (The),  
 223  
 Jeames's Summary, 43  
 Jubilee Greeting (A), 285  
 Kathleen and Petruchio, 283  
 Little Germania Magnate (The), 250  
 "Long Distance Swin" (A), 67  
 Modern "Bed of Procrustes" (The), 139  
 Mr. Punch's Anti-Labour Congress, 103  
 Neptune's "At Home;" or, Neigh-  
 bours United, 91  
 "Nothing but the Truth," 127  
 On the Bridge! 55  
 Triple Alliance (A), 19  
 Trying it on! 131  
 "Turning the Tables," 151  
 "What will he do with it?"

## SMALL ENGRAVINGS.

ADVERTISEMENTS in Church, 63  
 Alice in Thunderland, 26  
 'Arry on Arrius, 302  
 Aunt Jane on Family Weddings, 207  
 Balfour on the Irish Pig, 50  
 Barristers Sketching in Court, 303  
 Blue-Ribbonite for Once only, 90  
 Blue-Ribbonite's Glass of Champagne, 27  
 Boiling the Porcelain Nest-Egg, 165  
 "Breezy Brighton," 292  
 Bumble Kicks the Drainage Petition, 170  
 "Burying the (Railway) Hatchet," 81  
 Butler's Opinion of Sir Pompey's Cham-  
 pagne, 174  
 Buying a Tie for a Wedding, 188  
 Captain Shaw, the Fire King, 14  
 Cave of the Winds (The), 122  
 Chamberlain and the Primrose Lady, 266  
 Chapple and Old Deer-Stalker, 267  
 Christian Czar and the Heathen Chinese, 86  
 Clerkman and a Bereaved Mother, 138  
 Cockney Sportsman and the Starlings, 215  
 Combat between Water and Wine, 201  
 Comic Amateur in a Country House, 114  
 Contralto Singer and Music Publisher, 219  
 Country Hostess and French Baron, 198  
 County Council and the Minotaur, 88  
 Cricket at Lord's, 46  
 Cyclist Centaur of the Future (The), 160  
 Daily Graphic's Weather-Young-Woman  
 (The), 133  
 Dentist's Patient in Operating-Chair, 195  
 Devoting Swiss Tour to Lawn-Tennis, 186  
 Disappointed and Successful Artists, 39  
 Doctor and Nurse, 258  
 Drawing-Room Smelling of Tobacco-  
 Smoke, 322  
 Drawing the Gooschen Badger, 230  
 Election Fever—Victim's Vicissitudes, 286  
 Electric Light and the Householder, 98  
 Equestrian Clasp and his Horse, 237  
 Ethel "Not at Home" to Governess, 294  
 Fancy Portrait of Sir W. V. Harcourt, 177  
 Father reading Son's School Report, 23  
 Fergusson Catching the Post, 182  
 Floods (The), 250  
 Garden Party on a Wet Day (A), 54  
 Gentleman on a Conjuror's Platform, 155  
 Gent's Reason for not admiring Brown-  
 ing, 171  
 German Emperor and Dogs of War, 158  
 German Emperor's Visit (The), 34  
 German Exhibition Hero (A), 192  
 Goddess of the Bathing Machine, 162  
 G. O. M. and East Dorset Election, 285  
 Grandmamma and Literary Grandson, 210  
 "Grandolph ad Leones," 202  
 Grandolph's Suggestion for Parliament, 94  
 Grandpapa and the Fortune-teller, 42  
 Greek Protected Female (The), 218  
 Heads versus Ears, 123  
 Hunting Man in a Pond, 213  
 Inebriated Old Gent and British Asso-  
 ciation, 106  
 Irish Sportsman's Rebellious Dogs, 74  
 John Bull Prospero and Electric Ariel, 254  
 Jones "Marking" the Game, 261  
 Ladies in the House of Commons, 58  
 Ladies v. Boys at Cricket, 126  
 Lady Covets Old Gent's Dog, 78  
 Lady Godiva and Fair Frenchwoman, 135  
 Lady Inviting Swell to Shoot Geese, 246  
 Lady Visitor and Mrs. Jones's Concert, 30  
 Lady wanting to learn Zenana Stitch, 111  
 Lady wearing a Gentleman's Coat, 147  
 Lancashire Watering-Place (A), 166  
 Lightly-Stepping Horse (A), 227  
 Little Maid and a Toyshopman, 150  
 Lord Chancellor and Burglar Witness, 242  
 Mature Siren and Lady Friend, 87  
 Middle-Aged Ladies' Amenities, 275  
 Miss Parliamentina puts her House in  
 Order, 82  
 Mr. and Mrs. Jones on Matrimony, 102  
 Mr. Punch at the Potteries, 238  
 Mr. Punch Drinks to the Old Year, 310  
 Mr. Punch in Ireland, 142  
 Mr. Punch in Wales, 154  
 Mr. Punch on Board the Irish Mail, 130  
 Mr. Punch on Tour in Yorkshire, 274  
 Mr. Punch Thanking the World, 47  
 Mr. Punch visits Scarborough Spa, 178  
 Mrs. Blunderby's "Chef-d'œuvres," 239  
 Newspaper Difficulties, 75  
 Old Cyclist and Roughs, 6  
 Old Tabby of a Mother-in-law, 306  
 Old Lady and the Cricket Club, 150  
 Only One Young Lady at Home, 267  
 Optical Illusion in Lady's Orchestra, 95  
 Parliamentary Bees on the Wing, 71  
 Parliamentary Night-Birds, 10  
 Parliamentary Official's Holiday (The), 118  
 Paterfamilias Starting for the Meet, 282  
 Patient's Vision of Dentist's Forceps, 70  
 Peer and the Salmon (The), 133  
 Percy and Miss Fitzgore's Nose, 284  
 Plain Country Gentleman and Son, 203  
 Poster for the next German Exhibition, 190  
 Promising Four-Year-Old Hunter (A), 298  
 Punch and the Prince of Naples, 49  
 Quick-Change Chancellor (The), 299  
 Ratepayers' Revolt against County Coun-  
 cil, 263  
 Raven at the War-Office (The), 206  
 Rector's Wife and Aspiring Buttons, 243  
 Reminiscence of the Ryde Season (A), 226  
 Ritchie's Work for Bumble, 110  
 Royal (Olympic) Divorce (A), 137  
 Russian Emperor and Republics, 62  
 Rustic Voter and Party River, 278  
 Sailors in the Back-yards, 2  
 Senior and Junior Counsel, 279  
 Sentry "coming out of his Kennel," 255  
 Shepherd Gladstone Piping to Agricult-  
 ure, 290  
 Sir Augustus Harris, Knight, 59  
 Sir Richard Temple's Farewell, 107  
 Slipping down a Road-Car Staircase, 191  
 Society at the Botanical Gardens, 22  
 Swell's Difficulty with a Hatband, 99  
 Sporting Major and Laconic Waiter, 177  
 Street Ballad-Singer and Harpist, 45  
 Swell's Idea of seeing "L'Enfant Pro-  
 dige," 18  
 Thames Embankment as it Might be, 214  
 Tiff between Two Bards (A), 51  
 Torture by a Circular Hair-Brush, 265  
 Traveller who has Lost his Purse, 291  
 Undergraduates discussing Dante, 231  
 Vocalist and Talking Friends, 11  
 Wagnerian, but not a Musician (A), 251  
 Welsh Cars for Lord Mayor's Show, 241  
 Witch Monopoly and Fair London, 194  
 Young Bride and "Tom Jones," 270  
 Young Lady Boating with no Chaperon, 66





















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